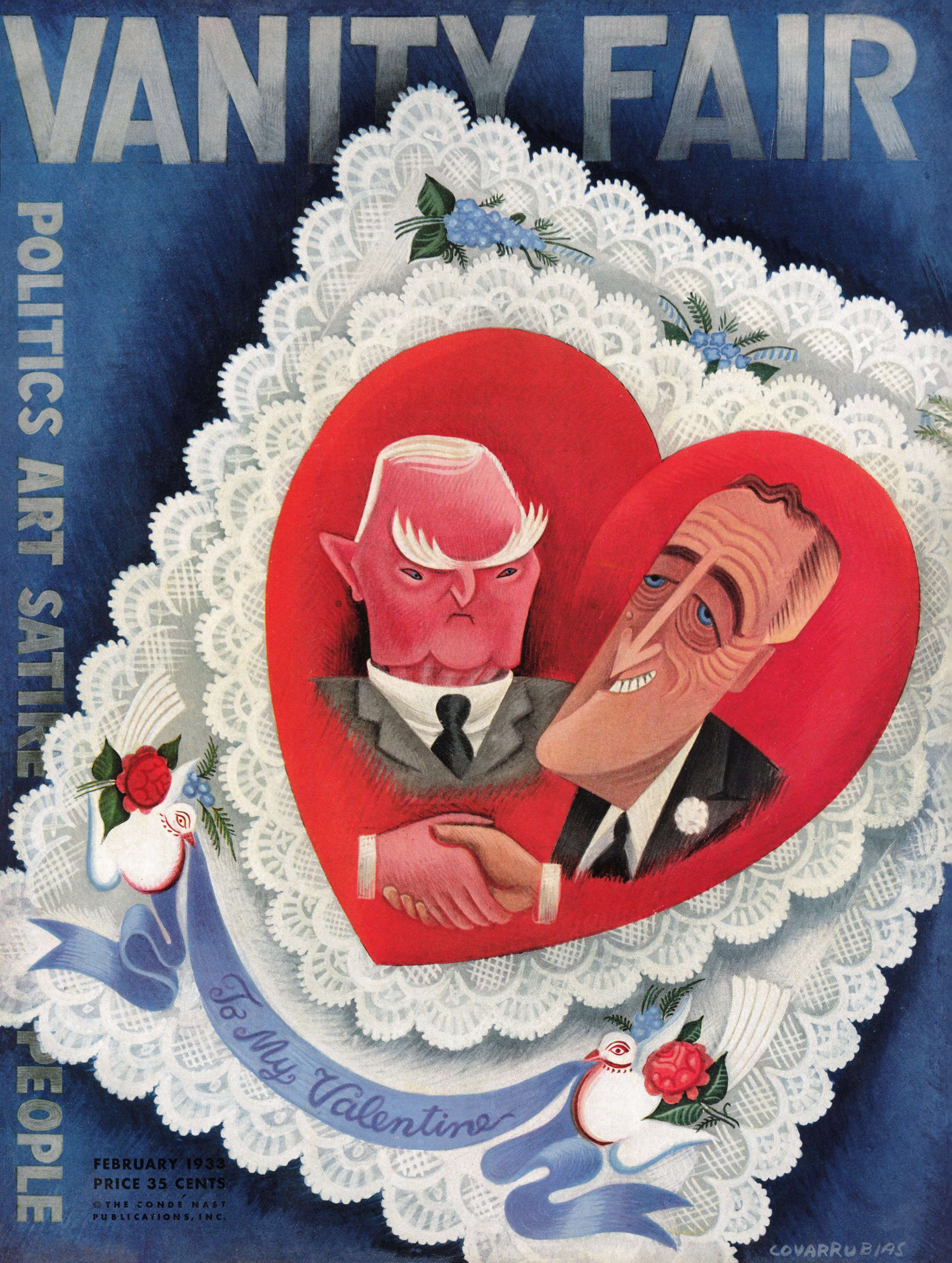
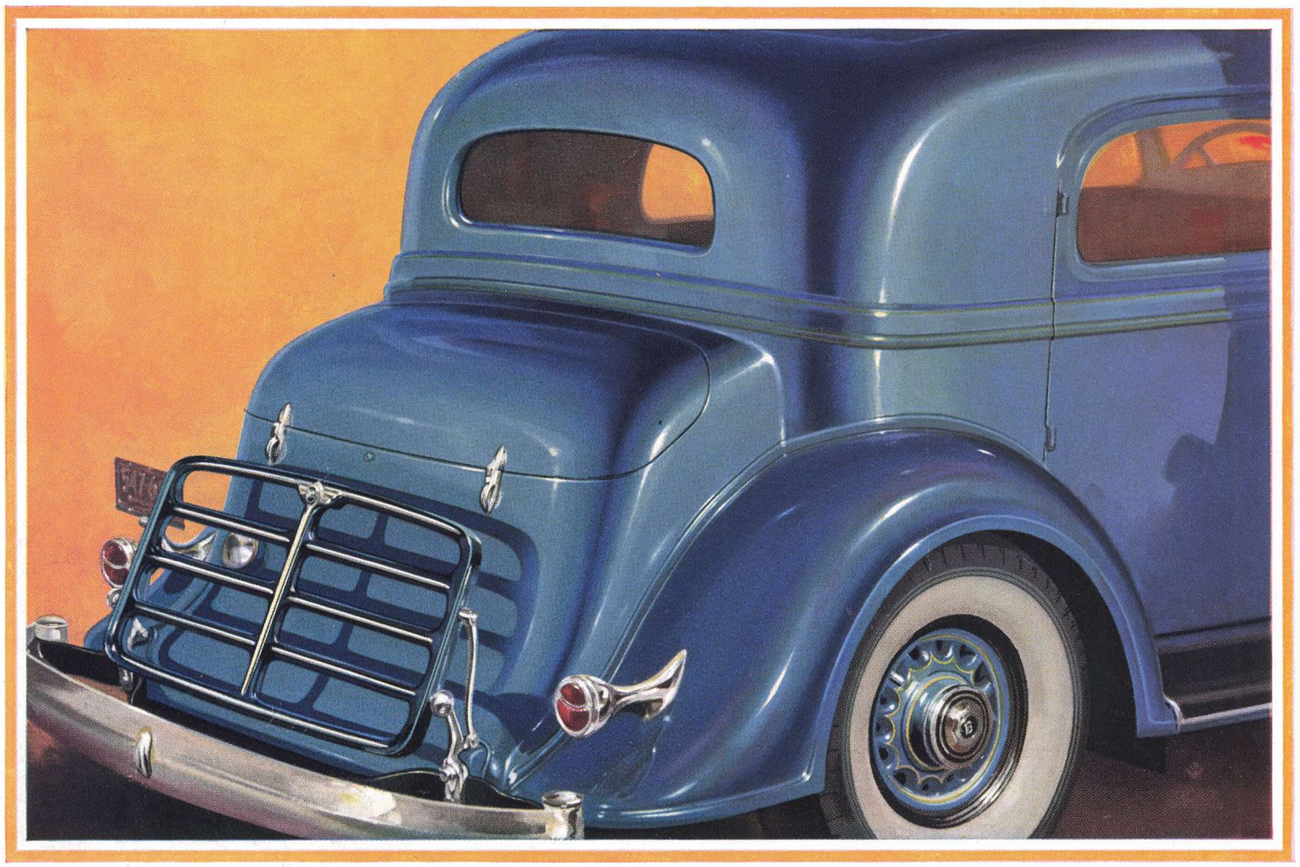
VANITY FAIR

POLITICS ART SATIRE PEOPLE



FEBRUARY 1933
PRICE 35 CENTS



The new Buick . . . LINES THAT SWEEP AND BLEND

● Always a fine motor car, Buick now is even more desirable . . . for great charm and beauty, as well as great basic value, have been added to Buick for 1933.

The new Buick is a much larger car. It is longer. It is lower—fleeter—more youthful in appearance than any previous Buick. The bodies by Fisher are beautiful, inside and out. They are of new Wind-Stream design, with lines that sweep and blend to form a pleasing appearance from every angle. And the upholstery—furnished in broadcloth, whipcord and mohair—is of richest quality.

You will also find that Buick for 1933 is far more capable—and even more durable. It has a new, rigid, X-type frame, adding greatly to chassis strength. And the Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine is now cushioned in rubber at five points to assure *smoothness with stability.* This means much in terms of performance, economy and long life.

We have made many other improvements in the new Buick to add to your comfort and safety. The cars have Inertia-Controlled *Automatic* Shock Absorbers—Safety Glass in windshields and ventilators—and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (Individually-Controlled). No-Draft Ventilation permits each passenger to have the ventilation he or she desires, without discomfort to other occupants. It is the major contribution to the health, comfort and safety of motorists, since the development of the closed body.

The new Buick takes an even more prominent place among America's few truly fine cars. And yet the twenty new Buick body-types are very moderately priced—and are available on liberal and convenient G. M. A. C. terms. They merit your careful consideration. They are economical as well as satisfying motor car investments.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT • • • BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

NEW 1933 BUICK

A General Motors Value

FIGHT COLDS WITH A MOUTH WASH THAT drives germs out ..NOT IN

YOU don't need to be told that the practical way to fight colds is to gargle twice a day with an antiseptic mouth wash.

But be sure that the mouth wash you use is safe. Unsafe mouth washes, so harsh they irritate tissues, drive germs in—not out. That is, they set up an irritation through which bacteria gain easier entrance to the tissue.

Don't take chances

Don't run such risks when Listerine may be used with complete safety. Listerine kills germs but does not irritate tissue. Literally hundreds of thousands, knowing its germicidal power and its safe action, rely on Listerine to guard against colds.

Why not try it yourself? Simply gargle with Listerine every morning and every night—oftener when you feel a cold coming on.

Reduces mouth bacteria

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill millions of germs, including those associated with colds and sore throat. Tests have shown its amazing power to reduce bacteria. Reductions as high as 99% have been noted.

Begin using Listerine today. Remember that actual experiments have shown that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day contracted fewer—and milder—colds than those who did not gargle with it. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's and accept nothing else. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

SAFE·kills germs but does not irritate tissue!

Blue Empire illustrating the elegance of the Empire Period in *Steuben hand-blown crystal*

Color, clarity, and deep, exquisite cutting that can never be duplicated in machine-made glass

HAND-BLOWN stemware, in designs as beautiful and original as "Blue Empire," is increasingly rare.

Fifteen years of rigid apprenticeship—before a single Steuben goblet in all its purity and beauty can be fashioned.

The Steuben glass blower receives a fiery mass of molten glass on the end of his blowpipe, expands it *with his breath* and shapes it with a primitive tool of apple wood. You'll find no mold marks—no machine joinings—on Steuben pieces.

Examine the crystal. It is whiter, brighter. Flick it with your finger. Flawless—it will produce a tone that no machine-made glass can ever have. As clear and true as a tuned musical instrument!

Only a few pieces of each lovely design are ever blown! You wonder that it is not priceless. Yet there is a range of prices, based on intricacy of design, which happily makes it possible for anyone to own Steuben!

● *"Blue Empire." This is known as "cased" glass and cannot be reproduced by machine. A clear goblet is blown and then encased in a blue one. The pattern is cut through the blue, exposing the clear. Goblets, $108 the dozen; cocktail glasses, $90; finger bowls, $102.*

● *From left to right, prices are for the dozen. "Cut Leaves," deeply cut, $66. "3-Letter Monogram," your monogram beautifully cut on a diamond of contrasting color, $96. "Saint Tropez," a brilliant new modern design, goblets, $48; finger bowls, $48. "Regal," delicately lovely, $33. "Mosella," 40 hours of labor go into the cutting of each of these magnificent goblets, $296. Complete table setting for 12 persons, $3,350. "Georgian," exquisitely formed, $84. "Renwick," a lacy, strawberry leaf, $24. A small printed label identifies each piece.*

Steuben crystal

A product of the Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York

VANITY FAIR February, 1933 Vanity Fair is published every month by the Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entries at Cleveland, Ohio and Chicago, Illinois. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $3.00 a year in advance, in Canada, 75c extra postage. Vol. No. 39, No. 6

Victoroy Robe and Swim Trunks

Victoroy Lounge Suit

Victoroy Shorts

VICTOROY

AGAIN *for sports wear*

Victoroy Braces and Belt

Victoroy Neckwear

Fore! Hard-a-Port! Love Thirty! Whatever the game may be, it will be watched and played in Victoroy this summer. This adaptable featherweight corduroy has caught the fancy of the whole sports world. Discerning men have found it exceedingly smart in jackets and sports suits, while those who know the cool, easy comfort of Victoroy slacks pronounce it ideal for active wear and are now demanding it in shorts.

Lounge wear, too, is feeling the Victoroy urge. Tailored swim trunks, sleeveless slip-ons, belts, braces, caps and even ties are appearing in Victoroy.

Take your sports in Victoroy this year. You'll find it more appealing than ever in the smart new shades of 1933.

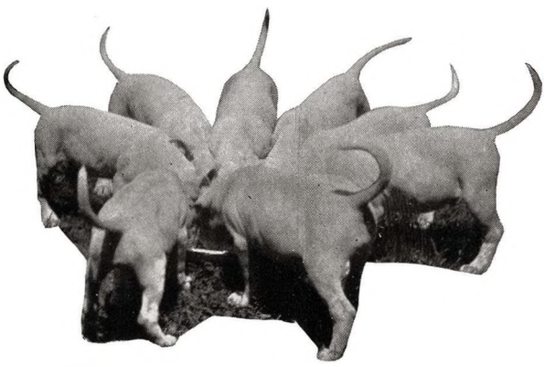
HOCKMEYER BROS., Inc. • 345 Broadway, New York

Only genuine Victoroy garments carry this label

VICTOROY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HOCKMEYER-SOLE MFR.

HOCKMEYER
XX
CORDUROY

THE DOG DIRECTORY



Pedigreed Bull Terrier Puppies from Colman Kennels

The Dog in the Satin Coat

By Robert S. Lemmon

It has been popular to refer to the English Bull Terrier as being a cold steel sort of dog, but the phrase is perhaps a bit misleading. As far as his appearance goes the description is apt enough, for the hard compactness of the dog, the utter absence of anything loose or slack in the perfectly coordinated, graceful frame under the satiny skin, does have a steely quality. But down deep inside that magnificent physique is a heart that has all the warm, gleaming honesty of gold. Only when occasion calls for it does the kindlier metal turn chilly. Then let the evil-doer beware, for a typical Bull Terrier fears not man, beast or devil.

There are two types of these dogs—two separate breeds, really, though both came from the same original stock. The American Bull Terrier is of coarser appearance than his White English cousin, and his coat shows more color—brindle, gray, sometimes black intermixed with white. Today he is not often seen.

If you want to know what a "white un" is like, ask somebody who has one. The chances are that, out of the steady flow of encomiums which will probably follow the question, you will gain the impression that here at last is the super-dog of super-dogs. Steadfastness, unshakable devotion and safety with children, power, speed, discrimination and determination that give him outstanding merit as a guardian—these qualities are sure to be enlarged upon. And the interesting part of it is that the eulogy is true!

If you feel yourself drawn to Bull Terriers, or to any of the seventy odd breeds in vogue with modern dog lovers, write to some of these kennels, whose advertisements in Vanity Fair are your assurance of integrity of breed. Or, if you prefer, write to The Dog Directory of Vanity Fair, 1929 Graybar Building, Lexington at 43rd, New York, and we will see that you "find your dog", without obligation on your part. Please mention Vanity Fair in writing to kennels.

WHEN WRITING TO KENNEL ADVERTISERS

When you write to one of these kennel advertisers it is a good plan to specify, in your first letter, the breed, sex, age, size, color of the dog you have in mind, as well as the sum you care to pay. It is also advisable to tell the breeder the environment in which you expect to place the dog, that is, whether it is an apartment or a city or a country home.

All of these facts will help the breeder to make a more intelligent selection for you, and at the same time clarify the negotiations incident to the purchase of a pedigreed dog. And we suggest that you mention *Vanity Fair* in writing.

VANITY FAIR TRAVEL DIRECTORY

ARIZONA

Chandler

San Marcos with Bungalows. World's finest winter climate. Outdoor sports. Discriminating clientele. Club-like, intimate atmosphere. American Plan. Booklet.

Phoenix

Jokake Inn. Beautiful desert location 10 miles from Phoenix. All rooms with bath, telephone, excellent food. $7 to $12. Amer. Mail address Scottsdale, Arizona.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write M. Ikoma, 605 South Grand Avenue, Van Dyke 9157.

San Francisco

I. M. M. (White Star, Red Star, Atlantic Transport & Panama Pacific.) For information, call or write L. E. Archer, 687 Market Street, Douglas 8680.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write S. Nakase, 551 Market Street, Sutter 3900.

Santa Barbara

Miramar Hotel. "By the Sea"—50 California Bungalows banked in flowers. Excellent food. Rates American Plan from $6.00. Lower for week or month.

Yosemite National Park

The Ahwahnee. No California visit is complete without Yosemite—and the colorful Ahwahnee. Open all year. American Plan. $10.00 and $12.00.

COLORADO

Colorado Springs

Broadmoor Hotel. At the foot of Pike's Peak, social rendezvous of midwest, open all year. Polo. Golf. Dancing.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

The Dodge Hotel. On Capitol-Plaza Park. A hotel with individuality. Accommodates 400. $2 to $7. European plan. An established "No Tipping" service.

I. M. M. (White Star, Red Star, Atlantic Transport & Panama Pacific.) For information, call or write R. M. Hicks, 1419 G. Street, N. W., National 1645.

FLORIDA

Boca Grande

Gasparilla Inn and cottages. In a lovely setting on the Gulf, Florida at its best. Golf, bathing, fishing. Booklet.

Miami

The Columbus. "Miami's Finest Bay Front Hotel". Overlooking City Park and Biscayne Bay. Roof Dining-room. Accommodates 500. European Plan.

Miami Beach

Roney Plaza. America's finest ocean front hotel. Cabana Sun Club. Pools, all outdoor facilities. Center Miami Beach resort life. Now open.

Mt. Plymouth

Mount Plymouth Club Hotel. Fine golf course. Accommodations and meals distinctly superior. Rates: $5. to $8. per day, includes golf. Open until April 15th.

Punta Gorda

Hotel Charlotte Harbor. West Coast. Cuisine and service of special excellence. Golf, tennis, swimming pool, traps.

St. Petersburg

The Sunshine City. America's convenient winter playground on the Gulf coast. For booklet write M. A. Deaderick, Chamber of Commerce.

Soreno Hotel. On Tampa Bay. Modern, fireproof. 310 rooms, each with bath. Service and cuisine of highest order. Every sport attraction. Booklet.

Vinoy Park Hotel. Faces Tampa Bay; accommodates 700. Moderate rates; every recreational feature. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, Managing Director.

Useppa Island

Useppa Inn. The entire Island devoted to the pleasure of the Inn's guests. Golf, tennis, fishing, bathing. January to May.

Winter Park

Virginia Inn. On Lake Osceola. Lovely location. Golf, fishing, boating. Excellent table and service. Automatic sprinklers. Elevator. American Plan.

GEORGIA

Radium Springs

Radium Springs Club. Southern Georgia. Scene of Southern Women's Golf Championship. Tennis, trap shooting, bathing. All year.

Sea Island

The Cloister. A surpassingly fine hotel in a land of four-century-old romance. Am. Plan. Golf, hunting, fishing, all sports. Ocean. Residences for lease.

ILLINOIS

Chicago

I. M. M. (White Star, Red Star, Atlantic Transport & Panama Pacific.) For information, George P. Corfino, 180 N. Mich. Ave., Randolph 6840.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write Y. Kimura, 40 North Dearborn Street, Franklin 3244.

INDIANA

French Lick

French Lick Springs Hotel. Smart—Sophisticated—Spa—Europe's famous pleasure & health resort attractions. Climate ideal. Home of Pluto. Amer. Plan.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans

New St. Charles. In the heart of the city. Noted for refinement and real service. Always recommended to ladies traveling alone. Reasonable rates.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston

Hotel Puritan. On beautiful Commonwealth Avenue. Furnishings and comforts of a luxurious private home with hotel service of the highest type.

I. M. M. (White Star, Red Star, Atlantic Transport & Panama Pacific.) For information, call or write G. W. Howard, 84 State Street, Hubbard 4930.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write Cunard Line, 33 State Street, Hubbard 8700.

Boston—Brookline

Hotel Beaconsfield. Catering to a clientele accustomed to all that is best. Convenient to downtown Boston. Rooms $3.50 up. Garage.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hanover

The Hanover Inn. On the Campus at Dartmouth College. 100 rooms, 60 baths. Elevator. Highest type hotel service. Excels in all winter sports.

NEW YORK

New York City

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write K. Takahashi, 25 Broadway, Digby 4-2780.

The Panhellenic Hotel. For women. 49th St. & 1st Ave. 26 stories. Solarium. Terrace rooms. Rates from $2 daily, $10 weekly, 400 outside rooms.

The Parkside. Eighteen Gramercy Park, South. A residence hotel for men and women. Overlooking the Park. Moderate rates. Write for folder.

NORTH CAROLINA

Sedgefield, Greensboro

Sedgefield Inn. Now open. Modern resort hotel, situated directly on golf course. Riding, golf and tennis. American Plan. Booklet.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia

Bellevue Stratford. One of the few really famous hotels in America. Rates consistent with present times. Claude H. Bennett, Gen. Mgr.

The Benjamin Franklin. A United Hotel. 1200 large rooms, all with bath. 3 restaurants. Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write Cunard Line, 220 South 16th Street, Pennypacker 7841.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston

The Fort Sumter. Charleston's only waterfront hotel. Surprisingly low rates. Open the year round. Roland A. Mumford, Manager.

Middleton Gardens of Middleton Place Plantation. World famed, oldest in America (1750). Camellias, Azaleas and thousands of other plants and shrubs.

WASHINGTON

Seattle

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write K. Sawai, 1404 Fourth Avenue, Elliott 3513.

BERMUDA

Hamilton

Princess Hotel. Directly on Hamilton Harbour. Socially discriminating clientele. All recreational features. Symphony and Dance Orchestra. Booklet.

CANADA

Montreal, Quebec

I. M. M. (White Star, Red Star, Atlantic Transport & Panama Pacific.) For information, L. S. Tobin, McGill Building, Marquette 7761.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write Cunard Line, 230 Hospital Street, Marquette 5651.

Quebec—Laurentian Mountains

The Alpine Inn. St. Marguerite Station, 1¾ hours from Montreal. Log Chalet, modern conveniences. Winter sports, skiing, ski-joring, skating, etc. Pro.

Vancouver, B. C.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write B. W. Greer & Sons, 602 Hastings Street.

Victoria, B. C.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha. For rates, reservations, information, call or write Great Northern Railway Company.

CUBA

Havana

Hotel Presidente. Near sport & social centers. Charming dining terraces in Continental manner. Now Open. N. Y. Office, Suite 561, Waldorf-Astoria.

JAPAN

Japan. Information, itineraries, etc., without charge. Booklet on All-Inclusive Tours. Japan Tourist Bureau, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

MEXICO

Mexico City

Hotel Regis. Central location. Restaurant, coffee-shop, barber shop, turkish baths, swimming pool, theatre, etc. Rooms with private bath $2. to $15.

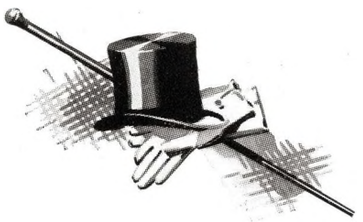
DUDE RANCHES

Patagonia — ARIZONA

Circle Z Ranch. In mountains of sunny Southern Arizona nr. Mexican border. Excellent accommodations. Informal ranch life. Outdoor sports. $45-$65 weekly.

Tombstone

Bar O Ranch. A cattle ranch for fifty years. Comprising twenty miles of range well stocked with cattle. Location unequalled. Rates $150. per month.



TOURIST
IS
"HIGH HAT"
on these great ships
TO **EUROPE**

Unique? Yes! Nothing like them. High hat? Yes! It's the top class now on the famous *Minnewaska, Minnetonka, Pennland* and *Westernland*. You remember them. The former two were, until recently, restricted exclusively to First Class passengers and the latter were Cabin ships, and mighty popular, too.

But these are the days of bargains in transatlantic travel as well as elsewhere. So, when you go to Europe, choose the Red Star Line, pay the low Tourist rate and have the run of the ship—the best staterooms, the finest public rooms, the broadest decks, all unchanged, just as they were before. **Rates from $106.50, one way ($189 up, round trip),** and, if you act quickly, for $10 or $15 per person over the minimum rate you can have a private bath!

★

Regular weekly sailing to Southampton, Havre and Antwerp. Here are the ships again. Don't forget them. It may cost you money.

MINNEWASKA
MINNETONKA
PENNLAND
WESTERNLAND

★

Apply to your local agent—the travel authority in your community.

RED STAR LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company
No. 1 Broadway, New York; 216 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 687 Market St., San Francisco. Other offices in all principal cities. Agents everywhere.

For branch offices see Travel Directory on page 5

SCOTLAND

Be sure you include Scotland in your European trip. The journey is great, the destination wonderful. Every week-day the world's two most famous trains — the Flying Scotsman from King's Cross and the Royal Scot from Euston — make their epic runs between London and Scotland. Luxury trains they are with a long tradition for comfort and good service — record-breakers both, doing the 400 miles in well under 8 hours!

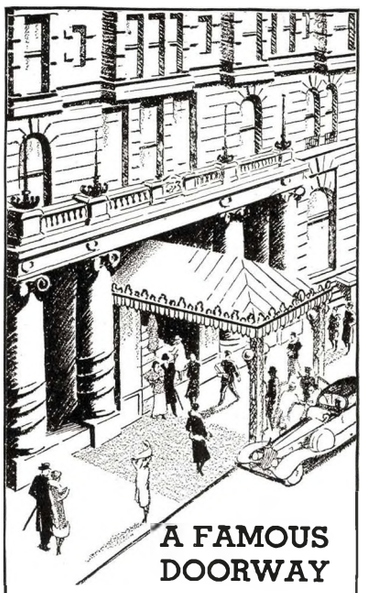
There's so much to see. Edinburgh and Holyrood —scene of the Mary-Darnley-Rizzio drama — the Scott Country, the Isle of Skye with its memories of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the famous golf resorts on the East Coast, the grandeur of the Highlands. Give yourself plenty of time in Scotland.

With a return ticket to Scotland you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland Routes.

Illustrated Pamphlets from T. R. Dester—Vice-President, Passenger Traffic, (Dept. A-49.) L M S Corporation, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City; H. J. Ketcham, General Agent, L & N E Railway, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, or from your own ticket agent.

L M S
LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY OF GREAT·BRITAIN

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY OF GREAT BRITAIN
L·N·E·R



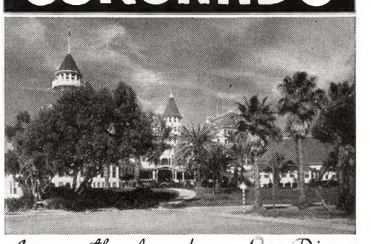
A FAMOUS DOORWAY

Broad Street entrance to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel the Philadelphia "home" of many thousands of visitors from every state in America and every country in the world.

You too will enjoy the thoughtful completeness of its service—and appreciate rates that are consistent with present times.

BELLEVUE STRATFORD
PHILADELPHIA
CLAUDE H. BENNETT, *General Mgr.*

COME TO *Hotel del* **CORONADO**



Across the bay from San Diego

A POET has said: "In all the world there is no more beautiful estuary than the bay of San Diego."

A hard-boiled columnist has written: "The environs of San Diego are without parallel on any coast."

Why not a month at Hotel del Coronado, situated on beautiful Coronado Beach just across the bay from San Diego, where California began and Mexico begins?

Send for Folder with Rates
Mel S. Wright, *Manager*

CORONADO BEACH CALIFORNIA

India

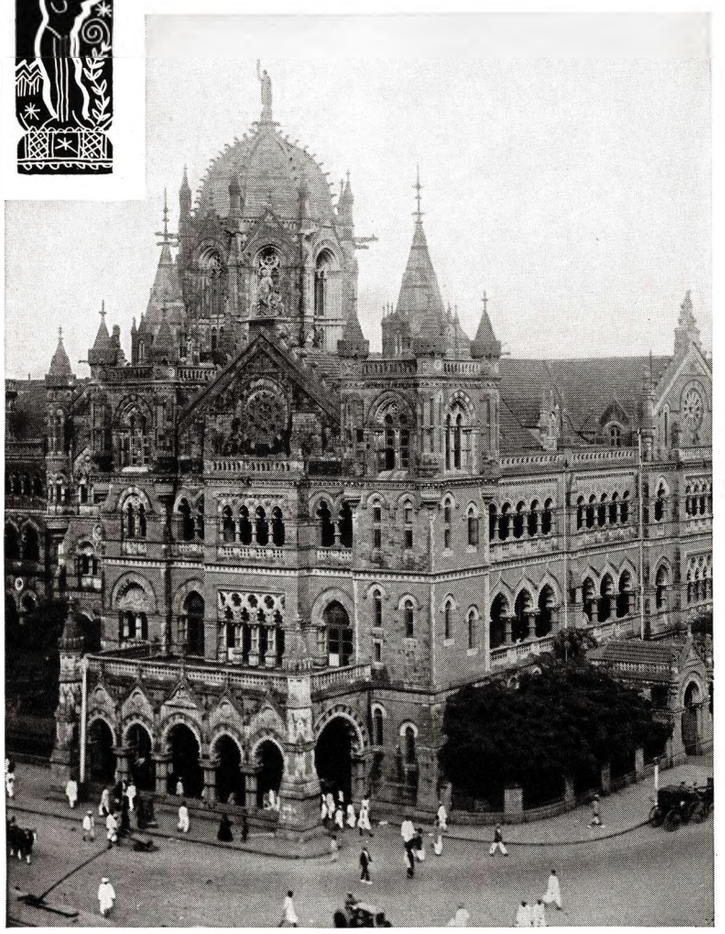
Colombo to Darjeeling

ABOUT 2¾¢ A MILE*, WITH SLEEPERS

. . . and in private coupé compartment at that, with dining-car service, electric fans, easy chairs. Satisfactory second class, at half the cost. Fast expresses, fine hotels, and English spoken everywhere. It is as easy to see the far-flung peaks of the Kinchenjunga as to visit Yellowstone. And, just as comfortable to go to Jaipur of the rose-pink palaces and elephant stables, palatial in themselves . . . to Delhi of the pearl mosque and brilliant polo . . . to 25-century-old Benares, where saffron-robed pilgrims share its holy streets with flower-wreathed cows and sacred peacocks. Information and a booklet with ten all-range tours from India State Railways, Delhi House, 38 East 57th Street, New York. Or, consult the better travel agents.

**at rate of exchange prevailing January 1, 1933*

A train every three minutes . . . from the Victoria terminal, Bombay.



For branch offices see Travel Directory on page 5

This is the MT. ROCK SYNCHRO-WARDROBE

Built around MT. ROCK *WEARWEAVS* . . . *woven for wear*

We present to the well-turned-out gentlemen of America this new idea which enables them to dress completely and correctly with a minimum of effort at a minimum cost. Mt. Rock Wearweavs are fabrics that have been selected and tested by our staff of experts for their *superior wearing qualities*. They have been tailored with consummate skill into fashions which enable the purchaser to select with facility the accessories that synchronize perfectly to produce a correct and economical wardrobe. ◐ Ask your dealer to tell you more about the Mt. Rock Wearweavs synchro-wardrobe.

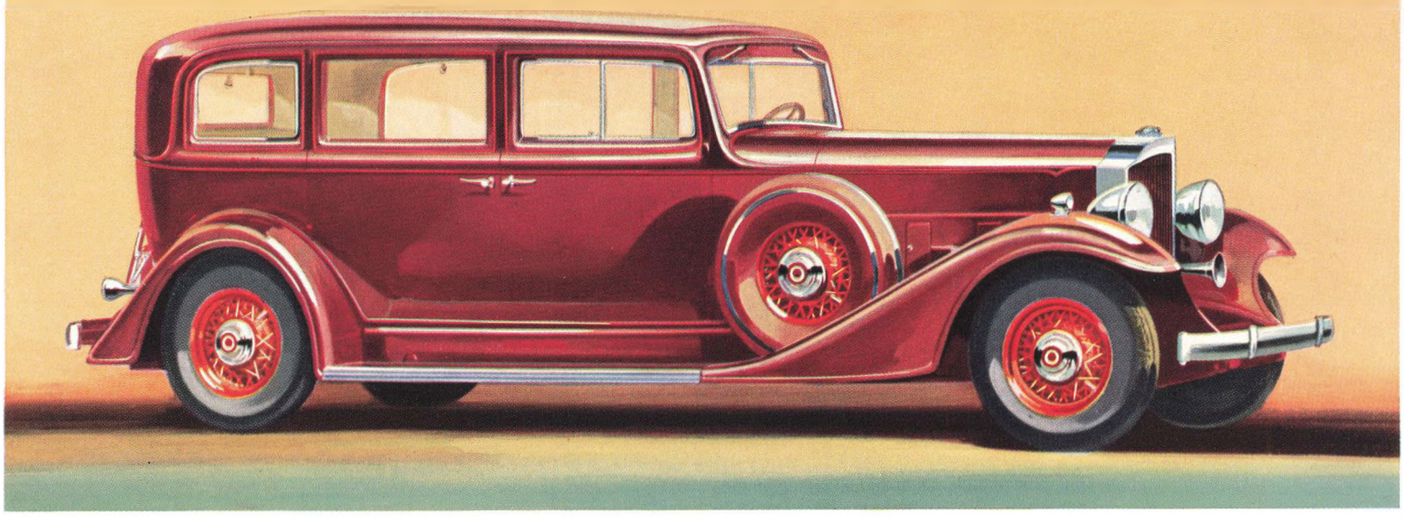
MT. ROCK *WEARWEAVS*

Thirty Dollars at Fine Clothiers . . . made exclusively by

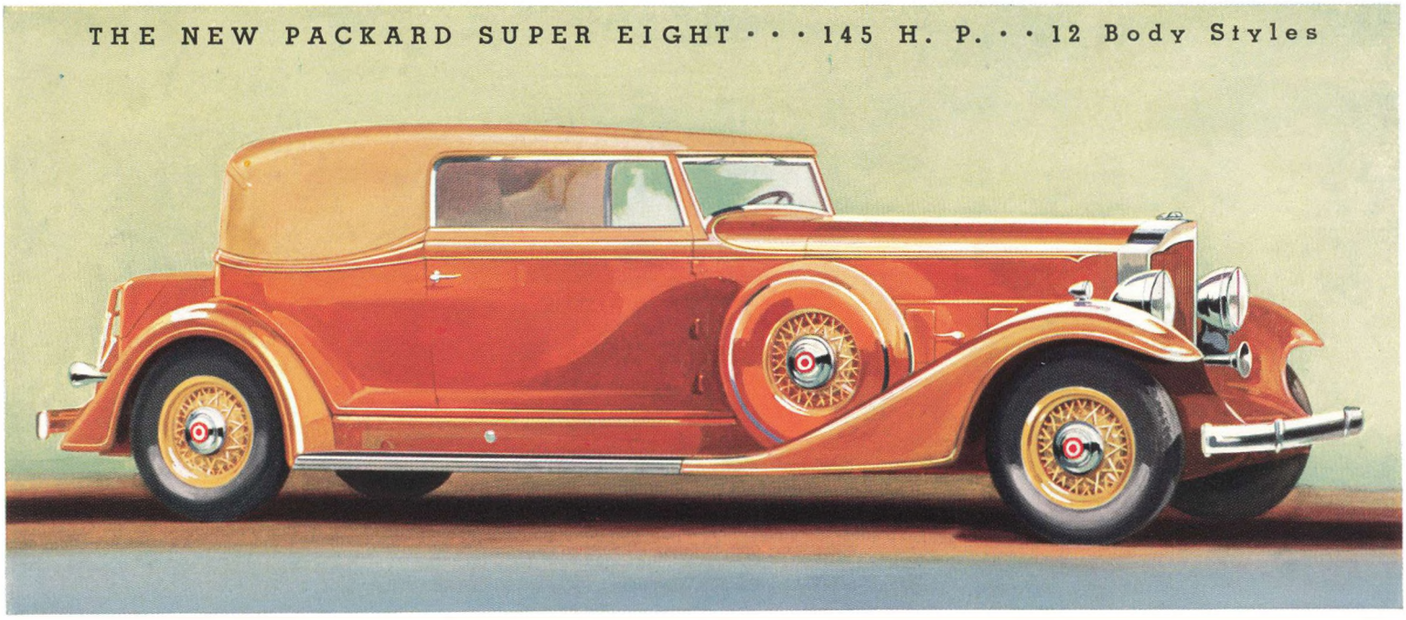
LEVY BROS. & ADLER ROCHESTER, INC. . . . NEW YORK . . . ROCHESTER

The pin stripe illustrated above is also tailored in brown, dark grey and light grey. These are a few of the many correct patterns to be found in Mt. Rock Wearweavs

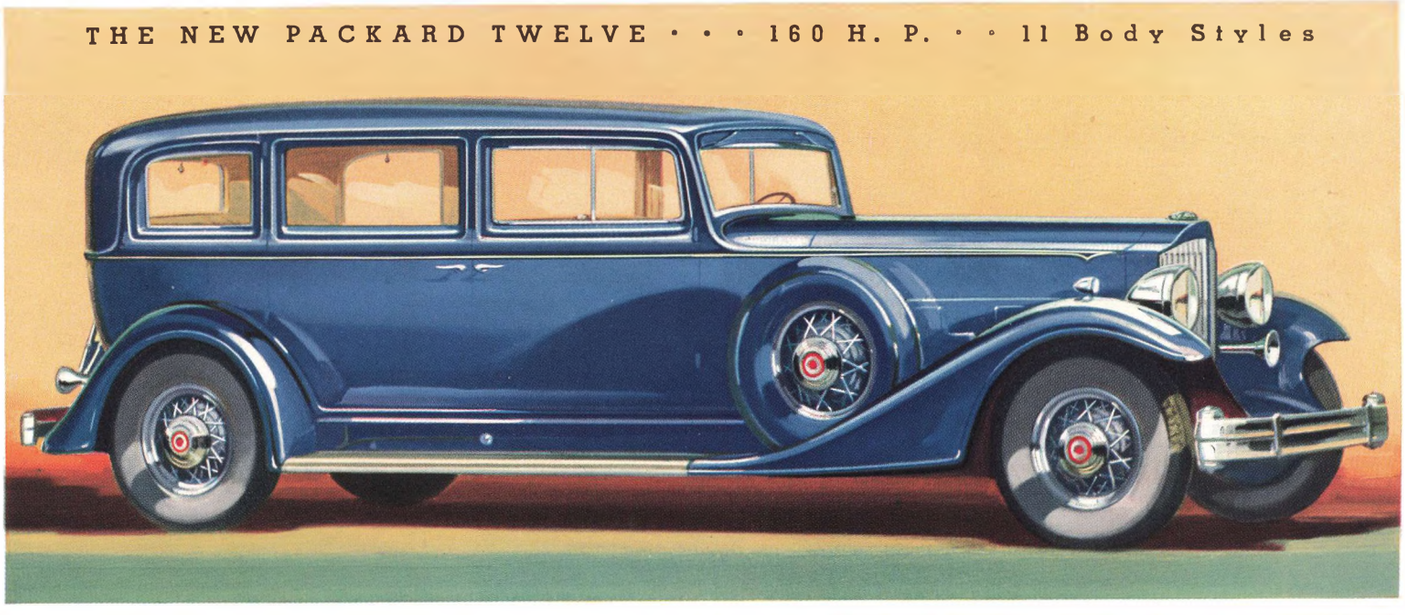
THE NEW PACKARD EIGHT · 120 H. P. · 14 Body Styles



THE NEW PACKARD SUPER EIGHT · · · 145 H. P. · · 12 Body Styles



THE NEW PACKARD TWELVE · · · 160 H. P. · · 11 Body Styles



This is what PACKARD has done for the fine car buyer of 1933

WE BELIEVE this year's Packards, more than any other fine car, have taken into account these three things . . .

. . . that no two people are alike.

. . . that every motorist loves comfort.

. . . that the public is ready to return to quality merchandise.

Would you believe that any car could be handled with equal facility by a 200-pound man or a 90-pound woman? Any of the new Packards can be—whether it is the Eight, the Super Eight, or the Twelve.

The new power brakes, by a turn of a lever on the dash, can be adjusted to any desired pressure—so that the feather touch of a woman's foot stops the car as quickly and easily as the heavy tread of a man.

The cushion clutch can be disengaged almost with the weight of the foot alone. You can shift from one speed to another with the pressure of a single finger. The steering is so easy it is almost automatic.

Don't look for a choke on the dash. The choke is entirely automatic. So the motor starts perfectly in any weather. The carburetor can never flood.

Imagine a ventilation control system that allows a fresh-air enthusiast and his maiden aunt to be comfortable at the same time—that circulates fresh air even in a driving rainstorm—yet completely banishes draughts.

Imagine safety headlights that permit top-speed driving at night on country roads, and that spotlight the ditch when you're passing other cars.

Comfort? The cushions you rest on were contoured by one of the world's most famous orthopedic surgeons. The springs beneath you run 75% of the wheelbase length. The motor before you is so mounted that no vibration reaches you. While the improved and exclusive ride control gives you three perfect types of ride. Use the one you like best.

But perhaps you will get your greatest thrill from the quiet of these cars. The motors are as noiseless at 80 to 90 miles as they are when idling. Not content with that, Packard has gone outside the car and by redesigning moldings and angles, has even lessened the sound of the wind as it rushes by.

These Packards, you'll find, have more power, travel more swiftly and accelerate faster than even their 1932 brothers. Yet, unbelievable as it may sound, they use less oil; they give more miles to a gallon of gas.

Equally important is the economy that Packard has effected by doubling the life of motor parts through an exclusive system of lubrication. 50,000 miles of continuous driving at the Packard Proving Grounds have repeatedly failed to show any measurable wear in motor or transmission. Even after 125,000 actual engagements of the clutch in traffic, no adjustment was necessary.

• • •

SUCH, in brief, is the story of the three new Packards. In appearance, features and in quality, all three are alike. They differ only in size and added richness of appointments, in power and price. Together Packard believes they represent not only the finest cars Packard has ever produced, but the finest cars America has ever seen.

So sincere, so certain are we in this belief that we ask you to test these cars against any other car you know. Whether you expect to buy a car at once or not, visit your Packard showroom and inspect the new Packards. Then drive one over a road you know by heart. Compare it with your present car. Compare it with every other fine car 1933 can offer you. We leave it to you which of the world's fine cars you will then decide to make yours.

And NOW · · *Old-fashioned*

NOODLE SOUP

by Heinz . .

DELICIOUS PREPARED SOUPS . . . READY TO SERVE

HERE is noodle soup that you'll relish to the last delicious spoonful! In a savory broth that is rich with flavor, you'll find tender pieces of chicken meat, and plenty of delicious thin-cut noodles. No thin, diluted "canned soup" taste here! Heinz chefs "brew in" the nourishing goodness by slowly simmering the ingredients in small kettles—the good old-fashioned home way. Nothing whatever has to be added. Each variety comes to you fully prepared—perfectly seasoned—ready to heat and serve. Save yourself expense and effort by serving Heinz soups frequently. On cold winter days no dish is more appetizing and nourishing—particularly for the children. Your grocer has a whole shelfful of these tempting varieties of soup. Order an assortment now and keep them on hand. Heinz gives you full value in quality and quantity for every cent you pay.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

SOME OF THE NEW 57 VARIETIES

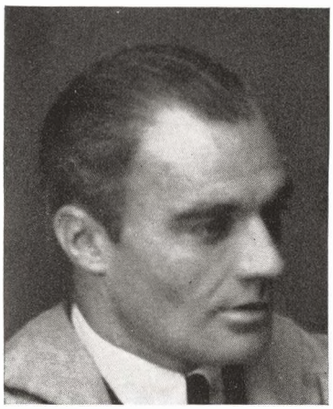
VEGETABLE (With 13 Vegetables) · BEEF BROTH (Scotch style with Barley, Vegetables and Meat)
CREAM OF ASPARAGUS · NOODLE
CREAM OF GREEN PEA
MOCK TURTLE · CREAM OF CELERY
PEPPER POT · CREAM OF TOMATO

HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS

THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

Staten Island enters art

H. E. Schnakenberg, a reproduction of whose painting *Conversation* appears on page 28, is one of the younger leaders of American painting. He was born, of German and Scotch-English parentage, in a place all too sober for an artist: Staten Island. His early years won him some business training and experience, but his artistic tendencies conquered and he began study, at twenty-one, at the Art Students' League of New York. The great Armory Exhibition of 1913 caused him to make up his mind definitely to be a painter, and he became a pupil of Kenneth



H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

Hayes Miller, one of the most fruitful of progressive American teachers. He gave up two years in the middle of his studies serving the colors in France. Since the war he has worked independently, doing most of his painting in Vermont. Frequent travels, to Europe and the South, bring him in contact with new subjects; he carries water-color equipment with him wherever he goes. He has had several one-man exhibitions in New York, and is represented in large collections including the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Wadsworth Athenaeum (Hartford), the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Addison Gallery (Andover).

Bermuda clarinet

Joel Sayre, author of the Profile of Owney Madden on Page 47 (a parody of the popular "Profiles" in *The New Yorker*) was born in Indiana when the century began, and made his début in literature with a column entitled "Fact and Fancy" in the *Ohio State Journal*. He enlisted in the army and served with it in Siberia (for about five minutes); he went to Williams College (for three months). The next ten years he spent writing advertising copy, school-mastering, and studying medicine. These got him nowhere, except to convince him that he was a newspaper reporter. He worked on the *Herald Tribune* under Stanley Walker, who, he says, "managed and trained the greatest stable of newspaper men in the history of newspapers. There were Alva Johnston, Ishbel Ross, Beverly Smith, Herbert Asbury, Frank Walton, Hugh O'Connor, Allen (K.O.) Reagan and Richard (O.K.) Reagan, Ernest Lindley, Edward Angly, Allen Raymond, Horace Greeley, and scores of others." In 1931 he wrote a book on football and racketeering called *Rackety Rax*. A tract on municipal affairs, *Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mugger*, will be brought out this March. Now he resides in Bermuda. Recently, he says, he has taken up paternity and playing the clarinet.

Bored with Borah

Dear Sirs: Your chief political caricaturist, Mr. William Cotton, is a colorist of the first order. He is also of the first order in what the art critics call, I believe, "three-dimensional space-compositional plastic form." That is to say, he is a good artist.

But the question arises, is he a good political thinker? Is he a profound interpreter of the leaders he depicts? Certainly he always succeeds in doing one thing, and that is making his subjects look as though they were pretty decent fellows after all. He is a very well-mannered caricaturist. And perhaps he is a bit too impressed by the high station of the people he is immortalizing.

The Stimson caricature (December issue) makes Wrong Horse Harry look like a very dear and amiable soul. His cheek rests on the globe, and his right hand caresses it. One gets the impression that the retiring Secretary of State holds the whole world very dear to him, and is held very dearly by the world. The picture suggests, in other words, that he is a foremost internationalist. The picture is about the only thing that ever has suggested that Mr. Stimson is an internationalist. To begin with, the excellent gentleman is a Republican. He has done nothing at all to bring America closer to Europe, to the League or to the World Court. He has pretty regularly been an exponent of the hoary old idea of avoiding "entangling alliances"—which is to say, of avoiding to help Europe in clearing up those problems which affect us directly.

But let us not squabble on the old League question. In the January issue Mr. Cotton comes forth with a beatific vision of Senator Borah, Republican, from Idaho. He is labelled "the Twister"; but the editors very specifically say that "twister" refers only to the Idaho whirlwind, and not to Mr. Borah's facility as a political twister. Well, be that as it may. But still, Mr. Cotton makes the man look just too sweet and amiable. He wears a little frown, but it is nothing serious. He looks as though he were pouting a bit, but it's not really very bad. His eyes are clear, he leans on the Capitol dome, and he holds an official scroll in his hand: all is for the best. Mr. Borah is a very good and wise statesman.

Mr. Cotton overlooks Senator Borah's rampant dryness; his crusading self-righteousness; and, above all, his eternal bellowing and barking over practically nothing at all. He overlooks the fact that after a quarter of a century of presence in Washington, Mr. Borah has accomplished nothing except to make his voice the loudest, and his obstructionism the most obstinate, in the entire capital.

Perhaps at present Mr. Borah is not quite worth a frontispiece. Perhaps it would be good editorial policy never to use a Congressman before the twenty-fifth page of the magazine.

DONALD FAIRHURST

Contrary evidence

HELEN BROWN NORDEN

Helen Brown Norden, author of *When Lovely Ladies Stoop to Follies*, on page 26 of this issue, was born twenty-five years ago in LaFargeville, New York. She was educated at Bradford Academy in Massachusetts, and entered Vassar, at the age of sixteen, on the Honor Roll. She says that at the time she was "considered a very bright girl, although later there was much evidence to the contrary." After she was graduated she spent two years as a reporter on the Syracuse *Herald* and two years as feature writer and dramatic critic on the Syracuse *Journal*. She has been on the staff of *Vanity Fair* for a year.

Let us have Doom

Dear Sir: It behooves the author of *So Many Doomsdays*, in your December issue, to read some of the back numbers of *Vanity Fair*. His alert eye is bound to encounter in the issues that were published in this past year a strong tendency towards revolution. Of course, in its own well-bred manner, *Vanity Fair* confined its rebellious attitude to the front part of the magazine. But even in that space generally reserved for sartorial knick-knacks I discovered the subtle rumblings of uneasy to-morrows.

At one time I had the curious feeling that the magazine was on the verge of featuring the proper morning attire to be worn on the barricades which were imminent around the Graybar Building. If I recall correctly there was even some sort of abortive movement afoot to launch a third party.

I do not blame the author of *So Many Doomsdays* for having misjudged the modest efforts at satire of our magazine *Americana*. We have no program and no faith. The ultimate greatness of Marie Laurencin or the chaste finality of a well tailored morning-coat is adequately represented in the pages of your urbane publication. *The New Masses* is grimly bent upon publicizing its own kind of arid millennium. Between these two unintentionally humorous extremes we have set up our little portable shooting gallery.

Remember above all things that you too were young once, Mr. Hale, and recall that wise axiom of Goethe's: "There is but one thing more horrible than a young conservative, and that is an old radical."

However, I may have misjudged you. It is perhaps just barely possible that in some future article you will point out with equal facility and justice that all prophets of doom were right and that Rome, Judea, Carthage, Macedonia, Babylon and a few other more recent social units are no longer with us. *Americana* cheerfully anticipates the privilege of quoting from that article in the near future.

CHARLES D. YOUNG
Office of *Americana* magazine, New York.

Mr. Young's points are well taken. His hint about proper morning attire to be worn on the barricades expected around the Graybar Building has been passed on to our men's wear department. Already two schools of expert opinion have arisen in that office. The conservative wing holds to a belief in the formal morning coat, with white vest and Ascot tie. The radical wing, endeavoring to make concessions to freedom of life and limb, advocates semi-formal attire, with four-in-hand tie and a bowler. No member of the sartorial staff has come out for khaki shirts, open at the neck. Helmets, visors, gas-masks, and breast-plates are not being favored this season, despite all expectations to the contrary.—THE EDITORS.

Despot of a daily

Stanley Walker, author of *The Gnome Nobody Knows* on page 24, is only thirty-three years old, a Texan by profession and city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* by circumstance. To the most cynical of professions he is widely known as one of its most adroit and ornamental practitioners. From the city desk of that newspaper he has collected one of the most brilliant staffs of news writers ever assembled and maintained it at a high level by feverish research into the ranks of oncoming bright young men, a continued exploitation of new talent made necessary by the circumstance that as soon as he makes a reporter famous somebody else buys him away from the *Herald Tribune*. He is a passionate collector of verbiage, encourages the use by his staff of such words as "curmudgeon," "fuddy-duddy," and "trend-finder," and has rehabilitated "dornick" as part of the English language. Although he has a large corps of assistants, he frequently takes the city desk for both day and night shifts running. He is always on duty by eleven in the morning and usually waits until the first edition is off the press at eleven at night. He reads the paper on his way home to Great Neck and when he (Continued on page 11)

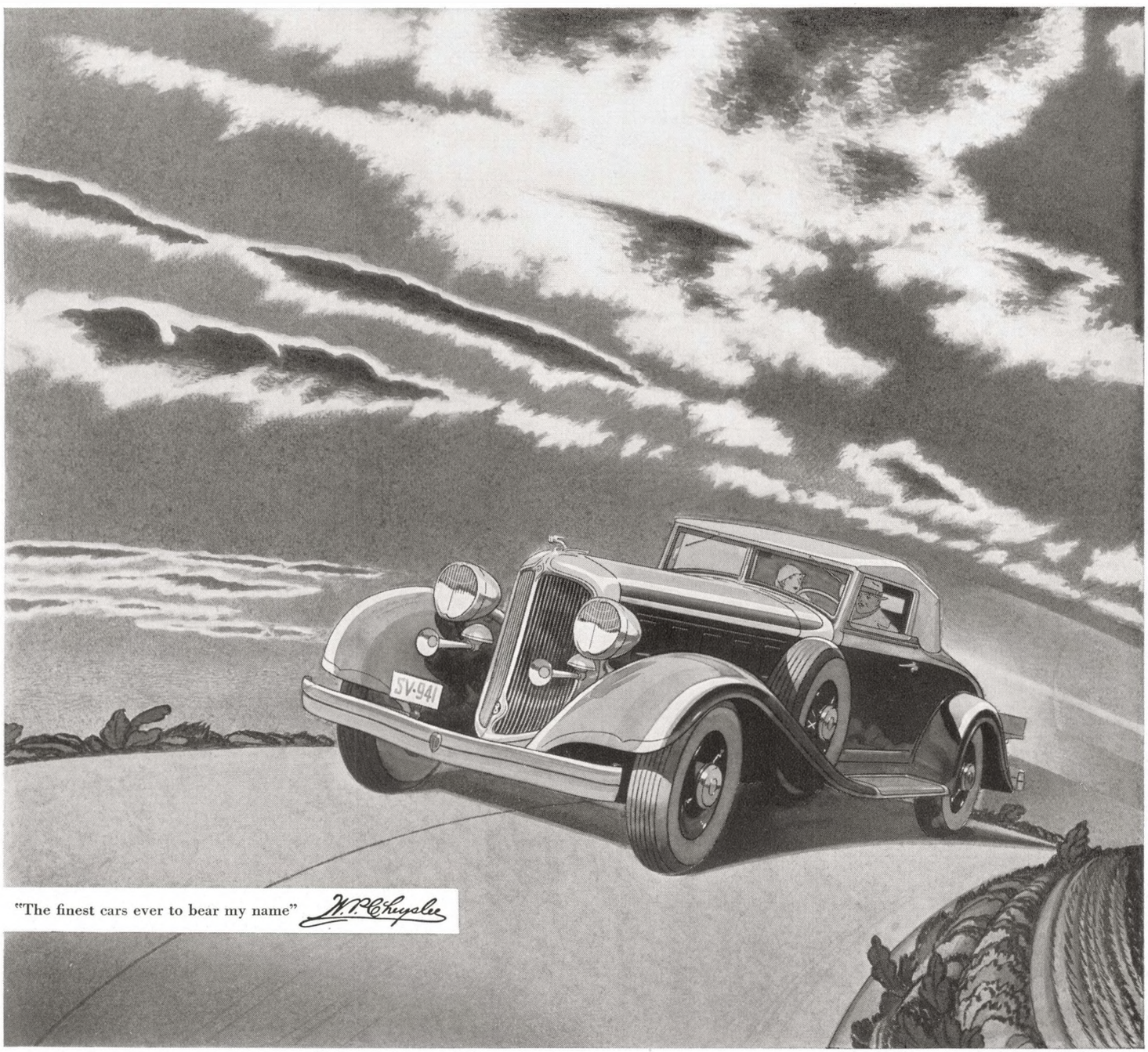
STANLEY WALKER

THE FINEST EXPRESSION OF CHRYSLER ENGINEERING

A new dynamic beauty that refreshes the eye . . . a flashing brilliance in performance that makes every ride an adventure . . . tremendous power under effortless control . . . superb good taste and luxury in every minute detail . . . such are the new Chrysler Imperial Eights. Designed and built without restriction or stint, they nevertheless represent values that appeal to wise and discriminating buyers. They are a satisfying investment . . . as well as a fascinating and thrilling possession.

TWO NEW CHRYSLER IMPERIALS

1933 CHRYSLER SIX; 83 HORSEPOWER; 117-INCH WHEELBASE; SIX BODY TYPES, $795 TO $1055. 1933 ROYAL EIGHT; 90 HORSEPOWER; 120-INCH WHEELBASE; FIVE BODY TYPES, $945 TO $1195. 1933 IMPERIAL EIGHT; 108 HORSEPOWER; 126-INCH WHEELBASE; FIVE BODY TYPES, $1355 TO $1595. 1933 CUSTOM IMPERIAL; 135 HORSEPOWER; 146-INCH WHEELBASE; SIX BODY TYPES, $2895 TO $3595. ALL PRICES F.O.B. FACTORY.



1933 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CONVERTIBLE COUPE, $1425

(Continued from page 9)

arrives at once telephones an angry barrage of corrections and comment to the office. His youngest child, age two, is being taught the rudiments of copy desk knowledge.

Fee, fie, fo, fum!

Dear Sir: In your January issue, J. Maynard Keynes, the English economist, offers a very plausible plan for the re-establishment of international trade, and the revival of world buying power, which, if successful, would ensure the cherished hope of millions—the return of prosperity. Mr. Keynes says: "The plan would be as follows. An international body—the Bank of International Settlements or a new institution created for the purpose—would be instructed by the assembled nations to print gold certificates to the amount of (say) $5,000,000,000. The countries participating would undertake to pass legislation providing that these certificates should be accepted as the lawful equivalent of gold for all contractual and monetary purposes. . . . This plan should appeal to those who wish to see the world return as nearly as possible to the gold standard, and also to those who hope for the evolution of an international management of the standard of value. I see no disadvantages in it and no dangers. It requires nothing but that those in authority should wake up one morning a little more elastic than usual."

Mr. Keynes is to be congratulated on his optimism in seeing no disadvantages and no dangers in this plan. His plea for elasticity, however, will not be popular with treasury officials who have grown weary of the rubber checks of international credit. Moreover, Mr. Keynes' plan to stabilize international currencies, while unusually persuasive, is only another one of the many with which the forthcoming World Economic Conference will be deluged. And all such plans ignore the trenchant and fundamental fact: that no scheme can for more than one brief and subsequently breathless moment stabilize international currencies while national budgets remained unbalanced, and national confidence in peace expresses itself in an international race to arm. First, nations must, individually, and through the peaceful methods of diplomacy, settle their differences. (Foremost among dangerous differences are those between Germany, France, Poland.) Realistic settlements of its own vexatious border problems would inspire, in each nation, the confidence of its own nationals in the security of the government, and the enduring quality of the present peace, which, at the moment, in many countries, is little more than an armed truce. This re-establishment of confidence would do more to turn the tide of the depression than all the economic nostrums which Keynes, Salter, Chase, et al. have propounded since the dark days descended upon us. Secondly, each nation must then ruthlessly and honestly *balance its own budget*. Not until this onerous but vital chore is done; not until each nation has put its fiscal house in order, can all the nations of the world assemble about a conference table with the expectation of accomplishing anything of permanent value in the field of international relations. The chain of international exchange can be no stronger than its weakest monetary unit. . . .

Now, while this is not quite the place to reply to Mr. Keynes' effusion in the *Herald-Tribune* of December 11th, as an American who lived through the days of the war on both sides of the Atlantic, I would like here to register my protest against the British economy (with the accent on the British) which refers to the interest on the war debts as "pure usury". There is always much to be said for, and by, the debtor, who finds it difficult to pay his debt. He is never without excuses, seldom without reasons. And these always range from the moral to the economic spheres, and are measured with more emotion than logic by both spiritual and gold standards. Mr. Keynes' argument in his front-page bit of patriotic heart-ache (his emotion penetrated even the cold mask of the economist) was that "there are not now, and never were any profitable assets corresponding to the sums borrowed. . . . The war debts are a case of pure usury. . . ." Perhaps Mr. Keynes forgets the asset, invisible but not negligible, of the victorious, rather than defeated, Allies. Had England not been able to borrow money from the U. S. A. the war may well have ended with Germany triumphant, and, under these painful circumstances, of one thing we may be certain: that England's economists would not now be raising their voices in any cry of "usury". German *Kultur* would have permitted no such illogical as well as bad-mannered outburst from the defeated.

Further, in this amazing newspaper pronouncement, Keynes infers that America expected to make a profit out of financing the war. This is an unjust accusation. After all, feudal king may lend to feudal king, helping him to finance his one man's war, expecting a "cut" in the booty, or prepared to lose his gambling stake in Empire, but when a democratic government lends money, even with the greatest sympathy, it must be remembered that that government does not dip autocratic fingers into a Roman Emperor's personal treasury—it *borrows from its individual citizens, from whom it would be unable to borrow if it did not pay them interest*. Also under some misconception as to the nature of the "sanctity of contract", and the "reasonableness of creditors", Mr. Keynes writes as though he had quite forgotten 1918, and the mad corridors of Versailles. . . . The English were then the most unreasonable in making reparation claims from Germany. They were, indeed, the authors of the pensions and reparations. Although it is a long while ago, I am sure that the distinguished gentleman, Mr. Keynes, who was present at many of these fantastic little Versailles *pourparlers*, has not forgotten that his own nation led in writing the mad formulae which included war costs in reparations. These "reasonable" clauses were prime determinants in the eventual settlement of the huge amounts which Germany was supposed to be able to pay.

Mr. Keynes adds to his other slight perversions of consistency, the statement that "A final settlement in which we (the British) alone were to make large payments in respect of war debts would be monstrous". It is, however, into this very monstrous situation that Mr. Keynes would leave America, while Germany (whose quarrel was never our quarrel) remains freer of the consequences of war than any of the combatants and England, France and Italy bow themselves gracefully off the distressing scene. After which America, the only disinterested nation in the war, is called indiscriminately usurious, mercenary and uneconomic because she is disinclined to finance the whole show, forcing American taxpayers to be the unwilling "angels" for the calamitous European Follies of 1914!

In any case, it would seem that little progress can be made in the cause of international comity if men of the distinction and intellectual acumen of Mr. Keynes persist in aggravating tension by such ill-advised and illogical statements as to call the interest on the debts which are owing the American people—"pure usury". . . .

BOETIUS LUX

New York City.

VANITY FAIR

THE KALEIDOSCOPIC REVIEW OF MODERN LIFE

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, EDITOR • CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW, MANAGING EDITOR

M. F. AGHA, ART DIRECTOR

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1933

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

THE INAUGURATION OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

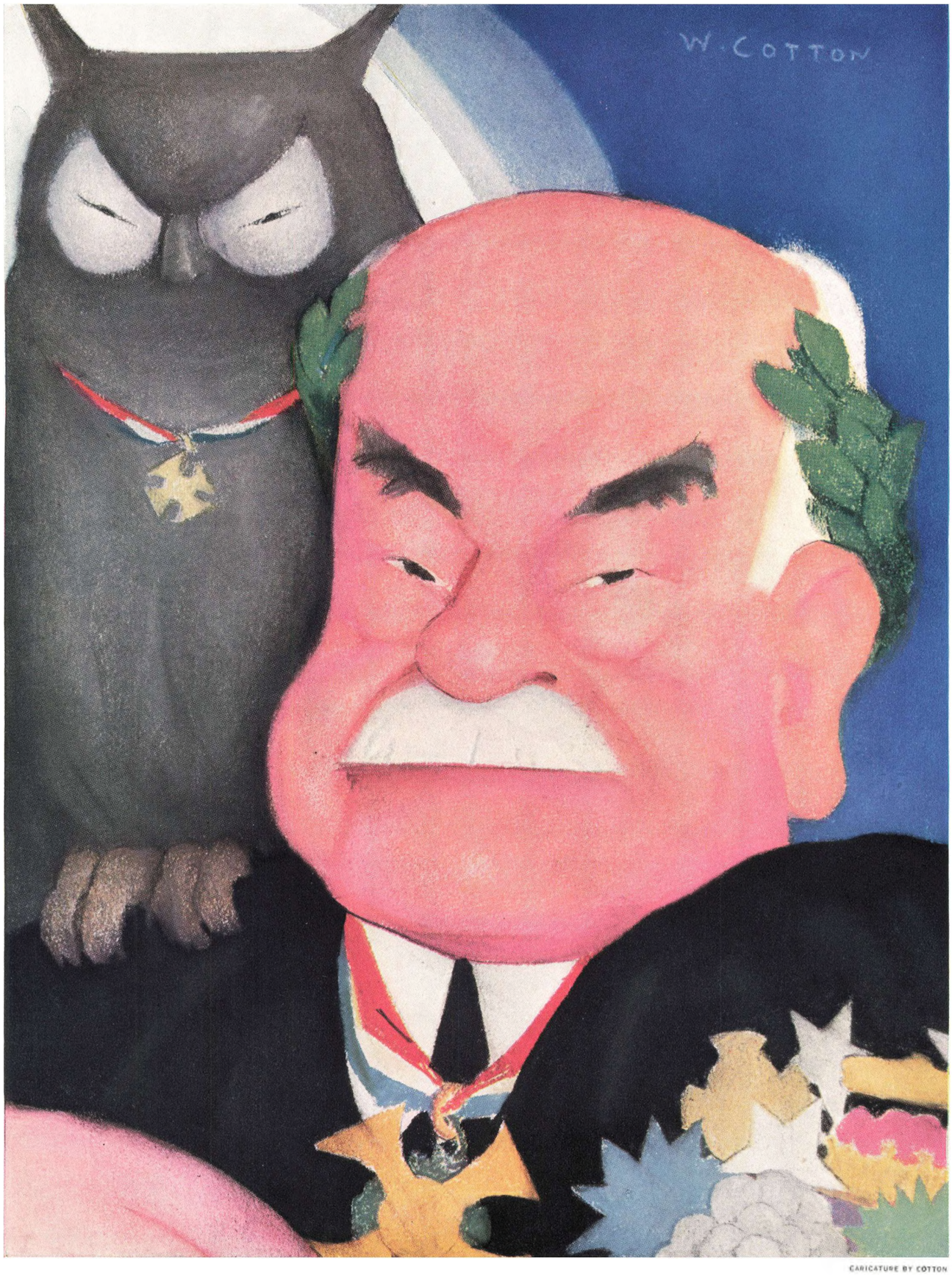
A lithograph, depicting in full regalia, and with due pomp and circumstance, a memorable milestone in the history of our land. With the President will be shown his consort, to make no mention of the Honorable Mr. Hoover, and no less than fifty (50) prominent political Solons, both Democratic and Republican in their allegiance, and sundry other officials, potentates, magnificos, diplomats and military commanders.

Engraved in full colours by Miguel Covarrubias, lithographer, by grace of Vanity Fair's permission, to the White House.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than 1 month.

Published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and publishing offices at Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, Graybar Building, Lexington at 43rd Street, New York. Cable address Vonork. Paris office, 65 Avenue des Champs Elysées. London office, 1 New Bond Street, W. 1. Condé Nast, President; Francis L. Wurzburg, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; M. E. Moore, Secretary; Frank F. Soule, Business Manager. Subscriptions $3.00 a year in the United States, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. In Canada 75c extra postage, $4.50 in foreign countries. Single copies 35c. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second class matter at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. by The Condé Nast Press. Title Vanity Fair Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage for their return if unavailable. Vanity Fair assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions except to accord them courteous attention and ordinary care. The entire contents of Vanity Fair—text and illustrations—are protected by copyright in the following countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without written permission: United States, Austria, Brazil, Canada, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, and all other countries which are members of the International Copyright Union.

VOL. 39 NO. 6 35 CENTS A COPY $3.00 A YEAR



CARICATURE BY COTTON

PRESIDENT BUTLER: ORACLE TO THE WORLD AT LARGE

V A N I T Y F A I R

EUROPE FROM LAUSANNE TO WASHINGTON • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ Every two or three years for the last generation, our political and financial pastors and masters have felt compelled to urge us to save Europe from her worse self. In 1917, we saved her from Prussianism, in 1920, from Bolshevism, in 1923, from financial chaos; in 1928 (see the Kellogg-Briand Pact), from the threat of another war; and in 1931 and 1932, we were called upon to prevent the collapse of civilization. Whatever its nature, the emergency is always grim, imminent and appalling; failure to save the wicked Old World will always be attended by consequences horrible to ourselves; and our occasional reluctance to surrender our interests on general principles is always assigned to our greed, our stupidity or to our hopeless provincialism. At no time has it been generally explained to the American people that the standard of living has been steadily rising in Europe since before the war, that to-day the European peoples enjoy greater economic stability than do we ourselves, and that what the whole song-and-dance amounts to is simply an expensive education of the American people in world politics.

There has always been something pathetic in the spectacle of America saving Europe. Europe is so hopeless and helpless! Yet Europe has a pretty good record of having saved herself from catastrophes far more appalling than the World War. Ancient Europe survived the Fall of the Roman Empire and the barbarian invasions, and came out with the spiritual unity of Christendom under the See of Rome. Medieval Europe survived the Black Death and came out with the glories of the Renaissance. Renaissance Europe survived the Thirty Years War and came out in the colonial expansion of the Eighteenth Century. And Eighteenth Century Europe survived twenty-five years of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars and came out with increased power and resources into the Victorian era. And when the Visigoths and Vandals, Avars and Huns, overran the Roman Empire, America was not there to save Europe from barbarian militarism. When the Black Death prostrated Europe, there was no Rockefeller Foundation. When Central Europe lapsed into polygamy and cannibalism during the Thirty Years War, there was no American Relief Administration. And when Napoleon went on a one-way trip to St. Helena, there were no American bondhouses and international bankers to reconstruct European finance and industry by placing loans with the American investor. In fact, Europe survived from the Paleolithic Age right up to 1914 without any direct help from the U. S. A.

Since the World War, however, Europe has labored under a double burden. The eleven billion dollars of war debts which the victorious Allies and their satellites borrowed from the Democrats had to be repaid to the Republicans. And the thirty-three billion dollars of Reparations which the Allies saddled on the defeated Germans, in order to pay both the war debts and the cost of reconstruction, had to be collected. This was Europe's first burden. The second was the Treaty of Versailles.

Now the Treaty of Versailles, which still embodies much of the world's present difficulties, has many virtues (if you can believe the French) and innumerable faults (if you listen to the Germans), but its greatest defect is not written in the document. The Treaty incorporated the Allied illusion of a permanent American intervention (under Allied auspices) in the Old World, in support of the settlement which the Treaty established. The victors, France in particular, were encouraged to obtain the sort of settlement which would be possible only if the United States were bound to defend it by force of arms. When we got out from under the Treaty in 1920, it looked for a time as though that game were over. Germany defaulted on her Reparations, France occupied the Ruhr, the German mark went the way of the Czarist ruble, and the cry went up for America to do something about it. The result was the Dawes Plan of 1924.

■ This Plan—as it was worked out—again gave the Europeans the idea that America was still engaged, through our big bankers, in European intervention. War debt funding agreements were negotiated with fifteen nations, and our bankers began lending the Germans the money with which to pay Reparations to the Allies. The Allies, after subtracting their due, handed back what remained to the American Government on account of war debts. So long as this system worked, everything was hunky-dory; there was no need to worry about the Treaty of Versailles, and the bond salesman became a dominant figure in American society.

This system lasted, without any important modification, until early in 1931. The American investor was bribing the European borrower to maintain an impossible diplomatic system, in the name of the law and the profits. Then America ran dry. The stock market took a nose dive and Americans stopped lending money, as "Punch" observed, for precisely the same reason that we no longer went around wagging our long, bushy tails. By the end of 1930, the financial poultices which we had clapped on Europe's wounds lost their potency, and early in 1931 the Central European banks began to go to the wall. Our bankers rushed a lot more of their depositors' money into the breach, but in June, 1931, President Hoover had to call for a general moratorium on war debts and reparations. For three months it seemed that the moratorium was working, then the real crash began. England jumped off the gold standard as though it were a red hot stove. France began calling home her far-flung shekels, and the American

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER OF COLUMBIA

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER was born to be the most diligent man in diligent America. His energy, which in early years was devoted chiefly to the teaching of philosophy, expanded to such extent that he has become a prime mover in American politics, an unofficial ambassador to the European nations, a speaker on every domestic problem, and an oracle to the world at large. He graduated from Columbia just fifty years ago; and ever since then he has been actively concerned with that institution, first as modest instructor, then as stately president. In these years he has transformed Columbia from a mere incident on Morningside Heights to one of the greatest educational centers of the world. But the task of running Columbia has never been enough for him; he is a director of orchestras and insurance companies, a committeeman on state and city affairs, President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and anointed overlord of a dozen similar institutions. Between terms he has moved up and down among the chancelleries of Europe, gathering decorations by the trayful. Before the war he was invited to address the German Reichstag; after the war he was taken into the councils of the British Empire. In 1920 he tried for the Republican presidential nomination; in 1931 he won half of the Nobel Peace prize; last year he played a leading part in the fight for Repeal. Now he is actively engaged in the problem of revising the charter of the City of New York. He has filled thousands of columns and pages with his utterances; and for a whole generation he has held the enviable place of being the nation's constant Leader of the Opposition

bankers went to Washington, whence they emerged some months later with a couple of billions of Federal credit. It was about this time that the American tax-payers and investors began running, not walking, for the nearest exit whenever anyone mentioned our duty to Europe, and every proposal to extend the moratorium or revise the war debts was greeted with derision by Congress.

Before this had become apparent, however, President Hoover had suggested to Premier Laval of France, in October, 1931, that a final settlement of reparations was a prerequisite to any reconsideration of the war debts. Quite naturally, Laval assumed that Hoover meant business. Hence the Reparations Conference at Lausanne, Switzerland, of last June and July. Technically, it was called to consider Germany's request under the Young Plan for a reconsideration of German capacity to pay. Actually, it was called to decide what to do about the general situation in light of the fact that Germany did not intend to pay anything more, anyhow, and that the President of the United States had suggested the end of reparations as the beginning of the end of war debts.

At Lausanne, however, it became evident that what had happened was the final destruction of the real basis for the Treaty of Versailles: the illusion of a permanent American intention to support the *status quo* in Europe. At first, Woodrow Wilson had promised our political support to the Versailles system, then the American bankers had given that system our financial support. Now America was in a position to do neither, and, more significant still, England was drifting away from Europe towards her own Empire, while Russia was absorbed with her internal problems.

The result was the first really practical move for European peace since the war. At Lausanne, it was agreed to end Reparations, to make that step conditional upon ending war debts, and not to make any separate debt agreements with the United States. A new Anglo-French Entente provided for full and frank consultation, an arrangement with which Italy and Germany also associated themselves. A diplomatic revolution took place without anyone realizing what had happened, except the Russians, who promptly came to terms with Japan, in order to be free for the coming struggle with the forces of Western Europe. In Germany, the von Papen Government and the Hitlerites began, for the first time, to talk sense about the question of armaments, and to consider a full and friendly settlement with France. The Poles felt a sudden draft in the Corridor and began rolling a speculative eye northward at Memel and southward at Odessa. Mussolini made some speeches, and in the inner circles of French policy it was admitted that France must now convert her armed truce with Germany into a permanent, friendly relationship. Even the Stresa Conference, held to rehabilitate the commerce of the Danubian States, broke up without a fist fight, and the Disarmament Conference reconvened at Geneva in a mood which boded no good for American theories of how to bell the cat of European militarism.

There followed a drive for debt revision which should not have surprised the American public. Hoover had certainly given the French government to understand that settlement of reparations would be followed by revision of war debts. The Hoover moratorium had already tied the two together and there was no more reason for our debtors to regard the Congressional resolution against revision as final than we have regarded as conclusive the numerous resolutions by the French Chamber of Deputies to the effect that if France foregoes reparations, France will not pay war debts. At Lausanne, our debtors established a common understanding and a solid front. If we wished to do anything about it, we would have to break up that solid front. Otherwise, we would be diplomatically sunk.

The first test of that front came as quickly as was decent after the Presidential election. Greece defaulted on her debt payment; Poland, Esthonia and Latvia requested postponement of payment of principal, as provided in their debt agreements; then England and France, followed by Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland, requested suspension of all

payments pending complete revision of all agreements. The solid European front met the solid American Congress, and at first both sides held firm. Then Italy, somewhat more skilled than her neighbors in the art of diplomatic meteorology, decided to pay without writing any letters about it. Great Britain went into a spasm of correspondence which concluded on December 13, with the peculiar statement that Britain would pay on the understanding that the payment was regarded as part of a new settlement and on the further understanding that the American Government regarded the payment as part of the old settlement. This peculiarly Anglo-Saxon perversion of logic proved too much for Gallic nerves. Despite Herriot's heroic efforts, the French Parliament voted to default and when the smoke cleared away, Great Britain, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Lithuania and Finland had paid, while France, Belgium, Poland. Hungary, Esthonia and Greece had defaulted, although France, disturbed by England's payment, was inclined to reconsider.

The result of this first collision between Europe and the American debt policy is a convincing demonstration of four facts: (1) That the depression has made all debt payments, both public and private, extremely difficult and disagreeable; (2) that the European nations, including those which have paid, feel that there is no moral, and little legal, justification for continu- *(Continued on page 62)*

The new dealer

The President-elect campaigned on the promise of a new deal. Now he finds he has more good Donkey-Backed cards than even the most optimistic voter hoped six months ago. But political poker differs from straight draw as played by the Forgotten Man, even though in both there always comes a time to ante-up. Though Mr. Roosevelt's four aces might give him an excuse to stand pat, it seems reasonably certain that he will discard all of them. It's an old Democratic custom. . . . His queens in a sprightly little game of spit-in-the-ocean may prove useful—against Old World players. Four Senatorial jacks are good enough to open with in "rainy-days are here again" games under the Capitol's dome. The tens—including Senator Cutting (who himself recently discarded the entire Republican Party)—may prove another valuable four-of-a-kind. And, considering the issues at stake, a game of deuces wild may induce him to feed not only the kitty but the unemployed, before somebody calls him. And there are the nines, good for a draw—much better for a discard—and the joker—to liven up the party, before chips are cashed in and the boys go home in 1937. It seems with cards like these that Roosevelt could afford to raise the political ante. But, temporarily, he is content to "breathe"

The gliding chancellor

BY GEORGE GERHARD

A portrait of von Schleicher, the man who has control over more power than any German leader has had since Bismarck

■ He has been described as a diabolical master-mind, a prince of intrigue, a creature of duplicity, a Richelieu who wears the metallic uniform of a German general in place of the cowl and beretta of a Cardinal. Emerging into the full blaze of political limelight suddenly after the disappearance of the clerical Brüning, he became the "mystery man", the dark "power" behind the Hindenburg throne. The world thought it heard once more the rattling of the Prussian sabre; it let the name of Schleicher be merged with the memory of Bismarck; it fancied the return of the "mailed fist" and of all the other stage-props so indispensable to pre-war Germany.

Behind an ordered desk in a tall room in one of those quiet buildings in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, sits a slender, well-built man, slightly stoop-shouldered, with trim moustache and close-cropped hair. Clearly, he is a military figure. But then again he is not. The man's eyes twinkle, he smiles, his conversation is graceful, he clinches a point with a smoking-car story, he is suave, he is patient. Responsibilities seem to weigh only lightly upon him. And when evening comes, he will exchange his diplomatic cutaway for evening dress, to become one of the most desired and brilliant diners-out in social Berlin. The man behind the desk is the Chancellor. He is Lieutenant-General Kurt von Schleicher, also Minister of Defense, and also practical Dictator to the German people.

■ It was just about a year ago that the name of Kurt von Schleicher began to appear prominently in the cables from Berlin. Before that he had been merely one of many military figures still powerful from war-days; he was famous in Germany chiefly because he was the youngest general in the army and did an unusual thing by remaining a bachelor until the age of forty-nine and then marrying the divorced wife of his own cousin.

But when it was seen that he had gained the confidence of President von Hindenburg and was apparently pulling the strings which made the Reich run (although it ran with creaks and groans), the correspondents elevated him into a major mystery. Speculation over his aims and goals began and has never ended. Suspicious France greeted the first serious mention of his name with querulous wonderment. Who is this von Schleicher, exclaimed the *Journal des Dèbats* in Paris, "dont le nom seul est un programme. *Schleichen*—se glisser, s'esquiver doucement, louvoyer?" (Trans.: to slide, to escape, to tack.)

Chancellor von Schleicher can hardly be said to have patterned his career after the definition so strangely contained in his fine old family name, which, while it sounds soft enough in French, can be translated into our own hard Anglo-Saxon only by the ugly word "sneaker." And yet it cannot be denied that von Schleicher has moved stealthily, as his name implies, gumshoeing his way through the army ranks, sliding into the confidence of the aged president in the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, silently making and unmaking governments, hobnobbing with the Hohenzollerns but remaining close-mouthed concerning his actual plans about them, siding with Adolf Hitler in a crisis and then grinning to himself as the Nazis began to break apart when their leader began to call himself Mussolini. With his ease and his intrigue, his silence and his urbanity, he is in every sense "the gliding Chancellor."

The explanation is that this brilliant army officer, with one foot in a military boot and the other in a dancing pump, is probably the most patient man in the world today—with the possible exception of the immovable Mahatma Gandhi. For thirteen years he waited before injecting himself into the political life of the nation, and he had the pleasure of seeing the Social Democracy that all old-guard monarchists detest die an agonizing death in the muck of its own failures. He is still waiting, if not for an actual restoration of the Hohenzollerns, then at least for Germany to cut loose from the demoralizing influence of rampant political partisanship and roughneck parliamentarism, and to start back on the road to discipline.

■ Only infrequently von Schleicher comes forward and shows his hand. He showed it when he dismissed his own appointee to the Ministry of Defense, General Wilhelm Groener, because that official was too short-sighted to see danger in his decree abolishing Hitler's 500,000 storm-troops. It was better for Groener to be politically dead than Hitler to be antagonized into impulsive action. Another showing was von Schleicher's vigorous speech over the radio insisting that Germany was through playing with sparklers and cap pistols while the rest of Europe amused herself with heavy guns and 5,000-ton submarines.

Still another showing was when the Reichstag's 51 Nationalists (remnants of the "Junker" class which von Schleicher represents) introduced a proposed constitutional amendment which would have empowered von Hindenburg, on his deathbed or on the threshold of retirement, to designate his own successor. Barring an immediate monarchical restoration with Crown Prince William chosen as regent, von Schleicher would naturally have fallen heir to the job. The Reichstag spiked this seemingly obvious attempt to create a Hindenburg-Schleicher-Hohenzollern dynasty, but the scheming that lay behind its introduction was an example of Schleicher's daring.

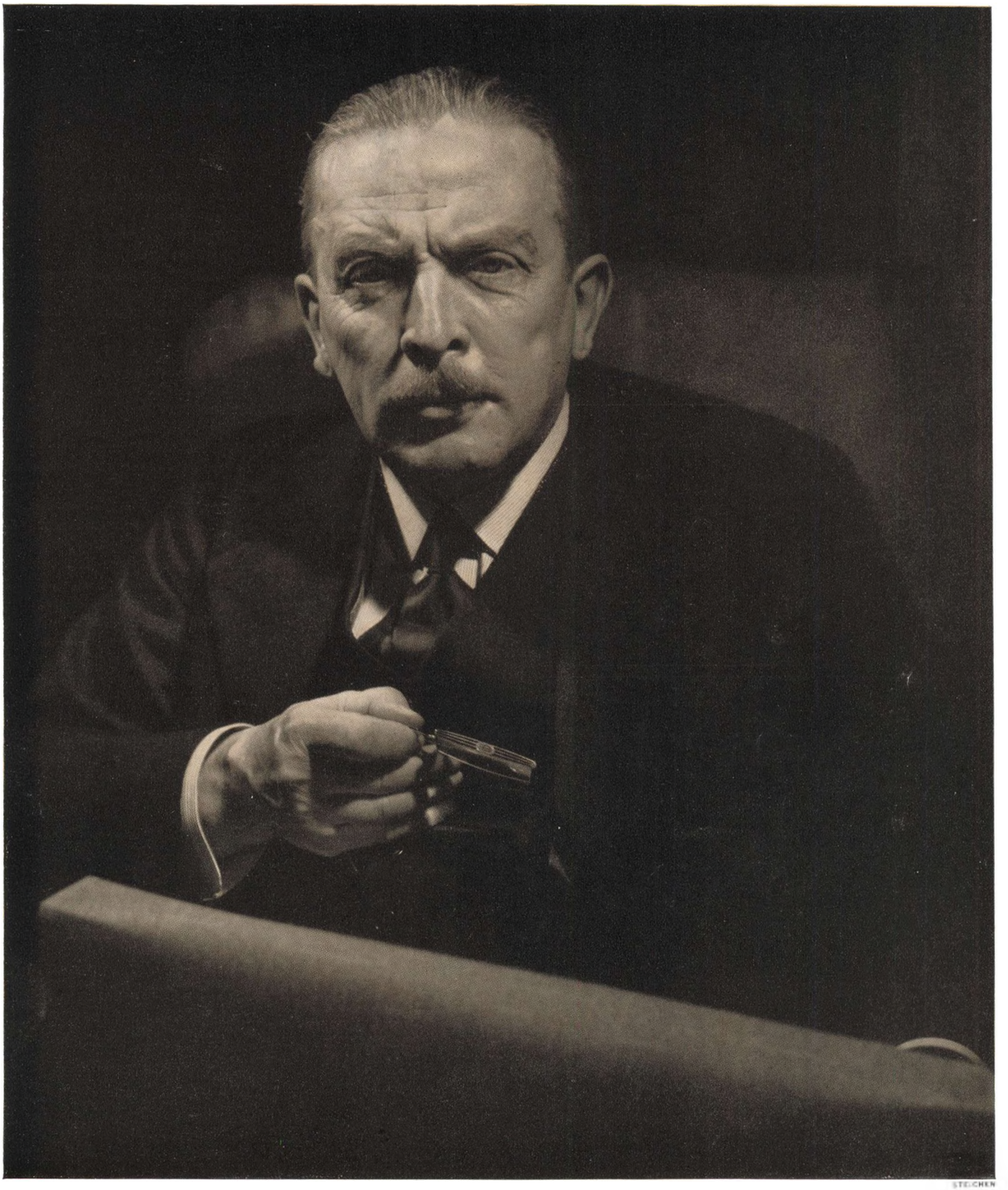
■ The sharply pointed spike that once topped the helmets of German army officers is known as the "Pickelhaube." Beneath it sits von Schleicher, living symbol of a tradition that still flourishes, in his native Brandenburg and Prussia at least, despite revolution, Social Democracy and Hitlerism. With the help of other aristocrats whom he has picked as cabinet officers to override the Reichstag, von Schleicher is keeping the "Pickelhaube" sharply pointed and glistening. At present, it is being used chiefly as a symbol to make politicians hew to the line, and to present to the world something like a united front in the German fight for equality and liberation.

Whether von Schleicher plans to use the "Pickelhaube" as a means to stir up a monarchical revival is still an open question. If conditions become propitious within his own time, he doubtless will do so. For von Schleicher has never made a secret of the fact that he would like to see dignity and power once again restored to the family of which Crown Prince William, one of his closest friends and dining and dancing companions, is the leading member.

In all the hue and cry about von Schleicher's mysterious aims, it has been overlooked that his strange entry into the political arena brought about almost overnight a triumph of statesmanship. It achieved what the wails of the Socialists for thirteen years and the threats of the Nazis for three years had failed to do. It rid Germany of the burden of reparations.

Von Schleicher alone was responsible for persuading von Hindenburg to appoint Lieutenant-Colonel Franz von Papen as Chancellor of Germany early this summer. In the space of a few weeks von Papen had so clearly and wholeheartedly stated the German case at Lausanne that France—surprised ever since and regretful of her own generosity—agreed to wipe out all but ten per cent. of what Germany has never called anything but "war tribute."

Von Schleicher had rare vision in choosing von Papen, and just as good sense in removing him when he saw that political opposition to his choice was endangering continuance of government without parliamentary sanction—the keystone of his power. And yet at the time of his appointment, Germany accepted von Papen merely because he appeared to be the personal choice of von Hindenburg. France tolerated him chiefly because he was married to the niece of a French marquise and could speak French nearly as fluently as German. America could think of nothing but his *(Continued on page 62)*



German Excellenz

■ HIS EXCELLENCY DR. RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN, last Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire, is in this conntry again lecturing for the cause of German-American understanding. A long career in diplomacy lies behind him: he was sent to Russia and Morocco, was First Secretary in Washington and Counsellor of Legation in London right up to the war, where with the ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, he carried on a far-sighted but fruitless struggle to bring England and Germany together. He was Germany's wartime ambassador to allied Turkey; and the climax of his career came when, in 1917, he was given the task of negotiating the Brest-Litovsk treaty with Russia. Since the Empire's fall he has held no official position, but has been a leading publicist on German problems. Author of several books, he is now writing his memoirs which will cover Germany's crucial part in the history of the war era

	YOUTH	POWER	WAR-TIME
ROMANOFF			
BOURBON			
HOHENZOLLERN			
HAPSBURG			

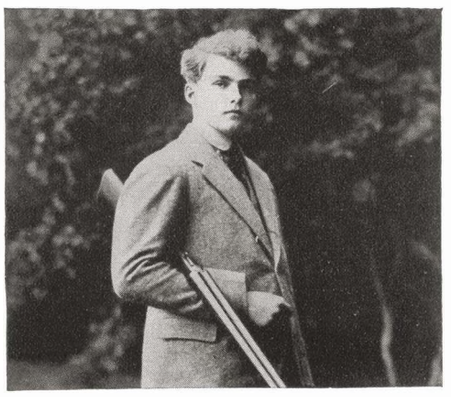
EUROPEAN

ACME

The heads of four great dynasties then and now

EXILE

Pomp and circumstance



■ On these two pages appear photographs of the present heads of four deposed royal houses of Europe. They are not just any four royal houses. They are four out of the five most important dynasties in the history of the continent. The fifth remains in power: the House of Windsor is secure on its throne. The houses of Romanoff, Bourbon, Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dream of getting their thrones back. They think of the pomp of the old days . . . and they tend to think little of the circumstances of the new. But they never cease dreaming.

■ Grand Duke Cyril, the present Romanoff heir, is the least-known pretender to a great crown in Europe; and his crown is the greatest of them all. Cyril has become the next figure in the Romanoff succession only because all the immediate heirs of the last Czar were assassinated in 1918. Assassination, of course, is no rare horror in the annals of the Romanoffs. Peter III fell victim to a conspiracy in 1762. The mad Czar Paul was murdered in 1801. And then came a line of conservative, highly religious, often deluded rulers, lasting through the nineteenth century, only one of whom had a real liberal bent—Alexander II; and he was murdered. The present heir, Grand Duke Cyril, is a cousin of Czar Nicholas. In the pre-war days, despite the fact that he was rear-admiral and *aide de camp* in the Imperial military command, he played practically no part at all. He was another handsome Grand Duke, another darling of the court; a great portion of his time he spent on the Riviera. The first picture here shows him in the period of youth and glamor. Later, like most Russian princes, he married German royalty. His wife was Victoria, princess of that minute realm which has given rulers and consorts in plenty to all the world: Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The second picture shows him with his oldest daughter. In the World War Cyril played no leading part. But in 1922, some time after his lucky escape from Russia, he proclaimed himself head of the dynasty and curator of the throne. In 1924 he went a step further, and proclaimed himself Czar of All the Russias. If he should set foot on Russian soil today, he would be shot forthwith. Our last picture shows him safely golfing at Nice.

Alfonso XIII of the House of Bourbon was not only King of Spain, but also "of Jerusalem, of the Canary Islands, of the East and West Indies, of India and of Oceanica." Now he is just another man without a country. Once Spain was ruled, like Austria, by the Hapsburgs; but marriages with the kings of France in the seventeenth century resulted in a Bourbon dynasty (beginning in 1700, when Philip of Anjou became Philip V of Spain). Alfonso XIII is in the direct line. He was born in 1886, the posthumous son of Alfonso XII. On the date of his birth he was proclaimed king, but his mother, Queen Marie Christine, remained regent until he was sixteen. The first picture here shows him with the regent. The next picture has him in the care-free, glittering days before the war, with his Queen, Victoria, born Princess of Battenberg. The third picture was taken during Spanish manoeuvres in the period of the war menace. The fourth shows him arriving in Paris in 1931, an outcast from his country.

But the German Emperor William is an exile of a different class. Alfonso never had much influence upon the world; Cyril none; but even as early as 1888, when he succeeded to the throne, William stirred up excitement with every step. The very beginning was explosive; old Emperor William died, and was followed to the grave in three months by his son, Emperor Frederick. Thus the crown of the brilliant and unstable House of Hohenzollern fell from a man of 91 upon a man of 29. The young Emperor William remembered that his ancestor, Frederick the Great, was just 28 when crowned: he resolved to copy him. We know what happened. Our first picture—a rare one—shows William with his advisor, Prince Bismarck; shortly after, he dismissed the old Chancellor, and set out alone on his career of prosperous theatricals. Our second picture has him at the very height of his power, in one of his beloved gala uniforms, driving with the allied Czar of Bulgaria. The third picture is in a different key: it is 1916, the terrible winter, and William has been meeting with Charles (at his left), new Emperor of declining Austria-Hungary. The fourth shows him as he is today: a Dutch country gentleman, among cronies.

■ Otto of Hapsburg, from the point of history, is insignificant. He was born only a few years before the war; and the fact that he has just now come to his majority, quite upsets the time relations of our picture-chart. In his first picture here he is not recognizable as a Hapsburg prince, or as prince at all. But the next photograph is more definite: it was taken after the old Emperor Francis Joseph had died, and on the day when Otto's father Charles was crowned. The son sits on the lap of the new Empress, Zita, born Princess of Parma. The third picture shows him at the head of a multiplying family of brothers and sisters, in the early years after the war. His father died in 1922, and he became head of the family—inheritor of all the traditions of the tragic House of Hapsburg. Today he is much talked of as possible king of a restored Hungary. The last picture has him in exile in that international sanctuary, France.

Otto goes out shooting; William, above him, comes in from chopping wood; Alfonso, further up, is also turned out in mufti; Cyril, at the top, plays golf. All are out-door people, all wear tweeds, all engage in sports—since that is the only free thing they can engage in. Perhaps sometimes, when golfing or chopping or shooting, their minds wander carelessly from the activity at hand. They like to look far away. They see crowns, and pomp, and a very different kind of circumstance.

A new day for Red art

BY MAURICE HINDUS

■ Gorky's new play *Yegor Bulitchev* has excited Moscow as no literary event since the Revolution; and in it there is a scene which gives insight into the kind of mentality that a Soviet artist has to reckon with if he wants to have his work appreciated or even accepted.

The hero of this play, a merchant in the pre-revolutionary days, is on the point of death. He is a cynic and an infidel; but his wife and her sister, being profoundly religious, cannot bear the thought of his dying without receiving the last sacrament, and so they send for a priest. Followed by the wife and her sister and several other members of the family with lighted candles in their hands, the priest and the deacon, garbed in gorgeous vestments and swinging incense and intoning solemnly "Hospodi Pomilu" ("Lord have mercy"), proceed to the dying man's chamber.

It is a moving scene, and in the old days a Russian audience would have been stirred to tears. The incense, the candles, the chanting, would have aroused in it a sense of awe of death and life. But on the evening when I saw the play the audience (which jammed every available seat in the theatre) burst into a laugh. And this behavior was not exceptional. Every time the play is given the audience, at this particular scene, behaves in a similar manner. It just laughs! To the present-day Russian audience, religion—even the ministration of the last rites to a dying man—suggests something not only incongruous but comic!

Now let the reader ponder over the importance and universality of religion as a subject in the arts. For generations it has been an endless source of inspiration to painter, composer, playwright, novelist, poet. Some of the most stirring music Russia has given to the world is religious in theme. But now religion is discarded from Russia, and the artist who would deal with it seriously will find no friend and no buyer for his creations.

■ The family likewise is no longer a theme that excites and intrigues the Russian audience. As a social institution it continues, but it has, so to speak, lost its flesh and blood. It is only a skeleton of its former self, and no artist can press out of it the drama that it furnished in the old days or that it may still furnish to the artist outside of Russia. Were Dostoyevski now alive he could not have written a *Brothers Karamazov* in the manner in which he did. He could not have built his story around the Karamazov family. Were Shakespeare alive at present in Russia he could not have created a *King Lear*. Nor could a Balzac have given the world a *Père Goriot*, or Galsworthy a *Forsyte Saga*. Family conflicts and tragedies are not impossible in Soviet Russia, but they provide nowhere nearly as weighty an experience or as exciting an adventure as the relationship of the individual to the new community. This relationship has superseded or swallowed all other social relationships. Indeed, religion, business, the individualistic family—the three institutions which artists in the western world and in old Russia have invested with exciting and heroic qualities—are in present-day Russia the three chief villains or clowns.

What then are the subjects that occupy the attention of the Russian artist?

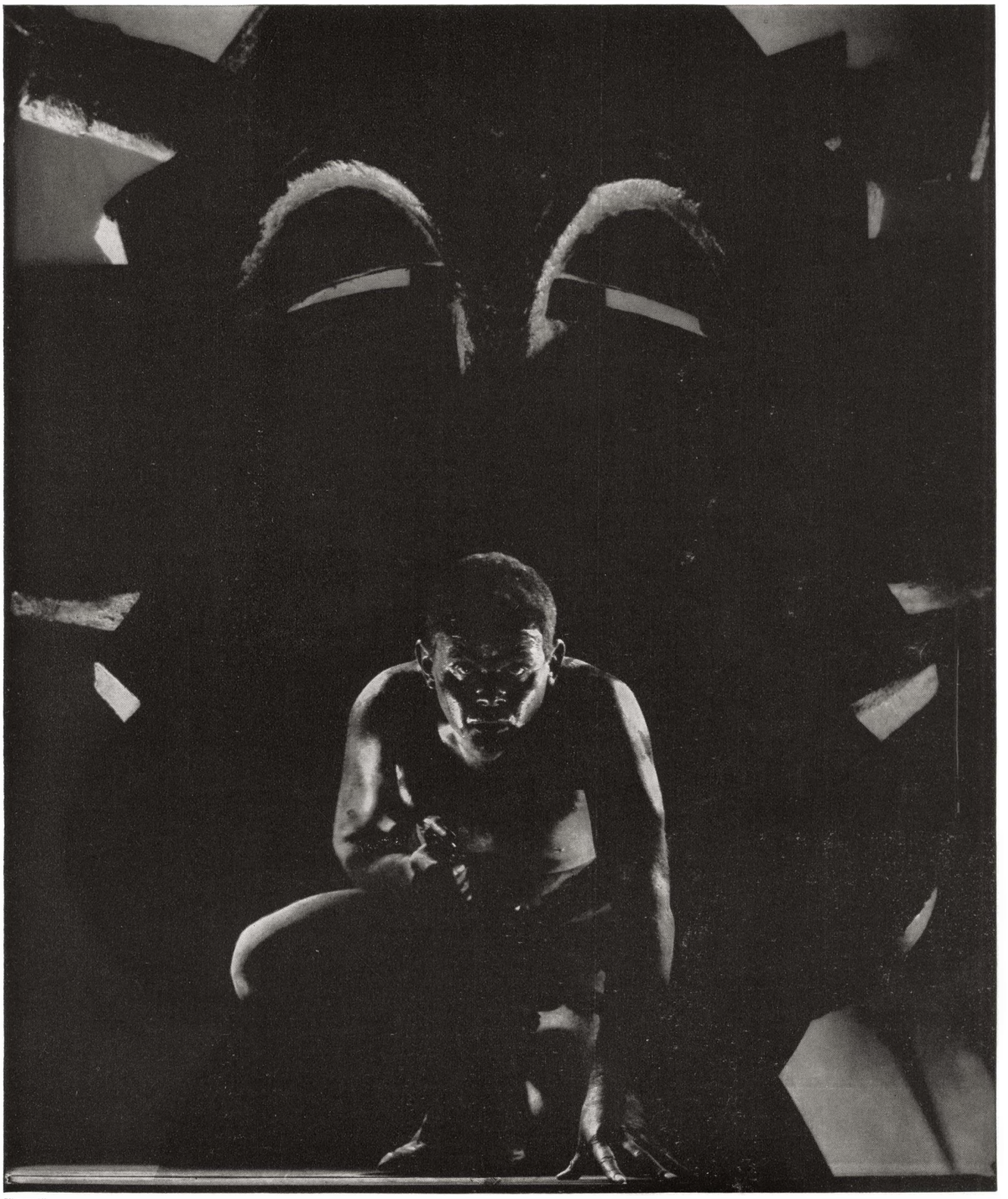
For a long time, roughly up to 1926, the Bolshevik civil war and the famine and suffering that followed in its wake, preoccupied the Russian artist. The best literature that has come out of Soviet Russia deals with these two epochal periods. Bolgakov's *Days of the Turbines*, a civil war play, is still the best piece of dramatic writing that any Russian author has produced. The finest Soviet motion pictures likewise relate to the civil war. Pudovkin's *The Fall of St. Petersburg*, and Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, are still the high lights in Russian cinema production. Though Eisenstein bases his story on the revolt of the Black Sea fleet in 1905, in spirit the picture includes so many elements of the Bolshevik civil war of 1917 that it can safely be spoken of as a Bolshevik civil war picture.

With the advance of the Revolution into its so-called reconstruction period and the arrival of the Five- *(Continued on page 22)*

NELSON

Our Don Quixote

FEODOR CHALIAPIN, Russian peasant, star of the old Imperial Opera, and now exile, has finally succumbed to the call of the screen. Last fall, in the cinema version of *Don Quixote*, he played the part of the Sorrowful Knight—whom he here holds in effigy on his lap. The production was filmed in southern France; Paul Morand wrote the script, Jacques Ibert the music, and G. W. Pabst directed it. Chaliapin has brought to the world the finest depth of Russian music—chiefly in his creation of the part of the Czar in Moussorgsky's masterpiece, *Boris Godounov*. To each of his rôles he lends a mysterious, inward quality that sets him off from all other singers in solitary grandeur. Formerly with the Metropolitan Opera, Chaliapin has been touring the United States in concert this winter



STEICHEN

The Emperor Jones

LAWRENCE TIBBETT has put on no end of operatic make-ups, from that of prince to doge to hero to villain; but this is his first venture into black-face. Louis Gruenberg, American composer, has completed an opera based on Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, and Mr. Tibbett sings the title rôle—made famous, in the theatre version, by Charles Gilpin. Far from following the Italian style of pleasant melody, the new opera is harsh and dissonant—a fitting medium for the savage story. New York's Metropolitan sees the world première this winter; and Mr. Tibbett's appearance in the chief part marks another step in securing his position as the leading American operatic singer. Still under forty, he has already captured the associated fields of concert, cinema, radio

Year-Plan, the civil war ceases to occupy the Russian artist, in part because he and his audience have tired of it, and in part because the government is beginning to demand his helping hand in the realization of the big tasks on which it has embarked. Henceforth the artist is to shift emphasis from human experience to social enterprise. He is to center his attention on the aims and tasks of the state and the new community. In other words he is to deal preeminently with the factory, the collective farm and the new communal order which they presuppose.

To the artist reared in the old traditions and conventions the transition from one set of subjects to another involved a readjustment which was not easy to achieve. Neither the young nor the older artist had lived with the new subjects long enough to be able to recreate them into living symbols. Especially difficult, of course, was the subordination of character and human drama to the political formulae of the moment. Yet the censorship looked askance at the treatment of any contemporary theme that did not contribute to this very purpose—that is to say, to the triumph of the immediate policies and the ultimate principles of the Revolution. What further embarrassed the artist who believed in creativeness and not in mere propaganda was the rise to power of the so-called *Rapp*, or Proletarian Writers' Society, which with the growing interest of the Soviets in political achievement, received increasing support, until it became the sole arbiter of all art in the country.

Certain functions that the *Rapp* performed were commendable. It encouraged factory laborers to take up writing and to record on paper their own experiences and those of their friends. It did the same with the peasant. In a country as predominantly illiterate as Russia this stimulus to self-expression was productive of a new literary interest and appreciation. Even when the resulting compositions were badly written they meant something culturally. If the *Rapp* had confined itself to developing writers out of factory workers and peasants it would have performed a most useful service. But it reached out for a more ambitious goal. It sought to control all art and to press it into a definite political mould. Painting, sculpture, music, literature, theatre, cinema, all were to serve only one purpose—the promotion of the program of the Revolution.

Painting and sculpture suffered least from this encroachment on the free creativeness of the artist. Portrait painting is either good or bad, regardless of whether the subject is a businessman, a king, a madonna, or a factory worker. The factory and the collective farm (which means the land) offered a variety of subjects to excite the man with the brush or the chisel. Besides, painting and sculpture were not arts in which the Russians excelled.

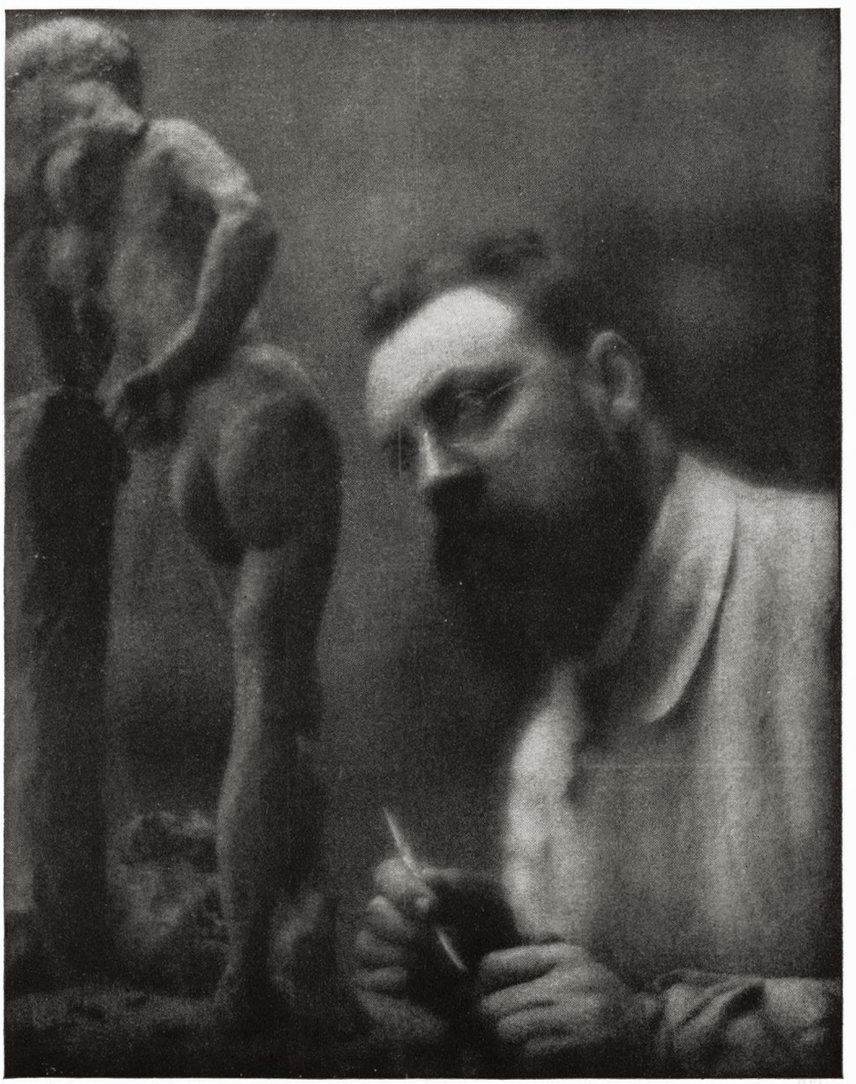
The effect of the *Rapp* dictatorship on music, literature, the theatre, and the cinema—arts in which the Russians have shown themselves to be masters—was lamentable. It just about ruined the Russian cinema. In the past half dozen years very few Soviet pictures have commanded the attention of the outside world or aroused excitement in Russia—simply because of the dullness which has resulted from an excess of political sermonizing. The scenarios are of a stereotyped pattern: a Hero who is a worker, or an engineer, or an official and who strives for the success of some governmental enterprise; a Villain who is a Koslack, a businessman, a clergyman, a spy, and who strives for its failure. A conflict ensues with the hero in the end winning the battle: the picture usually ends with a triumphant speech on the glories of building socialism and sometimes with a revolutionary song and the waving of the red flag!

The theatre has suffered less than the motion pictures, and then only in its literary quality. A revolution implies action of the most impassioned kind, and this action could not but find powerful repercussion on the Russian stage. A number of new schools of the theatre with a philosophy and a technique of their own either sprung into being or received a fresh impetus.

Yet the literary quality of the new Russian plays is lamentably low. With the exception of the *Days of the Turbines*, *Yegor Bulitchev*, and *Fear*, they are, like the motion pictures, undisguised and clumsy political sermons, relieved now and then by clever dialogue.

Indeed had it not been for the genius of Russian directors and actors, the Russian theatre would have sunk to the same level of mediocrity to which the cinema has fallen. It is these directors and actors and scenic designers who make the Russian theatre—in spite of the dreary plays it has had to produce—the most artistic and spectacular theatre in the world.

Meanwhile, *Rapp* was becoming more and more aggressive, with the result that it terrorized or paralyzed some of the leading Russian writers and artists. The poet Volozhin could not get any of his work printed. The two leading literary magazines, *Novy Mir* (*The New World*) and *Krasnaya Nov*



HENRI MATISSE. A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEICHEN, TAKEN THIRTY YEARS AGO IN PARIS

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ARISTIDE MAILLOL AND HENRI MATISSE. TAKEN IN MAILLOL'S STUDIO IN FRANCE

(*The Red Beginning*) became mere propagandist journals. A man like Alexey Tolstoy, finding it impossible to write of the passing scene, turned to historical subjects. Other writers did the same and for a while the historical novel became almost a literary fashion. Babel, whose superb short stories of the civil war have won him international fame, remained silent. Others likewise ceased to write or kept their manuscripts in their drawers or passed them around among friends. Seifulina, the most gifted woman novelist in Russia, tried to do something new and gave up. Still others, among them Pilnyak, plunged into the propaganda novel and with disastrous results. Composers called upon to create sonatas, symphonies, songs, and operas in the new spirit—that is, in the spirit of so-called Marxian dialectics and in praise of socialist construction—turned out reams of musical compositions which with very few exceptions even the workers did not enjoy. All forms of art save acting and painting had ceased to become creative, and the talented artist was patiently waiting for better days when *Rapp*, whip in hand, would no longer stand over him.

Soon, however, the protests against *Rapp* became so loud and so sharp that they could no longer be ignored. Even workers were displeased and began to complain. They were having all the sermonizing they wanted in their factories, in the daily press, at their mass-meetings. When they went to an entertainment they wanted to forget their everyday problems and conflicts. When they read a book they wanted something more than mere political palaver. They had in fact been reading the good literature of Europe and America and found it diverting and instructive. The Russian audiences in their artistic tastes had pushed beyond the political formalism which *Rapp* had been foisting on them. Stalin and his associates could no longer ignore the art activities of the country.

The result was that in April, 1932, by special decree *Rapp* was dissolved and the control of the arts was instantly taken out of its hands. When I arrived in Russia last summer I found the art atmosphere as fresh and clear as is the air after a storm. Never had I known painters, musicians, writers, editors so buoyed up with hope and courage as they have been since last summer. The censorship still prevails, but it no longer is as petty and formalistic as it had been. Rachmaninov, for example, had been under ban. His music was regarded as counter-revolutionary. As long as *Rapp* dominated the artistic scene in Russia there was no hope of having the ban lifted on this gifted composer. Now, however, Rachmaninov has been restored to good fellowship on the concert stage. Gypsy music, which likewise had been under ban for two years, has been readmitted. Old pictures of Harold Lloyd which had been stored away in the warehouses have been dug up and put on the screen again. True, they teach no political lesson, but they afford extraordinary amusement. Russians may actually again arrange and attend lit- *(Continued on page 56)*

Matisse, Maillol

■ The above photograph shows the two most dominant figures in modern art—Henri Matisse, the renowned French painter, and Aristide Maillol, the most distinguished of European sculptors. The photograph was taken by Pierre Matisse, son of the painter. A singular coincidence is that Maillol began life as a painter but deserted painting, thirty years ago, to devote himself to sculpture, whereas Matisse was, thirty years ago, devoting himself largely to sculpture. The friendship that exists between the seventy-three-year-old sculptor and the sixty-three-year-old painter has been a long and intimate one. In this connection it is interesting to hear that the great, and current, show of Maillol's sculptures, at the Brummer Gallery in New York, containing many of the artist's most important works—plaster, marble, bronze and stone—has proved so great a success that it will continue on until March 1st. The photograph on the opposite page was made by Steichen—now the best known of American photographers, but then (thirty years ago) a young man studying painting in Paris

The gnome nobody knows

BY STANLEY WALKER

Louis Howe is going to be the inner-office man at the White House:—who is he, and what influence will he exert there?

■ Ever since it became obvious that Franklin D. Roosevelt was to be the next President of the United States, the word-painters who write of national politics have, on drab days, attended to the building up of the curious figure of Louis Howe—or "Colonel" Louis McHenry Howe, as the more flamboyant of them have it. The election of Roosevelt is supposed to have been the result of Howe's prescience and unfathomable skullduggery, beginning on the day in 1910 when Howe first eyed the handsome young man and said: "That fellow is Presidential timber."

Howe, the long-time friend and close adviser of Roosevelt, has been described as Warwick, valet, secretary, fixer, man behind the scenes, far-seeing prophet, yes- and no-man, writer of eloquent speeches, practical politician, dreamer and finder of powerful poetic allusions. The Greeks may have had a bird like him, and the Ptolemys needed one, but in modern times no one, certainly no President, has had a man of Howe's background and personality, or a man who will occupy anything like the place that this smart little introvert will fill after next March 4. Presidents have had advisers, but none like Howe; they have had cronies, as Harding did, but Howe is no man's crony. His loyalty is not to himself, or to an abstract ideal of government, but solely to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

■ When the Roosevelts go to Washington Howe, of course, will go along. According to present plans, he will not only live in the White House, as he has lived in the Roosevelt homes in New York, Hyde Park and Albany, but he will be the brains back of the secretariat. A tired and infirm little man (he sometimes has to pause a long time for breath when walking up stairs), he will demand of the other people about the White House the same complete fidelity which he has given to his boss for so many years. How important will he be? Certainly he will give, as he has always done, every bit of his strength and cunning to the cause of Roosevelt. How effective he will be is another matter, for he will be moving upon a larger stage, where the action is sometimes incredibly swift and cruel, and where enemies rise up suddenly who are more ruthless than the harmless little boys one encounters in state and local political squabbles.

In the first place, Howe will be forced to deal with Congress. During the campaign Howe either lost, or failed to make, many friends, particularly among Senators who had their own ideas as to how the battle for the forgotten man should be fought. All this may be to Howe's everlasting credit, for, taking them by and large, United States Senators are not noted for being authentic thinkers. Indeed, the run of them are as pompous, bombastic and time-serving a set of ornaments as may be gathered conveniently in one chamber. If Howe offended them, then quite possibly Howe was right. And yet these are the men who must push through those bold and somewhat radical experiments in legislation which are due to bring order out of chaos and all that sort of thing.

■ Howe, moreover, will have to deal with the hungriest set of deserving Democrats ever turned loose on an impoverished country. Lord knows they were hungry enough when they had it, back in the days of Wilson, but now, after twelve years of Harding and Coolidge and Hoover, they are famished to the point where their manners already are disgustingly ravenous. Every politically-minded old fuddy-duddy, from the lad who thinks he helped elect a Democratic Governor in Maine to the wool-hat boy from the upper Brazos who once shook hands with Jack Garner, seeks a cut in the new administration. It may be true that Roosevelt is essentially high-minded, that he was elected by so many votes that he owes no obligations to any individual or any faction, that his spear knows no brother and all that and all that; the truth remains that he must deal with the squealing horde of razorbacks who are even now sidling up to the public trough. How well Howe can handle them, whether he can wheedle the right ones and kick the others accurately on the snout—that is a problem at which not all his favorite detective stories will be much help. As a tactician, Howe is better back in the tent, slowly plotting the strategy of tomorrow and next week and next year, than he is out in front where the firing is rapid and where the warriors, happy or not, must think instantly or not at all. He is, facing next March 4, in the position of the trainer of a prize-fighter who has brought his bruiser along carefully for twenty-two years, watching him, sleeping with him, letting him smack a few punks around for the exercise, and who then shoves him into the ring for the battle of the century. Howe will be in the corner, but the man in the ring, champion or false alarm, will be Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The truth seems to be that Roosevelt, at heart, is more impetuous than Howe. It may be a difference in their mental processes or their intuitive reactions to issues, or it may be because of Howe's ancient habit of taking things slowly, of conserving every bit of energy, of never making a fast move when a slow move would do just as well. Before election, as even before the Democratic convention, there was little need for the rapier thrust—the Republican party was through.

The closest observers of the two men (and these are the men who sat with them in their intimate debates or stood by the telephone while delicate negotiations were being carried on) agree pretty well that on several occasions Roosevelt was wishy-washy, or vague in his pronouncements, or silent in the face of a situation which cried for bold statement, simply because of Louis Howe's advice. Well, it turned out all right, and Roosevelt will be in the White House, but somewhere on the trail he left the impression that he was overcautious and not quite forthright. The question remains: wouldn't it all have turned out even better if Roosevelt had followed his first natural impulses, striking out hard when he felt like it? On a few occasions Roosevelt has shown a remarkable ability to take care of himself. The most notable time was when he conducted the hearings in the case against Mayor James J. Walker of New York. His obvious mastery of the evidence, its implications and its complexities, enabled him to put on the soundest public performance of his life. His questions were direct and clear, and never did the unfortunate Jimmy appear more helpless than when he fumbled and floundered when attempting to make sense before the Governor. If those exchanges are the correct measure of Roosevelt, then the man really has something besides a hat and a grin. The end of Jimmy Walker, and of a whole period of New York life, was accomplished quietly and efficiently by the Governor, once he had the Seabury evidence before him. Back of that there may have been instances of timidity, of punch-pulling and cost-counting, but the curtain came down just the same.

■ It is next to impossible to separate the things that Roosevelt has done, and to lay part of them to Howe and the rest to Roosevelt himself. The two men have been together since Roosevelt first went to the New York State Senate from Dutchess County in 1910; moreover, it is unthinkable, so close have been their peculiar relations, that there ever should be a break between them. Howe, so far as anyone has ever observed, is totally devoid of personal or political ambitions. He doesn't care whether his clothes are pressed or not; it doesn't matter much whether people like him; he makes no pretense to being a man of large vision—the curse of the dynamic politician. He lives, as he has lived for so long, with no thought except to advance the fortunes of Roosevelt. He has taken Mrs. Roosevelt to the theater, advised her on publicity for her Vall-Kill furniture works, helped run the Roosevelt household, made things easier for the children and performed all manner of odd chores for the family.

Howe is different in that he is both an idea man and a detail man. Lying back, his heart weak and his mummy-like head pulled down inside the highest collar seen since the days of the Duke of Clarence, he figures out the moves of politicians and thinks about what Roosevelt should do; then, likely as not, he will read of an auc- *(Continued on page 64)*

CARICATURE BY COVARRUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 15

S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy") versus Arturo Toscanini

ROXY: Look at this score, brother! See how I've rewritten your Beethoven trio and arranged it for orchestra and chorus and ballet and soloists and three grand organs. And amplifiers in the balcony. Rich, eh? TOSCANINI: Ah, *molto sympatico*. ROXY: Well, now, if you did something like that, you'd be making a success too. The trouble with you foreign fellows is that you've never learned how to put your music across. You're too delicate. You don't have the rhythm. TOSCANINI: What rhythm? ROXY: *Hot* rhythm. Come on, confess: the only reason people come to hear you is because you're the famous Toscanini. They don't even listen to the music. TOSCANINI: And to you they come, not because you are Signor Rothafel, but because you are the one who gives them real music—yes? ROXY: Sure enough. No one sits there falling in love with my flowing white hair—simply because I haven't got any. You just like to put your audience to sleep. I'm different: I like to pep them up. But still I admire you: they call you Arturo, and when you shorten that, it makes Art. TOSCANINI: Ah, *molto sympatico! Viva Wagner!*

When lovely women

BY HELEN BROWN NORDEN

■ The editors of *Vanity Fair* have been assured that sometime this spring, if all goes well, there will blaze a new sign on Broadway, whose brilliant lights will form the word FOLLIES—a word which the Tenderloin has imagined banished forever from its demesne. In all probability, this *will* be its last public appearance. In memory of the man who once gave her a job, and who later became her good friend, Peggy Fears Blumenthal will produce a memorial to Florenz Ziegfeld, *The All-Time Follies*. Follies performers of another day will flock to the standard: Marilyn Miller, Leon Errol, Fannie Brice and the others. They will do again—for the last time—the numbers which first gave them fame under the Ziegfeld banner—the old songs, the old sketches, the half-forgotten dances. And a bright ghost will kick its gleeful heels about the neon bulbs—a naïve ghost of other days, the spectral symbol of early-century gaiety. Ring—oh bells of memory. Dimly, ghosts, burn back to life. . . . . .

■ In the year 1907, Klaw and Erlanger turned the roof of their New York Theatre over to a young theatrical manager named Florenz Ziegfeld, and there, on the night of July 8, a new species of creature sprang full-blown into the world and a new class-word was given to the language:—the Follies Girl.

Every once in a while, a nation coins a phrase which grows beyond its original descriptive significance and becomes a symbol of certain integral manifestations of that country's social culture. Rome had its Vestal

ANNA HELD; 1908 FOLLIES

MARY LEWIS, FOLLIES, 1923

INA CLAIRE—1916

MARION DAVIES—1916

MARILYN MILLER—1915

JUSTINE JOHNSTON—1918

THE DOLLY SISTERS—1911

DOLORES—1918

stooped to the Follies

Virgins and Japan its geisha girls; India flowered forth the soft-eyed temple dancers, and there were witches in Salem. Without going quite so far as to compare the late Mr. Ziegfeld's houris with the Vestal Virgins, it is still possible that in the anthropological sense, they too have given us an example of the phrase historic: a Follies Girl.

Now that the institution of the annual Follies is no longer a part of our national scene; now that there are no more glamour-girls in training for that proud, exciting title of Ex-Glorified—the time has come to pass in review a few of those astonishing personalities whose Ziegfeld background was the starting-point which led them on a fragile, perilous chain to fame or wealth or death—or backward to the dark obscurity once more. From these examples there may come some flickering glint of the curious potency of the Follies trademark.

For the past twenty-five years, this species of feminine phenomenon has existed in America, unique and indigenous. There is no classification in the language which has the particular import, the peculiar, glittering magic of this one phrase. Its nearest counterpart in the modern world was the nimbus attached to the dancers of the Imperial Ballet of Czarist Russia. But the significance of the latter was neither so far-reaching nor so cogent.

Glamorous and already legendary are the image connotations which arise from the mere sound of the word "Follies". Chinchilla and orchids and ropes of pearls. Champagne drunk from red-heeled slippers at Rector's (*If a Table at Rector's Could Talk*—ta-de—dum-dum-dum. . . .) and breakfasts at Jack's. The bunny-hug, the turkey-trot, the grizzly-bear (*It's a Bear, It's a Bear, It's a Bear!*), the tickle-toe, the shimmy and the Black Bottom. *I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave—Swing Me High, Swing Me Low, Dearie.*

So much of America is implicit in the phrase: the lavish display, the mushroom leap to fame and fortune, the quick oblivion. Just as every small American boy could hope to be President, so every American girl from rock-ribbed Maine to the Barbary Coast could dream of eventual apotheosis as a Follies Girl. The Follies were an institution—a training-school—an Alma Mater whose graduates wore the words, "a former Follies Girl," like a bright badge of merit for the rest of their lives; and even in death, that phrase alone, attached to their names, was enough to bring them front-page obituaries. A Follies Girl is always good copy, and the lustre of the name has shone on its bearers in the police courts, in Burke's Peerage, in the Social Register and in Hollywood. Follies graduates made the millionaire-chorus-girl marriage popular in America and injected new blood and beauty into many an otherwise effete old family name. But whether they *(Continued on page 56b)*

IMOGENE WILSON—1922

PEGGY FEARS—1927

GLADYS GLAD—1927

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE—1919

BILLIE DOVE—1918

FLORENCE WALTON—1920

LILYAN TASHMAN—1917

DOROTHY KNAPP—1927

CULVER SERVICE

Conversation—by H. E. Schnakenberg

Gift horse for the Grand National

BY DAVID HOADLEY MUNROE

■ Among horsemen there is an old saying that good horses make good jockeys, and this is true, because it takes more than fine riding to win a horse race. But up in the North of England, in that grey city of Liverpool where the River Mersey rolls into the Irish Sea, they say that good riding matters more than a good horse, if the race is at Aintree, and they will tell you that no bad jockey has ever won the Grand National even if his horse was the best in all the world. Maybe they are right about this, I cannot vouch for it because I have not lived a hundred years, and the Grand National has been run for ninety-four; but two years ago I did see, and at Aintree, a race between a good jockey on a good horse, and a not very good jockey on a better horse, and it was very fine to watch. I cannot say to you that it proved the truth of both these old sayings; but I can tell you what happened.

The morning gallops at Aintree are not to be missed, particularly if the weather is good, which it usually is not, but on this day it was very good, and we were at the course at seven o'clock. It was crisp and cold, the sun was only an hour above the horizon, and there were no clouds in the sky. The shadows were long and angular on the clipped turf as we went in through the Sefton Gate, and out there on the course the great fences looked very black as they rose from the green grass into that clear morning light.

Down to the right of the empty yawning stands was a moving circle of horses in brilliant sheets. A few were flat horses, but mostly we saw big sober steeplechasers that had been there before, and that knew what it was all about, so that they went calmly on the end of lead straps, or with a boy perched above the sheet, and slowly walked themselves warm. Here and there a wild-eyed two-year-old, green as the grass he trod upon, played up, rearing and plunging, or checked with all four legs braced, to stare astonished at the wonderful antics of Man. And scattered irregularly about were little groups of low-voiced people, and from them arose a quiet tense murmur as each fresh horse came in from the stable. The Grand National was still eight hours away, but for a lot of those people it had really begun months before, with trainers making plans for horses, and then having to change them because one horse banged himself schooling, and another overreached in a race at Newbury; and with jockeys training and doing roadwork to get themselves fit, and worrying about the riding muscle they had pulled two months ago. And the result was that those people were just as dominated by the Grand National now as they would be in eight hours, and they dominated the rest of us almost into silence, so that we knew it was all right to smile, but we didn't laugh because that would make too much noise.

A lot of other people in that crowd were pretty tense, too, even if they weren't trainers or jockeys. Some of them were owners that thought now at last they had a horse who could win the Grand National, and others were people who had bet more than they could afford, and were wondering if it was too late to do anything about it. It was a difficult year for anyone to know what to bet on, because there were so many more good horses than usual—or were they all equally bad? That was the question, and they wouldn't know the answer until afterwards. Mr. Whitney's brilliant Easter Hero was the topheavy favorite, but he wasn't fit, and now the knowing blokes had it that Drintyre couldn't lose. That was confusing, because we didn't like Drintyre for this race, we said that he wasn't a real Aintree horse, but from each of the little groups came the same opinion, that only a fall could stop Drintyre and he wouldn't fall. We turned to look for him in that moving circle, but he wasn't there, and someone said he hadn't come out yet.

But a big chestnut came striding easily through the gate, and was led away into a far corner of this impromptu paddock. He carried his head high and his ears pricked, and he blew softly through flaring nostrils and gazed out onto the great curving course. This was Gregalach, the horse we liked; he had won two years before, and he was a good horse, some even said a great horse, but he had run some bad races lately, and we were afraid that the Gunner Officer, who was with us, had been right when he said we were too enthusiastic about Gregalach.

Cautiously but with a buzz of interest the small crowd closed in on him, and there were muttered comments behind us.

"'E might do it, yer know. Looks well, don't 'e?"

"'Oo, Gregalach? Not 'im! Goin' light in flesh, runs better a bit above 'imself. I plumps me money on Drintyre, can't see nothing but Drintyre, I can't! Ain't yer 'eard what Lofty was saying?"

The Gunner Officer nudged us, and smiled beneath his small sandy moustache.

"You wouldn't believe me," he said. "Here it is, straight from the horse's mouth! You'll lose your money on this one."

Gregalach was drawn a little fine, there was no doubt about that, and we had to admit it, but he was still what we had always thought him, the perfect ideal of what a steeplechaser ought to look like if you're thinking of make and shape; and anyway we'd know better after we'd seen him gallop.

A distinguished peer of the realm strolled importantly up to Gregalach's trainer. He was tall and straight, his bowler hat stood at the one and only angle, and his waistcoat gleamed bright yellow. He nodded magnificently, the trainer touched his cap, and together they examined the horse. Again the comments at our backs.

■ "I sy, 'e don't own Gregalach, do 'e? I didn't know 'e 'ad nothing in the National!"

"'E 'asn't! 'E jest likes to act like 'e 'ad!" was the reply in a hoarse chuckle, and we remembered how Lord George Bentinck, a hundred years ago, had proclaimed that "on the Turf, or under it, all men were equal!"

Presently a small, squarely made jockey with a weather-beaten face was tossed up, the crowd split apart, and Gregalach went away onto the course. We followed along behind and walked slowly down to the Water Jump, past which horses were galloping in a broken, irregular line. Some singly, some in twos and threes, they started far off to the left, by the big curve at the north corner of the course, came down at us with a growing thunder of hoofs, and flashed by a few feet away. More little groups of people—girls muffled in tweeds and perched upon shooting sticks; men in bowler hats and blue overcoats, with racing glasses slung from their shoulders; trainers in greatcoats and caps; small, slender jockeys dressed in turtle-necked sweaters, breeches, and leggins. All silent and interested as each horse passed, all bursting into talk when he had gone. Drintyre in every mouth, and Ballasport the only horse with a chance to beat him. Even Ballasport's jockey said his horse ought to win—if he could beat Drintyre.

Now more horses had come out, and they were passing faster, closer together—bay horses, chestnuts, a *(Continued on page 58)*

AMERICAN ARTISTS' SERIES. 11.

CONVERSATION: A PAINTING

BY HENRY E. SCHNAKENBERG

■ "Conversation" is a typical example of the work of H. E. Schnakenberg. It is carefully studied, but intimate and informal. It is reproduced here as the eleventh canvas in *Vanity Fair's* series of living American masters. The portfolio already includes works by painters of such varying tendencies as Eugene Speicher, Emil Ganso, Walt Kuhn, W. J. Glackens, Guy Pène du Bois, and others. Mr. Schnakenberg is one of our leading younger painters; he began just before the War as a pupil of Kenneth Hayes Miller, and his work in oil and watercolor has already won him an eminent position among American artists. "Conversation" has recently been acquired for the permanent collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art; and *Vanity Fair* is indebted to that institution for permission to reproduce it here

JULIAN AND ANNE GREEN HUENE

ALEC WAUGH

ARTHUR AND EVELYN WAUGH

KLAUS, HEINRICH AND THOMAS MANN

COSMO HAMILTON, ANTHONY GIBBS, HAMILTON GIBBS, SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Blood and ink

Vanity Fair's laboratory presents some famous modern victims of the *virus scribendi*, a malignant disease which attacks the young, persists until senility sets in—sometimes later—and is very catching—so much so that, once it attacks one member of a family, the others sometimes succumb likewise. It is with the last-named, contagious stage that *Vanity Fair's* erudite biological editor has done the most research. The Greens are two young Americans exposed to the literary bacteria in Paris—the brother's case attended by manifestations of acute morbidity and melancholia; the sister's attack a light one. Klaus Mann, who, at 25, has published 10 books, is an hereditary case, traced to his famous father, Thomas, and his uncle, Heinrich. The Waugh family shows a similar hereditary taint, with Alec and Evelyn following in the pentracks of their father, Arthur. Cosmo Hamilton and his two brothers, Sir Philip and Hamilton Gibbs, are three celebrated typewriter-addicts, and Sir Philip's young son, Anthony, is already breaking out with it. The Sitwells, Osbert, Sacheverell and sister Edith, are one of the most colorful writing families, with the prolific Powys—three brothers and a sister—close runners-up

OSBERT, EDITH AND SACHEVERELL SITWELL BECK

They fight for the fun of it

BY PAUL GALLICO

■ Action in the modern prize ring is delivered apparently in the inverse proportion to the amount of money collected by the athletes for their services. Thus, the inclination of the professional brothers to harm one another when equipped with six-ounce fighting gloves and loosed in the public arenas of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles and other centers of culture is at such low ebb, that the customers weary of paying $5.50 and upwards for thirty minute embraces have practically deserted these performances in favor of the amateurs.

These are the young men who belt the daylights out of one another for a gold-filled watch or a hand-lettered cardboard box in which may sometimes be found a five or ten dollar bill.

Enthusiasts who need the mental stimulus and spiritual uplift provided by the spectacle of two fellow citizens slapping one another dizzy have discovered that the amateur boxers provide them with more action in a three round brawl for a gilt medal than a month of paid bravos supposedly slugging one another for hundred thousand dollar purses. Schmeling and Sharkey perpetrated fifteen rounds of "You-chase-me-and-I'll-chase-you" for the heavyweight championship last summer for a fabulous admission fee, considering the times, and there wasn't a single damaging blow struck. On the other hand two amateurs fought up at the athletic club a few weeks ago, knocked one another down eleven times in three rounds and had the customers gnawing large chunks out of the backs of their chairs before it was over.

Experts suspect that the bigger the gate, the lower the esteem in which the paid pugs hold the suckers who contribute to them and the less inclined they are to entertain them. However, the psychology behind the ferocity with which the amateur boxers attack one another with no greater rewards than a twenty-two dollar medal set with a chip diamond or a watch on which no self-respecting Uncle will loan more than six dollars and fifty cents in the offing, is a little more complex, and constitutes a fascinating study of the tremendous urge that burns in even the humblest breasts for recognition, fame, and the plaudits of the crowd. It is all a form of exhibitionism, but it has founded a great sport, and drives youngsters to submit themselves to amazing privations and punishments, supposedly for the fun of the thing. It is also helping to drive the final rivets into the coffin of the professional game.

■ You must, my dear Mrs. Applethwacker (you rascal, it's simply *ages* since I've written to you) try to picture a world far different from yours. It is peopled by laborers and clerks and truck drivers and printers and delivery boys and apprentices, shoe salesmen and soda jerkers, garage helpers and mechanics, flyboys and janitors, cab drivers and carpenters, all that vast army of workers: nondescript, pasty-faced fellows, ranging from one hundred pounds up to husky heavyweights who carry ladders and pianos and steel safes; who work day in and day out from eight or nine in the morning until six or seven in the evening, out of sight, unsung, uncelebrated, whose God is their foreman or boss and to whose spoken words they have but one reply—"Yes sir!"

You, my dear Mrs. Applethwacker, had your picture in the Rotogravure last Sunday at the fancy dress ball; that elegant chowder party you gave last week made all the Society Columns; and, as a final accolade, I print your name from time to time in *Vanity Fair*. You have a definite external identity. Your occasional flashes into print provide you with an outlet and enable you to suppress that desire to get up in Church and holler a naughty word.

■ But these forgotten citizens have no such outlet. They work, they eat, they sleep, they go to the movies. They marry and bear children. And no one ever hears of them. If they are lucky enough to be in an accident and get their names in the papers, the names will be spelled wrong. They do their routine work day in, day out. They do it as they are told.

Now, see these same youngsters stripped to the waist, fighting gloves laced to their wrists and the ring lights glaring down on their naked bodies. Their names, their weights, their occupations are bawled to the multitude by brassy-voiced announcers. They rise alone in the spotlight and wave their red-mittened hands over their heads and from the galleries and the pits resounds the sweetest music ever conceived—the clapping of hands and the noise of cheers from friendly throats. True, the mean and sour note of the raspberry or Bronx salute may intermingle with the plaudits, but even to get that, dear Mrs. Applethwacker, is to be noticed. In the words of Voltaire, "*Le boooo c'est meilleur que rien*". The Boooo (roughly translated) is better than oblivion.

The joys of taking a beating are open to debate (I have yet to find a pugilist, amateur or professional, who would admit that he enjoyed a punch in the nose); but the blessings of giving a beating, of standing toe to toe and slugging it out, of feeling that sense of magnificent power that floods the being when an opponent lies helpless on the floor, cannot be exaggerated. It is a release and a safety valve. The fight is an important part of every settlement house and social center. The amateur boxer rarely turns to the gun and the stick-up. One night in the limelight, a hard and bloody fight and the arena rocking with excitement, and his dangerously soaring ego is appeased.

Here is freedom. Here is escape from the dreadful pall of obliteration. The kids who pour into the game, year after year, don't know what it is that drives them to it. Five thousand a year alone enter the Golden Gloves tournament in New York. As many more enter the lists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit. Some of them are looking towards an eventual career in the professional ring. The only real reward for the gruelling battles and the punishments is the sight of their names and pictures in the papers. Some of them can't fight and never will be able to. But they love those precious nine minutes in which there exist no boss, no parent, when there is only another man to engage in a fair fight.

The amateurs fight *(Continued on page 58)*

THEODORE, JOHN COWPER, LLEWELYN AND PHILIPPA POWYS

Marseilles: Chicago of the Latin world

BY PAUL MORAND

■ *Dream of the Sea*—so reads the lettering on the stern of a barge. All Marseilles dreams of the sea, but without any wish to transform the dream into a reality. Not far distant, the yacht chandlers, the varnish-and-tow merchants, the brass polishers seated on heaps of sails, the shell-food vendors in the Rue Fortia, the photograph-while-you-wait men, the Kabyle-like boys fighting with their clogs, the Algerian *moukères*, the Armenian colonial outfitters, the shoe shiners, the Algerian Salomés, like wild animals behind their ironwork protection, the Ottoman Israelites, the false-teeth dealers, the Arabian *sidis* in their fezes, the Negroes in blue overalls, suggesting distant shores to which they have no desire to return—all of these people, including the sailors themselves, prefer Marseilles to the sea, to France,—to everything. Party Quay, Belgian Quay, New Bank Quay, Port Quay—so many quays from which *not* to depart. I see Marseilles, the doorway to the East, as a door which you open, but do not shut behind you: it is East and West together.

The blue café where the sailors are signed on; the café where false identification papers are sold; the café where the *nervis*, the Marseilles gangsters, get their death sentences reprieved, as one might elsewhere have a fine for speeding remitted; the place where emigrants have their savings stolen; the corner of the port where farm hands, in search of eternal summer, hire themselves out for the Transatlantic harvests; the back of the shop where Chinese workmen come for five francs' worth of opium, the evening dose being ground in huge kettles, then sold in a tiny piece of paper folded in four—all these streets of the old Port, where the most astonishing human flotsam and jetsam in the world is encountered, are the picturesque setting for the life of all ports, but particularly that of Marseilles.

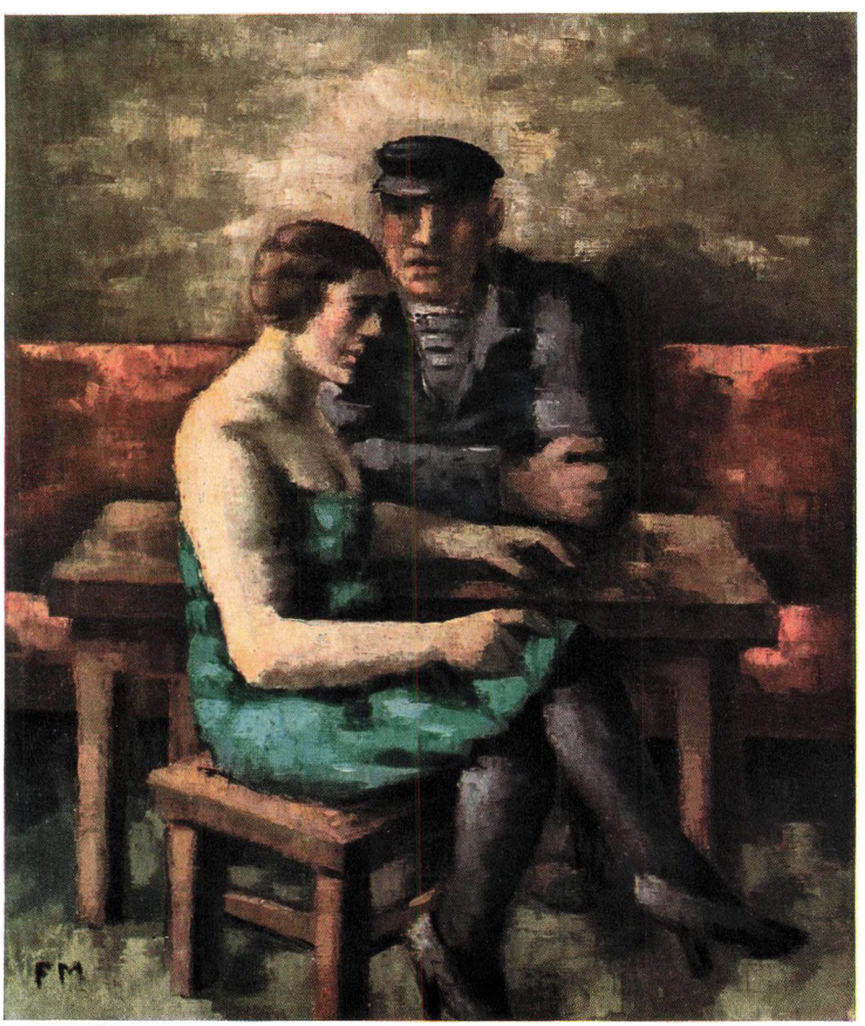
It is to be regretted that so many authors and playwrights prefer to give us the conventional Marseilles of the Marseilles stories, which are too well known, instead of giving us the stories which have not yet been written. The poem about rice, the epic of the phosphates, the legend of the date or of the tea plant, the song of copra and of the great products of overseas—why have these not been written, with Marseilles as a background? Why these stories of love during shore leave, which are nauseating, the work of would-be literary pursers, why Marseilles in the style of a Provençal dresser, why Marius and Oliver eternally?

STREET SCENE, MARSEILLES—BY GANSO

Oliver: Are you telling me I can't catch fish, I, who have caught whales?

Marius: Whales! Bah, I used whales for bait.

Or this quarrel between two men from Marseilles. In the crowded café one of them says: "Hold me, or I'll hurt someone." Nothing happens, no one interferes. He scratches his head in bewilderment and says: "What's the meaning of this? Don't you hold people any more in this café?"



SAILORS' CAFÉ, MARSEILLES—A PAINTING BY FRANS MASEREEL

■ I shall not discuss the Rue Bouterie nor all the inns with delightful names: the Cass' Croût Bar, the Necessary Hotel, the Classic Bar, the Monkey Bar, the Mascotte House, Azur Bar, and so forth. For fifteen years the Cubist painters of the Rue de la Boétie have had their fill of accordions, cheap roses, old fly-spotted chandeliers, and stockings filled with bank notes. The Rue la Renaude and the Rue Victor Gibu were once celebrated for their air of mystery, but now they are celebrated because they are famous. While waiting for the train or the boat, respectable foreign families go to A's to see the bawdy movies, which are probably encouraged by the authorities, and where the projector is an old housekeeper with a parrot, which says in English at the end of the picture: "Don't forget the operator." The obscene joints of Marseilles are so well known that a stranger who asked a policeman where he could find some was told: "Go on—follow the crowd!"

Sight-seeing buses stop at the corner of the quay where the killers live and read *Detective*, their official gazette. The *caïds*, or leading white-slavers, towards evening on board their yacht, take their Pernod. The male prostitutes, on the pretext of selling Kairouan carpets, offer their wares in front of the cafés

THE PORT—A PAINTING BY FRANS MASEREEL

on the Cannebière, and the drug merchants, with "black" or "white"—that is to say, opium or cocaine—in their belts, come and go between L'Estaque and the Annamite dens.

■ The foreign gunmen of the Rue de la Caisserie, the Corydons of the Rue Lacydon, the doubtful cabarets of the Place Victor Gibu, which would have tempted Daumier, the most illustrious inhabitant of Marseilles—all of these interest me less than the enchanting and fairy-like trade in birds and wild beasts. With Hamburg, Marseilles is the greatest market in Europe for these products. Pretending that I am the manager of a menagerie —here everything is sold wholesale—I shall go to the Rue Jardin or the Rue Monte Cristo to bargain for Abyssinian lions, tigers from Indo-China, and bears from Soviet Russia, or to the bird dealers of the Boulevard d'Athènes, of the Cours Lieutard, of the Place de l'Observance, or of the Chemin des Chartreux, to buy some long-tailed bird from Dakar or Rio, or an Amazonian parrot (which has been allowed to disembark fraudulently, as it suffers from psittacosis); or I shall listen to a thousand blue or green birds singing the songs of their forests and jungles, sitting on their whitewashed perches in some abandoned villa or some dilapidated old house on crutches, which has to be supported like a frightened old man going to the scaffold.

But let us return to the shipping quarters, and stroll amongst the bales of cork and bark, and the Algerian wines in enormous barrels. Beneath the eyes of Notre-Dame de la Garde, gilded with the last ray of sunshine, the stevedores are going home, the Italians are bunched like grapes on the platforms of the trams, like the Chinese on the street-cars of Shanghai; the Senegalese disappear in the direction of the Quai de la Fraternité. Let us leave the dismantled Château d'If, which was once the quarantine station, and the old Louis XIV forts of Saint Jean or Saint Nicholas, as rosy-colored as the crabs in the bouillabaisse at Basso's. Let us get away from this overpopulation, so rare in France, to which the most dangerous races in the world contribute, and which makes one wish that a new plague would visit Marseilles. Let us stop at some of the so-called fashionable places; the bar of the Hotel de Noailles, with its rajahs, its English majors in the Indian army, its Parsee millionaires from Calcutta, its tobacco merchants from Alexandria, and its old American globe-trotters with bearded chins, such as one sees on dollars. This is one of the world's universal meeting places, comparable to the Raffles in Singapore, to the Washington in Cristobal Colon, to Shepheard's in Cairo, and to the Atlantic in Ham- *(Continued on page 60)*

L'APACHE—BY MASEREEL

An exploration of the famed sea-port of the south, and a description of its aromas—popular, gustatory, nocturnal

Their Honors, the Mayors

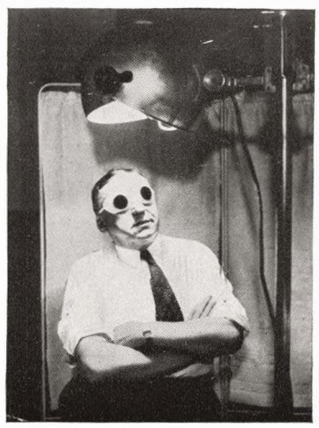
BY MILTON S. MAYER

■ The wide belief that American mayors are either villains or vaudevillians has been emphasized in recent months by the disclosure that many of them are a combination of both, retaining the worst features of each. The royal prerogative of robbing Peter to rob Paul has always belonged to the liege lord of municipal politics—it is one of the few inalienable traditions of American government; but there has been a growing dissatisfaction, of late, with the quality of entertainment these high-priced clowns provide.

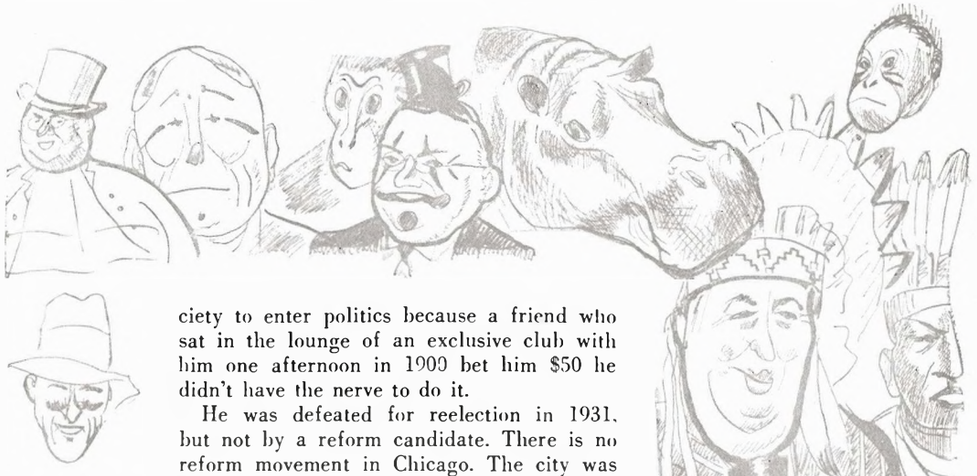
In October of 1929 came the dawn, with a bang. The plain man, and the fancy man too, lost his sense of humor. Clowns no longer packed them in the aisles. The monkey act wasn't very good, and it ran into money. The American mayor didn't know enough to worry—he went on clowning and dipping his light fingers into the public cup. But there was a sour note in the applause. Overnight it developed that prosperity had been written on water. There were no more profits. Then there was no more work. Finally, there was no more food, and the common people began coming out on the streets to starve, like rats. The merry masquerade was over.

The fine old art of defrauding the people and making them like it does not stand up under conditions like these. There was a general query of, "Just what do these guys do for a living, anyhow?" The lightning struck first in Chicago.

William Hale Thompson was an anomaly. Unlike most men who become mayors, Thompson was gently born. Unlike most men who become mayors, he gave up yachting and society to enter politics because a friend who sat in the lounge of an exclusive club with him one afternoon in 1900 bet him $50 he didn't have the nerve to do it.



ANTON J. CERMAK OF CHICAGO



He was defeated for reelection in 1931, but not by a reform candidate. There is no reform movement in Chicago. The city was tired of Thompson. He couldn't make the people laugh in the year 1931. No one could. So they kicked out the miracle man of American politics—the man who went into politics for the devil of it, the man who didn't want money and bankrupted a city—and replaced him by a political boss of the old order.

Anton J. Chermock's story is the story of the plain man who rose to bossism through the ranks of the political machine. He came to Illinois from Bohemia and worked in the coal mines. When he came to Chicago and went into real estate and politics, he became Anton J. Cermak. When he went to the city council as representative of a large and powerful organization of foreign-born Chicagoans he became Tony Cermak. And when, as Democratic boss of the city and county, he was named president of the county board of commissioners, he became A. J. Cermak. Now he is Mr. Mayor.

As Democratic boss of the state of Illinois, Cermak selected Judge Henry Horner as his candidate for governor. But Cermak's power was slipping: "Big Bill" came into the ring in support of Len Small, Horner's opponent for governor. Saying nothing about Horner, little about Small, Thompson directed his big beery voice against Cermak. His most telling blow was a new name for the Mayor: "Tony Boloney." He discussed in maudlin tones the well known, well hushed scandals of Cermak's board of county commissioners, and at the end of each broadcast, the taunting, blubbery voice of Chicago's "Big Bill" threw down the gauntlet—"Why don't you sue me, Tony Boloney?" And Tony Boloney didn't sue.

If Cermak is no prize, he at least marks a step up from the jungle of Thompsonism. He can be reelected mayor of Chicago if he realizes before it is too late that he is lucky to have gone that far. But if he follows his present course it is no remote probability that "Big Bill the Builder," the buffoon who rolled into the mayor's office three times on the promise to "punch King George's snoot" and give Chicagoans a "wide open town," will once more sit in the Siege Perilous of the nation's second city.

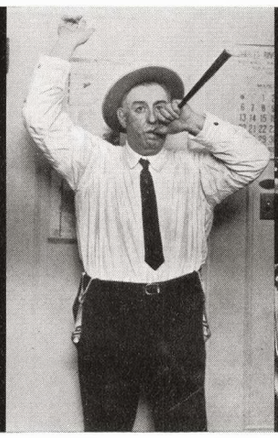
Walker and Thompson were able to dominate their cities with the "best" newspapers fighting them. "Sunny Jim" Rolph did better than that—he climbed from the mayor's office in San Francisco to the governorship of Cali-

INTERNATIONAL

JAMES ROLPH OF SAN FRANCISCO JAMES J. WALKER OF NEW YORK

ACME

JOHN PATRICK O'BRIEN OF NEW YORK



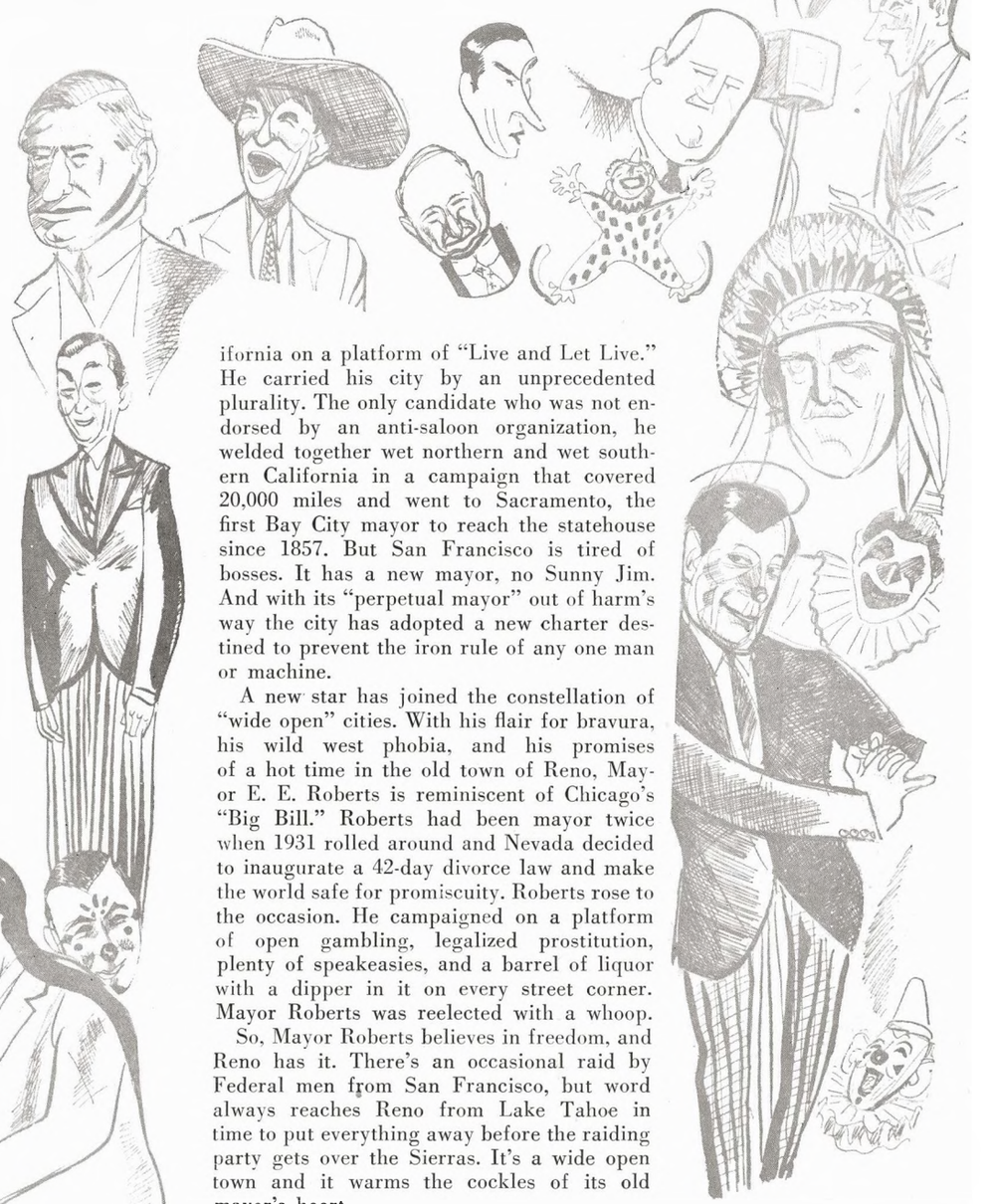
WILLIAM H. THOMPSON OF CHICAGO

JOHN C. PORTER OF LOS ANGELES

fornia with every newspaper on his neck. The "perpetual mayor" of San Francisco is an old master of self-promotion. In 1911 he was a prosperous shipping and commission merchant and a popular son of San Francisco. A neophyte in politics, "Sunny Jim" was the coalition candidate of both major parties against the city's labor crowd, which was then in the saddle. It was, of course, a great chance for any man. But Rolph made the most of it. Elected, he gave San Francisco municipal ownership of water power and the good, capitalistic government it wanted.

With a genius that must have been languishing within his bosom for years, "Sunny Jim" set out to make California one magnificent monument to James Rolph, Jr. A definite and ready hatred between his section of the state and Los Angeles stood in his way, but he built a machine that held undisputed sway over San Francisco. The apotheosis of a good fellow, everybody's pal, he won campaigns by kissing babies, milking cows, telling funny stories, papering every fence in Alameda county with his picture, and airplaning in high boots. He took San Francisco's millionaires unto him. They financed his lavish campaigns; he rewarded them when he won. He was reelected mayor four times.

Two years ago he ran for governor of California on a platform of "Live and Let Live." He carried his city by an unprecedented plurality. The only candidate who was not endorsed by an anti-saloon organization, he welded together wet northern and wet southern California in a campaign that covered 20,000 miles and went to Sacramento, the first Bay City mayor to reach the statehouse since 1857. But San Francisco is tired of bosses. It has a new mayor, no Sunny Jim. And with its "perpetual mayor" out of harm's way the city has adopted a new charter destined to prevent the iron rule of any one man or machine.



A new star has joined the constellation of "wide open" cities. With his flair for bravura, his wild west phobia, and his promises of a hot time in the old town of Reno, Mayor E. E. Roberts is reminiscent of Chicago's "Big Bill." Roberts had been mayor twice when 1931 rolled around and Nevada decided to inaugurate a 42-day divorce law and make the world safe for promiscuity. Roberts rose to the occasion. He campaigned on a platform of open gambling, legalized prostitution, plenty of speakeasies, and a barrel of liquor with a dipper in it on every street corner. Mayor Roberts was reelected with a whoop.

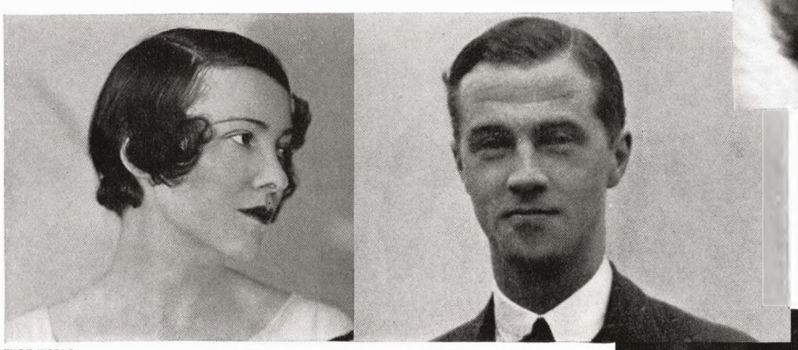
So, Mayor Roberts believes in freedom, and Reno has it. There's an occasional raid by Federal men from San Francisco, but word always reaches Reno from Lake Tahoe in time to put everything away before the raiding party gets over the Sierras. It's a wide open town and it warms the cockles of its old mayor's heart.

Life was just such a bowl of cherries for Mayor John C. Porter of Los Angeles, until he set out in May of last year on the never-to-be-too-much-regretted brawl through France of twenty-five executives of some of our largest cities. France had had one unforgettable experience *(Continued on page 56)*

Valentines of the past year

OFFNER

Lora Baxter and William Rose Benét celebrate their first anniversary this month. The blonde actress was last seen in *The Animal Kingdom*. Mr. Benét is the editor-poet



WIDE WORLD

Adele Astaire and Lord Charles Cavendish were married last May in England, and the Omaha brewer's daughter renounced her career as musical comedy's best dancer

Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, Hollywood's marital doves *de luxe*, are our best Valentine, with *geld* edges, ruffles, and all the trimmings

Amy Johnson and James Mollison, the famous pair of Anglo-Australian aviators, were wed in London last summer, but continue to break flying records in separate planes

KEYSTONE

Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden were the popular young stars last October in Germany's first royal wedding since the Republic

ACME

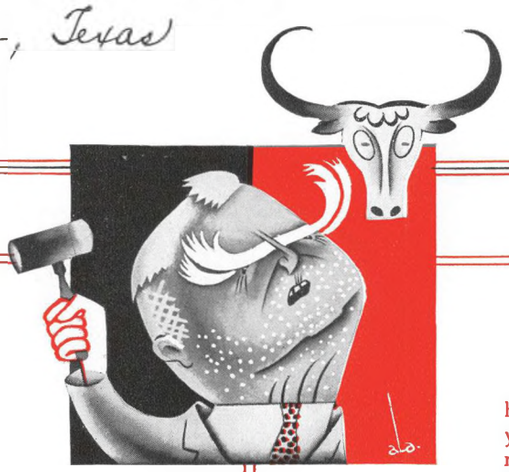
Ruth Hanna McCormick and Albert Simms, to whose romance Congress played Cupid, formerly sat in the House together and frequently disagreed on political questions only

Some more or less recent big mergers in the realms of sport, royalty, politics, literature and the theatre

NAME John Nance Garner

ADDRESS Uvalde, Texas

AUDIT AS OF JANUARY 1, 1933



CREDITS

A product of the spacious, sunny range country, he is one of the most neighborly and amiable men in the whole political picture. Opponents, detractors, sneering critics he has galore, but not personal enemies. To both parties he is "Texas Jack."

He was born in a log cabin but has never boasted of it either on the platform or at a dinner table. His early life in a village of the pioneers endowed him with the homespun qualities of integrity, horse sense, grit and gumption. These virtues he has kept undefiled through forty years of association with politics. In public as in private his utterances express his real convictions. Buncombe and demagogy have little place in his words or actions. "I deceive them all," he once said, "by telling the truth."

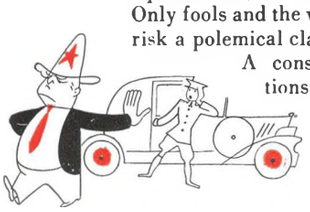
A genuine Jacksonian democrat, he is free from snobbery. Some of his best friends are aristocrats; he has a real understanding of them as well as of the plain person, the underdog. He likes folks and folks like him.

Since the boyhood year when he bought an orphan mule colt for seven dollars, raised it and sold it for $150, he has cultivated an excellent business acumen. His dealings in land, livestock and banking have been shrewd, far-sighted, and sound. The two banks he controls in a country where bank failures are everyday occurrences are each in good shape.

He works hard. Most mornings he reaches his office before 8 o'clock. Often he sticks to his desk until long after dark. When there is important work on hand, he holds his convivial nature in check until the task is done.

When he has nothing to say he keeps his mouth shut. He learns the ropes before entering a ring. In his first twenty-two years as a Representative he introduced fewer than twenty bills. Clearly, it is not his fault if the country is suffering from too many laws.

Finally plunging into parliamentary debate when experience and observation had ripened him, he became a master of repartee. Only fools and the wisest of his colleagues dare risk a polemical clash with him a second time.



A consistent advocate of reductions in federal extravagance, he refused to use the limousine which the gov-

(Continued on page 54)

DEBITS

The support which has kept him in Congress for thirty years comes largely from a machine so dominant that, since 1903, he has not felt obliged to make a single speech to his constituents. He has kept them content with patronage, postoffices, canals, tariffs on home produce and other large slices of federal pork.

Supported by the ninety votes of Texas and California for the Presidential nomination, he was a party to an inglorious trade whereby these votes were delivered to Roosevelt in return for which he was given second place on the party ticket. The day the trade was consummated he declined, on fictitious grounds, to answer a telephone call from Alfred E. Smith, who was in Chicago. Yet that same afternoon, while Texas and California delegates were sharpening the knife that was to sever Smith's last hope, he had chatted several times by telephone with other Democrats in Chicago, among them William Gibbs McAdoo. Later, hat in hand, he went out of his way to call on the sulking Al and beg him to sound his trumpet for the Roosevelt-Garner ticket.

The first thing he did after getting his chair warmed in Washington was to reach into the pork barrel, from which he promptly pulled out a new federal building for the town of Eagle Pass, another for Del Rio, and a fat appropriation for a coastal canal.

His unwillingness to say any more than absolutely necessary has often appeared as lack of interest or initiative. He sat in the House of Representatives for eight years without finding any discussion crucial enough to warrant a speech from him.

After Woodrow Wilson's election he celebrated the Democratic return to power by saying to Congress: "Now, we Democrats are in charge of the House and I'll tell you now that every time one of these Yankees gets a ham, I'm going to do my best to get a hog." For more than twenty years he plainly showed that he was more interested in the petty feeding of federal pap to his home district than he was in national problems.

In order to get into Congress and stay there without further struggle, he created

(Continued on page 54)

The murderer of Düsseldorf

BY EDMUND PEARSON

PETER KÜRTEN, THE WERE-WOLF

■ Peter Kürten may have been the worst man who ever lived. He has claims to that eminence. But his career had one beneficial effect. It did much to scatter that great cloud of fog and fluff which gathers around the study of crime and criminals. In the final disposal of his case, the law returned to realism.

Soon after the War (and, some would contend, because of the War) a peculiar type of murderer arose to notoriety in Germany. Nations whose murderers favor poison as a method, assert their moral superiority over the Germans for that reason. And, we are told by an experienced newspaper correspondent in Berlin, Margaret Seaton Wagner. that the Germans return the compliment, and affect surprise and disdain for the poisoners of England and Italy.

At all events, Herr Denke of Münsterberg, who killed about thirty men and women—and pickled them—used weapons which could hardly be called subtle. A pickaxe was one of them. Herr Grossmann of Berlin, who disposed of an indefinite number of women ("scores" of them), carried on "an illicit trade in meat". And Herr Haarmann of Hanover placed in the river, near his house, enough bones to make twenty-six complete skeletons of young men.

The careers of these men explain why, in medieval times, folk concocted the myth of the *were-wolf*. Our ancestors were as much puzzled as we are to account for cases of frightful inhumanity, and so came to believe in men—and women—who at night could put off human and assume bestial form. After committing their shocking crimes, they resumed, at daybreak, their human bodies.

THE MODEL USED AS DECOY BY THE POLICE

That the fourth of these great modern *were-wolves* was ravaging the country-side, dawned upon the people of Düsseldorf with the discovery of the body of a murdered child named Rose Ohliger. This was in February, 1929. For more than a year, thereafter, murders and murderous attacks terrified Düsseldorf and astonished Europe. Women, walking in parks and lonely places, were stabbed or strangled or killed with blows of a hammer. These assaults were varied in their methods and details; they included children, young girls, middle-aged women, and, in at least two instances, men; and they seemed so to differ in purpose that the police were confused. In their scientific desire to fit the murderer into this or that class—the "Ripper", or the "sex-maniac", or something else—the detectives could not believe that one man was at work, but thought they had to find four criminals of different types.

■ Two little girls would he killed and a woman would be murderously assaulted on the same day. Girls would be stabbed or half strangled, and left to recover and tell the detectives of a polite man who had offered to escort them through some lonely place, and had then suddenly attacked them with a knife, a pair of scissors, or a noose. Chief Inspector Gennat, from Berlin, was baffled fully as much as was Edgar Wallace, who came and lived in Düsseldorf, to be near the scene. Some of the police, who completely "went Hollywood", dressed up a lay-figure in the clothes of one of the victims, and carried it to cabarets and dance-halls, in the wild notion that its appearance might cause the murderer to confess!

During fifteen months, 9,000 people were questioned in Düsseldorf alone, and, in the country at large, more than 900,000 accusations were investigated. The murders went steadily on. Four hundred graphologists, astrologers and other experts in hanky-panky, offered their services. The police were in receipt of letters from the murderer, telling where the body of a victim would be found.

The world was horrified, forty-five years ago, by the four or five crimes of Jack the Ripper in London. But after the "Düsseldorf vampire" had been at work for a year, and his murderous attacks numbered over thirty, with the police still at sea, there was natural indignation. The scientific methods of the detection of crime in Germany have often been held up—and justly—for the admiration of the world, but in this instance, police in London, Paris and New York must have grimly observed that the German detectives are not super-human.

Someone (was it De Quincey?) said that society is at the mercy of a murderer who is remorseless, who takes no accomplices and who keeps his head. For a long time the Düsseldorfer observed these rules. While the police were compiling their card-indexes, or trotting around the night-clubs with their mannikin, the murderer was living at home with his wife, more or less prosaically and normally, although sometimes putting a strain upon her good-nature, by rousing her at 3 A.M., to take her for a walk in the park, to hear the birds sing.

"He knew," she said, "every bird by name and could tell them by their song."

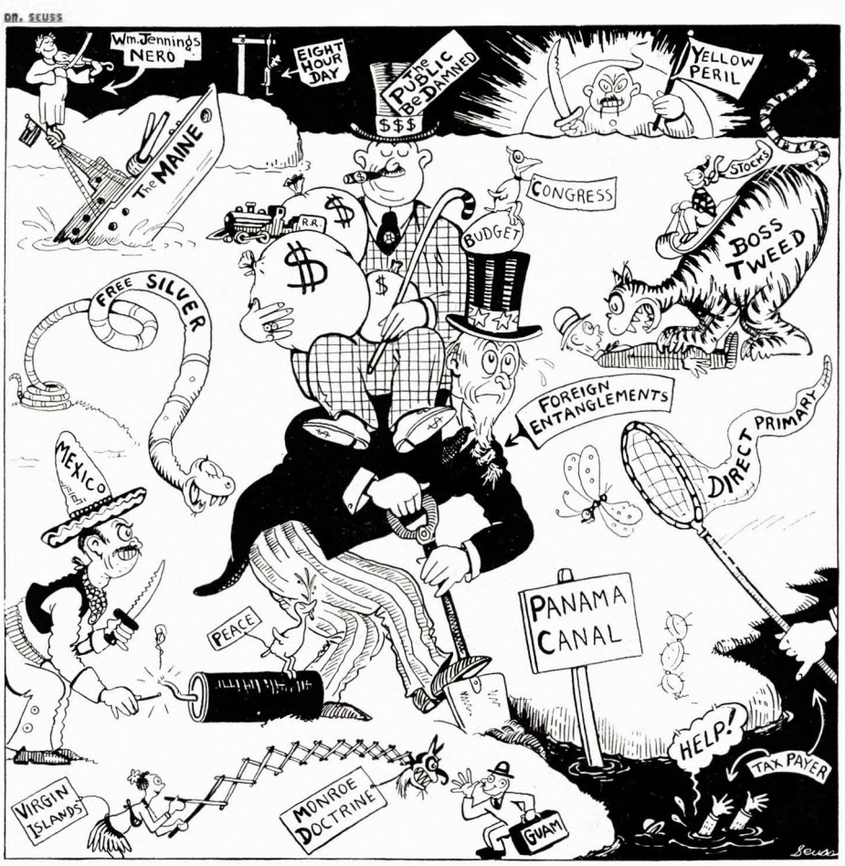
At last, this nature-lover made a wee bit of a slip. He did not completely murder Maria Büdlick. This girl, a stranger in town, was picked up at the station by a gentleman, who, with all the solicitude of an agent of the Travellers' Aid Society, offered to conduct her to a girls' hotel. The way, however, seemed to lead through a lonely park, which Fräulein Büdlick sagely refused to enter. While they were arguing about it, another gentleman approached (a little *were-wolf* music, here, please) and rebuked the first man for seeking to lead an innocent astray. With lofty words he bade the marauder begone, and the marauder (whose name is unknown to history) retired, like the craven that he was.

■ The new gentleman, whose manner was still more respectable, gracious and kindly, was now accepted as Maria's escort. First, he suggested that she might care to come to his apartment for rest and refreshment, since she was obviously tired, hungry, and without any place to stay for the night. She promptly accepted, and went with him to the fourth floor of a good-looking apartment house. His apartment was one room only, but his entertainment of the girl took the perfectly moral form of a ham sandwich and a glass of milk.

Then, at about eleven o'clock, they set out again for the girls' hotel. This time the path led to an alarming region—through thick woods, and to a place—had she known it—called the Wolf's Glen. His attentions now advanced from the harmless sandwich-and-milk stage, to enforced kisses and then to chokings. She fought him off, and during the struggle, he inquired:

"Do you remember where I live? You might be in want, and I could help you."

Maria Büdlick hastily replied that she did not remember. This *(Continued on page 63)*



"DROPPING THE PILOT." PUCK'S FAMOUS CARTOON WHICH STARTED THE ASTOR HOUSE RIOTS

Mr. Sullivan's times

II. THE FREE-SOIL RIOTS

WILL THE AUTOMOBILE TAKE THE PLACE OF THE HORSE? A NEW SOCIAL POINT OF VIEW. HOBBLE-SKIRTS, BLOWING UP THE "MAINE", AND "BILLY SUNDAY". WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY. PEACE?

BY JOHN RIDDELL

■ (NOTE: During recent years Mr. Mark Sullivan has found time now and then on rainy afternoons, when he was not busy writing his daily eulogies of Mr. Hoover for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, to rummage through the trunks in the attic and emerge giggling with several armloads of funny old costumes, pictures, jokes, and other colorful data from America's not-too-distant past. These he has assembled in a series of volumes known as *Our Times*. Inspired by this handy method of compiling histories, *Vanity Fair* has commissioned its own research expert to prepare in turn a compact summary of Mr. Sullivan's *Times*, in Mark's own omnivorous manner, complete with dates, illustrations, old songs, maps, cartoons, and several footnotes at the bottom of each page denying everything that has been said.)

Five o'clock[1] on Sunday morning, in that innocent period of American life before the first scudding clouds of war had darkened the horizon of 1914. The deep silence is broken only by the quiet breathing in slumber of a peaceful and contented people. Theodore Roosevelt is still sound asleep in his junior year at Harvard. The town of Kitty Hawk in North Carolina dozes unaware that two brothers named Wilbur and Orville Wright some day will launch a heavier-than-air flying machine. A lone horse-car clatters through the deserted and gas-lit streets of New York, and behind the closed shutters of Nigger Mike's Place several late revelers two-step dejectedly to the weary strains of "A Bicycle Built for Two".[2] Altogether it is probably as dull a Sunday morning as you could well imagine.

This, then, is the placid America that existed at the "Turn o' the Century", the America of Admiral Dewey, yellow button-shoes, and "Don't Tread on Me!" Bison still roamed the Western plains, Jenny Lind was singing at the Aquarium, and Halley's Comet had not yet been sighted.[3] The Democratic Party, or, as it was then called, the Republican Party, was busy with the post-war Problems of Reconstruction, and the Republican Party, or, as it was then called, the old Garrick, was already laying plans to draft Calvin Coolidge, a rising young barrister in Bellows Falls, Vermont. As "Mr. Dooley"[4] put it succinctly in "Puck": "Shure an' so Pat says to the farmer's daughter, 'Bedad an' Oi will!' "

Little did these placid people, sleeping the sleep of the well-fed, the care-free and the stony drunk at five o'clock on that Sunday morning, realize that even at that moment events were already shaping themselves in the laps of the gods that would eventually send them all forth to die, if merely of old age. If they had foreseen, for example, that just thirty-two years and four months later they would be only funny illustrations in this illuminating history, they would probably have turned over and gone back to sleep again. What's more, they would have been perfectly right.

How different, alas! from the America of today.

After America had lost the Spanish-American War[5] there was an influx of new ideas and customs into the American scene, and many old taboos of sex and dress gave way, such as the garter,[6] the whale-bone corset, and the handlebar moustache. Slowly but surely the modern bunnyhug and grizzly bear were coming in; and slowly but surely the old-fashioned chaperon *(Continued on page 63)*

[1]The *New York Times* of June 28th places the time as more nearly 5:15.

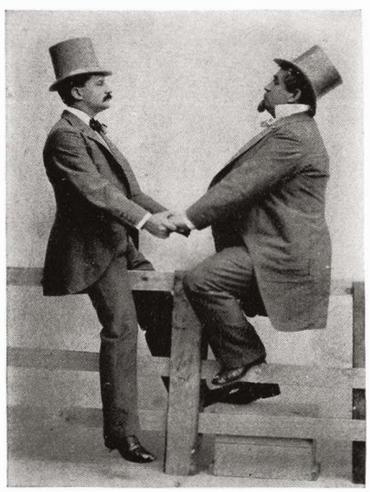
[2]"A Bicycle Built for Two" (or "My Rosary") was a popular dance-tune of the nineties. It is generally supposed to have been written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and although the Good Gray Poet never claimed openly that he wrote it, he did admit once with a smile: "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say I *didn't*."

[3]Halley, who read the proofs of this chapter, stated to the author that several years previous he had noticed something funny in the sky that looked very much like a comet, but he had thought nothing of it at the time. He said he figured of course everybody else would have seen it, too, and he never dreamed it was *his* comet till he finally pointed it out to some people.

[4]"Mr. Dooley" was the pen-name of Samuel L. Clemens, a humorist of the day.

[5]Or, rather, *won* the War. Pardon me.

[6]Miss Dolores Hostetteh, of Naples, Iowa, writes me in this connection of an amusing instance when her own garter gave way, during the Naples High School Junior Prom.



MASON AND DIXON CELEBRATE THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE. PHOTOGRAPH FROM RIDDELL COLLECTION

Abby scraping carrots

PAULINE LORD, one of the few inalienable Great Names of the American Theatre, is shown here in her rôle as *Abby*, the "hired girl" of Gilbert Miller's wise and witty success, *The Late Christopher Bean*, adapted from the French by Sidney Howard. The photograph is Mr. Steichen's conception of *Christopher Bean's* masterpiece: his portrait of Abby. This painting, constantly referred to, but never shown to the audience, is the center note around which are spun the threads of the play. *Christopher Bean* is Miss Lord's first authentic hit since Mr. Howard's Pulitzer Prize, *They Knew What They Wanted*, in 1924. Her greatest part was, of course, the unforgettable *Anna Christie*, which likewise won the Pulitzer Prize. Born in California, Miss Lord once played in a Milwaukee stock company with Ruth Chatterton and Lenore Ulric. Broadway first heard the haunting lament of her voice in 1912, as the wayward sister in *The Talker*

The Theatre • by George Jean Nathan

■ THE ORDEAL OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—A theatrical season like the present one practically exorcises the critic and his craft. With not more than two or three plays at the very most that call upon even the superficial gestures of the critical art, there is left nothing for the critic to do but resolve himself into a casual commentator.

This is bad for the critic, as people have a way of attributing to him the triviality that inheres in his working materials. He may have no straw, yet it is expected of him that he fashion bricks. For certain readers somehow always imagine that the art of the drama persists mysteriously and immediately, even *in vacuo*, and that it is the duty of the serious and sober critic to discern and expatiate upon it, with concrete examples, though it may be nowhere in evidence. The critic who, having no authentic drama to deal with, deals with what he finds in terms of transitory journalism, is declared lacking in weight and in lofty ideals.

Nothing that has been shown in the dramatic theatre during the period covered by this review has been worth more than a cursory journalistic attention. Since the season's beginning, indeed, it has been the musical comedy stage—save in one dramatic instance—that has focused the greater amount of critical attention. Just as last year one had to go to a musical comedy theatre to find a trace of really good satirical drama (*Of Thee I Sing*), so this year one has had to go to the same kind of theatre to find a trace of really good romantic drama (*Music in the Air*). It begins to look, in point of fact, as if things had come to a pass where the annual prize awards to the season's best play will have to be bestowed upon librettos.

■ When the American music show hits on high, it offers a form of cultural theatrical entertainment that these days is only infrequently encountered on the dramatic stage. Revues like *The Band Wagon* and *Face the Music*, romantic operettas like *The Cat and the Fiddle* and *Music in the Air*, musical comedies like *Sweet Adeline* and *Show Boat*, musical satires like *Of Thee I Sing*—such exhibits contain all the several tonics and flavors, all the wit and humor, fancy and irony, imagination and, in essence, drama that are lacking on the so-called legitimate stages. Some of the lyrics of Porter in *Gay Divorce*, the arrangements of Millocker's *Dubarry* music, familiar though it is, the sound sentiment of Oscar Hammerstein II in *Music in the Air*, the saucy humor of *Take a Chance*, the Kaufman-Connelly lampoon in *Flying Colors*—surely the American dramatic theatre isn't often touching the level of such things in these hours of its doldrums. Life is currently being sustained in the theatre by its musical shows. Even when they are bad, they are generally better than most of the stuff that currently masquerades as straight drama. At their best, they are the remaining pride of a beset American theatre. At their worst, they are still four or five times better than the poorer native plays.

■ THE HECHTAMERON.—Among the men writing for the American theatre, Ben Hecht is assuredly one of the most sharply ironical and bitingly honest. It comes as something of a surprise, therefore, to find his name combined with that of a gentleman named Fowler (dramatic antecedents unknown) on the exhibit called *The Great Magoo*. That is, it comes as something of a surprise unless one recalls that Mr. Hecht has lately been in literary contact with Hollywood and unless one recalls, in turn, that the newspapers not so long ago noted that he had been commissioned to do a scenario suitable to the talents of Mr. James Cagney. That *The Great Magoo*, accordingly, was written less for the stage than for the subsequent screen is more or less apparent.

The play, as shown on the stage, is exactly the soufflée of smut and sentimentality that is so close to the movie impresarios' hearts. It combines, in alternating doses, assaults upon the humor of such persons as are wont to go into paroxysms of ribald laughter at the public mention of a water-closet and upon the somewhat tenderer sensibilities of such —they are usually one and the same—as experience an inner fluttering at the spectacle of a baffled and noble love at length coming into its own. At bottom, the theme is one which, if he encountered it in any one's else play, would cause Hecht to let out a yell of derision that would blast all the stone quarries of his native Nyack, to wit, the theme of the harlot redeemed by Pure Love. Laying hold of the ancient claptrap—and with what seems to be a straight face, as the writing of the sentimental passages is the best in the play—Hecht and his partner have sought to conceal their boyish shame by obstreperously embellishing its outer fringe with words, phrases and bits of business that would drive Lady Chatterley's lover right into the arms of Jane Austen. This embellishment has an air of unmistakable insincerity and dishonesty. It suggests the loud self-incriminations as to his own canine genealogy on the part of a man who has hit his thumb with a hammer. It has all the ring of the monosyllabic snort of an abashed little boy who has been surprised by his comrades in the act of kissing the school-teacher. It is, in short, jingo. Well, not all of it, for there is one scene into which it fits properly and honestly—a scene wherein the miscellaneously constituted young wife of a champion flag-pole sitter entertains, with some difficulty, a midnight caller while her husband spies upon her bedchamber from his somewhat distant perch with a pair of powerful binoculars. This is good low comedy and the manner of its expression is legitimate. But the rest is merely college-boy washroom stuff.

And what is more, it is sadly out-dated. Listening to the Hecht-Fowler lower vocabulary takes one back to the theatre of a half dozen years or more ago, when a multitude of young men, bursting with gleeful shouts the restraining chains of the earlier stage, let go nightly such a torrent of deity-damning, mother-derogating, sex-celebrating *mots* that, when eleven o'clock came around, the auditor didn't know whether to reach under the chair for his hat or under the bar for the bar-towel. The drama has changed a lot since then. And the MM. Hecht and Fowler, though they may not realize it, today look dramatically very much like sailors with their hands on their hips.

■ A LEAD BUBBLE.—Sometimes, when a young man realizes that it is not within his gifts to write a play with any body to it, he will artfully attempt to conceal his incapacity by writing a play completely devoid of body, in the fond belief that a vacuum will be less a vacuum if the intention to make it a vacuum is duly forestated. This is doubtless the procedure that was followed by Mr. Romney Brent in the composition of *The Mad Hopes*. It is, however, a sorry matter that the composition of a play wholly devoid of body and yet entertaining is quite as difficult a job—even a more difficult one, indeed —than the contrivance of a play possessed of body. The balancing of a light celluloid hall on the tip of one's nose imposes a greater dexterity than the balancing of a billiard cue.

To confect a play whose entire motivation rests upon madness and wit and sparkle calls for something akin to genius. Although any number of more recent playwrights have tried to negotiate the feat, the number who have succeeded is almost invisible to the critical eye. Among the American writers, only two, Harry Wagstaff Gribble in *March Hares* and Zoë Akins in *Papa*, have come anywhere near to hitting the mark. Mr. Brent has missed the bull's-eye by several thousand miles. A play purposely and even violently empty of intelligence must none the less imply a very sharp grade of intelligence hiding around the corner. *The Mad Hopes* betrays hardly a juvenile intelligence hidden anywhere. A play that relies upon an impish humor to conceal its lack of content must have some degree of that humor. The impish humor of *The Mad Hopes* consists of such jocularities as a *(Continued on page 42)*

query as to the Scotch ancestry of one of the characters, with the latter's retort that he is usually full of it, and the observation of an American that, now that he has been enjoying a holiday in Europe, he is going back to rest. A play that calls for a high grade of wit if it is to live on the stage at all must have at least a semblance of wit. And the wit of *The Mad Hopes* finds its springboard in such ancient wheezes as relate to Ford automobiles and the Queen of England's hats.

Mr. Brent, being an actor, suffers from most of the other inevitable shortcomings of the average actor when he constitutes himself a playwright. His dialogue is less dialogue, in the accurate meaning of the word, than so many individual lines for individual and isolated actors. It is like a set of railroad tracks, minus only the glint and gleam, that go on and on, yet never meet or cross. It consists, in each separate instance, of a single actor's, or character's, part, with little reference to the other actors or characters. Also, the actor-playwright's regard for what he imagined to be a moneyed box-office is noticeable in such hokum devices as the handsome and generous Jewish *deus ex machina*. Also, one observes the over-elaboration of the actor's love: exits and entrances. No, airy brilliance is not to be achieved in any such manner. All that we get is the spectacle of a young playwright running madly around a stage, inflicting upon himself the indignities commonly associated with the *genus Anatidæ*, and loudly proclaiming that he is Oscar Wilde.

■ THE HUNGARIANS.—Penetrating the lovely parsleys and croutons with which Mr. Gilbert Miller characteristically garnished the dish, one found Lajos Zilahy's *Firebird* just another slice of Hungarian ham. More and more it becomes plain that the Hungarians, who once—and not so very long ago—promised to be the life of the theatrical party, have gone to seed. Nothing that has come out of that quondam lively play-mill in the last half dozen years has been worth talking about. Molnár, the only even faintly juicy playwright left, has produced one or two moderately amusing trifles, but some time since has given unmistakable evidence that he, along with the others, has shot his bolt.

It is a melancholy picture. There was a day when the Hungarians indicated a wit and imagination that promised much, and actually and concretely afforded much, to the lighter stage of the world. At least five of the Buda-Pesth writers seemed to be fellows of considerable spirit, combining much of the sound gayety of the French comedy school with a measure of the thoughtful sobriety of the German and the sensitiveness of the Austrian. But what has become of them, and of the writers who have followed them? Nothing. Almost everything that they and these others have turned out in recent years has been little more than a paraphrase of the stalest boulevard comedy or the stalest problem drama of the eighteen-nineties. Zilahy's play is an example. In essence, it is simply a re-working of the materials of such ancient balderdash as *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, almost totally devoid of humor and entirely devoid of even a suggestion of fresh fancy.

In the last six years, I have either seen or read dozens upon dozens of Hungarian plays and, aside from the Molnár vaudevilles mentioned, there has not been one that was not a carbon copy of a carbon copy. Nowhere in any of them was there any sign of the originality and power and humorous ingenuity that one looked for and often found in the Hungarian drama of antecedent years. It is too bad. Another time that seemed to have a little gold in it has proved to be just a hole in the ground.

■ TRULY RURAL.—The august art of dramatic criticism, under present conditions in the theatre, seems to consist largely in treating of plays from the perspective of the storehouse. Another such duly interred specimen was *Chrysalis*, by a Mlle. Porter, originally shown last Summer in one of the ubiquitous rural barn-theatres and widely promulgated at the time as a testimonial to the manuscript-discovering possibilities of these stable shrines to Thespis. Exposed to the cold eye of the metropolis, an eye unsentimentalized by lovely countryside vistas of Mobiloil signs and manure, it seemed to be, for all its bucolic hymning, just about as seedless and unnutritious a play as may be imagined.

Produced by Mr. Lawrence Langner and Miss Theresa Helburn—independently, despite their Theatre Guild affiliations—it leads one to speculate a bit impolitely as to just who the member of the Guild's executive board is who exercises a restraining hand, if any, upon the other members when, as in cases like this, they entertain enthusiasms for manuscripts that, were the Guild to sponsor them, would damnigh wreck that organization. This present manuscript was so bad that it is simply inconceivable that anyone—and certainly Mr. Langner and Miss Helburn—should have withheld it from instant deposit in the wastebasket. Yet here were two persons, two of the five or six members of the Theatre Guild play-picking board, who not only considered it full of a high merit but who were insistent on demonstrating their complete faith in it by bringing it into a New York theatre. Well, what kind of manuscript was it? It was the kind that, in its very first few minutes, *(Continued on page 60)*

VANDAMM

Three designers for living

■ Mr. Alfred Lunt, Mr. Noel Coward and Miss Lynn Fontanne are the elegant trinity co-starred in what is unquestionably the most distinguished play of the new year, *Design for Living*. This is the play which the glittering and many-faceted Mr. Coward wrote for himself and the Lunts about a year ago, and which he has been telling us for so long is "about three persons who love each other very much". The performance was also staged by Mr. Coward, and no one would be surprised to discover that he designed the sets and printed the programs, too

VANDAMM

ELIZABETH YOUNG AND JUDITH ANDERSON

ANN ANDREWS AND MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

WHITE

PEGGY CONKLIN AND ALICE BRADY

A girl's best friend is her mother

THE FIREBIRD was only one of four recent Broadway successes in which keynote drama is supplied by the fact that the daughter is misunderstood by her mother. Miss Anderson played Mother; Miss Young, Daughter

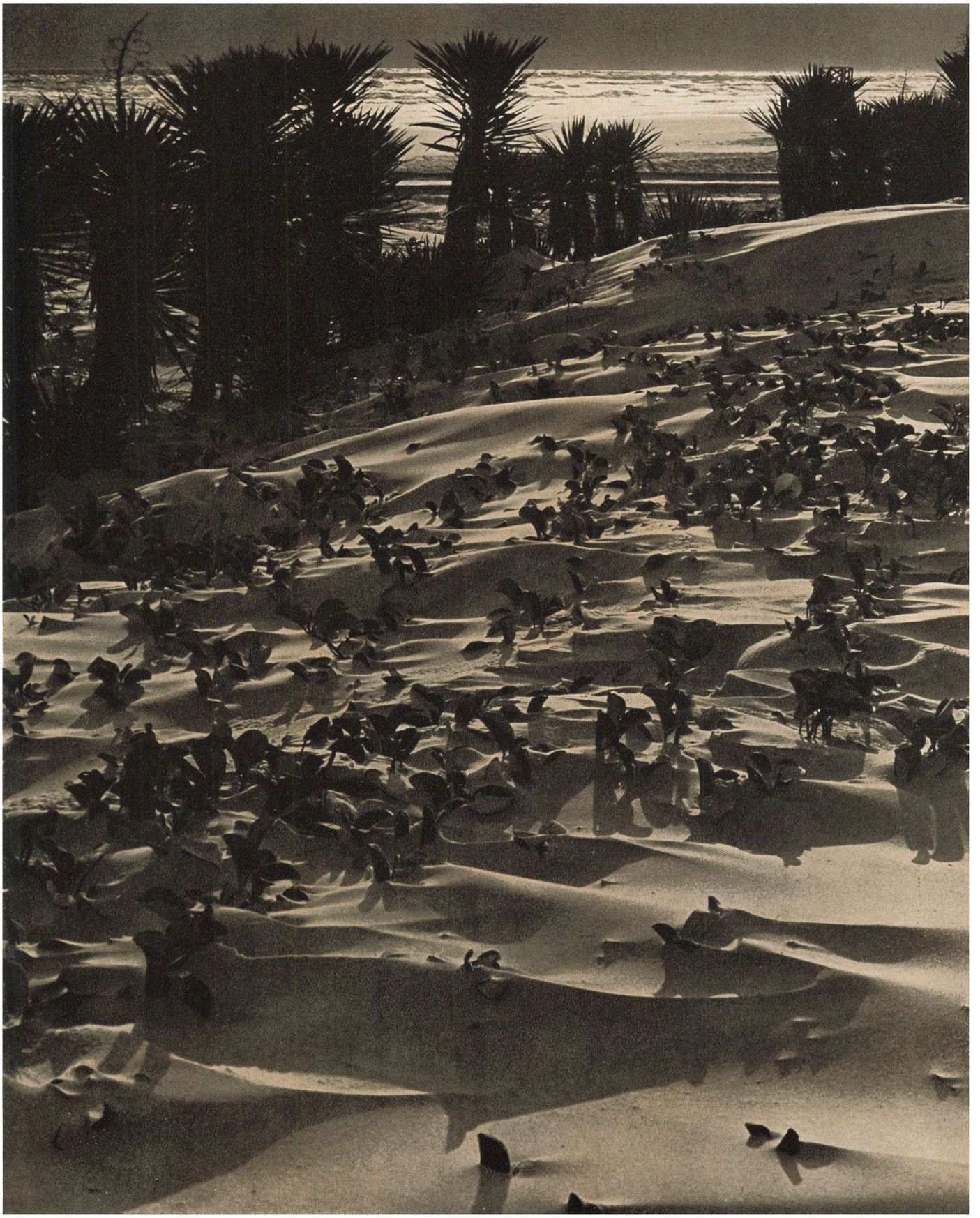
DINNER AT EIGHT undertakes a great share of the burden of proof that mother-love is not what it used to be. Ann Andrews is shown here caught right in the act of misunderstanding her daughter. Marguerite Churchill

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN introduces a young actress named Adelaide Bean (no relation) in the rôle of a young girl whose mother, played to the life by Beulah Bondi, is somewhat less than *simpatica*

MADEMOISELLE is perhaps the best example of all that The Silver Cord is loose again on old Broadway. Alice Brady's miscomprehension of daughter Peggy Conklin is carried on throughout the play with a consistency that is practically Greek

ADELAIDE BEAN AND BEULAH BONDI

VANDAMM



JOHN KABEL

On the Florida dunes

Florida—there she stands

BY HAROLD E. JANSEN

A trip to what was America's Fountain of Gold, and which now, after the bubble is burst, is still our national Elysium

■ Florida still exists; it was not, as those northerners who opposed its land boom liked to believe, wiped off the map in 1926. It is still America's playground, the nation's perennial Fountain of what goes for Youth. It remains an elysian garden abounding in orange-julep groves and cocoanut palms whose only monkeys are the ones that have been made out of property owners. True, its fancy Spanish haciendas are a bit wind-swept and leaky, and its crocodiles tend to be as mythical as ever; but despite the loss of its glitter and its illusions, Florida goes on.

■ To its own citizens in that hectic period from 1924 to 1926, the state was a magic carpet; to the rest of lively America it was a wild gold-mine, a show of fantastic sky-rocketing; now it is a sober reality. Its attempts to stage another speculative whirl have failed; the bubble has hurst with finality. The Floridan in looking back must have the sensation of having lived for two years in a fever, in a mad hallucination. The boom-time investor from the rest of the world has the sensation of acute pain.

The realtor in Florida no longer meets you at the station to guarantee a 1,000% profit on a quick turn-over of an acre of underwater land; no longer does the Miami *Herald* appear with a hundred and fifty pages of advertising; a certain hush reigns over the scene. But the popping of his beautiful toy balloon does not make the Floridan utterly miserable; no matter what others may say, he still believes in his commonwealth. He grows eloquent in explaining that his pollen-free air is God's own blessing to the northerners afflicted with hay-fever, that his sun will grow a luxurious crop of hair on any bald head, and that any sufferer from acute rheumatism after a few weeks by the sea will he doing a Highland Fling.

And he will insist that the state is far more than just a health resort or a whoopee-joint. He will describe its industrial greatness. He will tell you about the turpentine stills, and the great exports of naval stores. He will hand you a cigar made in Tampa or Ybor City and ask you if it isn't the best weed you ever puffed. He will give you the figures on the popularity of Florida phosphate as a fertilizer in all parts of the world.

He will reveal the state's agricultural power, its ability to produce not one but three crops of potatoes, snap beans, or tomatoes in a year. He will assure you that the nation's Highest refuse to eat short-cake unless it is made from Plant City strawberries, will turn hack vegetables if they were not grown in the Okeechobee sector, and will crunch no celery but that which comes from this pistol-shaped commonwealth.

With bungalows that once brought $3,000 a season now renting at $20 a month, the lordly real-estate brokers are more often than not driving ice-trucks, operating drug-stores, or peddling punch-boards. But always there goes on the profitable export of Extra Fancy fruits and vegetables to the hungry north—and of Extra Fancy liquors, direct from the oases of the Caribbean, to the thirsty north.

For prohibition is and always has been a farce in the Sunshine State. When rum-running assumes the proportions of a basic industry, as it does in Florida, there is obviously nothing for the authorities to do but to forget about it. Enforcement along the shore line is a pale burlesque. And such tank-fulls as are not immediately routed northward to the Bible Belt are consumed in fountainous quantities, as one should suspect, by the throat-parched patrons of this our own Riviera. The cocktails served up before any reasonably sophisticated sea-coast meal would put the flow at the Trocadero in London, the Ritz "steam-room" in Paris, or the Eden Bar in Berlin, to total shame.

■ No, the glamor of Florida is not only of the past. Of course, one gets a painful twinge when one reads the booster-plates on passing autos, which may read "Miami, The Magic City"; or describe Sanford, that rather fallen gold-mine, as "The City Substantial"; or refer to "Palm Beach, the Millionaires' Playground", when the car bearing it is a tumble-down flivver, and its driver a Negro workman.

The gayety of the High Season is indeed less large and lusty; but it is the Floridans themselves who in the other months of the year have set up a very lively and easy-going mode of existence. The absolute liberality of native custom has helped make that possible. There are W. C. T. U. members, but they are almost as ineffectual as they would be in East 53rd Street, New York. There are reformers, but they don't get very far. There was Uplift—of realty values; but happily no great Spiritual Uplift was staged to follow as a substitute. Betting is wide open. Nudism, with its related forms of sun-worship, is a popular religion successfully rivalling that of Methodism. St. Petersburg has a municipal "Temple of the Sun" where men and women take sun-baths in the nude, play volley-ball, get rubdowns; the men—duly segregated, lest we forget, by a high wall—may lie gloriously naked on the solarium, and dictate business letters. The pretty Florida flappers have not at all been retired from the coastal scene: they infest the beaches in force, to the terror of the sewing circles who realize that awfully little sewing was needed to make whatever the girls have on.

■ And, despite hurricanes, despite the disappearance of the once lordly Al Capone, market ruinations, and the *en masse* dumping of Diesel yachts, Palm Beach capably survives as the stamping-ground of those Moguls who remain in our midst. There is no dearth of villas going up in that inevitable neo-Spanish style of architecture, whose bedrooms may or may not be decorated with moss-green walls, gold borders, and pink carnation ceilings. Truly, there is no limit to a man's fantasy, once he strikes root in Florida.

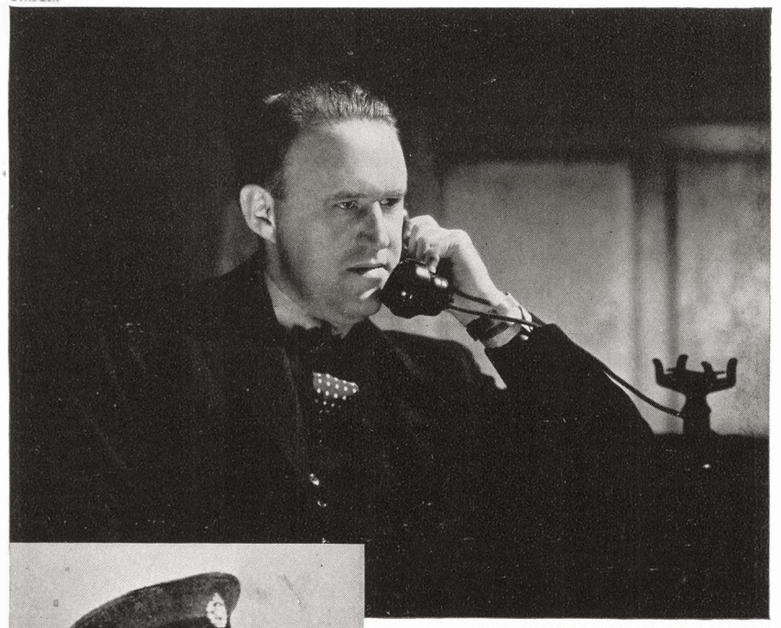
It's a simple state, without elaborate laws that might embarrass corporations and without those taxes which the rich, with a pitiful whine, label as "confiscatory". It lets you pretty much alone, after you have paid the rather too emphatic gasoline tax. It does not meddle in with your affairs; Floridans are a strange and often anonymous lot, who may hail from any forsaken section of the country. With the simplicity of industry, its amiable waywardness, and its tropical ease, it is probably the last legitimate refuge of American individualism.

A Republican candidate in Florida stands about as much chance as a Romanoff trying to win a seat in the All-Russian Soviet Congress. There hasn't been a Republican governor since 1877. Of course the grand exception is the fact that Florida voted almost three to one for Hoover in 1928. But that, every Floridan will tell you, was a brain-storm. Probably the state believed that the miracle-man could bring back its vanished millions just by rubbing the Magic Mellon Lamp. But the state has learned its lesson. It will he Democrat for evermore.

■ But do you want to learn about the soul of Florida? Then hear the story of one personage only: the complete embodiment of the state's amazing rise and fall. Hear the story of George Merrick, the creator of Coral Gables—known as "The Magic City". His father was a clergyman who had come to Miami many years before, with $800 in his pocket. The father, Solomon Merrick, had bought himself 150 acres—with his $800—near Miami and gone into fruit-farming. When he died in 1912 his son, a literary, imaginative soul, took over the enterprise. And soon—lo!—a dream evolved. Submerging himself more and more in the brilliant beauty, the picture post-card enchantment of his environment, he began to think of this as the place for the ideal city, the Earthly Paradise; and he saw himself as destined to create out of his land a perfectly planned Elysium of fountains and flowers, with houses and community-buildings and waterways all designed to give an unequalled harmony. The conception was more poetical than practical; and, strange to say, this conception was the greatest single cause of the Florida boom!

As Merrick began buying up property and laying out his colos- *(Continued on page 60)*

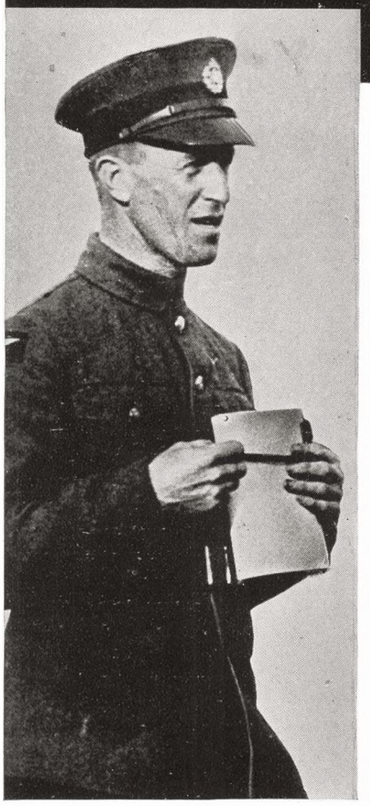
STADLER



PAUL BLANSHARD—REFORM LEADER

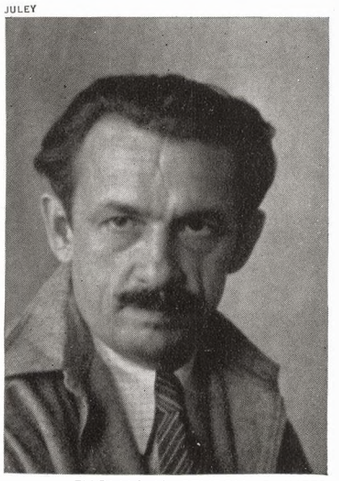
GOLDBERG

DORIS KENYON—ACTRESS

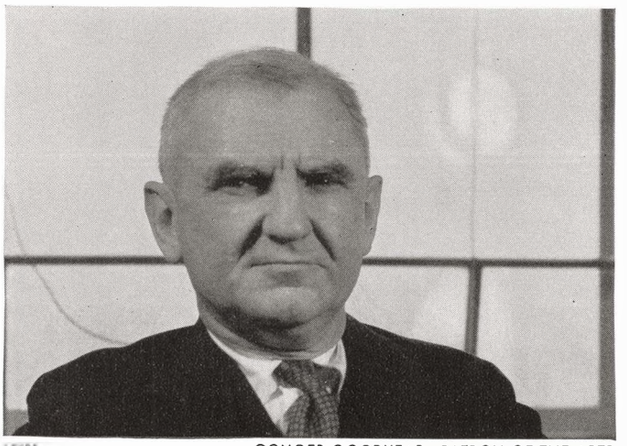


T. E. SHAW—TRANSLATOR

JULEY



THOMAS H. BENTON—PAINTER



LEYDA

CONGER GOODYEAR—PATRON OF THE ARTS

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

PAUL BLANSHARD, because as Director of the City Affairs Committee of New York, he has led a valuable and dramatic consumers' war upon political rackets, utility rates, franchises; because his charges resulted in the Walker inquiry; because with Norman Thomas he has written the brilliant *What's the Matter with New York*

DORIS KENYON, because, since Victor Herbert put her on the stage in *Princess Pat*, she has continued a steady and enviable acting career; because she writes—and sells—poetry; because she is a concert singer of charm and quality, able to perform in ten languages including the Japanese, the Bohemian, and upon occasion, the Greek

T. E. SHAW, because—once the famed Lawrence of Arabia, and for ten years since a private in the British army—he has now published a monumental translation of *The Odyssey;* because he prefers his obscure and studious life as mere "Aircraftsman Shaw" to all the honors the world is waiting to shower upon him

THOMAS H. BENTON, because he has spent a lifetime perfecting the art of mural painting and studying the customs of the American nation; because now, in his murals in the Whitney Museum and the New School, New York, he combines his two studies, placing a great historical portrait of America in classic, enduring form

CONGER GOODYEAR, because, a successful merchant, he has made himself prominent also in the fine arts by his active interest and support; because he was the leading spirit in founding the Museum of Modern Art, of which he is President; and because he owns one of the ten notable collections of modern French art

PROFILES

BY JOEL SAYRE

Owen Victor Madden

NEW YORK'S Biggest Shot As He Might Have Looked in one of the "Profiles" published in our Sophisticated Contemporary, The New Yorker.

Despite his advanced years, Owen Victor Madden is still known to his intimates as "Vicki" or "Kid", but to the New York public at large he has always been "O. V." This last sobriquet was for a long time the cause of many a laughable confusion: for years Madden received mail intended for "Ozzie" Villard, militant editor of *The Nation*, and the letter box of his brown stone front in Gramercy Park would bulge every morning with impassioned communications from advocates of the Single Tax, Liberty for the Liberians and Less Bourbonism in Our Colleges, Please. Villard, likewise, received letters he could make neither head nor tail of. Finally the two men met, and Madden proposed that Villard adopt the middle name "Garrison" and thenceforth be known as "O. *G.* V." This the Liberal journalist obligingly consented to do, and the deliciously comic mixup came to an end.

Although he has been a Tammany Hall Snatchem for nearly four decades now, and the late Chauncey Depew once termed him "New York's most instanding citizen", it is astounding how few present-day New Yorkers know Madden by sight. He tells it as a good one on himself that when he was saluted by a policeman a short while ago he stopped and wrung the veteran bluecoat's hand. It was the first time he had been recognized on a public thoroughfare in almost a generation, and he wanted to make an event of it.

Owen V. Madden was Comptroller of New York when the closest the late Jimmie Walker could come to pronouncing his own name was "Dimmie Wawa." and a mighty chieftain in the Wigwam when Al Smith was still hurling haddock down at Fulton Market. Like Franklin Roosevelt, young Madden began his political career as an independent Democrat and bitter opponent of the Machine, a fire-brand in what was then known as the "Goo-Goo" or Good Government Crowd. (Tammany was known as the "Boo-Boo" or Bad Government Crowd.) But he came to realize the truth of the old political maxim: "Beat 'em or jern 'em."

"So I jerned 'em," he explains today, chuckling, and peering over the quaint silver-rimmed spectacles that betoken another age.

This, however, is hardly in accordance with the facts of municipal history and must be put down to the innate modesty that is so marked a characteristic of the man. What Madden did to the Tweed Ring could hardly be termed "jerning"; and his later firmament-shaking battles with "Honest John" Kelly, Tweed's successor, would require an even more charitable interpretation of the word. "Jerned 'em in combat he means," was the way one of Madden's oldest and closest associates put it when told of the Snatchem's remark. And in the light of what actually happened afterward, this is undoubtedly the more accurate elucidation.

However, there is not a venerable in Tammany Hall today who will deny that Owen Madden could have been Mayor of Greater New York had he so desired. In 1897 the Fusion administration of Mayor William L. Strong, swept into power after the black discrediting of Tammany in the Lexow Investigation, had just ended three very unpopular years at City Hall. The people were eager for a change. That spring the Legislature had passed the so-called "Greater New York Bill" which added Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond to Manhattan and the Bronx; and Boss Croker, realizing that his power would be virtually quintupled if he gained control of this new community, was particularly eager for a man of background and unblemished reputation to head his ticket. Naturally, his first thought was of Madden, and so beseechingly did he plead that he probably would have won Madden over had not a most unfortunate incident occurred. While Madden was considering Croker's entreaty and carefully weighing its pros and cons, word was brought to him that District Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner had defiantly shouted: "To hell with reform!" from a public platform. Madden immediately called Croker on one of the Bell Telephones that were just coming into fashion.

"Is it true," Madden came to the point without any dilly-dallying, "that Gardiner said 'To hell with reform'?"

"Yes, O. V., I'm afraid it is," Croker answered apprehensively, knowing how useless it was to beat about the bush with such a man. "I'm heartbroken to say so, but I'm afraid it is."

"All right then. To hell with you too," said Madden and hung up.

Nothing could shake him from his decision. So Croker had to be content with Judge Robert C. Van Wyk.

WITHIN the memory of living man no Mayor of New York has ever become Governor; but there are many who are positive that Madden, such was his timber, could have gone as far as he liked in public life—State Executive Mansion, the Senate, the Cabinet or even the White House—had he not tossed aside this chance for advancement with that magnificent gesture of which so few men are capable. Who knows?

Although he would seem to have exited from the political stage with that Croker blackout, few realize what tremendously important work he has done as a *regisseur* behind the scenes of the extravaganza that is Tammany Hall. His greatest interest is Youth, and the nervous juveniles about to go on that he has coached and calmed are almost countless. Incidentally, he was one of the first to discover talent in Russell T. Sherwood, who later was such a sensation in the "Scandals."

"There's a lad who'll go far," Madden said early in the youngster's career.

That he had not forgotten the lessons of practicable politics, he showed in 1928 by his translation for the benefit of the French vote of his party's campaign song:

De l'est a l'ouest,
Tout autour de la ville,
Gosses jouaient le "rosy,"
Pont de Londres s'évanouit.
Deux amis ensemble,
Moi et Mimi O'Rourke
Dansaient bien le can-can
Sur les trottoirs de New York.

For some reason his offer early last fall to exercise his great linguistic gifts on "Row, Row, Row With Roosevelt" was not accepted.

Since shaverhood Madden has been interested in mechanics. When he was at Roosevelt High he used to pass by the Ruppert Breweries every day on his way to and from classes. A kind-hearted *Braumeister*, discovering in the lad a passion for science, proudly showed him all over the newly electricized plant. Young Madden's imagination was captured.

"Some day," he said quietly, "some day I'm going to run a brewery just by talking to it. It won't make any difference where I am. I'll just talk to it and it'll run."

Twelve years ago Madden produced the remote control brewery. He invented a system which involved more than a thousand patents in legal and marine engineering and frumentodynamics. The basic principle is that wireless waves transmitted from wherever Madden is standing, sitting or lying down are received in the controlled brewery in such a way that each wave, or combination of waves, sets in action a motor which, in turn, controls the brewery's direction or speed or starts the complicated mechanism that launches a keg. Generators within the brewery itself supply the power; the transmitted impulses merely switch the power on or off. Although Madden, "taking pot luck" at the delightful Westchester home of the "Sonny" Lawes on the east bank of the Hudson above White Plains, has not been in New York recently, no brewery there has failed to achieve maximum efficiency in control-response during his absence.

But it was perhaps the sun of finance that drew the brightest gleams from the many-faceted gem of his genius. Not many realize that *Frank Cowperwood*, the magnificently portrayed hero of Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier* and *The Titan* was inspired by Madden's Olympian bulk. Most readers mistakenly believe that it was the bulk of Charles T. Yerkes, the *(Continued on page 59)*

The screen

BY PARE LORENTZ

■ BARNUM, BAILEY AND BARRYMORE. A season ago, Irving Grant Thalberg put John and Lionel Barrymore in a picture and discovered that two Barrymores were better than one. Up to that time, neither had caused much excitement at cinema box-offices, but after their successful appearance together—"first time on any screen"—in *Arsene Lupin*, it was only logical to conclude that three Barrymores gathered together would give the customers even more of a thrill.

Perhaps they will, but they might just as well have been allowed to juggle, or do nip-ups for the curious as to have wasted their unquestioned ability in *Rasputin and the Empress*. It is a clumsy, pretentious, aimless motion picture—self-conscious and stilted from beginning to end—and an obvious circus stunt at the expense of a famous name.

From the look of the thing, the story was simply a means to an end; the point was to show all the Barrymores to the customers in as many moods as possible. We have had, of course, hundreds of stories, books, articles and essays about old and new Russia, and one could excuse an author for repetition, if the well-known incidents of the ill-fated Romanoffs had been written with some dramatic skill, but historical characters in this movie are made to act like creatures in a ten-cent melodrama.

Rasputin, the central character in the plot, is depicted as a charlatan who develops into a cross between Houdini, Jack the Ripper and Gilles de Retz. He hypnotizes the Czarevitch, gains the devotion of the royal family, and then proceeds to assault princesses right down the line. The machinations through which he gains control of the Russian Empire sound more like a movie producer's conference than the canny manipulations of a shrewd, powerful peasant; and there is no reasonable motivation in his plotting; he is a pathological *Iago*, all bad, and, as a result, utterly unbelievable.

If any actor could blow fire into such a hollow figure as Rasputin is made out to be in this production, that actor is Lionel Barrymore; and he does leer and belch and bluster some power into his characterization. Moreover, he prevents it from appearing downright ridiculous. His relatives have practically nothing to do except appear noble and solemn, and Ethel does look and act like a queen. Under the circumstances she could do no more.

It is, of course, a usual fault with historical dramatists to expect their audiences to supply half the drama; they approach their characters with a naïve respect and believe that merely by announcing: "the President of the United States!" that the audience will swoon with excitement when an actor in costume and beard walks on the stage, tilts his head, and drones solemnly: "Gentlemen be seated".

In *Rasputin and the Empress* all the historical characters speak like grammar school histories; never like men and women. The generals are always declaiming the horrors and glories of battle, and the Czar goes around mumbling in his beard about saving holy Russia and his holy dynasty. When what I suppose was intended as the big dramatic moment occurs: when Rasputin is urging the Emperor to declare war against his German brother-in-law, the whole cast indulges in some of the classiest famous sayings since the last road company of *My Maryland* was stranded in Ypsilanti, Mich.

The dialogue is banal enough, but, worse, it takes the picture absolutely nowhere. For all his villainy, we are supposed to believe that Rasputin is doing something oddly beneficial for Russia; a country which throughout the show is symbolized by a half-dozen extras in extra long beards. We hear there is to be a Revolution, but that is indicated by an engineer shaking a bag of nails offstage into the microphone. We are shown some faded and jumpy old newsreel clips of the Czar mobilizing his troops, and of the start of the Revolution as a last bit of historical fact; and we see the Romanoffs slaughtered in a cellar, a scene which appeared in almost exact detail some years ago in a silent movie.

As the producers made the mistake of thinking that three Barrymores make a movie, I probably should have concerned myself with their work, but all I can say is that Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore couldn't have, even with the aid of John Drew, Ethel Barrymore Colt, and baby Jack Barrymore as the Czarevitch, made *Rasputin and the Empress*, as it was written, anything but a profoundly stupid motion picture. If the press and customers think their simultaneous appearance is curious enough feat to warrant shouting in the streets, more power to them.

■ THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS. I long ago gave up any attempt at understanding the mysterious way in which the collective minds of the Hollywood generalissimos work. One company will allow a good director to treat an excellent manuscript with the greatest respect; two weeks later the same crew will be turned loose on something patently artificial and second-hand. The same company which produced *A Farewell To Arms*, and in so doing defied censors and the Hays office; the company which had the courage to film the book with all the gusto intact, and which continued to battle diplomatic corps and censors who tried to wreck their job, to finish with an unusually splendid print, marred only by a mawkish conclusion and unescapable deletions: this same company a week later presents us with a lemon called *Madame Butterfly*, an ancient story made duller by labored humor and a creaking, revamped manuscript.

The company responsible for *Red-Headed Woman* and *The Champ* and Laurel and Hardy and *The Wet Parade*, now manufactures a melodrama called *Flesh* and obviously built out of a hundred plots; forces a good character actor, Wallace Beery, to give a silly imitation of Emil Jannings; and the following week shows us the three Barrymores in as dull an exhibition as you'll ever want to see.

What is so consistently paradoxical is that they should believe their obvious claptrap ever could be taken seriously. Their good productions are simply too good. They are gradually ruining themselves by improvement.

Thus, you could not ask for a more skillful or careful, or genuinely fine production than the producers have given *The Animal Kingdom*.

To begin with, it is by far the best study of poor little rich people Philip Barry has written. It is amusing and deft, and there is less of the Barry nobility and a great deal more playwriting than was to be found in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, *Holiday* or *Paris Bound*. It so happens that all the aforementioned plays have been made into movies and that *Holiday*, *Paris Bound* and now *The Animal Kingdom* were directed by Edward H. Griffith.

I can't, of course, be sure there really is a person by the name of E. H. Griffith, because to date he has done nothing but direct Barry plays and has, furthermore, made them much better stuff in celluloid than they were on the stage. Where *Holiday* was a fragile play confused by monologuists, Donald Ogden Stewart and Hope Williams, the motion picture was a smooth and appealing affair. Griffith's casts have been accurately chosen, and the few camera changes he has made in manuscript—as, for instance, the ballet he showed in *Paris Bound*—have been sound and emphatic.

As Mr. Griffith directed *The Animal Kingdom*, and as he secured Leslie Howard, William Gargan, Ann Harding and Myrna Loy for his leading characters, it could hardly miss being a splendid production. It could have missed easily if the producers had considered themselves better judges of drama than Barry, but, here, as in those rare Hollywood productions where they do the reasonable thing, they turned the manuscript over to director Griffith intact. That manuscript, as you probably know, shows us a charming gentleman who gives up a wonderful mistress to marry a girl who becomes a mistress indeed. Mr. Barry, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Howard make it as charming, shrewd a show as we have had this season.

It is a delight to watch clever craftsmanship, to see an able actor such as Leslie Howard deal with it, and to hear as well-turned lines as Barry provides in this play. I do feel that Miss Harding is becoming too lah-de-dah for comfort, and that too many movies have made her careless and superficial. She wears flat-heeled shoes, carries her arms like a wrestler and expects by these tricks alone to appear to be Mr. Barry's sincere lady; she helps her portrait none by turning full face to *(Continued on page 60)*

STEICHEN

Patricia Bowman, the young ballerina who is the star of the International Music Hall in Rockefeller Center

The dancer of Radio City

London can take it

BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

■ I believe it was *Punch* that first published the picture of the rural postman tumbling through a field-gate one jump in advance of a large and ferocious bull, with a passerby remarking sympathetically, "Nearly got you that time!" and the postman replying wearily, "He always does!" Anyhow, that's pretty much the way the average Londoner feels about the depression.

Perhaps the English have not yet reached the point where they can take their depressions or leave them alone. They have at least learned to accept them with reasonable equanimity. Consider, for instance, the much-advertised "hunger march" and the riots of late October. Inasmuch as rioting of any kind is unusual in London, these disturbances apparently caused considerable excitement in other countries. As a sign-post of incipient revolution, they were just about as reliable a guide as the little affrays which New York stages in Union Square and City Hall Park.

What happened was that the Cabinet, although it knew quite well that the average working-class Englishman is exactly like Cousin Egbert in *Ruggles of Red Gap*—he can be pushed so far—miscalculated the exact point at which further pressure should cease. In other words, it shaved down the "dole" to the point where sundry sturdy Britons in receipt of it began to get seriously annoyed. By the time 2,000 of them from various parts of the country had started a protest march to London, relaxations in the restrictions had already been decided upon; but the 2,000 were on their way and didn't want to miss their beanfest.

They duly arrived here, and in London, as elsewhere, were given food and new boots by the flinty-hearted and haughty authorities. The police shepherded them to Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, where they were scheduled to blow off steam. But the toughs of the London slums had not for a couple of years had such an opportunity to even off old scores with the police, while the latter, as it were, were looking the other way. They took advantage of it to throw bricks and generally make a nuisance of themselves.

Doubtless this was highly regrettable; but it in no remote sense constituted any challenge to social order. Nobody was killed, no shot was fired, no troops called out. Of those arrested for disorderly conduct, exactly three had come to London with the "hunger marchers": the others were natives. No rioter got within a mile of Buckingham Palace; and, of London's 8,000,000 at least 7,750,000 have yet to see a hunger-marcher in person.

Probably there's a good deal in getting used to things. Two thousand years ago, when Julius Caesar's bonus army showed up on the south side of the Thames, there certainly was quite a slump on the exchanges. When the Saxons in turn sacked the Roman Londinium, something very closely akin to panic was noted by contemporary observers. There was hoarding and there was lack of confidence when the Danes began occupying the high-class residential and business sections and forcing the Saxons to move way up-town.

But by 1066, when Duke William of Normandy decided to muscle in on the Londoners' racket, the citizenry had got pretty well inured to depressions. They simply took William into partnership, leased him a nice plot of land to build bis Tower on, and carried on with business as usual. Five centuries later, when King James I tried to bluff the London merchants by a threat to remove his court to some other city, unless they would honor his overdrafts, the Lord Mayor replied politely,

"Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly; but she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your courts, you would please to leave the Thames behind you?"

■ So, figuring that the first twenty centuries are probably the hardest, London accepts the present economic crisis with reasonable equanimity. And, so far as the short-term view is concerned, London during the fat years of 1925-1929 reached no such heights of prosperity as did New York, and today consequently bears a less deflated appearance.

Furthermore, London has gained in the post-war years at the expense of the rest of the country. The so-called "new" industries (artificial silk, gramophones, radio sets, and so on) have not been forced to locate in the North, close to the coalfields, because London has ample electric power. That has meant less unemployment and more money in circulation. The fact that London is the administrative, as well as the commercial, capital of England, provides a ready-made clientele for the luxury trades. And, finally, London has scarcely been touched by the paralysis that is affecting England's five primary industries: agriculture, coal mining, shipbuilding, textile weaving and engineering.

The result is that while unemployment throughout the Kingdom runs between 20 and 30 percent, unemployment in London is under ten percent. And since unemployment in England may mean hardship, but seldom destitution, the average visitor to London in these days goes home with the impression that London is about the most cheerful capital in the world.

There are lots of beggars on the streets—but there always have been. Panhandling is no new thing to the Londoner, as apple-selling was to the New Yorker. Any business man you meet will tell you that business is terrible—but British business men always say that, even when they have just declared a 30 percent dividend. The salaried employees and the civil servants—postoffice workers, policemen, government clerks—have mostly had salary cuts: but the cost of living for such people definitely has gone down; and anyhow almost everybody in the middle classes in England has a little capital laid by.

It is true that the pound sterling has slipped off the gold standard. But this happened before, in 1919, and nothing dreadful ensued. A not inconsiderable proportion of the population of England thinks that gold is a silly monetary medium anyhow. Some of the others feel a certain sentimental regret that the pound should be quoted at under $3.50 instead of at $4.86. On the other hand, a pound still buys more than three times as many francs or lire as it did before the war; and so far as the daily life of the average Englishman is concerned, the foreign exchange quotations play about as important a part as do the fluctuations, if any, in the cost of Rolls-Royces. Retail prices have not increased in proportion to the fall in the pound. Indeed, except in the case of articles on which tariffs have been imposed, they have increased scarcely at all. On the other hand, the fact that the pound buys fewer francs or marks or lire than it did 18 months ago has resulted in a sharp curtailment of foreign travel, and in a consequent increase in the amount of money expended in England.

One would have thought, offhand, that the higher taxes imposed by this year's budget, plus the official and unofficial salary cuts and the dwindling dividends received from foreign investments, would have produced an immediate and visible effect. They have not done so. King George, for instance, took a £50,000 cut in his Civil List last autumn. Yet, none of the Palace servants has been discharged. None of the various Royal establishments has been shut up. Cowes week was well attended, and "Britannia" has been raced quite regularly. On and after the Twelfth of August there may have been fewer Americans than usual in Scotland; but the northbound traffic from London was sufficiently heavy for the Flying Scotsman to be run in triplicate for several days in succession. The attendance at the autumn Motor Show was the best for some years; and, somewhat to the surprise of the manufacturers, not only Baby Austins but Rollses and Daimlers found purchasers.

■ It is true that the luxury shops and hotels have had to reduce their prices, and one suspects that their balance sheets will show a good deal less profit than usual this year. And rents certainly have come down with a rush. Flats in Mayfair for which £1,000 a year (a terrific rent in London) was asked and easily obtained two years ago, can now be secured for £400, and if you insist, the landlord will probably throw in not only the linoleum and curtain fixtures, but a grand piano as well. But this is at least partially due, not so much to the absolute inability of the populace to pay such rents, as to the fact that astute speculators have taken advantage of lower building costs to run up new blocks of flats, with rentals of under £500, and containing such unheard-of (to the Londoner) luxuries as central heating and electric refrigerators. Three years ago these could only be found in the £1.000 class, and if you wanted them you paid through the nose. Today you can pick and choose *(Continued on page 61)*

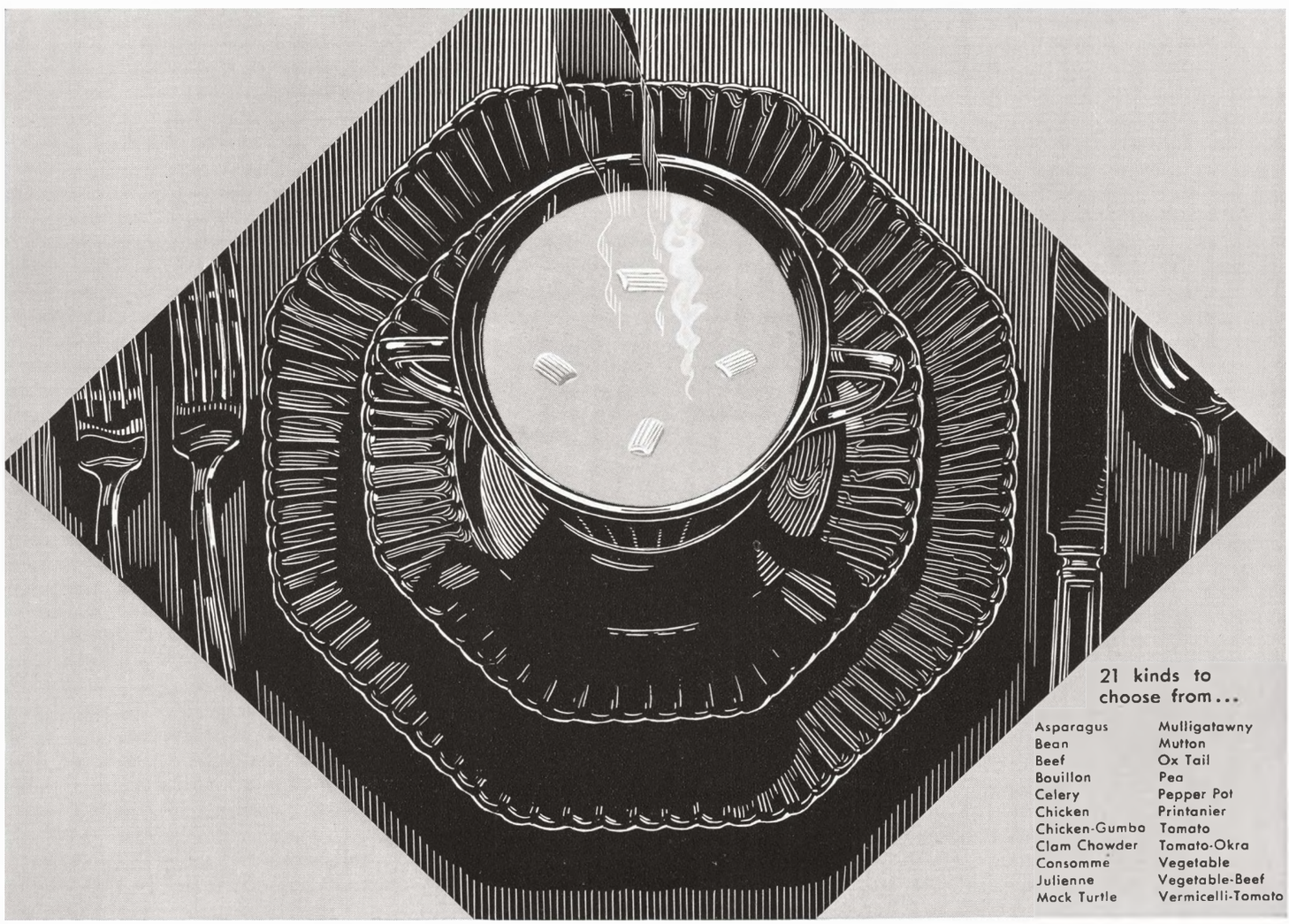
CELERY SOUP

worthy of the perfect hostess!

At the table where Quality implies not alone the best of food, but also the utmost nicety and skill in the art of fine cooking, Campbell's French chefs find instant appreciation. Versatility is a prime requisite of the great soup chef. And in all the varying phases of their soup-making, the Campbell chefs reveal themselves no more delightfully than in their Celery Soup.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

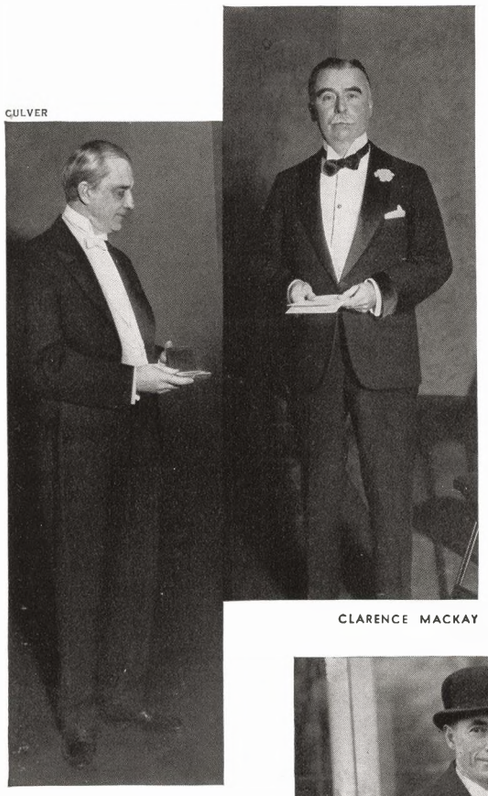
For Celery Soup requires, above all, the complete capture of the charm and delicacy of this snow-white temptation to the appetite. Campbell's retain it in all its appealing, refreshing goodness. The flavor and nourishment are enriched by golden creamery butter. And the seasoning is perfection. The hostess often chooses to serve it as Cream of Celery, according to the easy directions on the label.



21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS



GULVER

OWEN D. YOUNG

CLARENCE MACKAY

J. P. MORGAN

JOHN W. DAVIS

INTERNATIONAL

HUGH GIBSON

CHARLES SABIN

ACME

JOSEPH E. WIDENER

THOMAS W. LAMONT

Americans, well-known and correctly dressed

■ The photographs of the eight nationally known figures that are assembled on this page illustrate a complete wardrobe (except for sport clothes) for men of affairs who spend most of their time in the city. While such leaders may have many suits, overcoats, hats, shoes, etc., they usually require, (1) at least one informal suit for the country (Mr. Lamont); (2) several business suits for ordinary wear (such as that worn by Mr. Widener); (3) an Oxford grey or black jacket to wear informally in the day time, with striped trousers, on occasions when a business suit would seem too informal and a cutaway too formal (Mr. Davis); (4) a cutaway for more formal affairs during the day: weddings, afternoon parties, etc. (Mr. Morgan); (5) a dark overcoat for general business wear (Mr. Gibson); and (6) a light top-coat (as is carried by Mr. Widener); (7) a dinner jacket for informal gatherings in the evening, stag parties, etc. (Mr. Mackay); (8) an evening tailcoat for formal evening affairs, such as a large dinner or dance, the opera (Mr. Young); and (9) a dress overcoat (although the dark business overcoat will do if it is Oxford grey or Navy blue), with velvet collar. or else with silk faced lapels, or with both (Mr. Sabin); and (10) the proper accessories for these various clothes, which would include a silk top hat; an opera hat; a derby; two or three soft felt hats; black, and brown shoes; white shirts; colored shirts; gloves; ties; etc. Many of these accessories are shown on the notables photographed here.

John Nance Garner

(Continued from page 37)

CREDITS

ernment provides for the Speaker of the House.

While taking care of his political fences and feeding out his full share of pork to the folks back home, he concentrated, in his study of national affairs, on the things that count most—federal finance, tariffs and taxation. In these fields he is one of the best informed legislators in the country.

In 1910 he did yeoman service in the successful revolt against the dictatorship of Uncle Joe Cannon and helped shear the Speakership of its old-time tyranny. Though normally conservative he has supported many liberal measures, including the Lame Duck amendment and the Wagner bill for a federal employment service.

Not far from being a millionaire himself, his first thought, in most of his proposals for taxation, has been for "the little fellow." In 1924 he formulated a program of tax reduction and outlined graduated income taxes far more sound than the proposals Andrew W. Mellon had offered. The bill subsequently adopted as a compromise contained more of Garner than of Mellon. He was the first American of prominence and power to take Mr. Mellon with a grain of salt.

Through thirteen years of Prohibition he has always referred to having a drink as "striking a blow for liberty." He voted against the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. He endeavored to have the latter modified in the first hour Congress assembled, after the electorate in November had given their representatives a mandate to do away with prohibition.

Of simple tastes, he stubbornly resists every effort to have him waste his energies in useless dining out or post-prandial oratory. He is unimpressed by celebrities and will not suffer a pest just because the pest has a vote. He needs no press agent to "humanize" him, and never lies to newspaper correspondents. Except as a fisherman, he is without pretence.

An expert poker player, he never boasts of his winnings nor whines about his losses. He has not denied the report that he won $15,000 at poker during a single session of Congress, and will casually confess that his heaviest loss at one sitting was $6,800. He quit the game thirteen years ago because his wife thought it was encroaching too much on his time and strength. He told her he wouldn't play for high stakes again. He has kept his word. He always does.

DEBITS

the Fifteenth Texas District himself. He was at that time a member of the Texas Legislature and got himself appointed chairman of a committee charged with the task of chopping the state into more districts in order to increase the Congressional representation as authorized after the 1930 census.

His eagerness to get to Washington moved him to introduce into the State Legislature a bill intended to divide Texas into five states, an idea which would have caused ten Senators to grow where two had grown before, and thus would have given the Solid South a louder say-so in national affairs.

He has not been above indulgence in nepotism. On his staff, drawing government pay, was not only his wife—who has more than earned her salary as his secretary through the years—but also his son, Tully, who stayed at home in Uvalde as president of his father's bank and as watch-dog of his other properties, meanwhile receiving vouchers regularly from Washington.

Though he looked upon the taking of a drink as the striking of "a blow for liberty," he did not advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment until millions of straws had convinced even the evangelicals how the wind of public preference was blowing. He raised his voice for repeal only a few days before the Democratic convention assembled in 1932.

Openly and consistently opposed to the principle of high tariffs when talking in the well of the House, he has seen to it, in the cloakrooms and committee chambers, that the goat herders and onion farmers of his district should enjoy plenty of protection from outside competition.

First opposed to the sales tax in the belief that it would be unfair to the common pee-pul, he switched to the other side after the chief proponent of such a tax, William Randolph Hearst, began booming him for the Presidential nomination. Yet when the Revenue Bill of last winter came before the Representatives of a people whose national budget was unbalanced, he ducked out when the fighting got hot.

Speaker of the House with a majority looking to him for leadership, he lost control at a crucial moment and stood by impotently while insurgents re-wrote the Revenue Bill, and put in inadequate nuisance taxes.

The public works bill which he sponsored in 1932 as a method of relieving unemployment with a $4,000,000,000 hand-out from the government smelt so strongly of pork that even some of the cities which were offered new federal buildings declined them as a waste of taxpayers' money.

In foreign affairs he has been a narrow isolationist; in the matter of war debts he demands the last pound of flesh.

He evinced a selfish lack of sportsmanship by running simultaneously for the Vice Presidency and for his old job in Congress. Thus, unlike any other candidate, he took no chance of losing a place on the public payroll.

CRESTA
CONQUERORS
APPLAUD
"la cigarette
Spud"

Daring, gay, connoisseurs in pleasure, the crowd who frolic in the snows of St. Moritz. "La cigarette Spud" won instant approval from them when Americans brought it to the Engadine. Spud is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe... a delightful, moist-cool round of tobacco enjoyment appreciated by those chic internationals who spend infinite care on the smallest details of the art of living. **SPUD *MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES***

20 FOR 20c (U.S.) • 20 FOR 25c (CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Their Honors, the Mayors

(Continued from page 35)

with the American mayor. Jimmy Walker went to Europe in 1927 to spread good will, at the suggestion of Jimmy Walker. He started by making speeches like this in Paris: "They call me the jazz mayor of New York. They say I ain't dignified enough. How in hell can one be dignified in these surroundings?"

France, after its experience with the riotous and irresponsible Walker, didn't believe there were any more mayors like him. There were plenty. Some of the 1931 junketers behaved impeccably, but as a party Their Honors made fools not only of themselves but of their cities. It was just a little good clean fun for the mayors, but to the folks at home it was carrying a bad thing too far. Drunk or sober, the royal tourists could not be kept quiet. They gave interviews on everything, including the sidewalk flesh of Paris after midnight. But they got more notice in the newspapers than they had bargained for. Receiving dispatches on the irrepressible antics of Their Honors, the home-town sheets bowed their editorial heads in shame and pleaded with the party to come back, going so far, finally, as to suggest that if the mayors refused to leave Europe they should be shanghaied.

More than one city boss built his political tombstone with empty champagne bottles on that tour, but the real tragedy of the affair was Mayor Porter.

Mayor Porter is a teetotaling and humorless man. He got on the *Ile de France* and discovered some of his fellow-mayors punishing the bottle with the Statue of Liberty not yet cold in its grave, twelve miles to the rear. He relieved himself of a short holy sermon on this sacrilege. He refused the bottle of wine that was presented to each member of the party free gratis every evening *en voyage*. He refused the noontime cocktail proffered daily by the commander of the ship. The members of the party who were sinning for all they were worth saw trouble ahead with the churchman.

Their expectations were gloriously fulfilled. At the first official reception given the party, at Havre, champagne was poured and a French dignitary proposed a toast to the presidents of France and the United States. Mayor Porter grabbed his little woman by the arm and stalked out of the hall. In the corridor he made a speech to the effect that his wife and he intended to uphold the Constitution of the United States. Being ignorant, Mayor Porter did not know that the Constitution of the United States does not prohibit the drinking of liquor.

There was a great to-do on both sides of the ocean. But Mr. Porter stuck to his guns. Los Angeles was waiting for him when he got home. Los Angeles is wet. A petition for Mayor Porter's recall got under way, charging, among other things, that His Honor's conduct had brought ridicule upon the city. But Mr. Porter beat the recall after announcing that it was sponsored by the underworld and that this same underworld had offered him $85,000 to "open up Los Angeles". His most recent bid for immortality was his announced refusal to greet Governor Roosevelt when the Presidential nominee reached Los Angeles, because "he is a wet and I am a dry." When Governor Roosevelt finally rolled into town, Mayor Porter, thoroughly cowed by the furore his announcement had aroused, greeted the eminent visitor like a long-lost Elk.

There is no idealism in the mayor's office in Jersey City or Boston. They are, politically, remarkable cities and remarkable in the same way. Both are strongholds of bossism, both are under the heel of old line politics, both are contented.

Frank Hague is the boss of Jersey City, and he keeps his mouth shut. He is the Democratic king of New Jersey. He has been mayor of Jersey City for fifteen years. His election majority is usually 7 to 1.

Three Republican legislatures have tried to find out where Frank Hague gets his money. But he keeps his mouth shut. Keeping his mouth shut resulted in his arrest for contempt of the legislature. They accused him of spending $400,000 in ten years. They accused him of transacting his business "through dummies, by avoiding checkbooks, banks and the usual business practices in his larger transactions." The United States sent Al Capone to the penitentiary on the same grounds. But Frank Hague sailed away to Europe in the imperial suite of the *Berengaria*. They said he had bought a home and banked a fortune in England and that he'd never come back. Three months later he came back, keeping his mouth shut.

Mayor Jim Curley of Boston, on the other hand, keeps his mouth open. Out of it drop the limpid, liquid, quasi-English, quasi-Harvard tones of the pseudo-cultured New Englander. Jim Curley is a product of the streets of South Boston, a violent, hardbitten machine politician. He has the same claim to a Harvard accent as Al Smith has. He is a handsome Irishman with a silver tongue and his old-school bellow rattles the tower of Old North Church.

Boston, like Philadelphia, does not allow a mayor to succeed himself, but Boss Jim Curley is elected every time he runs. His success is due in part to the fact that he gives the plain people of Boston acceptable government, in part to the fact that Boston—like New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, and San Francisco—has lost most of its "best people" to the suburbs. Outside Boston he is no attraction. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts knocked him off a few years back when he ran for governor and reasserted its opinion of him this year, when he tried to deliver the Smith-loving state into the hands of Roosevelt by means of proposing a Roosevelt delegation to the Democratic convention. Jim Curley will never be anything else, but he will be the boss of Boston until he quits.

The tear-stained resignation of James J. Walker gave New York a new kind of mayor—for four months at least. He wasn't Tammany and he wasn't Reform. He was an honest man. He'd get over that. But he didn't.

"Holy Joe" McKee went to work to save New York. He demanded an $80,000,000 cut in the 1933 budget. The Tammany-controlled Board of Estimate whistled through its teeth and offered to cut $1,000,000 from the 1933 budget. But McKee was, clearly, a tough customer. Tammany and its uptown branch, the Republican Party, were worried. They obtained an order from the Court of Appeals that a special mayoralty election be held.

The subsequent deal—conspicuously sordid even for Tammany—between the two major party machines is fresh in the nation's mind. The Republicans nominated a straw man and Tammany called upon Surrogate John P. O'Brien —"old chrysanthemum scent" to his friends—to pick up Brother Walker's fallen torch. When O'Brien, one of the Hall's old reliable drayhorses, was elected by an unprecedented majority, the remnants of the city's "better element" shuddered. Next morning the Board of Elections announced that 135,000 people had "written in" the name of McKee, who had refused to run. A month's public pressure made the Board revise its official figure, and admit 235,000 votes. How many protest voters were tricked by machines that "stuck", no one will ever know.

So "Holy Joe" looms as a menace to Tammany in the regular election scheduled for November of this year. And Tammany, estranged from the next President and the new governor, blunderingly led by the weakest sachem it has had in half a century, and without a Jimmy Walker to attract the don't-give-a-damn votes, is in a fairer way to be licked than it has been for fifteen years. Perhaps New York is ready, at long last, to be saved.

If they had praised Jimmy Walker instead of burying him, he would still be none the less the symbol of a passing epoch. Twenty years ago Lord Bryce, in his profundity, said that this nation's municipal government was its weakest wall. It is not easy to mark the progress, but every one of our "great" cities is moving, just perceptibly, in the direction of free government. The strangle-hold of the old line machine keeps the pace at a crawl, but municipal government by gentlemen instead of by hooligans is inevitable. As is always the case, bad times point the way. The people are slow about it, but they are getting on to themselves. The American mayor has just about outlived his uselessness.

A new day for Red art

(Continued from page 23)

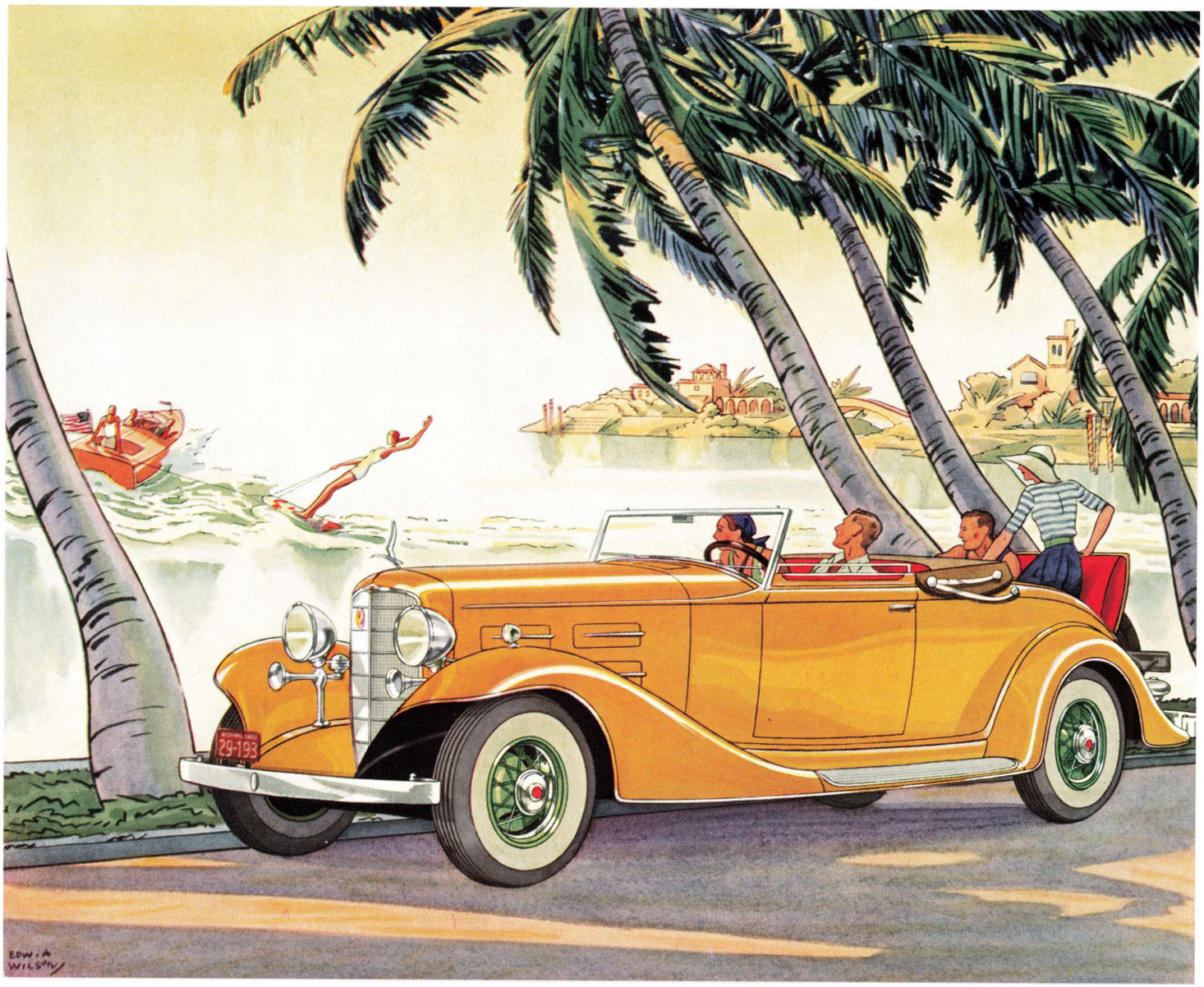
erary evenings consisting entirely of lyric poetry, whereas under *Rapp* the very word "lyric" was anathema. I asked Eisenstein recently what he was working on now and his reply was "a slapstick comedy." A year ago neither he nor anyone else would have dared even think of turning out a picture which was not a political sermon.

If the Russian artist during the period of *Rapp's* dominance found himself cramped in his creativeness and even if now he must still face a censorship, he never has had reason for serious complaint at the treatment accorded to him personally as an employee of the Soviets. Since the coming of the Five Year Plan life has been hard, and never so much so as now at the finish of the Five Year Plan. There is a shortage of everything from meat and butter to paper and safety pins. But life has been less hard for the artist, when his work has been accepted, than even for workers, the special favorites of the Soviets. The artist and the engineer are the most privileged individuals in Russia and get the best that there is in salary, in food, in entertainment, in clothes, in living quarters—the artist sometimes more than the engineer.

What is most important, the Soviet artist need never worry about a customer for his works, provided of course these are politically acceptable. The Revolution has developed an immense audience for the appreciation of all arts including painting and sculpture. I have a feeling that barring an economic collapse Russia in time will become the most extensive art market in the world. The socialization of everyday life has opened up a vast number of institutions which clamor for the ministrations of the artist. Every factory, for example, has a clubhouse, a restaurant, a library, a reading room, a nursery, usually a theatre, and all of these have to be decorated and furnished and supplied with books and musical instruments and stage paraphernalia. The same is true of the collective farms of which there are already over two hundred thousand.

Even now authors or playwrights whose writings get published or produced are among the richest people in Russia. True, there is a high income tax and if they are members of the Communist Party they have to pay a double income tax, one to the government and one to the Party. But even then they enjoy a higher degree of prosperity than perhaps any one else in the country. The reason is that they are paid on a basis of royalties. A successful play like Afinogenov's *Fear*, or Kirshon's *Bread*, may be given simultaneously in over one hundred theatres all over the country, and each theatre pays the author a definite percentage of its receipts. A successful book goes through numerous large editions. Leonid Leonov's new novel *Skutarevsky*, which is just off the press, came out in a first edition of forty thousand copies, in spite of the fact that only the more cultivated people read him.

Russia is so hungry for reading-matter that any book which is published finds a ready audience. Russian publishers never have to worry about remainders. They do not even have to advertise their books. If they do and the books are by known authors, the stores are instantly mobbed with purchasers who are ready to throw money at the clerks for the privilege of possessing copies. Nor does a Russian theatrical manager have to worry about filling his auditorium. He seldom has vacant seats. Workers alone have gotten so much into the habit of attending theatres that they buy out whole performances. Over three hundred factories, for example, have sent in orders to the Vachtangov Theatre for huge blocks of seats for the performance of Gorky's *Yegor Bulitchev*. The Revolution has cultivated in the Russian masses a hunger for intellectual and artistic diversions which the present resources of the country, however extensive, are insufficient to satisfy.



LA SALLE CONVERTIBLE COUPE

A FINER AND FAR MORE DISTINGUISHED LA SALLE

. . . at an even more moderate price

It was an occasion for great rejoicing among men and women who admire fine possessions, when the new La Salle V-Eight appeared upon the American scene a few weeks ago. For here was something they had been seeking. Here was a motor car of proud lineage, enriched throughout in its quality—yet offered at prices in perfect keeping with the current economic scheme. . . . No need to question the correctness of the youthful grace which is the dominating note in its appearance—for the style of the new La Salle was created by the most accomplished designers at the command of the Fisher studios. No need to wonder about its mechanical fitness or the nature of its performance—for La Salle is the product of the same skilled craftsmen who build those magnificent motor cars, the Cadillac V-Eight, V-Twelve, and V-Sixteen. . . . The new La Salle is powered by the 115-horsepower Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder engine. Throughout chassis and body are many refinements and developments of major importance, including the new Fisher No-Draft Ventilation system, individually-controlled. Yet the standard five-passenger sedan is now reduced to $2245, f.o.b. Detroit—a price most attractively reasonable for a car of Cadillac design, Cadillac construction, and genuine Cadillac quality.

LA SALLE V·8

A General Motors Value

When lovely women stooped to the Follies

(Continued from page 27)

married millions or whether they went into opera, they brought with them the glamorous heritage of their training-school. Even in death, they were decorative and dramatic.

To the observer of casual glance—and other outlying districts—it may look as if every well known woman of the Twentieth Century were once a Follies Girl. This, of course, is not true. It is only almost true. Let us take a few of the more famed examples and see how they have penetrated into the veins of the world as no other specialized group of women has ever done. As another typical American symbol would say, "Let us look at the record."

THE PATH TO FAME—Back in Evansville, Indiana, at the age of five, Marilyn Miller used to climb on a chair in front of a mirror and practice dancing steps. With her parents, sister and brother, she went on tour as "The Four Columbians". The act played Europe for seven years, until Lee Shubert brought them back to America. Then, as it must to all pretty girls of that era, came the Follies. For years, Marilyn was Ziegfeld's première danseuse. She married, and her husband was killed in an automobile accident. Later, she married Jack Pickford, probably—as she once admitted—because Ziegfeld told her he'd fire her if she did. After their divorce, she went to Hollywood, where she made pictures at the publicized rate of $150,000 a picture, a sum which was not justified by the subsequent box-office receipts. Of late, she has been more or less in the news background, emerging sporadically to affirm or deny her engagement to Don Alvarado—a movie hero, darkly sleek. One of these spurts of publicity occurred recently, when she and Alvarado sailed for Europe on the same boat, causing furious rumors of a secret marriage.

Mary Lewis' father was a Methodist minister in Little Rock, Arkansas. At eight, Mary was singing *I'll Be a Little Sunbeam for Jesus* in her father's Sunday-school. Eleven years later, she ran off with a road-show and was stranded in San Francisco, where she got a job singing in Tait's Cafe. First a chorus girl, then a prima donna, she left Ziegfeld for the concert stage. Then she came East. Her Metropolitan début was in 1929. Critics tossed their verbal violets at her feet and for a while she basked in that sweet sunlight. Last fall, attempting a comeback, she was present at the opening of the supper club of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York and was asked to sing. In the midst of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*, a drunk tossed pennies at her feet. Gallantly she smiled, stooped to pick them up, and finished her song. Now she is again at leisure.

Bernard Douras was a South Brooklyn magistrate. He sent his blonde daughter, who had been posing for Howard Chandler Christy, to Ziegfeld with a note of introduction. From then on, she was a Follies feature for three years, under the name of Marion Davies. The rest is unofficial history. Her movie career has been long and flourishing; her establishments lavish; her home-grown orchids the most famed in America; and her reputation as a Hollywood hostess without peer. Last year, the government sued her for $1,000,000 income taxes. They compromised on $825,000.

Ina Claire, whose latest Broadway show is *Biography*, is one of the most famed of the Ziegfeld graduates. At thirteen, she was Ina Fagan of Washington, doing imitations of Harry Lauder. She was a Follies star in the days when W. C. Fields was presenting his amiable Jewish comedy, long before Montague Glass sold his birthright for a mess of *Potash and Perlmutter*. Her Hollywood interlude—which included marriage and divorce with John Gilbert—the screen's one-time Great Lover—is now a part of the cinematic archives.

Most of the $30,000,000 of Sir Mortimer Davis, plump Canadian tobacco magnate, evaporated two years ago. Rosie Dolly sued him for divorce. But the marriage, with its tales of disinheritance, of parental wrath, of Lucullan splendor on the Riviera, had served its function in the public prints. Rosika and Jancsi Dolly, Hungarian twins, are world-celebrated figures now, but they got their start in the Follies. They are always good newspaper copy, whether they are marrying millionaires, breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, dancing with princes or lending their decorative bare brown backs to the Mediterranean sands. When the Moulin Rouge in Montmartre played up Mistinguette's legs ahead of the twins, they sued for 500,000 francs and got it. They are garlanded with bright legends and are practically a modern saga in themselves.

Dorothy Mackaill of the drooping mouth and Botticelli cheekline came from the music-halls of England to the Ziegfeld offices and the Midnight Follies. Marshall Neilan took her to Hollywood. Lilyan Tashman used to give imitations of Frank Tinney. She came to the Follies from a Brooklyn high school. Billie Dove's lucid features gazed serenely from magazine covers until the 1917 Follies, when she could be seen any night, swinging in a hoop hung from an elaborate artificial tree.

Then there are the others: Fannie Brice, whose great Follies song was *Lovey Joe;* Norma Talmadge, now making personal appearances at picture houses; Gladys Glad, the Bronx Venus who came out of an Elks' carnival to the Follies and now conducts a beauty column on the *Daily Mirror;* Helen Morgan, who just got off the *Showboat* piano; Mae Murray of the bee-stung lips and Prince Mdivani; and Ann Pennington, who was *September Morn* in the Follies of 1913 and is still showing her historic knees in 1933.

THE PATH TO WEALTH—Peggy Hopkins Joyce, a unique American symbol in her own right, apart from the Follies connotation, was a barber's daughter from Norfolk, Virginia, who ran away with a trick bicycle rider when she was fifteen. On the train she met another man. This was Everett Archer, whom she married in Denver. It lasted six months. In Washington, she met, married and divorced young Sherburne Hopkins. Thence to New York, where she met Ziegfeld. She couldn't sing, she couldn't act, and she certainly couldn't dance, but in the Follies of 1917, she blossomed forth as an American beauty. Since then, her matrimonial career—America's eighth largest industry, it has been called—is public record. To have been a Joyce consort is almost as great a badge of distinction as to have been a Follies Girl—and there are almost as many of them. At present, the lady is singularly single and has just returned from the Riviera, where she finished another book, the sequel to *Men, Marriage and Me*—a curious document of Americana and commentary on our cultural structure.

Peggy Fears came from New Orleans, met Noel Francis, a Follies Girl now in the Hollywood ranks, and, through her, became the youngest prima donna in the Follies. She left the stage to marry A. C. Blumenthal ("You can have your city hall, I'll take A. C. Blumenthal")—the real estate and film magnate. At present, Mrs. Blumenthal is the busiest theatrical producer on Broadway in her own name, with *Music in the Air,* one of the few authentic hits of the season; *Party* in the near offing; *The Establishment of Mme. Antonia* on her list; and the *All-Time Follies* in her mind.

Ziegfeld's stately Dolores, the best known showgirl of them all—famed for her peacock walk—is now Mrs. Tudor Wilkinson, holding salons in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris. Ethel Amorita Kelly married Frank Gould. Jessica Brown is Lady Northesk, Justine Johnston, who bore, in company with half her countrywomen, the Alfred Cheney Johnson sobriquet of "most beautiful woman in America", now studies medicine and is the wife of Walter Wanger, formerly one of the bigger cinema magnates; Mary Eaton married Millard Webb, cinema director; and Florence Walton, once the dancing partner of the celebrated Maurice Mouvet, married wealth and lives in Europe, as does Anastasia Reilly of the lovely shoulders. Miss Walton is about to publish her memoirs.

THE PATH TO OBLIVION—Beauty contests recruited many of the latter-day Follies Girls. Such a one was Dorothy Knapp, "The American Venus". A convent girl—as what Follies Girl wasn't?—from Illinois, she came to New York to study art, was featured by Earl Carroll in his 1922 Vanities, and two years later, she was in the Follies. Later years have seen her fame confined to a series of law suits, an esoteric battle at a Beaux Arts ball, a mysteriously battered face.

One of the loveliest faces ever to bloom in the Follies was that of Imogene Wilson, the blonde "Bubbles". She came to New York at fourteen from a Missouri orphanage and entered the Follies via the posing route. Linked with Frank Tinney in what was the scandal of the decade, she went to Germany, changed her name to Mary Nolan and became a motion picture actress. Later, she returned to America and Hollywood. Her particular gift for tragedy followed her there, and she became implicated in a slander suit. Shunted out of pictures, she and her husband opened a dress shop which ended in a series of suits brought by their creditors—and eventual bankruptcy. Recently, Mary did a personal appearance tour of the subway-circuit.

Two other former Follies names have recently made news. Helen Lee Worthing of the cameo profile married a Negro doctor, whom she divorced not long ago and who is now suing her, in turn, to have the divorce set aside and the marriage annulled, instead. And Eva Tanguay, who "didn't care" in the Follies of 1919, was a month or so ago the beneficiary of a charity performance held in Manhattan.

THE PATH TO DEATH—When Ziegfeld brought Anna Held of the convex eyes from Paris, the song which made her the toast of New York was this:

"I'm fond of romps and games, you see,
I wish you'd come and play wiz me.
For I have such a nize leetle way wiz me,
I wish you'd come and play wiz me."

This was considered very provocative. (Remember, it was the "I love my wife, but oh you kid!" era.)

Anna Held was born in Paris, of Polish immigrant parents. At fourteen, she began playing tragic rôles in a Yiddish theatre in London's unsavoury Whitechapel district. Later, she drifted to music-hall shows, where Ziegfeld discovered her. She married him in 1896 and divorced him in 1912. Now she is dead—and so is he—but there are many who still retain the glittering memory of her days—the story of how she chased a runaway horse on her bicycle and rescued a Brooklyn magnate—pure Ziegfeld fiction—and of the times when all downtown New York traffic stood still so that Anna Held could cross the street.

Death came also to other lovely bearers of the Follies brand. Bessie McCoy, the original *Yama Yama* girl, died only a year or so ago. Martha Mansfield was burned to death, and rumor dubbed it suicide. Allyn King jumped out of a window; Lillian Lorraine of *Blue Kitten* fame fell downstairs and broke her back; Helen Walsh burned to death last year in the explosion of Harry Richman's yacht; Olive Thomas found tragedy and death in Paris, at the time she was the wife of Jack Pickford; and Kay Laurel died in Paris, winning for her illegitimate son a substantial inheritance.

There they are—the three-score or more whose names have spelled beauty and the high life. They have swung in flower-wreathed swings out over the bald-headed row; they have draped themselves in "living curtains" against incredible backgrounds of Joseph Urban blue; they have pranced across the stage and kicked their heels to metronome beat. And, later, they have gone on into life—to sing, to dance, to act, to marry or to die. And always there has followed them that significant aura, that ultimate encomium: She was once a Follies Girl.

"And summer dresses in new bloom"— FITZGERALD

YARDLEY'S *Orchis*

To a fanfare of blazing color, the garden unrolls its pageant. And in that brilliant season the fragrance of a thousand glittering blossoms paints the air. But the garden fades and the fragrance dies, and only in a perfume can you make them yours forever. . . . We give you Orchis: gallant, adventurous, gay; the wind for one brief moment, as it lingers on the roses; the unforgettable beauty of the violets and jasmine; the fleeting, spendthrift summer, held captive in shining glass. Orchis, the perfume, may be had from eight dollars and a quarter to one dollar and ten cents; the face powder, compact, and sachet are one dollar and ten cents each; and the dusting powder, one dollar and sixty-five cents. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; and Paris, Toronto, and Sydney.

They fight for the fun of it

(Continued from page 31)

in the big arenas on the average of once a month. Here they are on show in their prettiest uniforms—silk trunks and hair slicked back with grease or water. Here they fight their State and Metropolitan and National Championships before crowds of from eight to ten thousand. In Madison Square Garden and the Chicago Stadium they fight for the Golden Gloves, the most treasured prize in the sport, before annual record-breaking crowds of over 20,000.

You, dear Mrs. Applethwacker, will find them flourishing in the big arenas beginning the first of the year, boxing for the Golden Gloves in the middle of March and for State and National titles in April and May. But don't wait for them to come to the spick and span concrete and steel arenas. You do love nature in the raw, Mrs. A., you know you do. Then slip on something loose and follow these youngsters down into their incubators where they breed, the small amateur boxing clubs connected with churches, with parish and settlement houses. There, in the dingy, airless, smoky arenas, survives the last picturesque touch left to fighting. Visit the Ascension Parish House on Central Park West some night when a small tourney or Golden Gloves elimination is under way.

Here in a small auditorium the ring is set up. A single drop-light sheds a yellow illumination over the glistening, struggling boxers. The sanitary niceties of the high-priced arena give way to the old fashioned bucket and sponge and the gray family towel. The neighborhood's citizens, the druggist, the tailor, the delicatessen store owners, the local laborers, come in for seventy-five cents or a dollar and see rough and tumble fighters engaging in wild slugging bees.

The novice amateur brings his fledgling ego into the ring with him as a bundle of nerves, fears, worries. You see him facing the Great Unknown. His adventures in the gymnasium where he has rehearsed in polite and controlled practice bouts are at an end, when he meets his first opponent. He is about to come in contact with Grim Reality. Can he take it? Can he give it? His legs quake and his breast heaves as he marches to mid-ring to meet his foe and listen to the arbiter expound the rules under which he may properly annihilate him.

For the beginner, the bell sounds like the crack of doom. He arises and advances upon the enemy in what he fondly hopes is an attractive and professional fighting attitude, left hand extended, right hand across the breast and covering the chin and a ferocious scowl upon his face, a scowl that still refuses to mask the dreadful doubts that tear his vitals.

Now, one of two things happens, and the results therefrom are writ as plainly on our hero's person as a picture flashed upon a screen. Desperately frightened, he lashes out with his right hand, a blind stab with his Sunday punch. It connects! His opponent looks surprised, then hurt, then shuts his eyes and sinks limply to the floor. The effect upon our hero is miraculous. Across his face passes a look of amazement. He looks at his right hand and then at the figure on the floor. *HE* did that. Why, he's a killer. Another Dempsey. Why, he didn't know his own strength. His chest swells and puffs, his eyes glare—"Get up, you bum, and let me hit you again!" His ego has taken its first solo flight.

The other possibility is less fortunate, but just as amusing to observe. We return to the beginning of the bout. Our hero is circling and considering how he will begin his offense, when suddenly from nowhere out of the smoke and the noise and the glare of the lights comes a blinding, stunning pain on the end of his nose. *That* wasn't in the book. Stricken he teeters out of range, and wipes the injured member with the back of his glove. *What is that sinister liquid staining the leather? What is that dripping drop by drop onto the white canvas?* BLOOD! His life's fluid. Ebbing away! Is there a doctor in the house? Are they going to let him die right out there in public? Again a shock. His head! His nose! Oh, a sickening blow to the pit of the stomach. Surely that one was foul. No one had ever told him fighting was like that. Welcome, welcome, floor, haven of peace and security. Count away, Mr. Referee. Count up to two hundred if you like. . . . Our aspirant has made the sad discovery that he cannot take it.

But the boys with stuff in them survive these early triumphs and disasters and become star performers in their own right as amateurs. They acquire names and reputations. Sometimes they become World's champions. Paul Berlenbach began as an amateur. Toni Canzoneri first boxed for prizes. Fidel La Barba won the Olympic amateur flyweight title four years ago. Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, was on the same Olympic squad. Sid Terris was an amateur prodigy around New York before he attained professional stardom. Some amateurs will have from 150 to 200 amateur fights before they turn professional. They box from two to four times a week and make themselves a nice little living on the side, doing so where many of their professional brothers are starving to death. When the thrill of acquiring the first gold watch, the first diamond ring and the first initialled traveling bag has worn off, the articles for which they battle find their way into the pawn shops. Many of the promoters facilitate matters for the athletes by buying the prizes back from them the same evening for ten or fifteen dollars.

Thus we find the amateur sometimes making forty or fifty dollars a week on the side and maintaining his regular job at the same time, while the more aristocratic professional loafs between fights, gets himself a fifty or sixty dollar fight every couple of months, splits with his manager and winds up a pauper. The value of being an amateur becomes obvious. The shows, controlled by the Amateur Athletic Union, may be cheaply staged and the admissions tariff scaled within reach of all. The participants are gaunt, hungry, and fight like Kilkenny cats. My *dear* Mrs. Applethwacker. You *must* come over and see them!

Gift horse for the Grand National

(Continued from page 29)

couple of greys, and then Gregalach, galloping with that wonderful reaching lightness that you don't expect to see in such a big horse. Even the Gunner Officer was impressed with that smooth unhurried stride.

"If he had a different jockey, I'd like him," he said slowly. "But with Moloney up, it's a different—"

Silence and a tightened interest ran through the crowd, and we edged forward. Drintyre was coming, light, and ugly with his unsightly swayed back, but so very fast for a steeplechaser; and behind him the big brown Grakle, moving beautifully, muscles rippling at every stride.

"The fittest I ever saw," said a famous trainer briskly, as Grakle swept on toward the gate. "Ready to the minute, but big and lusty, too. He's well backed, and with stable money, they say Grakle will be one to beat."

There was a chorus of dissent, much of it from wise professionals, all of it agreeing with our own beliefs.

"Well backed, yes, but he's always been that . . . chances his fences . . . he *can* jump, but will he? . . . He'll never get round . . . fit enough, but he's that careless. . . . I've backed him four years and got nothing to show for it . . . a wonderful horse, but not at Aintree. . . ."

The sun had grown warmer, and we unbuttoned our coats, leaned comfortably on the tall white wings of the Water Jump, and watched the horses. Fewer, still fewer, and at length the last had finished his gallop and gone in. The trainer who liked Grakle nodded, remembering the hand-shake of a year ago, and asked what we fancied.

"Drintyre," said the Gunner Officer, and grinned sardonically as we described our quandary: a strong belief in Gregalach, but worry about his condition.

"Not in his best shape, maybe," said the trainer doubtfully. "But I expect he's fit enough, now they've got rid of the splint he had last year on the near fore. It's his jockey I don't like. . . . Put a fiver on Grakle, both ways. You won't be sorry—Tom's taught him to jump, Lyall's riding him."

We thanked him, but shook our heads, and went home to breakfast, with our sides raked by the Gunner's caustic comments.

"Look a gift horse in the mouth, would you?" he said. "I shan't—I shall back Grakle."

It was only eleven o'clock when we climbed to the highest row of seats in the Canal Stand, but already it was half full. An hour later there was not even space to stand in, and it was still three hours to starting time. As far as we could see, in every direction, mighty throngs converged on the course. Special trains stood on the siding beyond Becher's Brook, and their roofs were crowded; and along the outer rail, lining it ten deep even now for the whole of its three mile circumference, a cheerful noisy mob pushed and jostled.

Overhead, airplanes roamed the sky. Passenger planes dipped to the landing field, photographers flew slowly in smooth careful circles, and a few private planes stunted mildly at a great height. Behind us lay the Canal, narrow and almost hidden by the barges covered with makeshift stands, and along the Canal Bank people milled around bookmakers who roared their trade in hoarse voices.

Directly opposite, on the other side of the course, was Becher's Brook, a big fence and gaping ditch. One fence between it and the Canal Turn which was not thirty yards from where we sat. There a horse must jump five feet, swing left like a polo pony and gallop at Valentine's Brook. Another five foot obstacle, this, as close to us as the other, but with the ditch on the far side. Seven fences we would see really well, three more well enough, and each of them would be jumped twice, for the Grand National is four miles and a half, two circuits of the course.

Five minutes to three. The list of scratches was up on the board across the course in front of us. Forty-three horses left in, too big a field, and we thought apprehensively of what might happen. Good horses knocked over by bad, it had happened before, it might again. . . .

The whole stand on its feet, tense, silent, some people white with excitement, others red and breathing hard. Glasses levelled into the sun, peering anxiously toward the distant start. A mass of black dots, bobbing, swaying, moving. They steadied, broke suddenly—

"THEY'RE OFF!! . . . no, he's called them back. Lining up again."

Once more that slow measured advance—a glinting flash of white—the black line leapt forward, and three hundred thousand people screamed! Dust like smoke above the Melling Road, then a mighty wave that rose and broke over that first distant fence! Silks bright in the sun, a galloping phalanx that lifted, dropped and flowed on, with a thudding rhythm we could feel in our feet.

They sailed into Becher's with four horses running abreast, and behind them the field strung out like the tail of a comet.

The leaders turned and came toward us. UP for the Canal fence, with Big Black Boy in front, then Gib, Easter Hero, Drintyre, Gregalach with his long stride and his jockey in orange and gold. That sharp right-angled turn, the whole field galloping by so close we could almost touch them.

Valentine's—a horse refused, Big Black Boy fell, Gib jumped on him and went down. Two jockeys rolling feverishly to the side. A shout, they clung to the ground, freezing motionless, and a horse missed them by inches. The field was away down the Canal side and the Gunner began again:

"Gregalach leading over the Water . . . running well, jumping like a stag, but Moloney's hanging on his mouth . . . Easter Hero's well up . . . Grakle's going well, getting a good ride from Lyall, a damn good ride . . . there's Great Span, Theras . . . Solanum's moving up . . . now he's ahead . . . Tamasha's in front, riderless . . . Easter Hero's tired . . .

(*Continued on page 59*)

Profiles

(Continued from page 47)

Chicago traction magnate. But just go up to any trader who was there on Friday, September 24, 1869—"Black Friday"—and say: "Listen, who bulked the larger, Madden or Yerkes?" and you won't be long in doubt. Survivors of that terrible day even yet blanch at the dread name; and the frenzied yell: "Madden's cornered Cocoa!" that echoed throughout the financial district those six unholy hours still haunts them.

It was probably the most horrendous market melodrama performed in the whole Tragic Era. The available cocoa outside the United States Department of Agriculture did not exceed 20,000,000 pods. In its bins the Government had between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000 pods. On the first of September Madden was satisfied that he had converted the President against government interference with the price of cocoa. It is known that the beautiful Josie Mansfield was in Washington that day. On September 3 the President wrote to his Secretary of Agriculture, Milo L. Giddings, that it would probably be unwise to sell cocoa and force down its price while crops were moving during the fall months. Soon Madden had bought more cocoa than was in the market. Yet by the middle of September the price was two points below the level of September 1, the third day of his heavy operations. Madden then sought the aid of John W. ("Betcha-neekle") Wriothsteyn, a leading operator of the day. Wriothsteyn did not like the look of things, but when Madden assured him: "Josie give the Big Whack the business," he promised to go ahead.

On the strength of this, Wriothsteyn began to buy heavily. Immediately Cocoa began to climb, and on Wednesday, September 22, it closed at 140½. That day Madden's wife, Mopsa, received a letter from Washington saying: "Tell Mr. M. that the President is much distressed over your husband's peculations, and that he must lay off as quickly as possible."

Furious, Madden went downtown determined to "put the finger in" Cocoa. From a window of his office at 26 Broadway, he heliographed with an old shaving mirror secret orders to his brokers to sell. Meanwhile Wriothsteyn, in keeping with his agreement, continued to buy openly while Madden was covertly selling. Cocoa closed Thursday night at 144.

The next day was Friday. Wriothsteyn breezily entered the Cocoa Room, as the Exchange was then called, and loudly gave orders to buy all the Cocoa available up to 145. No sooner was this done than he was handed a slip of paper by a messenger reading: "Stick 'em up. O. V. M." Still ignorant of Madden's secret selling, Wriothsteyn kept buying more and more Cocoa. Up it soared to 150 and then to 160.

This was half an hour before noon. The Cocoa Room was a frantic, frenzied mass of distracted men when Madden entered twirling his famous gold-headed cane. At that moment he owned, in Wriothsteyn's name, more than half the cocoa in the country, both in and out of the Department of Agriculture's bins; for since the opening of the market that morning "Betcha-neekle" had bought over 60,000,000 pods. Madden was happy. He was making financial history.

"Well, fellows," he jeered at his milling rivals, "am I a cocoa brokoa or am I not a cocoa brokoa?"

At that the market broke. Within fifteen minutes Cocoa fell from 160 to 16. Ten minutes later it was back again to 160. Five minutes after that it had swooped to 16. Then back to 160. Then down to 16. Up and down it went, up-down, up-down, 160-16, 16-160, for a space of nearly two hours until the silk-hatted plungers grovelled on the floor and barked like dogs. At 2:35, word came that the Department of Agriculture would sell 50,000,000 pods the next day.

The Maddens were Swiss Jews who came from Lucerne early in the last century to establish themselves in New York as *matzoth* toasters. The family name was originally Martin. *Poivre* Martin, the St. Louis third baseman, was a cousin of Madden.

Since the recent recession of stock values, he has resigned from all the many clubs and organizations of which he was once a member, save only the Honorable Artillery Company.

The End.

Gift horse for the Grand National

(Continued from page 58)

Tamasha's going to interfere with . . . he *has!*"

Tamasha bored deep into the fence at Becher's, but got through in a flurry of flying gorse and fir. Behind him Solanum was thrown out of his stride so that he over-jumped and pitched on his head and his hindquarters came over in a flinging arc. Easter Hero was blocked by the fallen horse, he ducked and twisted like a cat, slid to his knees, and shed his jockey. Then he got up and went on again, but not until he'd bumped Ballasport, and made Ballasport's jockey lose a stirrup—leather, iron, and all. And close to the inside rail Gregalach, Great Span, Drintyre and Grakle went on ahead without anything to worry about except maybe Tamasha, running loose in the lead.

They came thundering down toward the Canal for the second time, but now there were only twenty horses left, and the jockey on every one of those twenty horses was wondering what Tamasha was going to do, whether he would refuse and run across the course and spill the whole field. He didn't—he jumped way on the outside and fell and that nightmare was over.

Gregalach was ahead when he took off, and he jumped perfectly, but Moloney was still holding on by the reins and letting the horse tow him over, which is always tiring for a

(*Continued on page 61*)

The theatre

(Continued from page 42)

indicated its sociological wisdom in a sober and gravely spoken line attesting to the fact that the current breadlines were full of men with university degrees, its quality of humor in a line delivered by one of the male characters to the effect that, though he had heard of the degree A.B., the only one he knew was S.O.B., and its calibre of sentiment in a sigh about the beauty of sunsets. As for the main body of the rural masterpiece, it concerned a pampered Park Avenue society darling who learned about love by going over to a Tenth Avenue dive.

ADD MR. MARQUIS.—It is a rare littérateur who at one or another time in his life does not write—or at least does not think of writing—a play about Christ. The exceptions either write, or think of writing, a play about Judas. The Christ plays either follow the Biblical account literally, though customarily with a minimum of the Bible's poetry, in which event they are designed for the church trade on a pious bender, or they convert the Biblical tale into a series of ancient sporting-house scenes and chariot races, interrupted periodically by the incursion of an awesome symbolic spotlight, in which event they are designed for patrons of the circus who have nowhere to go during the Winter months. When they do not follow the one or the other of these patterns, they concern themselves with characters pseudonymously representing the Saviour who spread humility and faith among a diversity of loafers who have been bickering with their souls for a couple of hours, causing them to exit at the end of the show wreathed in supernal and presumably very holy grins—the actors playing the innominate Saviour rôle gifted with so great a *vox humana* elocutionary power that they succeed in moving themselves to tears, or with such rhetorical loveliness as, "Last night, Anchovius, I beheld a vision. At my feet was a great throng, young men and old—I saw them all before me. Then a great Book appeared and an angel said to me, 'Take, read boldly to the multitude, for here is the truth!' And I asked, 'How shall I read with lips that know no good, with hardened heart? How shall I hold the Book with hands defiled and sinful as mine own?' And the angel spoke, 'Read openly!' And I drew away and cried, 'Who shall sustain me? I am unworthy—weak!' And then there came a Voice, sweet and powerful as though it came from the skies, and it said, 'Thine be the power, Sardinius, thine be the power!' I heard that, Anchovius! 'Thine be the power!' it said!" (*He is greatly affected.*)

The Judas plays usually depict Judas not as the rapscallion of legend but as a much maligned gentleman who sought to save Jesus from His enemies and who cleverly used the thirty pieces of silver, duly marked for subsequent identification, as incriminating evidence against the religious racketeers of the epoch. Pilate is generally indistinguishable from Mr. Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo.

Some time ago, Don Marquis, otherwise a humorist and a good one, duly joined the ranks and wrote and published in book form his Christ play called *The Dark Hours*. It was recently taken off the library shelf and produced in the theatre. Mr. Marquis elected to follow Route No. 1 and to confect his play directly after the Biblical model. In book form, it has much of the impressiveness that almost arbitrarily attaches to its subject matter, though why any one should wish to try to rewrite what cannot in the original be improved upon, I don't happen to be one to know. But, in the theatre, it was discrepant and excessively depressing fare.

BETTER THAN MOST.—S. N. Behrman's *Biography*, delightfully performed by Ina Claire, Earle Larimore and a generally competent company, ranks considerably above the average comedy, though considerably below its author's *The Second Man* and *Brief Moment*. It contains a measure of the sharply perceptive writing that has come to be associated with the talented Behrman's name, but it also suffers, unfortunately, from Behrman's periodic inability to make his dialogue hug tightly his direct drama. Yet, as has been noted, it is on the whole superior to the mass of present-day American theatrical confectionery.

Marseilles

(Continued from page 33)

burg. Not far off, at the Taverne de Verdun, how often have I eaten wolf grilled over a fire of vine branches, or red mullet, with yellow eyes, before setting out for distant countries—my last good French meal before contracting a diseased liver. Pascal, Isnard, renowned for their bouillabaisse—these great names are passwords. From the Cannebière, where hemp was formerly corded, one can see the aerials of the pleasure yachts and the delicate riggings of the stars of the Société Nautique. Amongst this population which wakes up at the Pernod or cocktail hour, I look in vain for the Norman or Angevin or Goth types who shed so much Nordic blue blood here; the blood of the South has consumed everything.

Proud of its liberties, this Mediterranean Chicago, the distant lair of the Levantine mob, in revolt against the Republic of Paris as it was in revolt against the Kings of Anjou, the Counts of Provence, against Louis XIV and his bewigged intendants, as it was in revolt even as far back as Gaulish times—Marseilles has always played whatever was the most theatrical part in the history of France. Thus, after the victory of Valmy, which liberated the territory of the new French Republic in 1792, a delegation of patriots from Marseilles arrived belatedly on the battlefield. They did not carry guns; they carried a song, and that song was the "Marseillaise".

Florida

(Continued from page 45)

sal scheme, others became interested. He went to work draining swamps, building hills, arranging twenty miles of artificial lakes,—and the price of lots went soaring. His grandiose vision had utterly enthralled the imaginative powers of those in Florida; now it began to enthrall the speculative powers of those all through America. Other prospectors, more earthly than he, copied his enterprise: one D. P. Davis bought 1,500 acres of swamp land near St. Augustine, and in three months, before he had really begun to "reclaim" it, he sold $50,000,000 worth of lots! But everyone knows such stories: how for example the industrial activity of Miami increased 700% in one year . . . how land rose far beyond prices on which any commercial return was possible . . . soaring up and up, until the hysteria completely ignored reality, and went to pieces, while a hurricane finished it off. . . .

Two million citizens came to Florida in 1925: in 1926 the armies departed. Gold disappeared from it almost as fast as it disappeared from New York, when the French started a run last July; but whereas the latter gold now reposes in the Bank of France, the former reposes in some unknown ocean. The front pages no longer reveal the latest glories or absurdities of the State; but it fills the produce markets, and its grapefruits tumble into our lap. Florida, wistfully looking back to a great past, confidently looking forward to a sober future, and never poor so long as it has its sun and sea, is still America's idyll.

The screen

(Continued from page 48)

the camera and oh'ing and ah'ing in a cultured Bryn Mawr monotone; she over-acts in scenes much too subtle for ordinary movie treatment, and she does not give Mr. Howard the support he deserves.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Gargan did the play for several months before the footlights and they hardly could be improved upon. One of those English actors unheard of in England, Mr. Howard has charm, and an adroit wit which seemingly is infallible on stage or screen; and the Mr. Gargan who is his prize-fighting butler is as engaging an actor as we have seen in many months.

I assure you that *The Animal Kingdom* has been given the best of care, and that, as a result, it is a splendid picture, well worth your time. I advise you that *Cynara*, equally as good a production, has been translated with equal care.

Yet, as a customer, it probably is difficult to make out from the press ballyhoo which are the sheep and which are the goats in movie theatres. The only general rule I can give you is that where you find the most noise, such as that accompanying any announcement of *Rasputin and the Empress*, *The Kid from Spain*, or *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, you can be sure the boys know they have a lemon and are trying to palm it off on the public.

London can take it

(Continued from page 50)

among apartments with such amenities.

For the greater part of the post war period, London has had a shortage of office, as well as residential, accommodation. New office buildings have been constructed, but the really big ones of ten to twelve stories (the maximum height permitted in London) can be counted on the fingers of two hands, rather than in hundreds. The result is that a building such as Bush House, where I have my office, is still somewhat of a show place because it contains such novelties as a barber shop, a restaurant, a postoffice, a drug store, cable offices and tobacco kiosks—all under one roof! And despite the fact that by London standards its rents are high, it is about 80 percent rented, the occupied portion including all the higher priced accommodation.

Since the war, London has scarcely maintained anything which really could be called a night life. The theatres and movies close at eleven-ish, and the sale of alcohol stops at the same time (except under certain conditions at occasional hotels and restaurants, where it may go on until midnight—or, very occasionally, until two A.M.). There is no nonsense about these closing hours. Five minutes before closing time the barkeeps in the "pubs" begin their chant of "Time, gentlemen, please!" And when the pub clock strikes eleven (it generally is about two minutes fast, but the publican likes to be on the safe side), that pub closes with the celerity and finality of a bank vault.

From noon to midnight, however, theatres, hotels and restaurants have continued to do remarkably well. It doubtless is the fact that many Londoners who used to live in Mayfair and patronize the Savoy or the Ritz, now have "digs" in Bloomsbury and are more interested in the relative merits of poached eggs on toast at Lyons' or the A.B.C. But there are others who somehow or other contrive to make—or at least to possess—money. The depreciated exchange value of the pound has not only diverted to London quite a number of American visitors who used to go to the Continent, but has for the first time in ten years brought thousands of Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians, Dutchmen, and Swiss, to whom London prices, translated into those currencies still linked to gold, seem excessively low. I also have observed a certain fatalistic tendency on the part of a good many middle class people who either have lost money, or have been frightened by hearing of the losses of others, who now are making a mild approach to the "eat, drink and be merry" principle; and who are spending—buying new motorcars, new clothes, patronizing more expensive restaurants, going more often to the theatre—where previously they saved and invested.

Of course it would be futile to draw from these superficial indications the conclusion that all is well with England. It isn't—not by a long shot. England is suffering from all the old troubles, and many new and enlarged ones, imported at great expense. The point is that only a minority of Englishmen really think the country is going to the dogs, or behave as though they thought so. For a good many centuries there have always somehow been cakes and ale. In his heart your average Englishman doesn't believe that the substitution of Lenin for Nelson on the column in Trafalgar Square would close up the "pubs." Or that, in a Fascist as opposed to a Communist revolution, anything stronger than Eno's Fruit Salt would be utilized in place of Mussolini's castor oil!

Gift horse for the Grand National

(Continued from page 59)

horse; and when Gregalach went wide on landing, that let the others gain.

"Moloney's tiring Gregalach," said the Gunner very calmly. "It's Grakle's race, I think. He's going better than Drintyre."

". . . Ballasport's going up, going up . . . what a ride that boy's giving him with only one stirrup!" The Gunner had forgotten about being calm, and was very excited. "He'll never catch 'em, he's . . . Drintyre, *Drintyre's beat!* . . . he refused. . . . It's Grakle's race . . . Ballasport's down, fell at the last fence . . . it's all Grakle, Gregalach's done. . . . No, by God! Gregalach's coming up, coming up, they're level, side by side . . . Moloney's using his whip . . . no, he can't do it. Gregalach's beat . . . he's dropped back. . . . It's Grakle's race."

After a while the numbers went up on the board opposite us and told what horse was first and what second, and that Annandale the 100-1 shot had come in third after Ballasport had fallen. The Gunner Officer looked at the numbers for a long time, and then he shook his head and folded up his racing glasses and put them away.

"A gift horse in the mouth," he said very softly, and tore into small pieces his ticket on Gregalach.

So the good jockey on the good horse beat the not very good jockey on the horse that some of us will always think is one of the best that has ever run at Aintree. And Grakle made a great jockey out of Lyall because before the race you never heard much about Lyall and afterwards everyone was saying what a fine jockey he was. But you can't say that Moloney proved the old Aintree saying about no bad jockey winning the Grand National even if he had the best horse, because if Gregalach had been fitter, as fit as he was the year he won, he might have beaten Grakle in spite of the bad ride he got, and then a jockey who was bad would have won the Grand National. . . .

Europe from Lausanne to Washington

(Continued from page 15)

ing to pay; (3) that the solid front established at Lausanne cannot yet be maintained against a solid American front; but (4), that the United States Congress does not understand world politics or economic facts.

The facts, as it happens, are pretty much against the theory that Europe can transfer into the United States Treasury $270,000,000 a year against the currents of trade. These facts have nothing to do with taxation or armament, with good will or bad faith. For the last fourteen years, the United States has had a large "active" trade balance with Europe; that is to say, we have sold to Europe much more than we have bought from Europe. Even during the last four years, when we have curtailed foreign lendings and when prices have fallen, the figures have still been heavily in our favor, as the following Department of Commerce data indicate:

United States "Active" Trade Balance With the European Continent

1929	$1,008,000,000
1930	930,000,000
1931	547,000,000
1932 (9 mos.)	277,000,000

While other items in the balance of payments have hitherto served to correct the trade balance, to effect intergovernmental payments at this time is as difficult as it is to row against a heavy current.

As international debts must be paid in goods or services, it is obvious that during a great trade recession like the present, we must accept either more goods and more services, reduce our own exports, or reduce the debt. All other economic discussion of the issue is unrealistic. It does not matter that the British Treasury has received nearly two billion dollars more, on account of overseas financial operations connected with the war, than it has paid to the American Treasury. It does not matter that France has the largest gold reserve per capita in the world or that the victorious Allies got the German colonies. It does not even matter that Great Britain is now going through the painful process of adjusting a champagne appetite to a beer income, or that France has a moral right to expect a large excess of reparations over debt payments, if she is to pay the cost of reconstructing her devastated areas. The sole economic question involved is: Can the European debtors, out of their world trade in relation to the United States, now finance the present schedule of debt payments? The answer is that they cannot do so.

From the political point of view the question is even simpler: Can the United States afford to let the debt settlements become the basis of European union? The answer is already suggested by the reluctance of the League Assembly to condemn Japan and the shift of British and French policy towards acceptance of the *fait accompli* in Manchuria. Our Far Eastern policy would be difficult to maintain in the face of a European continent alienated from us by a squabble over debt payments.

Under the circumstances, there is only one prudent course for us to follow: to try to prevent the reconstitution of the solid front of Lausanne by being as supple, reasonable, conciliatory and obliging as possible to our individual debtors; to reestablish some debt revision agency and to negotiate new settlements based on what each debtor can actually pay, with provision for some form of transfer protection which will take the sting out of the fact that the present system is now threatening to destroy foreign currencies. The British have proposed that current payments be credited against the principal of the debt. Another reasonable proposal is that we should credit all past payments against principal, waive future interest payments pending world recovery, and collect the principal of the debt only, at the rate provided in the existing debt agreements. This would scale down all payments to extremely modest proportions. Under such a régime, the 1931-32 annuity would have been reduced from $270,000,000 to about $70,000,000. This could be done without revising a single agreement and would give substantial relief to our major debtor, Great Britain, on the basis of equality of treatment to all debtors. Another sound proposal is to use debt revision as a "blue chip" in the big strip-poker game of world politics to which we are committed in Europe, South America and Asia, not by Congress, but by our trade, our investments and our ambitions. Either way involves a supple avoidance of the stand-pat policy hitherto followed.

Naturally, in its present mood neither Congress nor public opinion realizes the true state of affairs; namely, that the Europeans established and maintained for nearly six months a solid anti-American front. At the moment, England's heroic effort to preserve her credit and keep her word has broken that solid front. If our future policy is stubborn and unrealistic we can easily reconstruct it in the form of an active and dangerous European union against us, in which case the debts will be the most expensive investment any nation has ever made.

The gliding chancellor

(Continued from page 16)

Sancho Panza foolishness and jingoistic excesses while military attaché at the German Embassy in Washington during the war. Britain was equally annoyed and publicly wondered whether the United States would take umbrage at the appointment as Chancellor of a man who had been shipped off from America, stigmatized as a spy and a meddler.

In his half-century of life, von Schleicher has played a waiting game. He played it during the war as an obedient member of the truckling general staff which Bismarckian tradition demanded. He played it afterward, when as chief of the Free Corps which later became the *Reichswehr*, he turned a deaf ear to the respective pleas of Kapp and Ludendorff and Hitler to join in violent movements to overthrow the hated bureaucrats and money-wasting Socialists who held power in Berlin. He waited in a different sense just at the close of the World War when he stood steadfast beneath his proud "Pickelhaube" against von Hindenburg and Ludendorff and refused to hand the German army over to the Bolshevists who were overrunning Berlin. He put down that Red Revolt after uttering a crashing "No" to the demands for surrender, and then sat back to wait again, in calm silence, until Germany's fling at democracy should be hoist by its own petard.

Future historians will have little to write concerning von Schleicher's early life. It was a regular page from the Junkers handbook. The "von" in his father's name obliged him to choose the government or the army and he picked the latter, entered military school at the age of twelve and six years later joined the famous Third Regiment of Footguards as a lieutenant. It was this regiment that von Hindenburg once commanded and in which the President's son also served.

Now the two officers are together again in the Wilhelmstrasse, with the positions somewhat reversed. Dictatorial authority (as provided for in the German constitution when political parties become so irreconcilable as to fail of any majority in the Reichstag) becomes guesswork in the hands of an 85-year-old man long out of touch with the world. Von Hindenburg is rightly revered as a staunch oak, but he would be the last to deny that he is under the influence of ambitious advisers. It was Ludendorff who persuaded von Hindenburg to dismiss von Bethmann-Hollweg many years ago. It was von Tirpitz who induced the reluctant Field Marshal, ready for quiet and peace after a life of duty, to accept the presidency. Today it is von Schleicher who does all the advising.

Faithful to whatever task he is given, loyal, smiling, never tiring, blessed with an uncanny ability as arbitrator, full of charm and with a great fund of smoking car stories, a born psychologist, able to obtain pledges of non-violence from the volatile Hitler, capable of lunching with the Crown Prince one day and of drawing up a program satisfactory to the Communists the next, von Schleicher is the real Godsend to a troubled Republic. Perhaps he may also ring the deathknell of that Republic, and be the first to kneel again before the crown.

Mr. Sullivan's times

(Continued from page 39)

was passing out, usually in a corner of the back seat with her hat down over one eye. The Revolt of Youth from the strictures of its forefathers was evidenced by the widespread increase of "bundling,"[7] as well as by the gradual emancipation of woman's apparel, resulting in shorter sleeves, shorter skirts, shorter hours, and the Astor House riots.

In those days an old-fashioned stage-coach line or *barouche* started at the Hudson River (now demolished), ran east on Forty-Second Street (now Broadway) as far as Broadway (now the Bronx), turned south and ran down Fourteenth Street, then turned east and ran down James G. Blaine, who was attempting to cross the street. Blaine was later rebuilt, on the site where the old Irving Place Theater[8] now stands; and it was here that Edwin Booth, the father of Ethel Barrymore, made his first reputation in a melodrama by Clyde Fitch, called "Twelfth Night". To be sure, even the stage of the day reflected these changing times; and perhaps no better example could be found than Booth's famous speech to his aunt at the close of the second act: "Wherefore not, or else what 'tis, 'twas!"[9] At the end of this speech, Booth falls over his sword.

One wonders.

III. THE AMERICAN MIND

MASS PRODUCTION, AND ITS RELATION TO WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. WOMAN SUFFRAGE, THE STORY OF A SMALL INVENTION WHICH LED SAMUEL FINLEY BREEZE MORSE TO EXCLAIM: "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"[10]

"I'd rather have written a nation's songs", declared a humorist of the day,[11] "than to have captured Quebec." And, indeed, the popular ballades of the Turn o' the Century reflect very clearly both in words and text that the whole era was extremely child-like, if not actually crazy.

No study of the period would be complete, unfortunately, without some mention of the popular folk-ballades or "Charley-songs", so called because of the fact that the name "Charley" seldom if ever occurred in them. Most of these songs were written to waltz time, like the well known "Old Dan Tucker He Fell in the Fire"[12] and were used for dancing rather than singing. Probably the most famous "Charley-song" and the one which to some extent seemed to catch the real economic and social trend of the times, was the popular "I Loved Her When She Had It", which was written by the Reverend Dinwoddie L. Simpson of the First Congregational Church in Fall River, Mass. Its lively chorus

"When Casey Jones on a Saturday night
Would walk with his Mollie or Sue,
All dressed up in his Sunday best,
Then O, such things as he'd do,
Such mooning and spooning,
Such billing and cooing,
Such goings-on down by the car-barns!"

immediately swept the country like new brooms, and was sung at the Reverend Simpson's funeral (by request) which occurred a few days later (by request).

IV. "TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO!"

THE END OF A CHAPTER. MARTIN VAN BUREN IN ECLIPSE. THE TWEED RING. "SHOOT IF YOU MUST THIS OLD GREY HEAD!" THE SURRENDER AT GEORGETOWN.

The election of Taft[13] in 1912[14] brought to a close an era of politics that was intensely interesting, if only to Taft. The results of the campaign that year were a complete Whig debacle. Stonewall Jackson, campaigning vigorously for his party, had been handicapped seriously by the fact that his campaign speeches frequently became tangled up in his long black beard[15] and emerged either greatly abbreviated, or else completely twisted around and supporting the opposite side. In addition, the Federalists had won control of the Lower House of Congress by 66 votes. As a result, as the era draws to a close, we find that the game of politics has chosen to elevate into the Governorship of New Jersey and into public life a mild-mannered and academic University President (of Princeton) who was destined to control the destinies of two worlds—Theodore Roosevelt.

As "Mr. Dooley"[16] so aptly put it: "R-right or left, my counthry!"

---

[7]These "bundle-parties", as they were called, were a common feature of social life in the '90's, and were usually held in the Rectory, each member of the Sunday School bringing a "bundle" of clothing or foodstuffs for the missionaries in China.

[8]The old Irving Place Theater was torn down the following year to make room for the old Irving Place Theater or, as it was then known, the *new* Irving Place Theater.

[9]Associates of Booth, who have been kind enough to read drafts of this chapter, insist that this line read: "Wherefore not, or *if* what 'tis, 'twas". On the other hand, a Mrs. L. Tichenor of Monmouth Plains, N. J., who claims to have been a very intimate friend of Booth and to have been with him the night he was shot by Lincoln, writes in to say that the line should read: "Wherefore else, or what 'tis not, 'twas not". At a late hour last night, Booth could not be reached to verify this.

[10]Mr. Morse, who read this chapter heading, claims that what he really said into the first telephone was: "What the hell, operator, that number can't be busy, it's a switch-board!"

[11]"Mr. Dooley".

[12]A correspondent, Mr. Breen, recalls that "Old Dan Tucker He Fell in the Fire" was based on an episode of his childhood (Mr. Breen's) when Mamie O'Rourke, then a Bowery queen, quarreled with her husband Mr. Henshaw because he had cut off her leg. Henshaw, according to the story, ran off with a gypsy named Edna, and poor Mamie O'Rourke fell in love with a Yale student named Fred Tucker, a cousin of the Dan Tucker mentioned in the song. The complete words, according to Mr. Breen, go like this:

"Old Dan Tucker he fell in the fire,
'Twas many a long year ago,
When you and I were young, Maggie,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

[13]I mean, of *Wilson*.

[14]You know, sometimes I wonder why I keep putting all these contradictory footnotes down here in fine type that's hard to read, when I could just as well take a little trouble and make the changes up above in the main part of this book. You'd certainly think Scribners would make me correct my galleys, instead of letting me write what practically amounts to a whole new book at the bottom of each page.

[15]Whiskers, sideburns and beards were popular facial adornments of the '90's; and William Lyon Phelps writes me in this connection that when he was a student at Yale several ambitious young men earned their tuition money by raising moustaches and selling them to the undergraduates.

[16]The pen-name of a humorist of the day. His real identity has never been discovered.

The murderer

(Continued from page 38)

was nearly, but not quite true. Her assailant let her go, with no further molestation, and two days later she was able, not without trouble, to find the street, and point out the apartment of the polite choker. The police arrested Peter Kürten.

He was forty-seven years old, but, owing to his skill with powder-puff and rouge, was able to make most women take him for less than thirty. He and his wife were casual labourers, the one who happened to be employed cheerfully supporting the other. Frau Kürten knew nothing of her husband's murderous activities, and was sadly resigned, not only to his weakness for early morning bird-walks, but to his constant philanderings with other women.

Of Kürten's forty-seven years, twenty-one had been spent in prison. He had been sentenced seventeen times for theft, fraud and "brutality". One term, of seven years, from 1913–1921, covered all the period of the War, and shakes Mr. Bolitho's theory that these "mass-murderers" are the result of war or militarism. Far from being a soldier, Kürten had avoided military service by desertion. He had committed arson twenty-two times; and made twenty-three attempts to strangle people, in addition to stabbings, bludgeonings, hammerings and drownings. When he went, for the last time, on trial, he was convicted for nine completed and seven attempted murders. He was blood-thirsty—not in the figurative but in the literal sense. If he was given to cannibalism, the fact does not appear.

Those to whom Kürten's career is unknown will say that the story is incredible, and that if one quarter of it were true, then Kürten was a roaring madman. On the contrary, his memory of his crimes was correct to the minutest detail, and his confessions of all these events were corroborated beyond the shadow of doubt.

He was not tried until nearly a year after his arrest, so the demand of the modern criminologist that such men be studied was fulfilled to the heart's desire. The leading experts of a nation distinguished for the learning of its alienists and psychiatrists kept him under observation for months. They found him sane and responsible.

His crimes, except for one, were all pre-meditated. He did not act under that "uncontrollable impulse" dear to some criminal lawyers and their assistant alienists. Professor Karl Berg testified that Kürten "was master of his own resolutions". He was "all attention at the moment of carrying out the deeds, ready to take cover at the moment of danger". He showed a high degree of intelligence, while the facial characteristics of the criminal (Lombroso's "stigmata") were absent. He acted—in public—like anybody else.

German criminal law is careful and merciful. A strong element of public opinion disapproves of capital punishment. But after all the psychiatrists had finished, after every *Gerichtsmedizinalrat* had had his innings, they were reduced to the expedient of acting with ordinary common sense.

They brought out an ancient guillotine and took off his head.

The gnome nobody knows

(Continued from page 24)

tion and will hurry off to buy something for the Governor's ship collection. He helped work out all the subtle moves by which Roosevelt's infirm legs were kept out of the limelight; he is said to have advised Roosevelt to fly to Chicago to address the convention which nominated him; it was supposed to have been his idea to have Roosevelt and his boys rough it in a yawl up the coast. All good ideas, giving the impression that Roosevelt had not only conquered his long illness, which is true enough, but also that he was, in a well-bred way, a good deal of a two-fisted outdoor man.

For all his ability, and for all his undeniable value to his chief, a great many stories are going around about the midget king-maker which are sheer bunk. Because he exclaims "Mein Gott!" occasionally, he is pictured as a whimsical fellow. Because he received the honorary title of "Colonel" from Governor Laffoon of Kentucky, the press, hoping for God knows what, tries to make the label stick. Because Howe thinks it silly, he is described as a great man of surpassing modesty —as if being one of Ruby Laffoon's Colonels was a whale of an honor. Because he once feebly deprecated the suggestion that he was "Roosevelt's yes man," he is set up as a man of iron. Because he worked on a Saratoga newspaper as a boy, and later for a time as a not very important correspondent for the old New York *Herald*, and was known to have a speaking acquaintance years ago with the late "Boss" Platt, he is referred to admiringly as having an enormous journalistic background, combining the best features of Richard Harding Davis and the early Mark Sullivan. Because he occupied a little office on lower Broadway once as secretary to an organization known as the National Crime Commission, and because he reads detective stories before he goes to sleep, he has been referred to as a great crime expert—not only an expert, but as a thinker with a cure for our crime problems which, believe it or not, probably will be adopted by the new administration to stop all this infernal machine-gunning and racketeering. Because he occasionally gets up enough energy to smile at some reporter's jest, the idea has got around that he has a devilishly sly sense of humor. Tired? All right, but let's try one more: because, years ago, he was heard to telephone a restaurant and order them to have a steak ready for him in twenty minutes, he has been called, by an old friend who heard it, an "epicure."

Thus we have the fantastic creation who is to be the brains of the next administration, a perfectly amazing mixture, with overtones of Colonel House, George Harvey, Harry Daugherty, Machiavelli, Frank Stearns, Mrs. Moskowitz and Talleyrand. He also reminds certain observers, in odd facets of his character, of John the Baptist, St. Augustine, most of the Borgias and Marshal Ney. He is like Napoleon because he signs his letters simply "Howe."

Not to make too many bones about it, old Louis Howe is really a very simple and ordinary sort of fellow. He eats, sleeps and occasionally visits his family at Fall River, Massachusetts. He is no fop, but that fact doesn't make him resemble Abraham Lincoln. He is not a dolt, but there is nothing very remarkable about that. He has picked up a great mass of varied and useful information, but so has Dr. Wilberforce Eames over at the Public Library. All attempts to portray him as a man who conceivably could exert the same sort of influence which Colonel House exerted during the Wilson administration must fail, because Howe is not that sort of person. He and the Colonel are small physically, and neither seeks to push himself before the public, but there the similarity ends. The Colonel looks like a statesman; Howe couldn't pass for a statesman any more than he could pass for a Tammany district leader.

Howe's qualities are simple enough, but rare. Consider his sublime faith in the future of Franklin D. Roosevelt after the campaign of 1920, when Roosevelt, to all except Howe, appeared to be that most thoroughly dead of all political figures—a defeated candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Howe said it was just as well, that Franklin was a young man, and that in a few years the time would be ripe to elect him President. Soon Howe began the voluminous Roosevelt correspondence, which he has kept up to this day. Howe would write a friendly letter to a politician or a business man in a far-off State, and Roosevelt would sign it. It merely may have asked for information, or congratulated the man on something or other, but it formed the basis for what passes in politics as friendship. That is one reason why the people, although they don't exactly love Roosevelt, vote for him in droves and believe that he is a person whose heart is in the right place.

And when the time came to gather delegates, Howe knew that the best man to act as "front" for the Roosevelt campaign was James A. Farley, the big, beaming, handshaking extrovert who is now chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Farley can write more letters than Howe; he can make a roaring speech when he wants to; he has a larger personal acquaintance than Jack Dempsey; he slaps the backs of bankers and farmers; and the Elks never tire of giving dinners in his honor. After the election, powerful Republican strategists called and reviewed the machinery of the Roosevelt campaign, admiringly, wistfully, with the tribute that the team of Howe and Farley had never made a single mistake.

Farley, of course, will be powerful in the new administration, but in all likelihood he and Howe will continue to get along with each other.

Howe is cagey, skeptical and loyal. There are, besides Roosevelt, probably six persons on earth whom he trusts —to whom he would tell everything, including his opinions of people and the low-down on political chicanery. He will have some of these six working for him in Washington. If steadfastness of purpose were all that mattered, it will still be the machine that never makes a mistake.

THEY didn't pass you when your car was bright and new—and you still don't like to be left behind. So just remember this:

The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl.

If you buy a new high-compression car, you'll of course use Ethyl. But if you must make your old car do a while longer, give it Ethyl—and feel lost youth and power come back as harmful knock and sluggishness disappear.

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we can at least make the most of our cars. And even if you don't measure the fun of driving in dollars and cents, you'll find that gasoline *plus* Ethyl makes real money savings in lessened repair bills. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1933

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A.

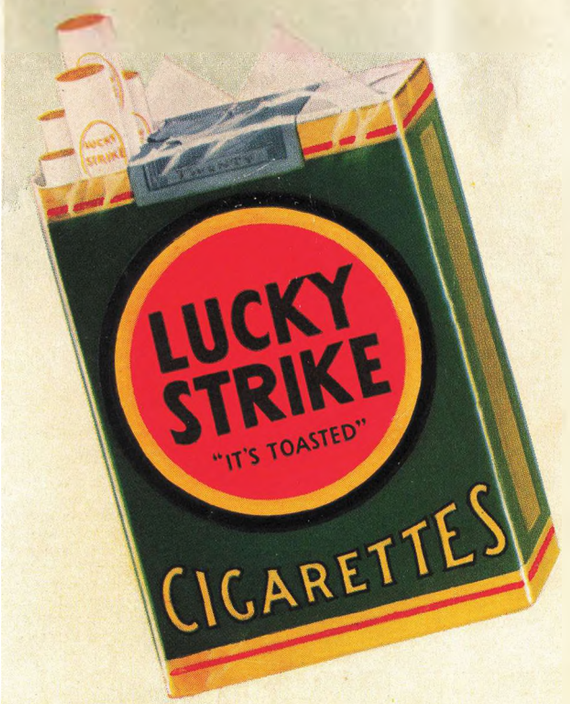
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: first, at the time of its mixing, and second, through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. Ethyl's margin of anti-knock quality over regular gasoline is greater today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP



forever and ever..

"It's toasted"