

Aug. 15, 1931

THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER





A Lullaby Sheet . . . "that gentlier lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes" . . .

When your head is snuggled into the smooth, cool slopes of your pillow and mother has tucked you in with a sheet as soft and light as that little tune she sometimes sings . . . then you know you're going to sleep, no matter how young you are.

Especially on these hot nights the lightness of Wamsutta Percale is a blessing to sleepers of all ages. A full-sized Wamsutta sheet actually weighs seven ounces less than an ordinary one. And it is just this surprising difference in weight that has decided many great hotels to make up all their beds with Wamsutta, knowing that they will save nearly three cents on the laundry bill every time a pair of Wamsutta sheets is washed and ironed.

This fact — and because they are so deliciously, sleepily comfortable — has sold more Wamsutta Percale sheets than any two other reasons we have ever discovered.

The exquisite pastel colors in which both solid-color and wide-hemmed Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases are being shown have been selected to harmonize most effectively with the equally beautiful and luxurious North Star Blankets.

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W A M S U T T A

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and Poplin. Made by one of the
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WILSON BROTHERS, of Chicago.

Shirts, \$1.95 Shorts, \$1
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FINE LIVING

...à la carte

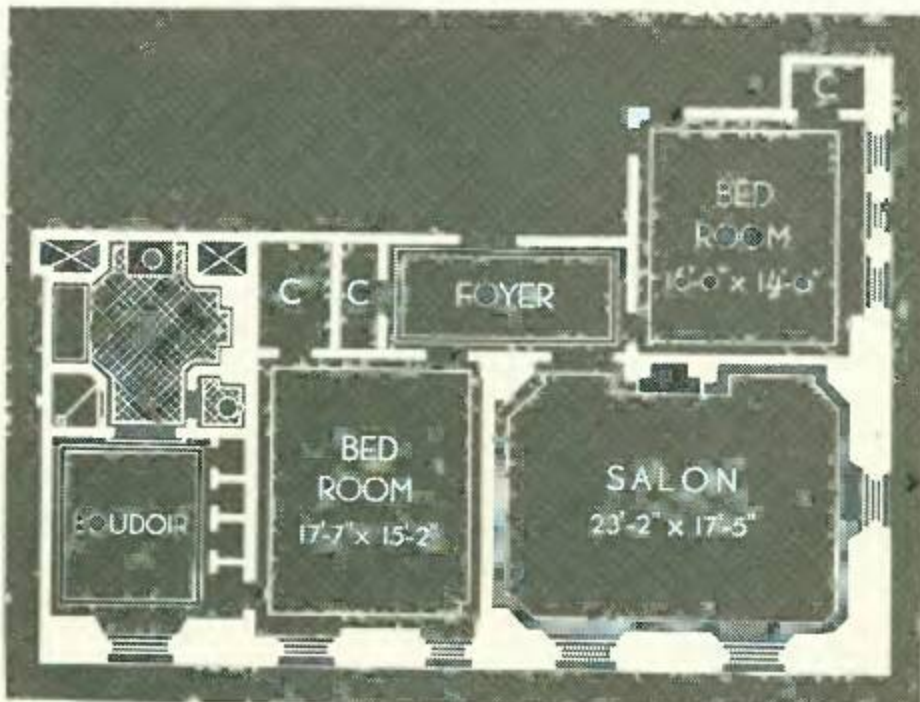
Three floors of beautifully furnished town-house apartments at the new Waldorf-Astoria may now be pre-viewed. They present a series of private homes, each done by a world-famous decorator, each the utmost in chic. Privacy is assured by foyer entrances, sound-proof walls and other modern innovations. Tower apartments have the further privacy of separate motor entrance, elevators, concierge bureau. Smart town-house living may be enjoyed here *à la carte*: that is, as you please, and when you please. A lease if you prefer; or arrangement terminable at will. Rentals in scale with prevailing ideas about economy. Opening October 1, 1931. Park to Lexington... 49th to 50th. Information office corner Park and 50th, ELdorado 5-3000. Photographs taken in the Waldorf-Astoria by F. M. Demarest.



Living room in French green with gold brocades and notes of vermilion. Antique chateau fireplace, and antique French furniture.



Bedroom in cream and green. Boudoir (below) in cream over sienna with chaise longue, and a wall full of mirrors and closets. Bath-dressing-room, adjoining, in black marble and cream.



Three-room apartment in The Waldorf-Astoria executed in eighteenth century French taste by Jacques Bodart, Inc.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell, and never lovelier, in a play about Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett, his daughter, Elizabeth, and a certain Mr. Robert Browning, who wrote. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. No performances Sats.)

GRAND HOTEL—Thirty-six hours in a Berlin hotel, showing cross-sections of the lives of six or eight people. Absorbingly interesting. Eugénie Leontovich, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, Sam Jaffe, and Albert Van Dekker. (National, 41, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful and moving play, giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. (Mansfield, 47, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A very funny, and very bitter, assault on Hollywood and its methods, with Hugh O'Connell. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

PRECEDENT—A serious and decidedly effective presentation of the Mooney-Billings case, worth seeing. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Madge Kennedy and Donald Brian make this a different type of comedy from that of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, but very pleasant in a rather more tangible way. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BAND WAGON—A beautiful show, fashioned by expert hands, containing much of the best stuff in town (with only occasional lapses), to say nothing of Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, and Helen Broderick. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

CILBERT AND SULLIVAN—Milton Aborn's revival of "Ruddigore," with Sarah Edwards, Craig Campbell, and Herbert Waterous, will be presented through Sat., Aug. 22. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

SHOOT THE WORKS!—A sprawling show that has some things worth seeing. Sponsored by the inept but valiant Mr. Brown. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:45 P.M.)

THIRD LITTLE SHOW—Beatrice Lillie in elegant form, in a neat, tasty, and for the most part excellent revue, with Ernest Truex, Carl Randall, and Walter O'Keefe assisting in good shape. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1931—We had thought that the new-fashioned revues had put Mr. Ziegfeld out of the running, but we may have to wait a few years yet. Here are beauty, enough comedy, excellent dancing. No score to speak of. Helen Morgan, Ruth Etting, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Albert Carroll, and Hal Le-

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Roy are in it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

VAUDEVILLE—Lou Holtz, Lyda Roberti, William Gaxton, Kate Smith, and Lew Pollack will be at the Palace Fri., Aug. 14, and will probably be held over for the week following. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Dinner dancing in the restaurant; strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO ROOF, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Entertainment by Murphy and Johnson, and Frances Maddux.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—The highest spot in town for dinner and supper dancing. Music by the Continentals.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, with dancing by Caperton and Vernon. Open for dinner and supper. Must dress.

MORE ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 4-8100), overlooking the harbor, with

Will Osborne's orchestra. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000), for Rudy Vallée addicts. . . . Some others (apt to be full of out-of-towners): Astor Roof, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; and Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55. . . . Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42, aren't roofs, but are cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—If you must have it, even in midsummer: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572); and Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580); both have noisy, rough, but fairly entertaining revues, and no cover charge, for dinner and supper.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Village Barn, 52 W. 8.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(About an hour or more from Times Square, and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Outdoor dining and dancing in pleasant surroundings.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway (City Island 8-1763)—A big open-air place for dinner, supper, and dancing, with a revue at 9 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Music by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd., near Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 5-2298)—With Texas Guinan providing the entertainment.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), noted for its excellent (and expensive) cuisine.

Coney Island tourists in search of sea food might try: Feltmans' Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Sometimes fine, sometimes disappointing, this film of the Dreiser novel should not be missed. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 9 P.M.)

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN—A Viennese operetta (in German) with comedy, a good supply of charm, and music by the composer of "Zwei Herzen." (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT—Chevalier, still in good humor, with Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert, all under the pi-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

(Continued on page 4)



Photographic reproduction of a chart showing the steep angle of climb in a Pitcairn Autogiro under various wind conditions compared with an airplane of equal power

IT TAKES YOU UP — IT BRINGS YOU DOWN

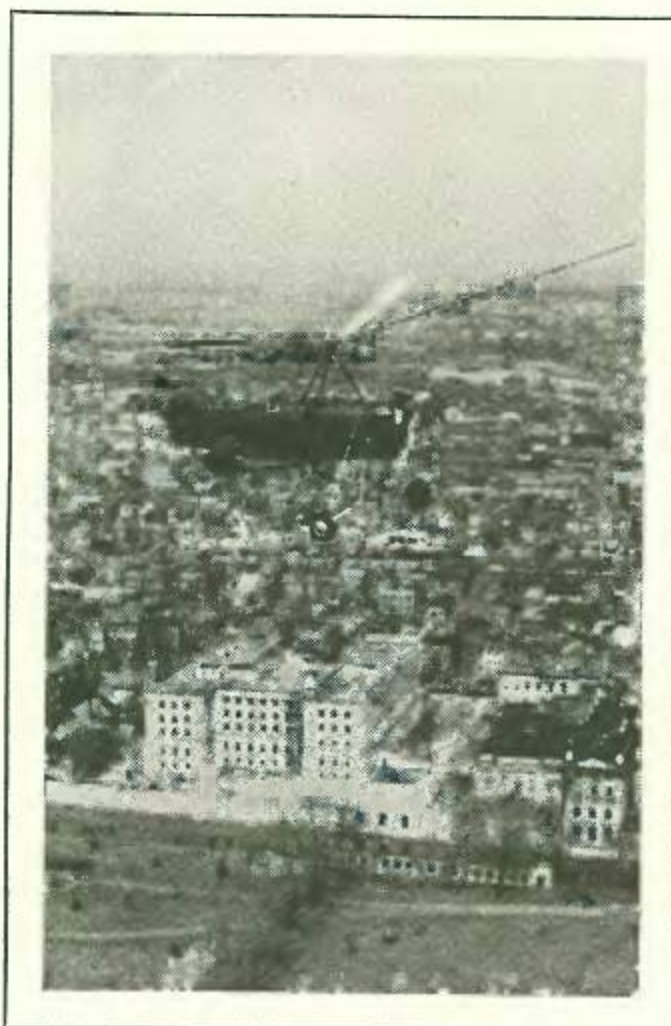
It will not let you lose CONTROL

People instinctively dislike any situation where there is only one way out. We want an opportunity for choice, an alternative, even if we do not use it. In the Pitcairn Autogiro the public is now offered a type of aircraft that substitutes choice for necessity and an alternative for the inevitable.

For instance on take-off there may be obstacles in the field or around it. Aside from its unusually steep angle of climb, a Pitcairn Autogiro offers two alternate ways to safety. It can turn sharply, close to the ground even at low speed. Best of all, either with the engine running or if it fails, the speed of the craft can be checked in mid-air, and it can be set down in security upon the ground in its own unusual way.

Heretofore the pilot has had no choice but to fly fast—fast enough to keep the craft aloft. Loss of flying speed meant the inevitable stall and consequent tail-spin. The Pitcairn Autogiro can not stall as the airplane does. Its supporting blades are independent of the engine. They are rotated by natural forces alone and must support the craft as long as it is in the air.

Fly slow in a Pitcairn Autogiro if you wish. The most that can happen is to start a slow descent toward the earth,



Advantages—Steep angle of climb—short radius of turn—can not go into a tail-spin—takes off at low speed—lands in a glide like an airplane at low speed, or can land vertically with little or no ground roll—descends slower than a man in a parachute—flies fast, slow, or hovers momentarily—easy to learn to fly, its characteristics make it the aircraft for the private owner-flyer.

PITCAIRN AUTOGIRO

with the craft under full control either to continue its descent or resume its flight at the pilot's wish. In landing with its normal glide, the Pitcairn Autogiro runs only a few yards along the ground after reaching earth. If occasion requires, it can come down straight to land with no forward speed.

Its characteristics do more than offer a choice of flying conditions. They reduce the time required to learn to fly. Because less skill is needed to fly a Pitcairn Autogiro, sufficient instruction is supplied, included in the purchase price of your craft.

Many country estates offer room to land and take off again. Your destination may be a country club, polo field or any place where there is sufficient space to meet the Autogiro's small requirements. You choose your destination according to your wishes, and not according to the demands formerly imposed by your craft.

Choose either the 300 h. p. three-place or 125 h. p. two-place model. Both give you the advantages of a craft that not only takes you up and brings you down, but offers a choice of ways to keep control. Write for the new book, "It Lands In The Length Of Its Own Shadow."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 22. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

lotage of Ernst Lubitsch, and all evidently liking it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE STAR WITNESS—What happens to good respectable people when they get in the way of big gangsters. A crude but exciting melodrama. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; performances continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

SVENGALI—John Barrymore in the Du Maurier story of Trilby and the Quartier Latin. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 15-18; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (Europa, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWSREEL THEATRES—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Le Million," René Clair's latest French film, with many laughs; "Smart Money," the underworld again, and very entertaining, with Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney; "Tabu," a beautiful silent film of natives and South Sea Islands.

ART

ARMOR—A fine loan exhibition of arms and armor: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY—Good examples of the leading American and French painters in an active museum: Gallery of Living Art, New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

FRENCH—A summer show of French and Americans, some of the former very good: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

INTERIORS—An annual show of what to put in the home if you have a budget and that sort of taste: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. 7 to 9 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL—The third of J. B. Neumann's "Little International Exhibitions": New Art Circle, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MIXED—Drawings and water colors by Americans and French, including Sterne, Picasso, Dufy, Foujita, and Laurencin: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MODERN—The Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of the L. P. Bliss Collection—Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Seurat, Pi-

casso, Renoir, Degas, and many other French. Also, works by Arthur B. Davies: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

RETROSPECTIVE—Summer show of examples by the group usually shown in this little gallery: G.R.D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. An all-Wagner program, with soloists, will be presented Sat. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 15 and 16. The Verdi "Requiem" will be played Tues. and Wed. Eves., Aug. 18 and 19; Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Last concerts of season: Fri. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 14 and 16, on Central Park Mall. . . . Sat. Eve., Aug. 15, on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take Jerome Ave. subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

ON THE AIR

STADIUM CONCERTS—Part of program only. Coates conducting: Fri. Eve., Aug. 14, at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 15 and 16, at 9:30; over WABC.

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-piano music: Sun. Eve., Aug. 16, at 7:15, over WABC.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—Act III, Furtwängler conducting, broadcast from the Wagner Festival in Bayreuth, Germany: Tues. Aft., Aug. 18, at 4, over WEAF.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Baritone soloist, in Maxwell House Hour: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 20, at 9:30, over WJZ.

RACING—Broadcast from Saratoga: Alabama Stakes, Fri. Aft., Aug. 14, at 4:15; Kenner Stakes, Tues. Aft., Aug. 18, at 4:15; over WABC.

CAPT. FRANK HAWKS—To be interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Aug. 19, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri., Aug. 14; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat. through Tues., Aug. 15-18; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 19-22. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Yankee Stadium: Jimmie McLarnin vs. Billy Petrolle, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 20; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

HORSE SHOWS—Newport Horse Show, Newport, R.I., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 14

and 15. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 15. . . . Montauk Horse Show, Montauk, L.I., Tues. and Wed., Aug. 18 and 19.

POLO—Santa Paula (Harrington, José Reynal, Juan Reynal, and Andrada) vs. Roslyn (Talbot, Smith, Williams, and Rathborne): Rye Turf & Polo Club, Rye, N. Y., Sat. Aft., Aug. 15, at 4. . . . High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft., at 4.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Train leaves Grand Central at 9:45 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACES—Annual Gold Cup Regatta, Montauk Harbor, Montauk, L.I., Sat., Aug. 15. . . . National Sweepstakes, on the Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 22 and 23.

TENNIS—Women's National Championships, Singles and Doubles, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., Mon. through Sat. Afts., Aug. 17-22. See daily papers for starting times of matches. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 12:27, 12:55, 1:08, 1:33, 2:07, and 2:27 P.M.) . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 17-22.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise: Newport to Vineyard Haven, Fri., Aug. 14; Vineyard Haven to Provincetown, Sat., Aug. 15; Provincetown to Marblehead, Mon., Aug. 17; Puritan Cup Race, Tues., Aug. 18; Marblehead to Buzzards Bay, Wed., Aug. 19; Buzzards Bay to Newport, Thurs., Aug. 20; Astor Cup Race, Fri., Aug. 21; King's Cup Race, Sat., Aug. 22. . . . Races on Long Island Sound: Port Washington Y.C., Sat. Aft., Aug. 15; New York Athletic Club Y.C., Travers Island, Sat. Aft., Aug. 22.

NOTE—Some conveniently located swimming pools in Manhattan are: Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 10:45 P.M.); Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight); and Barbizon, Lexington at 63, for women only (open until 10 P.M.). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) may be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta.





FOR GOING ON BOARD a yacht, a ship, or whatever you take to where you're going—this Franklin hand-knitted suit—in black and citron yellow, with a close-wrapped hat to match its skirt and a bouclé bag that completes the coat.



TWO OF THE NEW Franklin sweaters... hand-knitted, of course... a tuck-in shirt in soft white wool, a bouclé blouse with its scarf and bag in French Colonial colors.

Cup Race Days, when all the yachting waterways lead to Newport, are the signal for the first Fall clothes. And there will be many Franklin hand-knitted suits among them, since nothing more perfect for cruising weather was ever yet invented!

In tweed mixtures, in clear, plain colors for days on dock—the slender, decisive lines of bouclé suits seem to belong with a boat. And through sun and fog—

through packing and unpacking, going aboard and coming ashore they keep that well groomed look.

We are showing the new collection now—and this year we will open a new department—Franklin Sports Clothes... topcoats, sports dresses, sports accessories, as individual as Franklin knitted things, exclusive with Mrs. Franklin, shown only in the Franklin shops—a custom service in clothes you can choose today and start off in tomorrow!

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Behind

**OUR CHILLY COOLING COILS, WE'VE A WELCOME
AS WARM AS THE WEATHER**

The cold facts are that we are pulling a party down at 39 West 45th Street to celebrate the frosty Fifteenth Birthday of Frigidaire and we'd be awfully set up to have you come in and share in the refined riot....

★ Drop everything and run around!... For we're going to let you in on some secrets... we're going to throw a surprise with a capital "S"!... We're

going to show you, right out in the open, the reasons why Frigidaire is by far the most popular electric refrigerator in the World!... And believe us, the reasons are interesting and more than many!... If you care anything at all about food and health and economy and a good-looking kitchen you'll have the time of your young life at this party.... Don't miss it Mrs.!

FRIGIDAIRE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

39 WEST 45TH ST., NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY now and then we run across an announcement so staggering to our reason that we have to go off somewhere and lie down for a week. One such item was a proposal to grow edelweiss on top of the Empire State Building, and another had to do with a man who is building a pyramid somewhere in Arkansas and intends to seal up in it all the more complicated manifestations of this civilization: an airplane, a radio, a moving-picture camera, so on. He thinks this will help people ten thousand years from now: they won't have to invent everything all over again. We had just about got straightened out after those two, when the office-boy came in with a letter from the Capitol Theatre outfit.



Do you know what *they*'re doing now? They have something called a Moto-graph on top of the theatre and every night, in moving electric letters twelve feet high, they're printing a name they pick out of the telephone book. Just any name. The first one they run across. "Imagine," says the letter, "a whole family of Goldbergs and their friends coming down from the Bronx to see their name flashing in the Capitol sign." We have tried to. We have tried to imagine the strange, arbitrary glory of seeing one's name printed in fiery letters twelve feet high on top of the Capitol Theatre, but it's no good. Just gets our head to spinning. Items like that have one advantage, though: they have helped us to

identify 1931. It is the Year of the Great Madness.

NO possible significance can be ascribed to the accident that, in the Manhattan telephone directory, the In-



ternatl Artists Assn is right next to the Internatl Ash Can Wks. Yet it indicates only too clearly what can come to pass in a democracy. With the hope that neither line (WI sconsn 7-4646 or LE xingtn 2-9777) ever gets too busy, we shall leave the whole nasty affair with the reader.

DR. ALES HRDLICKA, who is curator of anthropology at the National Museum in Washington and who may just be trying to be funny, says that the future American is going to look like Congressman Robert Low Bacon of New York—"a former Harvard crew man, tall, with broad shoulders, and light hair." By an inscrutable quirk of fate our office looks down on the roof of the Harvard Club, where these hot days a lot of graduates, among them doubtless many former crew men, lie around in their underpants. In the light of Dr. Hrdlicka's prophecy we have been studying



these samples of the future American carefully, and frankly we're not at all sure that it's going to be desirable. For one thing, New York is being laid out all wrong. Too many two-room

apartments, too many subways, too much crowding all over. We've been building for grasshoppers and it seems we're in for elephants. We'd like to call this matter to the attention of the proper authorities before everybody gets smothered.

WE have always been fascinated by the rich Long Islander's hopeless war on the Sunday motorists. Nothing, of course, can really hold back the tide, but some of his schemes at least deserve mention. There is, for instance, what might be called the Obstacle of the Incorporated Village, of which we are reminded by the news that thirteen people out around Syosset have turned themselves into the Village of Muttontown. According to the New York State laws, which are dizzier than most, it seems that any



square mile of land on which fifty people live may be incorporated into a village. On the North Shore a good many of the estates fulfill these conditions all by themselves, and we actually know of one lady who voted to turn herself into a village just by calling a meeting of her servants. The ostensible purpose of all this has something to do with the highway tax, but it's really a lot more sinister and feudal than that. Each village makes its own laws about speed limits, parking, etc., and with a little intelligent thinking it's quite possible to have them all different, so that in five miles a driver might easily have to cope with five different and contradictory sets of laws. Incorporated Village of Clarence

Mackay, Slow Down to Twenty Miles an Hour; Incorporated Village of James A. Burden, Thirty Miles an Hour; Incorporated Village of J. P. Morgan, Fifteen Miles; so on. The point, of course, is that the city man will either get arrested, or else he'll be so bemused by the whole business that he'll just turn around and go back where he came from. Probably this idea won't work for long, but it's pretty ingenious.

Solicitude

A LADY living in the Gramercy Park section was walking home alone from a friend's house in the neighborhood the other evening when suddenly, traversing a dark cross-street, she became aware that a man was following her. She hurried a little faster, but, glancing cautiously over her shoulder, she saw that the man was coming faster still—was, in fact,

overtaking her. Just short of her own apartment-house doorway he caught up with her. "Take this," he told her in a hoarse voice, and shoved a folded piece of paper into her hands. She took it and, still frozen with fear, darted into the house, up to her apartment, and locked and bolted the door. Then, after she had taken a deep breath, she looked at the paper. It read: "Jesus Loves You."

Lost Art

AT 200 Worth Street stands an ugly, old-fashioned building which for forty years proudly housed the First Scientific Station for the Art of Brewing and the United States Brewers' Academy. These institutions still exist, faint shadows of their former great selves, on the eleventh floor of a building at 202 East Forty-fourth Street, under the general name of Schwarz Laboratories, Inc., grimly hold-

ing on in hope that times will change.

Anton Schwarz, one of the very great brewing artists, came here from Austria in the sixties and began publishing *The American Brewer*. His two grandsons, Robert and Herbert, still issue it, once a month. Its circulation is only five hundred and fifty now, and they lose money on it. It reports the status of prohibition enforcement and runs news of the near-beer trade. An item we saw in one issue would have given old Anton a fit: it said that a Bucyrus, Ohio, brewery is featuring Orange-Crush this summer.

In the eighties, Anton had become chief consulting chemist to the brewing industry and to his laboratories brewers from all over the country brought their problems. Then he got the idea of establishing the brewers' academy. It gave a six months' course in scientific brewing, and a lot of other courses: you could learn to bottle beer properly (also



"That's him, Sarah! The Wolf des Boulevards!"

an art) in two months. Eight hundred students were graduated up to 1917, among them George Ehret, Jr., August A. Busch, Gustave Pabst, George Trommer, Charles Doelger, and a lot of Mollenhauers, Guckelbergers, Wittendoerfers, and Straubmuelers.

In 1909 the present Schwarzes began to suspect that some day there might be prohibition, so they went in for general chemical analyses and consultation. They now do a lot of food and drug work for the government, but they still keep their finger in beer. Near-beer concerns all over the country send in samples for testing, and, with permission from Washington, breweries in Canada, Mexico, and South America send in real beer. Eight chemists and biologists are kept busy testing.

At the moment the student body of the United States Brewers' Academy consists of a handful of scholars. Some are from Canada, some are the sons of old brewmasters who believe that prohibition will not last forever, some are connected with breweries that make near-beer. One little room furnished with a table and a few chairs is the present equipment of this institution of learning, which hopes some day to expand.

Mishap

ALL the hack-drivers in front of the Plaza are our friends, so to speak. And when we noticed that one was missing from his accustomed place, we inquired about him.

"E 'ad a haccident," explained a contemporary, tipping his high silk hat.

"Did he get run away with?" we asked.

"No," said his contemporary, "e went to sleep and fell hoff the box."

Home at Last

MOTORING home after an evening at the theatre in New York, a party of New Jersey residents found themselves suddenly plunged in one of those almost impenetrable fogs which occasionally settle over the Jersey flatlands. This one was so bad that they had the utmost difficulty in staying on the road, even at slowest speed, and when a car, travelling at considerably greater speed, overtook them, they decided to use it as a guide and trust to its driver's ability to find the way. They took out after it, racing to keep its tail-light always in view, until sud-

denly, after a particularly sharp turning, the light abruptly vanished. Bewildered, they coasted along a moment—then, WHAM, there was a splintering crash. What they'd done, it turned out, was this: they had followed the poor man in the car ahead right into his own garage, and knocked him smack through the rear wall.

Coach Man

WHEN Herman Leedgens came here eight years ago from Germany he didn't speak English, and had a hard time of it for several years in his little shop in 116th Street. He designed bookends there, and other shoppe gifts. A year and a half ago he took over a whole floor in a building in East Thirtieth Street. Now his business takes up six floors, and he plans soon to rent two more. Herman is the man who makes those coach models you see on people's mantels. He made his first ones in 1928, but they didn't begin to sell until a year later, when a couple of department stores put them in their gift shops at Christmas time. Now Leedgens has a dozen craftsmen helping him turn them out by the hundreds—they are handmade and take time. His helpers come from the Black Forest district of Germany and from near Oberammergau. Last year they turned out two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of coaches. A newsreel concern helped boom the business by making a picture of Herman and his men at work. Orders later came in from as far away as Japan.

The coaches sell for as low as seven dollars and a half and as high as three hundred and seventy-five. Leedgens got the idea for them from the Ferris Collection in Independence Hall, when he was in Philadelphia, once, sight-seeing. Ferris, the painter, made a dozen such models to aid him in his historical paintings. Leedgens used them as models for his models, but he has dug up old prints of other types and now turns out forty-six different kinds.

Herman and his craftsmen have the spirit of the old guilds. The coaches are painstakingly and accurately made; the little doors open, the wheels are true, there are genuine leather fittings. Recently a number of cheap models have been put on the market, machine-

made things. Herman keeps one in his shop to hiss at. "See," he cries, seizing it roughly, "even de wheels, dey is out of line!"

The first stagecoaches in this country, we learned from Herman, were brought here from England, but were too stiff for comfortable riding on our uncouth roads. In 1835 the Concord coach was put in use—

it had excellent springs and made coach-riding a pleasure instead of an ordeal. Models of the Concord coach are popular. Twenty-five years ago the company that used to make these coaches sold out to a South African

firm which still makes them and sells them in South Africa and Australia.

Leedgens has just finished three models for the Museum of Science and Industry—a covered wagon, a Concord, and an old-time buggy. Herman is proud of this commission, and also of a coach model less than an inch long which he is working on. It will be assembled inside a narrow-necked bottle. Long, slender, metal tools will be used—very delicate work. If the bottle coach proves popular he will make a lot of them and sell them for twenty-five dollars each.

WE throw away bales of reports on the amusing juxtaposition of movie titles on film theatres' electric signs, but this one, which glittered before a theatre in Dobbs Ferry recently, may be worth setting down: "Lover Come Back. Devil to Pay."

Going or Coming

A GENTLEMAN interested in the weekend cruises the big steamship lines have gone in for lately called up the North German Lloyd and asked what they had to offer. The answer he got was pointed and chill: "We're a transatlantic-steamship company, sir." He gathered they were inclined to be testy about the whole matter. Most of the other lines aren't, however; they have been sending their big boats off into waters strange to them, and have found their ventures successful. The weekend cruise will become a permanent institution, they say.

Economics is at the bottom of it, of course. One day last spring one of the Cunard officials was sitting at his desk when an idea struck him. For years their express liners had just loafed at



their piers from the time they docked from abroad until they sailed again. Why not send them some place in this interim, loaded with paying passengers? The result was that on Friday, April 24, the *Mauretania* sailed for a four-day cruise to the Bahamas and back—the first weekend cruise in steamship history. It was a pronounced success. The Cunard company had merely announced the trip to the newspapers and got a heavy passenger list. More than six hundred people signed up within twenty-four hours after the announcement went forth. Now most of the larger liners, after crossing, take a turn up or down the coast. Cunarders and White and Red Star liners mostly go to Halifax. The French Line is sending both the *Paris* and the *France* on a six-day triangular cruise: New York, Bermuda, Halifax, New York. Last month the *Leviathan* took a jaunt to Nova Scotia, carrying thirteen hundred passengers. Rates are low enough: fifty dollars and up, everybody first cabin. The shipping companies can afford this because their overhead goes on whether their liners are at sea or not. Passengers get all sorts of things: ping-pong, shuffleboard, bathing, rest, and, of course, a bar. Officials say there isn't much drinking, though—well, no more than on a transatlantic run. They also say the

cruises are helping transatlantic travel. People get interested in voyaging.

The Cunard company found out one thing about the cruises: the ships have to put in somewhere. Early this summer they announced the *Aquitania* for a trip to nowhere in particular. She was just to steam in a general easterly direction for a couple of days, and then turn around and come back. Bookings poured in for the voyage, but then, right afterward, cancellations poured in, too. The prospective passengers, it was revealed, were embarrassed when they told their friends they were going on a cruise and their friends had asked them where they were going. They had to answer vaguely—nowhere in particular, or just out to sea for a few days, or something like that. It was unsatisfactory. Sounded too aimless. Since then all cruises have had a destination.

No More Tricks

A KITTENISH hostess in her forties has a Scotty which she taught, after weeks of patient instruction, to sit up, jump over her foot, and a couple of other small tricks. At a party she gave, the dog was made to go through his repertory for each guest or group of guests that showed up. After an hour of this the dog abruptly

refused to perform. The hostess scolded him, told him she was going to shut him in a dark closet for his disobedience, and then did shut him in one. After a while the last guest appeared and the dog was let out and given another chance. He looked at his mistress' large, outstretched limb—she was trying to get him to do the foot jump for Mr. Spence—sighed, turned around, and walked back into the closet.

Zoo in August

LAST week, for the first time in a couple of years, we investigated conditions at Central Park Zoo. It's still not very nice to visit, and certainly no place to live. The polar bear has a shower bath now which we don't remember seeing before, but maybe it just wasn't working two years ago. Water drizzles on him from a rusty iron thing. On the floor of his cage was most of last Sunday's *American*, all soggy.

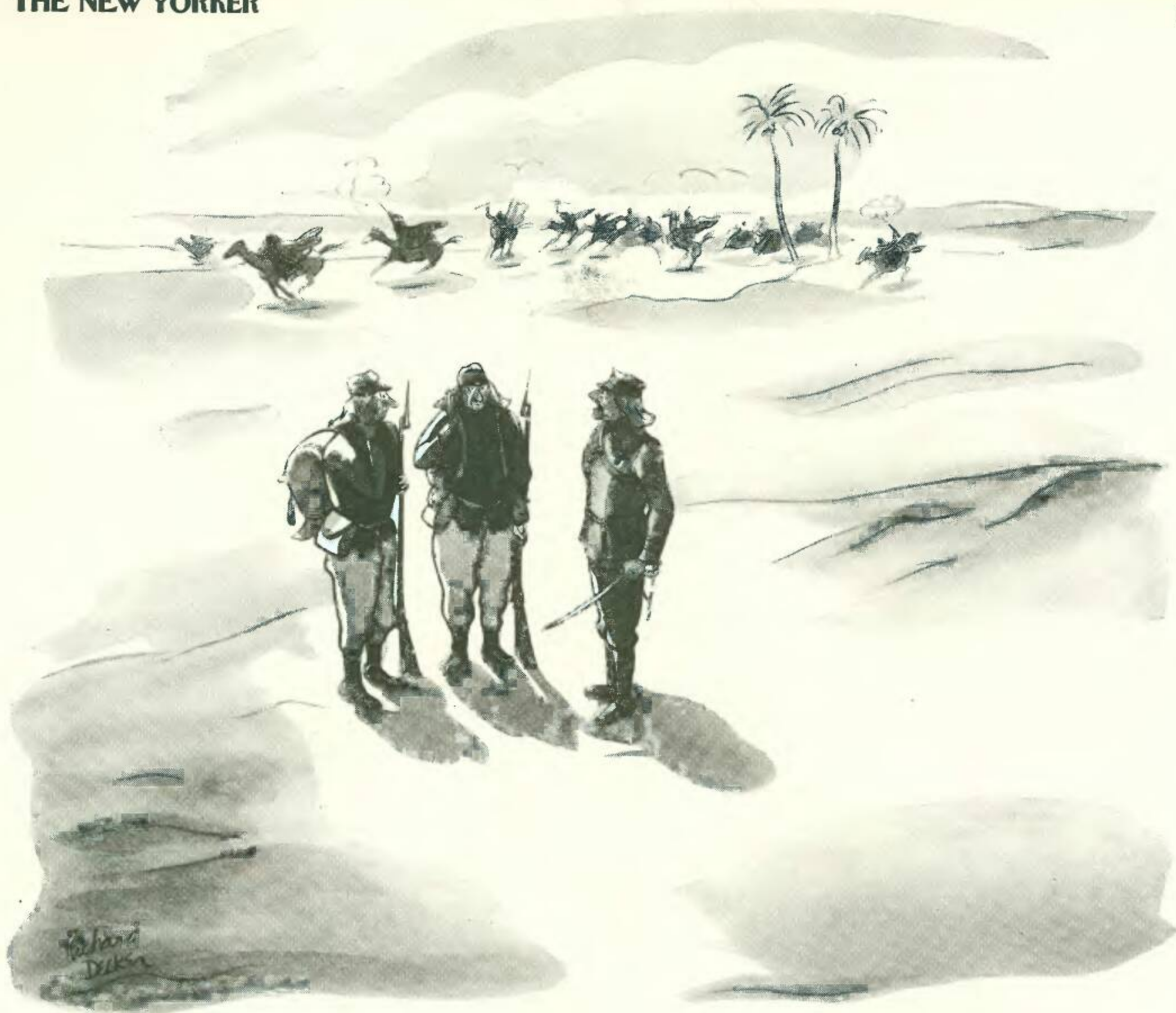
Akbar II, the lion, is now three years old, but from the size of him he must wear five-year-old clothes. He was lying there drowsing, looking formidable. Three big, sleek rats were carrying his stale rolls and biscuits away, or trying to. They'd get one about halfway up to the roof of the cage, drop it, and come down and try again. They weren't abashed by the crowd of people watching and paid no more attention to Akbar than he did to them, which wasn't any. Later we asked a keeper if he knew there were rats in the lion's cage. "Yeh," he said, "they come in from the outside."

Right near Akbar are two beautiful tigers from British Malaya, named Movietone and Metrotone, the gift of the Fox Hearst Corporation. There are no animals yet named Warner Brothers. Martin Johnson is represented by four black gorillas which, like the rats, are just visiting the Zoo. He brought them back from Africa and apparently doesn't quite know what to do with them, so has lent them to the city for a while. Two Africans from Uganda, who speak Swahili and wear Harlem clothes, wander in and out of the cage in which are kept the two smallest gorillas, one of whom was crushing oranges on a blacksmith's anvil, which they apparently gave him to crush oranges on.

The day we were there the coyotes were yelling and the sea lions were barking and the macaws were scream-



"Dear Dorothy Dix—"



"I want two volunteers."

ing, and to the uproar was added the squeals of a large foreign lady, one of whose children was missing when she counted up in the lion-and-rat house. "Where, now, is Alice?" she shouted, knocking people down. Metrotone opened his eyes and gave her a shrewd look. He didn't have the child, though; somebody found it. In all the bedlam the rats kept right on stealing rolls and Akbar said nothing.

The sun bear, one of our favorite animals, now has an iron ball suspended from the ceiling of his cage at the end of a long chain. He runs up the side of the cage, springs onto the ball, and swings back and forth. It isn't much, but it's something. In another cage, unless the heat played us tricks, was a wire-haired fox terrier, habitat North America. Some of the cages haven't got signs on them naming the occupants, but you can't go wrong on the Alaskan dog whose sign reads: "Alaskan Dog, Hab. Alaska." Of

course our favorite sign there—next to the one which points out that if you want to see animals in beautiful quarters, go to the Bronx Zoo—is the one asking people not to take the pheasants.

We were standing with two sailors and an Italian woman, staring at the hippopotamuses, when a man came up and shouted at a keeper who was working round the cage: "I wonder if you could help me out?" The keeper looked at him. "I want to get hold of a goat for a couple of days," the man said, wiping his forehead with a big handkerchief. The keeper said he didn't know of any goat. The keeper told us people are always coming up to him like that and asking where they can get animals.

Obbligato

SUMMER school has been deep in session at Columbia, and in classroom after classroom professors have

been lecturing upon a multitude of subjects to earnest students soaking up knowledge. Everything was as usual there of a quiet sultry afternoon this week save in one room, where something of a situation seemed to be developing. The subject here was sex hygiene and the lecture was a feature of a course designed for women instructors at women's colleges. The ladies are used to taking this subject in their stride, but in this instance the lecturer was dealing with the facts of life in such a bald and drastic fashion that the ladies hardly knew which way to turn. Most of them didn't turn at all, but just sat looking straight ahead, avoiding one another's eyes. Suddenly an organ-grinder beneath the window struck up a melody. The tune he chose was fortunate: "A Precious Little Thing Called Love." It cleared the air at once. Everybody relaxed and the lecture proceeded on a note which was almost gay. —THE NEW YORKERS



"Fog drove us out of Bar Harbor, and now Mother's antrum is acting up."

THE FUNNIEST MAN YOU EVER SAW

EVERYBODY seemed surprised that I had never met Jack Klohman.

"Judas, I didn't know there was anybody who didn't know Jack Klohman," said Mr. Potter, who was big and heavy, of body and mind. "He's funnier'n hell." Mr. Potter laughed and slapped his knee. "He's the funniest man you ever saw."

"He certainly is funny," said somebody else.

"He's marvellous," drawled a woman I didn't like. Looking around the group I discovered I didn't like any of them much, except Joe Mayer. This was undoubtedly unfair, for Joe was the only one I knew very well. The others had come over to the table where we were sitting. Somebody had mentioned Jack Klohman and everybody had begun to laugh.

"Do you know him, Joe?" I asked.

"I know him," said Joe, without laughing.

"Judas," went on Potter, "I'll never forget one night at Jap Rudolph's. Klohman was marvellous that night. This was a couple years ago, when Ed Wynn was here in a new show—let's see, what the devil was it? Not 'The Crazy Fool.'"

"'The Perfect Fool,'" said somebody else.

"Yes. But it wasn't that," said Potter. "What the dickens was it? Well, never mind; anyway there was a scene in it where—"

"Was it 'Simple Simon'?" asked the blonde girl who was with Creel.

"No. It was a couple years before that," said Potter.

"Oh, I know," said the blonde girl. "It was—now wait—it was 'The Manhatters!'"

"Ed Wynn wasn't in that," said Creel. "Wynn wasn't in that show."

"Well, it doesn't make much difference," said Potter. "Anyway, in this scene he has a line where—"

"'Manhattan Mary!'" cried Griswold.

"That's it!" said Potter, slapping his knee. "Well, in this scene he comes on with a rope, kind of a lariat—"

"Halter," said Griswold. "It was a halter."

"Yes, that's right," said Potter. "Anyway, he comes on with this halter—"

"Who comes on?" asked Joe Mayer. "Klohman?"

"No, no," said Potter. "Wynn

comes on with the halter and walks up to the footlights and some guy asks him what he's got the rope for, what he's doing with the halter. 'Well,' says Wynn, 'I've either lost a horse or found a piece of rope—'"

"I think he said: 'I've either found a piece of rope or lost a horse,'" said Griswold. "Losing the horse coming last is funnier."

"Well, anyway," said Potter, "Jack Klohman used to elaborate on the idea and this night at Jap Rudolph's I thought we'd all pass away."

"I nearly did," said Joe Mayer.

"What did this Klohman do?" I asked finally, cutting in on the general laughter.

"Well," said Potter, "he'd go out into the kitchen, see, and come in with a Uneeda biscuit and he'd say: 'Look, I've either lost a biscuit box or found a cracker'—that's the right order, Gris—'I've either lost a biscuit box or lost—I mean found—a cracker.'"

"I guess you're right," said Griswold.

"It sounds right," said Joe Mayer.

"Then he'd do the same thing with everything he picked up, no matter what," said Potter. "Finally he went out of the room and was gone half an hour or so and then he comes down the stairs and holds up this faucet and says: 'I've either lost a bathtub or found a faucet.' He'd unscrewed a faucet from the bathtub and comes downstairs with this faucet—see what I mean? Laugh? I thought I'd pass away."

Everybody who had been at Jap Rudolph's that night roared with laughter.

"But that wasn't anything," said Potter.

"Wait'll you hear. Along about two in the morning he slips out again, see?—all the way out of the house this time. Well, I'll be doggoned if that guy didn't come back carrying part of an honest-to-God chancel rail! He did! I'm telling you! Son-of-a-gun had actually got into a church somehow and wrenched part of this chancel rail loose and there he was standing in the door and he says: 'I've either lost a church or found a chancel rail.' It was rich. It was the richest thing I ever saw. Helen Rudolph had gone to bed, I

remember—she wasn't very well—but we got her up and he did it again. It was rich."

"Sounds like a swell guy to have around," I said.

"You'd darn near pass away," said Potter.

"You really would," said Joe Mayer.

"He's got a new gag now," said one of the women. "He's got a new gag that's as funny as the dickens. He keeps taking things out of his pockets or off of a table or something and says that he's just invented them. He always takes something that's been invented for years, say like a lead pencil or something, and goes into this long story about how he thought it up one night. I remember he did it with about twenty different things one night at Jap's—"

"Jap Rudolph's?" I asked.

"Yes," said the woman. "He likes to drop in on them, so you can usually find him there, so we usually drop in on them too. Well, this night he took out a package of those Life Savers and handed us each one of the mints and—"

"Oh, yes, I remember that!" said Potter, slapping his knee and guffawing.

"Gave us each one of these mints," went on the woman, "and asked us what we thought of them—asked us whether we thought they'd go or not. 'It's a little thing I thought up one day,' he said. Then he'd go on with a long rigmarole about how he happened to think of the idea, and—"

"And then he'd take a pencil out of his pocket," cut in Potter, "and ask you what you thought of the eraser on the end of it. 'Just a little gadget I thought up the other night,' he'd say. Then he says he'll show you what it's for, so he makes everybody take a piece of paper and he says: 'Now everybody make some pencil marks on the paper; any kind—I won't look,' so then he goes into another room and says to let him know when you're ready. So we all make marks on the pieces of paper and somebody goes and gets him out of the other room—"

"They always go and get him out of the other room," Joe Mayer said to me.

"Sure," said Potter. "So he comes



out with his sleeves rolled up, like a magician, and—"

"But the *funniest* thing he does," began the woman whom Potter had interrupted.

"And he gathers up the papers and erases the marks with the eraser and he says: 'Oh, it's just a novelty; I'm not going to try to market it.' Laugh? I thought I'd pass away. Of course you really ought to see him do it; the way he does it is a big part of it—solemn and all; he's always solemn, always acts solemn about it."

"THE *funniest* thing he does," began the interrupted woman

again, loudly, "is fake card tricks. He—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Potter, roaring and slapping his knee. "He does these fake card tricks. He—" Here the recollection of the funny man's antics proved too much for Potter and he laughed until he cried. It was several minutes before he could control himself. "He'll take a pack of cards," he finally began again. "He'll take a pack of cards—" Once more the image of Klohman taking a pack of cards was too much for the narrator and he went off into further gales of laughter.

"He'll take this pack of cards," Potter eventually said once more, wiping his eyes, "and ask you to take any card and you take one and then he says: 'Put it anywhere in the deck' and you do and then he makes a lot of passes and so on—"

"Like a magician," said Joe Mayer.

"Yes," said Potter. "And then he draws out the wrong card, or maybe he *looks* at your card first and then goes through the whole deck till he finds it and shows it to you or—"

"Sometimes he just lays the pack down and acts as if he'd never started any trick," said Griswold.

"Does he do imitations?" I asked. Joe Mayer kicked my shins under the table.

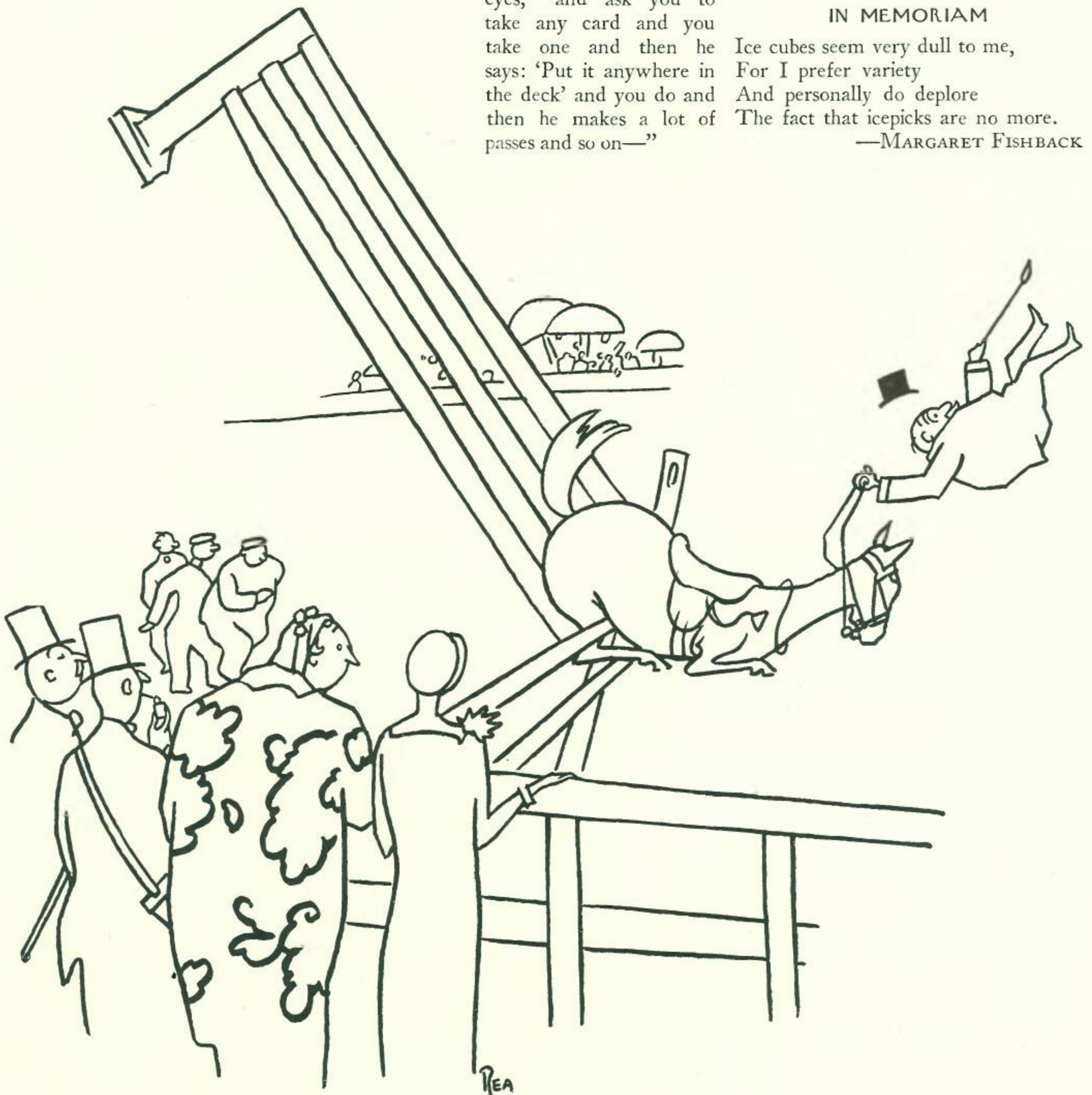
"Does he do *imitations*?" bellowed Potter. "Wait'll I tell you—"

—JAMES THURBER

IN MEMORIAM

Ice cubes seem very dull to me,
For I prefer variety
And personally do deplore
The fact that icepicks are no more.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



"I do wish your father wouldn't do that."



OF ALL THINGS

ALL right-thinking people will stand behind the President in his two new policies: rigid economy in all departments of the government and a colossal building program to help employment. We might have them on alternate days.

Despite the Farm Board and the Presidential frown, the price of wheat has fallen to a new low level for all time. Something must be done to foster disrespect for the law of supply and demand.

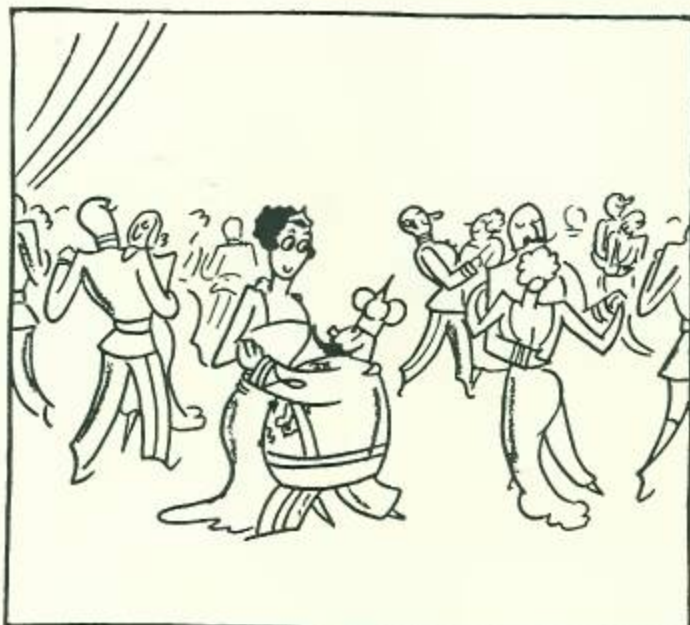
The thing to do with our gangsters, of course, is to turn them over to the Chesterfield people. Then they've got to be good.

Our readers need not bother their pretty heads about the rumor that Coolidge might accept the Republican nomination. From all indications 1932 will be a splendid year for not choosing to run.

The war between Oklahoma and Texas seems to be over. Now we shall have to lend money to the loser to prevent the collapse of civilization or something.

The Committee on Employment suggests that work be spread among as many people as possible. Yet here in our town practically all the jobs are held by Judge Seabury and Heywood Broun.

It is generally admitted by publishers that the dollar-book experiment was not a great success. The average Ameri-



can likes his books costlier so he can save five dollars a year by not buying two.

That profound economist, Governor Alfalfa Bill, has a swell idea for raising the price of oil. You simply call out the militia and shoot the customers.

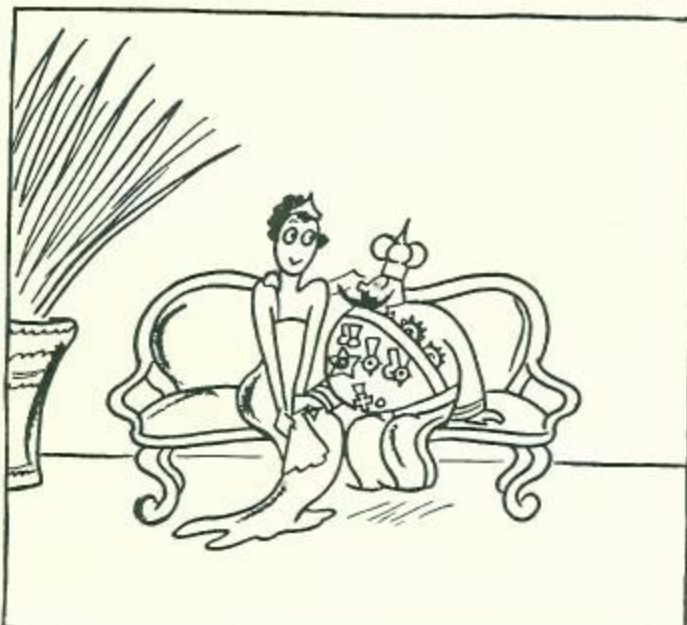
Our departed Mayor denies that he will resign to form an alliance with the garment industry. "We are just good friends," says Jimmie.

Al Capone says that he declined an offer of two million dollars to write a book. There are depths below which he refuses to sink.

The census report, now complete, casts no light upon the subject of prohibition. It does not give us the tee-total population.

Old Ed Howe warns us that New Yorkers would be mercilessly gayed on Main Street in Atchison. Kansas is pretty far to go for raspberries.

Legs Diamond's visit to these parts has not increased our affection or es-



O. SOGLOW

teem for him. Many of us still feel that he is not worth shooting.

As soon as we got the mark all saved, the English pound began to wobble. By this time next week we shall be saving the peseta.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

MY POOR GRANDFATHER

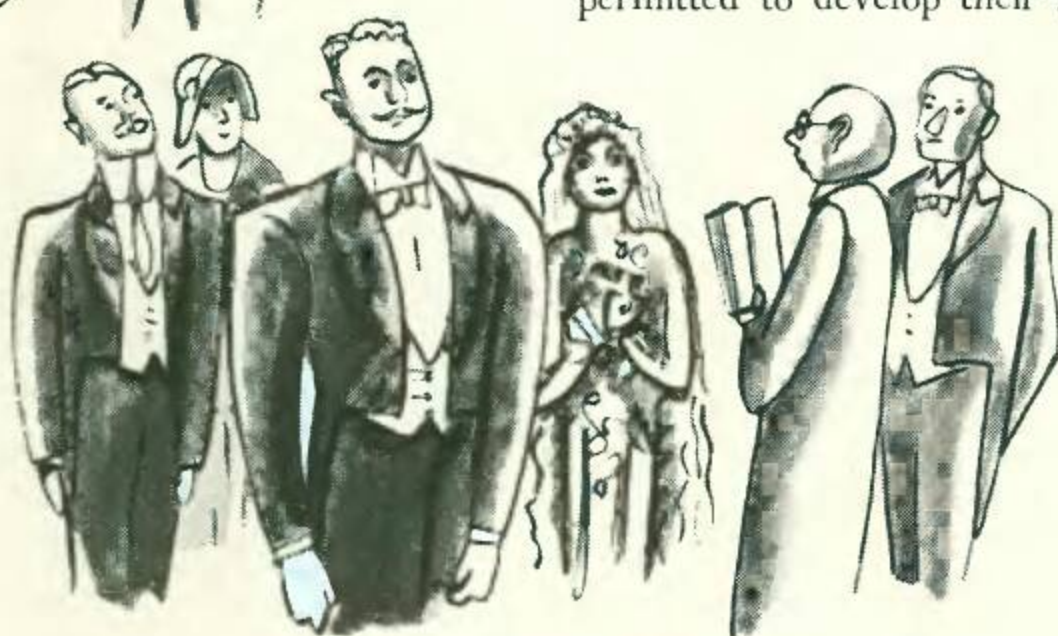
My poor grandfather,
Who died shouting: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"
Looked down from his porphyry cottage lately and saw
His grandson holding a doorknob and heard him saying:
"After you, Mr. Satan."

—JAKE FALSTAFF

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE APE

THE CHIMPANZEE

THE Chimpanzee is found in Equatorial Africa and vaudeville. He is the brightest of the Anthropoid Apes because he is so classified by scientists with incomes over five thousand dollars. If the scientist places a banana in a box, the Chimpanzee will go and get it and eat it. The Chimpanzee also likes hominy, lettuce, raspberries, weak tea, and black beetles. Chimpanzees are highly excitable and partly web-footed. They are amusing but shallow, and they can be very trying. The love-life of Chimpanzees is about what you might expect. When a Chimpanzee looks at another Chimp, he does not see what we see. They frequently have twins. Male Chimpanzees are called Soko or Bam. Females are called Malapunga. Chimpanzee sweethearts say very little. They can say "Yes," "No," and "Thank you very much." They can count up to five. They are faithful within reason. In the Chimpanzee the hallux is opposable and, if memory serves, the pollex is not. In Man it is just the other way round, so it all comes out even. The



Chimpanzee smokes, rides a bicycle, and wears pants. His chief ambition is to play the Palace. The Chimpanzee is an extrovert. He has one-third enough brain and that's something. Or is it?

THE GORILLA

AFTER a Chimp the Gorilla is a great relief. He is fierce and

brutal and is not a mimic. He weighs four hundred and fifty pounds and is named Bobby. Young Gorillas are friendly but they soon learn. In affairs of the heart the male Gorilla is slow but sure. He appears to be stolid and indifferent, but that may be part of his system. Believe it or not, he is shy. The Gorilla is an introvert. Married females and their children sleep in trees and the male sleeps on the ground. The meaning of this is unknown. The Gorilla could do with more brains. His corpus callosum is not so good but the hippocampus major is O.K. The hallux is fair. Gorillas like sugar cane, hay, watermelons, ragoût of chicken, raw ham, dandelions, and lollypops. They are subject to inflammation of the gums. Female Gorillas are likely to bump into passing objects and have trouble with revolving doors. I am in favor of Gorillas. They live in Africa.

THE ORANG-UTAN

ORANG-UTANS teach us that looks are not everything but darned near it. They look awful. Some Orang-utans have huge cheek pads and conspicuous laryngeal sacs. Others have worse. The hallux is undeveloped. The female is not so ugly, but ugly enough. Both sexes brood a lot, as well they might. Their prolonged spells of meditation appear to have no tangible results. Orangs often sleep on one arm and wake up with a cramp. They snore. Young Orangs who are permitted to develop their individuali-

ties turn out horribly. Young Orangs who are kicked and beaten into line also turn out horribly. The psychology of the Orang-utan has been thoroughly described by scientists from their observation of the Sea Urchin. Other facts have been gathered from the natives of Borneo and Sumatra, who may have been talking about something else at the time. There is considerable doubt whether the Orang-utan is as dumb as he seems or dumber. He likes stewed apples, toast, cocoa, and soap. Orang-utans have solved the problem of work. They do not work. They never worry. And yet they have wrinkles. So what's the use?

THE GIBBON

THOSE thin, dark, long-waisted types with no heads to speak of are generally Gibbons. Gibbons are the loudest Apes. Their peculiar cry is often described as "hoo hoo hoo hoo" and just as often as "whopp whopp whopp whopp." Gibbons assemble in crowds and "hoo" or "whopp" until exhausted or shot. The natives of Cochin China, the Malay Archipelago, and the Island of Hainan often have "hoo" or "whopp" madness. A noiseless Gibbon would be a godsend. There is an old saying that the Gibbon is at his best in the American Museum of Natural History. The female Wau-Wau or Silvery Gibbon of Java is rather pretty, for a Wau-Wau. The Hoolock of Upper Assam cannot swim. In fact Gibbons are noted for the number and variety of things they cannot do. It is believed that the Gibbon could be taught to swat flies. Gibbons live in the treetops. They swing from branch to branch by their arms with amazing speed. They are not going to fires. They are going nowhere in particular. Experiments with the Gibbon prove many interesting things about the Long-Nosed Bandicoot. Gibbon authorities do not know whether the Gibbon is interested in sex. But you know and I know. There are no Apes in this country, thank goodness.

THE BABOON

THE Baboon is entirely uncalled for. Some people like Baboons but something is wrong with such people. Baboons lose their tempers. There are more Baboons than you might think. The Baboon is not an Anthropoid Ape. He has a tail, though not a good one, and so he is a Lower Ape. In fact he is more of a Monkey. The Arabian Baboon, as the name implies,



is found in Abyssinia. Baboons have highly colored ischial callosities. Scientists tell us that all animals who sit down a great deal have ischial callosities. That is a lie. The Mandrill is the worst in this respect. Baboons bark. It seems as though there would be no female Baboons but there are. The family life of the Baboon is known as hell on earth. The males grow meaner and stingier and the females fade at an early age. The children scream, stamp, roll on the ground, and will not eat their centipedes. Their parents are proud of them. The Sacred Baboon of the Egyptians was identified with Thoth, the god of literary criticism. He spent his time making Thoth-like motions. He is not yet extinct. Never call anyone a Baboon unless you are sure of your facts. Baboons have flat feet.

THE HOWLING MONKEY

THE Howling Monkey is confined to South America but seems to es-

cape. The back of his head is perfectly flat. His howl is caused by an enlarged hyoid bone at the top of the trachea. It can be cured by a simple operation on the neck with an axe. The male Howler is always followed by seven or eight female Howlers with young Howlers, but this may be a coincidence. Howlers have long prehensile tails with which they hang from the trees, talk Monkey talk, and pick up Brazil nuts. There are several species of Howlers. The Fat Howler is as trying as any. The Howling Monkey and the Spider Monkey are neighbors. The infant Howling Monkey occasionally bears a striking resemblance to a Spider Monkey. Ask me sometime why that is. The

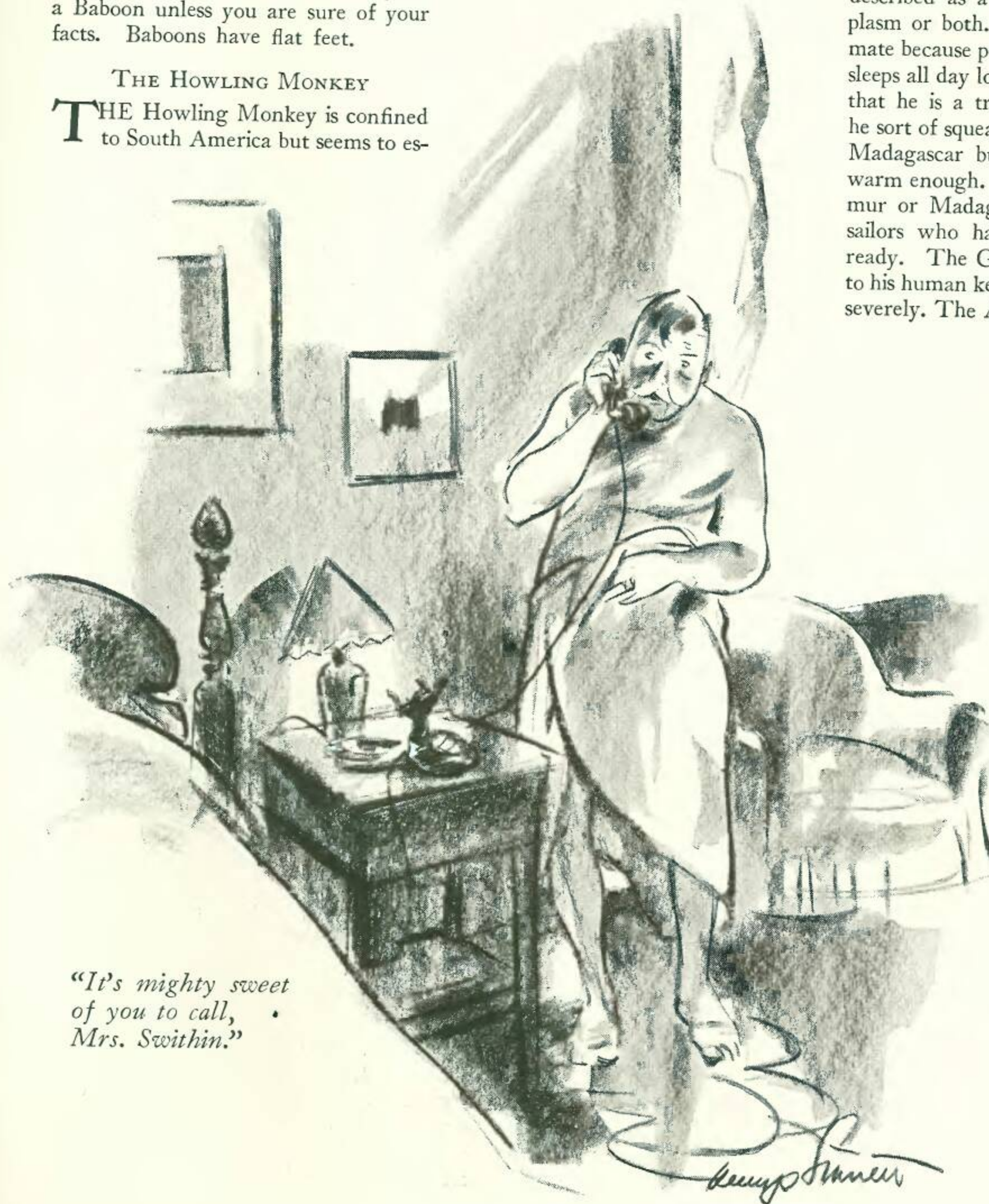
Capuchin or Organ-Grinder Monkey is regarded as very intelligent. He scrambles after pennies, scratches himself, and has morals. He can stand on his hind legs but the tail is a dead give-away. Monkeys have loads of fun. They breed in captivity and know many other tricks. They are fond of bats, marshmallows, goldfish, and ink. Old-World Monkeys hang by their tails. They might as well not be Monkeys.

THE LEMUR

THE Lemur is one worse than a Monkey. He is often mistaken for a Squirrel, a Rabbit, an Agouti, or anything but a Lemur. He has been described as a state of mind or ectoplasm or both. The Lemur is a Primate because people say so. The Lemur sleeps all day long and nobody tells him that he is a tramp. When disturbed he sort of squeaks. Most Lemurs live in Madagascar but they are never quite warm enough. The Ring-Tailed Lemur or Madagascar Cat is caught by sailors who have enough Parrots already. The Gentle Lemur is devoted to his human keeper and often bites him severely. The Aye-Aye has large mov-

able ears caused by listening for Grubs. The Potto is rather peevish. The Spectral Tarsier of the West Indies is uncanny. He is the one with huge bug-eyes, elongated ankles, and knobby toes. He is sometimes confused with Delirium Tremens. Lemurs comb their hair with their lower front teeth—just imagine! They mature almost instantaneously. In a way we came from Lemurs because they are also descended from an extinct Tree Shrew, something like a large Rat. From the Tree Shrew to the Dogfish is but a step which practically brings us to the Amoeba. So perhaps the Lemur is to blame for it all.

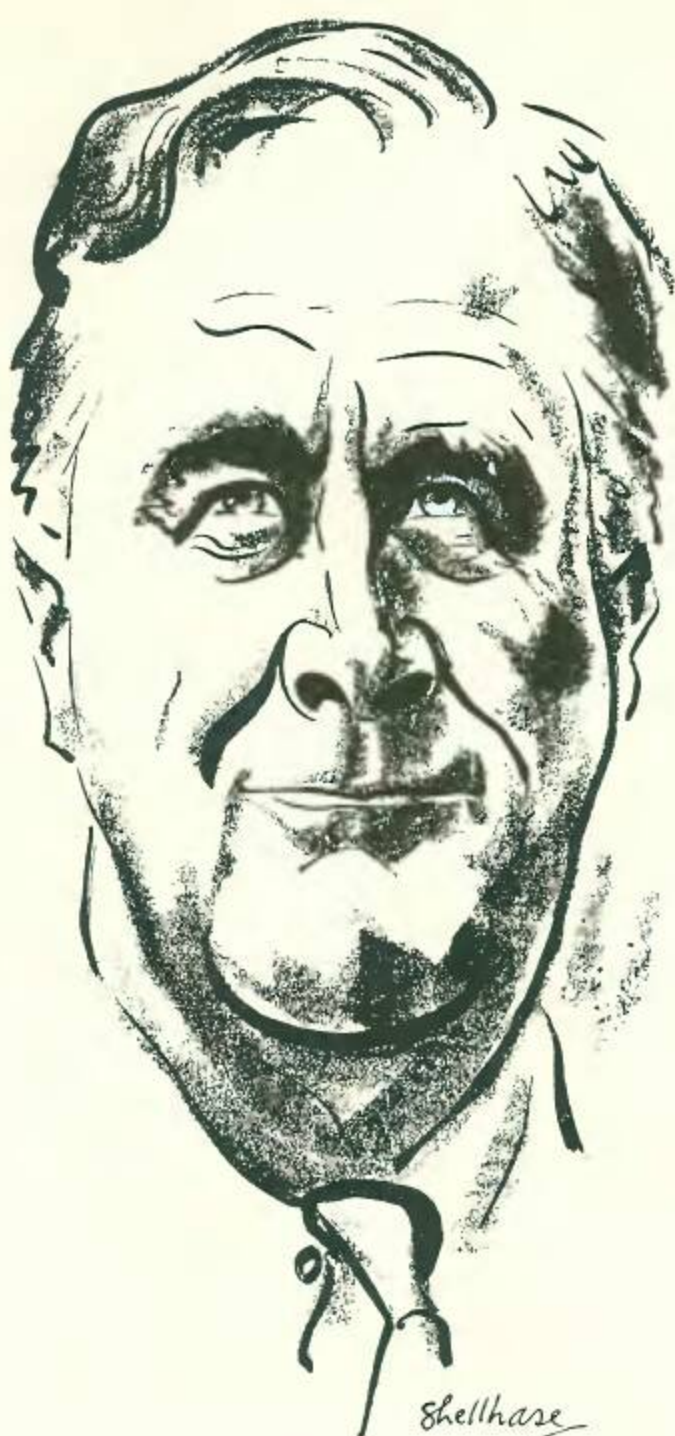
—WILL CUPPY



*"It's mighty sweet
of you to call,
Mrs. Swithin."*

* * * PROFILES * *

THE GOVERNOR~I



Franklin Delano Roosevelt

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt was five years old he was taken to Washington, sailor-suited and full of young bewilderment, to meet his father's friend, Grover Cleveland. At the White House the grim Cleveland, preoccupied with his own worries and responsibilities, patted the boy's blond head.

"I am making," he said, "a strange wish for you, little man, a wish that I suppose no one else would make—but I wish for you that you may never be President of the United States."

The chance that any particular little Liberal or Conservative born alive will be the President of the United States is slight indeed, and the odds were overwhelming that Cleveland's wish would be fulfilled. Few of the babies he kissed and the boys he patted have, in the swift intervening years, come within shooting distance of the White House. But Franklin Roosevelt may have a different story to tell; there can be no question that he is, at the moment, the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1932.

MR. CLEVELAND's wish was altruistic, but there are men who have an appetite for the trouble and grief of public responsibility. He was one him-

self. Roosevelt is another. The seed of Presidential ambition sprouted in him even before he reached a voting age. It began when he paid another visit to Washington just after the turn of the century. His fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, was President; he was a guest at the White House. T. R. had a grave problem under consideration at the time. During dinner he suddenly rose from the table and paced back and forth, back and forth across the room. The young visitor was deeply impressed, and remembers even today his feeling that he was seeing history made. It was a great thing to be President.

There is a popular myth among the politicians that Roosevelt's seven-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand plurality in the last New York State election made him a candidate for Mr. Hoover's ermine robe. Actually the Governor, in his own mind, has never been other than a potential candidate. That unprecedented triumph told him merely that his time was at hand. Since his early visit with T. R., the dim vista of the White House porticoes has been photographed always on his consciousness.

In some men such a persevering ambition might seem presumptuous; in Roosevelt it seems entirely reasonable and logical. There are first his antecedents to be considered: The Roosevelts are distinctly, like the Adamses in this country and the Russells in England, a ruling family. They have been producing careerists, gentlemen in politics, for generations; and they are part of the American tradition. It is important also that not only was a President his kinsman but that his wife, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, was the same President's favorite niece. What more natural than that, as an impressionable and serious-minded young man, he should direct himself toward the one goal?

Most sensible persons believe in the existence of lucky men. Roosevelt, so far as politics go, is one of them. Perhaps the greatest item of luck is that he should have come to dominance in the Democratic party just when, after a stretch of barren and arid years, there is a possibility of electing a Democratic President—for a Democrat who can

be elected is the same sort of man who finds pearls in his oysters. Roosevelt's party affiliation was, from the first, his greatest handicap; now a combination of circumstances has brought about a national economic situation which may to a large extent neutralize that handicap.

THE Governor's first bit of luck was being born in the pleasantest of environments and with sufficient wealth to permit him to devote himself, without too much consideration of practical matters, to the study of government and the pursuit of a career. His father was James Roosevelt, president of the Louisville & New Albany Railroad and vice-president of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, a sober and severe gentleman who might have felt a few pangs of surprise had he lived to hear that his son was a champion of stringent governmental regulation of public utilities. His mother was Sarah Delano, a kinswoman of the Astors and one of the most famous of New York's society beauties. Her husband was almost twice her age when she married him; there was a son by his first marriage, James Roosevelt Roosevelt, who was a member of her own dancing set.

Franklin Roosevelt was born at his father's five-hundred-acre Hyde Park estate on January 30, 1882. He was a robust youngster who showed no marked abilities but who, even as a very young child, attracted much attention because of the beauty of his patrician face. His time was spent alternately in the outdoors and with books, and early he showed an adventurous spirit. At the age of eight he startled the Dutchess County squires by riding to the hounds, three fields behind them, on a galloping but indignant Shetland pony.

Colonel Archibald Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was a next-door neighbor, and it was in the Rogers house that Roosevelt had his first day of school. The Rogers boys, four of them, were his playmates, and Edmund, now president of the Fulton Trust Company, was his closest chum. There were frequent trips to Europe with his mother, tutoring in French, German, and Spanish, bicycle tours of

the Continent. It was the childhood of a rich man's son, and a happy one.

GROTON followed and then Harvard. Of his scholastic career a classmate has reported that Roosevelt was "only one of several score darned nice fellows with lots of native ability and manliness but no more brilliance than the average darned nice fellow with lots of native ability and manliness." Nevertheless, it would be a shrewd guess that the influence of Theodore Roosevelt had already begun to steer him toward public affairs. Certainly by his Harvard days he was an avowed liberal, and, though he lived in Millionaires' Row and belonged to Alpha Delta Phi and Hasty Pudding, he fought with the rabble to limit the special privileges of wealthy students.

During his sophomore year he headed a vague movement for the relief of the Boer *reconcentrados*, but it was not until his senior year, when he was president and editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, that he became conspicuous in campus life. The Governor is fond

of calling up his experiences on the *Crimson* as a common bond between him and the newspapermen who report his doings. One of his tales concerns the trial by fire which won him a place on the paper's staff.

The feverish political campaign of 1900 was near its close and President Eliot of Harvard had consistently refused to say whether he would support McKinley or Bryan. In his silence the New England Democrats were gleefully celebrating a tentative victory. Roosevelt decided—and anyone who knew Eliot's awesome presence will recognize the courage of his decision—to find out how he would vote. The boy reporter called at Eliot's home. There, in a sweat of perturbation, he learned from Eliot himself that it was against rules for *Crimson* candidates to interview the president. But he got his story; Eliot relented in the face of his eagerness and announced that, despite the imperialism issue, he would support McKinley. The *Crimson* carried the news in big type. Press associations picked up the article and it was printed throughout the country.

The campus adventure for which he is chiefly remembered, however, is his attack in the *Crimson* on the Harvard Corporation. As editor of the paper he exposed the fire hazard of the college dormitories. They were dangerous; an easy-going policy was responsible. The agitation which Roosevelt sponsored finally stirred the Overseers into action, and fire escapes and safety devices were installed. Fourteen years later Roosevelt himself became an Overseer.

ROOSEVELT followed Harvard with Columbia Law School. Most of the official biographies, and even the "Encyclopædia Britannica," refer to the Governor as a Columbia graduate. The truth of the matter is that he flunked his final examinations and failed to get his degree. He passed the State bar and was admitted to practice in 1907, going to work first as law clerk for Carter, Ledyard & Milburn, and then organizing his own firm. The Governor's legal practice has been limited. Today he is the law partner of Basil O'Connor, with whom



WHEN FASHION WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE
The **HOBBLE SKIRT**
 ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR A SCAMP IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.

he associated himself in 1924, but illness and politics have minimized his activities.

ONE of the Governor's greatest political assets, so far as the national field is concerned, has been his reputation as an enemy of Tammany Hall. Even his recent tight-rope walking in the matter of the city investigations (he was in a precarious position since he was liable to lose the nomination in 1932, either through too much friendliness for Tammany's enemies, which might cost him the support of the New York delegation, or too much friendliness for Tammany itself, which might cost him the support of the party as a whole) has not served to shake this reputation to any great degree. It had its foundation, of course, in the sensational fight over the candidacy of William F. Sheehan, happily known as "Blue-Eyed Billy of Buffalo," for the United States Senate in 1910.

That was the year that Roosevelt took his courage in hand, borrowed a spare principle or two from Theodore Roosevelt's catalogue of Progressivism, and precipitated himself into the hazardous game of the ballot box. It was not an auspicious occasion. Republican victories in the three upstate counties, Dutchess, Putnam, and Columbia, where he cast his lot seemed a foregone conclusion. Roosevelt's family had been Democrats always (only the Oyster Bay Roosevelts are Republicans) and a Democratic State senator had not been elected in his district since the moldering eighties.

But it was the young man's oppor-

tunity and he took it. He was full of vigor and spirit and ideals and he swung with mighty, if reminiscent, blows at bossism. Laughing at the apprehensions of the leaders, who feared the reaction of the rural vote to newfangled ideas, he made New York's first campaign by automobile. A campaign by automobile appears hardly spectacular so many years after, but in those days barefoot boys along the dusty highways still spat in the wake of clanking motorcars and shouted: "Shoo, Mister, git a hoss!" Roosevelt was swept triumphantly into office. He was twenty-eight years old.

The story of the Sheehan fight has been told many times. A week after he reached Albany, Roosevelt led a revolt of nineteen independent Democrats. Charlie Murphy, Tammany's boss, ordered the Democratic Legislature to elect Sheehan, but the insurgents refused to attend caucuses. It was strictly a Democratic fight, for William Barnes, Jr., the Republican boss, had made a deal with Murphy by which he agreed not to interfere with Tammany's senatorial plans. Murphy cajoled, wheedled, stormed, and finally capitulated to the independents after the Legislature had been deadlocked three months. James A. O'Gorman was elected. The long struggle was the chief influence in bringing about, only a little later, the popular election of senators.

ROOSEVELT had dug in his cleats now. He was returned to Albany by his district in 1912 and he struck out for bigger game. For all his youthful enthusiasm, for all his laughter and

glad-handing, he was essentially a serious-minded man, and the Presidential candidacy of Woodrow Wilson, the Princeton schoolmaster, had great appeal for him. Together with Thomas Mott Osborne, the prison-reformer, he formed the Empire State Democracy. The avowed purpose of the organization was to give a voice at the Baltimore convention to those who wanted Wilson and who would not have a chance to say so under Tammany domination. He went through the long convention fight, and, shortly after the new President took office, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

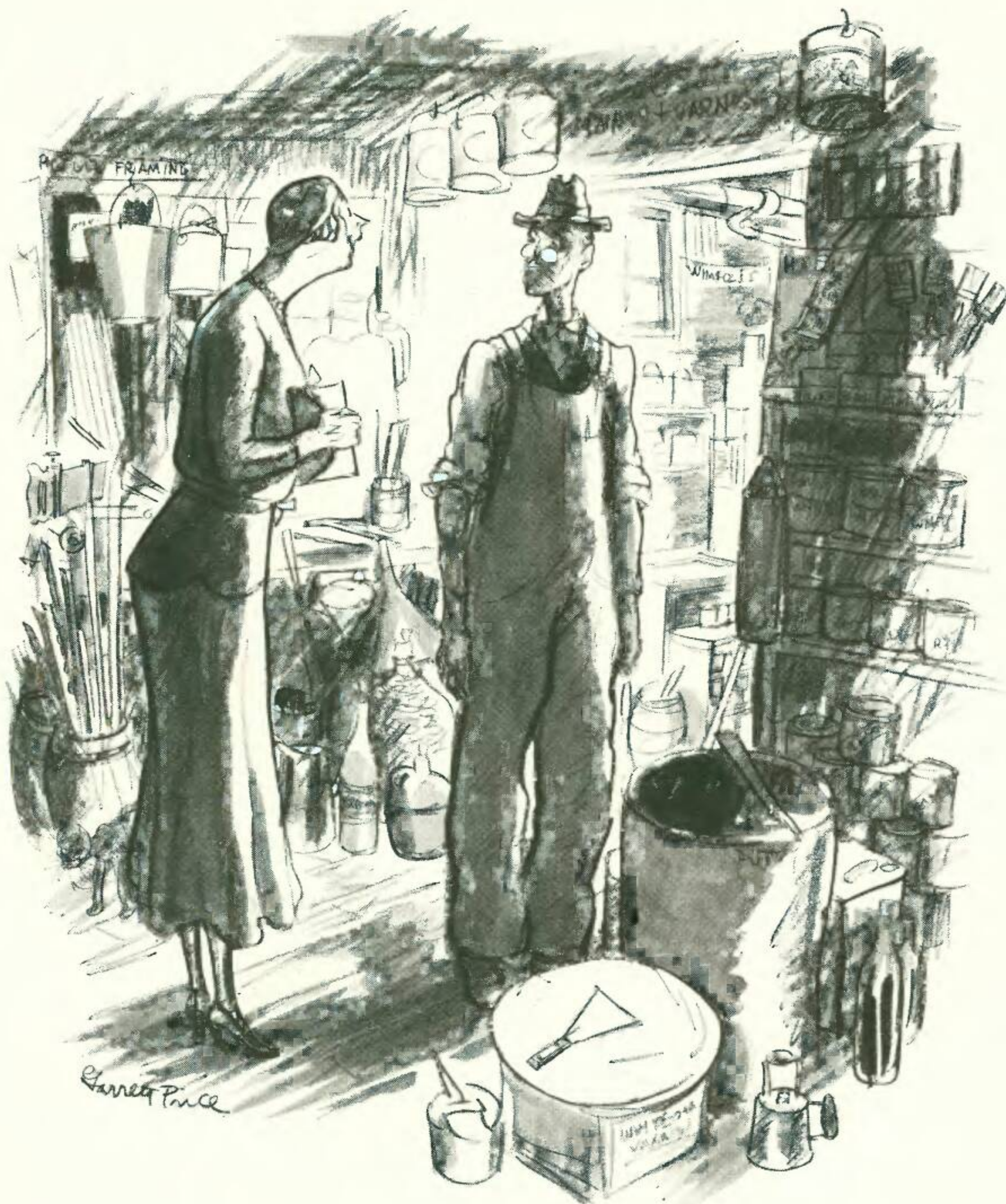
The Roosevelts have a first mortgage on that job. Theodore Roosevelt held the portfolio under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., under Harding and Coolidge. It was a post for which Franklin Roosevelt's temperament and abilities fitted him. He had been a naval enthusiast since boyhood, and at the age of sixteen piloted a tiny yawl from New York Harbor to Eastport, Maine, in the worst kind of rough weather. He had wanted to go to Annapolis. His father vetoed a midshipman's career, suggesting instead that his son feed his hunger for the sea by collecting naval pictures. The boy accepted this sedentary substitute, and today at his town house at 49 East Sixty-fifth Street and at Hyde Park he has the finest and most complete collection in the country. They record the whole history of America's fighting ships until after the Civil War. He has, too, an astounding library on naval subjects.

THERE can be no doubt of the excellence of Roosevelt's work in his sub-Cabinet job, and seagoing men say frankly that it was Roosevelt who held the Navy Department together during the trying days of the war. Josephus Daniels, a Southern newspaper editor, was utterly without an appreciation of the traditions of the service, and his early innovations were eccentric, and sometimes ridiculous. It was to Roosevelt and not to Daniels that the navy men brought their cases. He was the liaison man between the uniform and the swivel chair.

In private conversation with Washington friends, the Assistant Secretary, the youngest man ever to hold the job, was often impatient with his superior and outspoken in objection to his policies, but in public he stood loyally behind him. He himself was in charge of purchase and sale, and the entire

• •
"Thank you, no. It keeps me awake."





"Guess what I'm thinking of doing!"

business system of the Department. He also directed the civilian personnel and the navy yards. During the war it was a tremendous job. He rooted out the military cliques and slashed red tape; he introduced competitive bidding and he scandalized patriotic manufacturers on one occasion by buying turbines in England when he considered American prices too high.

His contributions to the naval conduct of the war are not so generally known. The coast patrol which brought most of the privately owned yachts into government service was his

idea. He was responsible for the creation of the one-hundred-and-ten-foot submarine-chasers which rendered the most effective service in European waters, and it was he who picked the acid-tongued Sims and, defeating the cabal of old-line admirals, placed him in supreme command. He went to Europe on a destroyer after the Armistice and personally directed demobilization.

AT San Francisco, in 1920, Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President. At the start of the conven-

Maine, and haranguing the peasantry at every crossroads. He made in all eight hundred speeches, setting what is generally said to be the all-time long-distance speaking record. This was, however, not the only record established. Cox and Roosevelt lost the election by the biggest margin in the history of the Republic. They lost even Hyde Park, Roosevelt's home, and he sat bitter and silent there when the returns came in.

ROOSEVELT is constitutionally a happy man and the despair of that

tion, when a loyal demonstration honoring Wilson was in progress and the state groups were circling about the hall in yelling procession, the New York delegation sat silent and unmoved. Murphy still remembered Tammany's famine of federal patronage. Finally Roosevelt's indignation could be contained no longer. He leaped to the front of the delegation, wrested the New York banner from Supreme Court Justice Mahoney, and, greeted by the joyous shrieks of loyal states, joined the parade. Yet Murphy approved his nomination to the Vice-Presidency with an affirmative wink of an eye when the Cox managers approached him about it. Murphy was a good politician. Roosevelt would have been nominated without him.

It was an ill-omened campaign. Roosevelt, deceived into overexertion by the vigor that had always been his, toured every state in the Union, boiling in the desert, freezing in

evening made a deep impression upon him. The vote meant, he felt, the death of gallantry. To appreciate fully his unhappiness, it is necessary to understand the genesis of Cox's campaign on the League of Nations issue. It is a story which has not seen print before and was told by the Governor on Election Night last fall when, with friends, he had once more gone home to Hyde Park to await the returns—this time with the certain knowledge of victory.

Roosevelt and Cox conferred shortly after the San Francisco convention and, studying the situation cold-bloodedly, agreed that a continued fight for the League would be calamitous. The American public had already indicated its hostility toward internationalism and its weariness of talk about it. The candidates decided that the better part of wisdom was to soft-pedal the issue or to ignore it entirely, and laid their plans accordingly.

Cox, strangely enough, had never met Wilson, and he came East to pay his respects and to receive the Presidential blessing. Roosevelt introduced him. The two men went to the White House and were marched into Wilson's sickroom. There, huddled in a rocking chair, sat the Great Idealist. He was gaunt and cadaverous and broken, and a gray shawl warmed his shoulders. Cox, a bright, cheerful, little man, was immensely moved. He tried twice to speak and finally managed:

"Mr. President, I have been a great admirer of your fight for the League."

Wilson looked at him a moment in silence. Something electrified the sickroom, and a gleam of the old zealot fire lighted his sunken eyes. He leaned forward, and plucked Cox by the sleeve.

"Mr. Cox," he said, "the fight can still be won."

The Presidential nominee was crying when he emerged from the White House and brushed awkwardly at his befogged spectacles. Emotion had put a new misty glow in his face. He turned to Roosevelt and struck him savagely across the shoulder. Something stronger than political wisdom had captured both men. There were still crusades to lead while the Saracen held the Sepulchre.

"Roosevelt," said Cox, "we'll make the fight on the League."

And so the Vice-Presidential nominee went home to Hyde Park after a

whirlwind campaign and he knew, as he must have known almost from the first, that defeat was inevitable.

"Yet, while I waited for the returns," said the Governor, "I felt that if we were beaten on that issue, if we could be beaten on such an issue, that there was something rotten about the world."

IT was just a year later, following a swim in the icy waters of Eastport Harbor, that Roosevelt was stricken with a mysterious ailment. The specialists, after weeks of examination and consultation, found that he had contracted infantile paralysis, a disease that works appalling damage when it attacks a grown person. Roosevelt's resistance had been lowered by the overwork of war days and the strenuous exertions of the 1920 campaign, and he was, for a time, completely helpless.

Gradually there was improvement, and then a naturally strong physique and his own determination brought about recovery. The Governor, however, has never fully regained the use of his legs.

His illness was the turning point in Roosevelt's life. It was a grave and abrupt goodbye to youth.

—MILTON MACKAYE

(This is the first of two articles on Governor Roosevelt. The second will appear next week.)

To move about with the ease and grace of a panther, to have the poise and character of an exquisitely formed dancer, should be the ambition of every woman. —Bernarr Macfadden in the *Evening Graphic*.

And to be wise to her should be the equipment of every man.



"I spotted
him
coming out
of
Schrafft's."

• •

POEM FOR THE BODY

Lightly, O body, tread the turning earth
 Into the windy grass, and contemplate
 The sharp heart moving fiercely in your breast.
 Walk toward the mountains in the autumnal, late

Smoke of evening. The heart is dark and clear
 As the heart of the fox beneath his ruffled fur;
 The heart is wild, too intimate, and near
 As the heart of the fox gone crying for nights that were

With summer stars blown out. Climb to the rocks,
 O body, climb through the bronzed and shaken grass
 Upward into the mountains and the wind. . . .
 O body, be light on the earth as the heart once was.

—FRANCES M. FROST

MONSIEUR DUPOTIN

WHEN we bought the second-hand car my wife's only lament was that it, combined with the tour we proposed to take, offered a more than usually good opportunity to run afoul of the French police and get fined for something. Ever since we had come to France I had regularly behaved in a manner which they seemed to find so apart from regulation that I paid at least one fine each month. The police had obtained too much of our money, my wife held, and she suggested that we take every means to prevent their finding any excuse to relieve us of any more on our tour.

Accordingly, before we started out, I was very careful to apply for every necessary document needed by an owner and driver of an automobile. After two weeks' intense research, dogged persistency, and hard work, I managed to obtain a *certificat de capacité*, a *récépissé de déclaration*, and a *permis de circulation*, and off we went.

AT the end of the first day's run we stopped at a hotel in a small town. Two eager *porteurs* came out to meet us at the curb. One took a look at the car and dashed back into the hotel. The other took our luggage in. As I entered the *bureau* of the place to arrange for a room, the man sitting there greeted me by saying: "*Bonjour, Monsieur Dupotin.*"

"I have regret," I told him, "but my name is not Dupotin."

He seemed surprised. "But it is not?" he asked. Then he saw that I had a lady with me. "Ah," he said, "it is of no matter." His delicacy, though superfluous, was sincere and understanding.

My wife could make no more of this incident than I. It disturbed us, for it was things like this which led, somehow, to the police and a fine.

On we went the next day, being careful not to annoy the police by driving in any way different from the other vehicles on the *route*, which meant that we never went under seventy *kilomètres* an hour, occupied the centre of the road when passing other cars, and always careened around corners as close to the left as possible. We came to our second hotel. Two more *porteurs* jumped out and went through the same process as the first two. Entering the hotel I was somewhat astonished to be again met with the cheery greeting: "*Bonjour, Monsieur Dupotin.*"

"I am not," I said firmly, "Dupotin."

"You are not Monsieur Auguste Dupotin?"

"No."

"But I have informed myself that you are of that name." The man shook his head sadly.

I demanded why he thought I was of that name. He finally offered the information that among other efficiencies being carried out by the association of hotels was the obtaining of a new guest's name by looking up his

auto license number in the registry provided for that purpose. It was then possible to greet the guest by name, which made him feel more at home.

That explained the second *porteur* who took a look at the car and dashed back into the hotel, and it made evident that the original owner of our car, who was listed in the registry, was Monsieur Auguste Dupotin. We congratulated ourselves. The police would get no money from us on that, for surely in such a simple condition of affairs there was nothing against the law.

IT didn't however, prevent me from being greeted as Monsieur Dupotin at every place we stopped in the following days. It was so persistent that I thought I might be Dupotin after all. I began to feel like Dupotin. Finally, I *was* Dupotin, or at least I found at one place it was simpler just to sign that name on the hotel *affiche* than go through the intricate process of denial.

That was the place, of course, where the police decided to examine our papers of identification. And when they saw one name on these and another name on the *affiche*, I was requested to step over to the Hôtel de Ville. My wife, resigned, went with me and stood by while the gentleman I interviewed first held that it was insupportably evident that I was an automobile thief. Fortunately, my *certificat de capacité*, my *récépissé de déclaration*, and my *permis de circulation*, together with my passport, were enough to get me out of that. But there was still the matter of signing a false name. I explained that. But my explanation failed to cover:

"Besides being suspicious to a gross degree, your action is strictly contrary to the law, and it will perhaps be better for you to pay a fine of—"

"One hundred francs," my wife interrupted.

"Correct, Madame," the gentleman of the police told her. "You appear to have comprehension of these matters."

"I have," my wife told him, "comprehension." —THEODORE PRATT



THINGS I HAVE NEVER DONE

I HAVE never walked in my sleep, lived in Park Avenue, or ridden a camel.

I have never visited the sewers of Paris, the Morgue, or Prospect Park.

I have never written a mash note to an actress.

I have never read any of the works of Edgar Wallace, Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, Kathleen Norris, or Aristotle.

I have never, garbed in white, journeyed to Stonehenge to see the sun rise at the summer solstice.

I have never acquired a liking for crêpes Suzette.

I have never learned to dance, to ice-skate, to ski, to dive, to yodel, to pat my head with one hand and rub my stomach with the other.

I have never worn spats, a top hat, silk underwear, or a monocle.

I have never seen those frescoes in the museum at Naples (the museum was closed both times I was in Naples).

I have never attended a bullfight, a six-day bicycle race, a hockey match, a quilting bee, a Chinese funeral, or a session of the Reichstag.

I have never had codfish cakes, champagne, caviar, or sauerkraut for breakfast.

I have never been baptized, confirmed, or divorced.

I have never written a play in blank verse.

I have never been to a night club, a Hoboken theatre, or a Harlem resort.

I have never admired Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Will H. Hays, William T. Manning, A. A. Milne, Reed Smoot, Richard Bennett, Rear Admiral Byrd, or Queen Marie.

I have never heard a lecture on Christian Science or ophthalmology.

I have never indorsed any shaving cream, toothpaste, cigarette, brassière, or cough remedy.

I have never thrown anything over my left shoulder or knocked on wood on first seeing the new moon.

I have never learned to speak French grammatically or with a correct accent.

I have never read "Clarissa Harlowe," "Great Expectations," "War and Peace," "Salammbô," "Wilhelm Meister," "Elsie Venner," "Cousin Pons," or "Romola."

I have never eaten at Foyot's, the Carlton Grill, Rumpelmayer's, Dinty Moore's, or the Texas Steer.

I HAVE never worked on a newspaper, been convicted of a crime, or attempted suicide.

I have never been awarded the Nobel Prize or declined to accept the Pulitzer Prize.

I have never tasted absinthe.

I have never shot a grouse, a quail, a pheasant, a partridge, a plover, a lark, a moose, a lion, or, in fact, anything.

I have never seen Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Rudy Vallée, George Jessel, Bert Lahr, Norma Talmadge, Tallulah Bankhead, or Maurice Chevalier.

I have never voted the Republican ticket.

I have never listened to a major work of Brahms without experiencing intense boredom.

I have never borrowed money from anyone.

I have never climbed Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, or Mount Everest.

I have never shaken hands with a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary of State, a Secretary of Agriculture, a Solicitor-General, a Register of Copyrights, a Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, or a Chief Actuary.

I have never been psychoanalyzed or had my horoscope cast.

I have never written a play in which the butler turns out to be the uncle of one of the other characters; in which it appears that the lovers are really not brother and sister after all, thereby averting the danger of incest; in which a crook pretends to be a detective in order to make the other characters believe that he is a crook, although he is really a detective; in which a lover unwittingly becomes enamored of the daughter of his mistress; in which a warden's daughter loses her heart to a handsome young prisoner.

I have never refused an offer of marriage.

I have never contributed a penny to the Y.M.C.A., the Anti-Saloon League, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Charity Organization Society, the Junior League, or the Bide-A-Wee Home.

I have never joined the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the National Guard, the Foreign Legion, the Officers' Reserve Corps, the Escadrille Lafayette, the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, or the Knights of Pythias.

I have never stood on my head.

I HAVE never been able to finish "Paradise Lost," "Jean-Christophe," "Moby Dick," "Swann's Way," "Faust," "Rob Roy," "The Ring and the Book," "Joseph Vance," "The Book of Revelation," or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

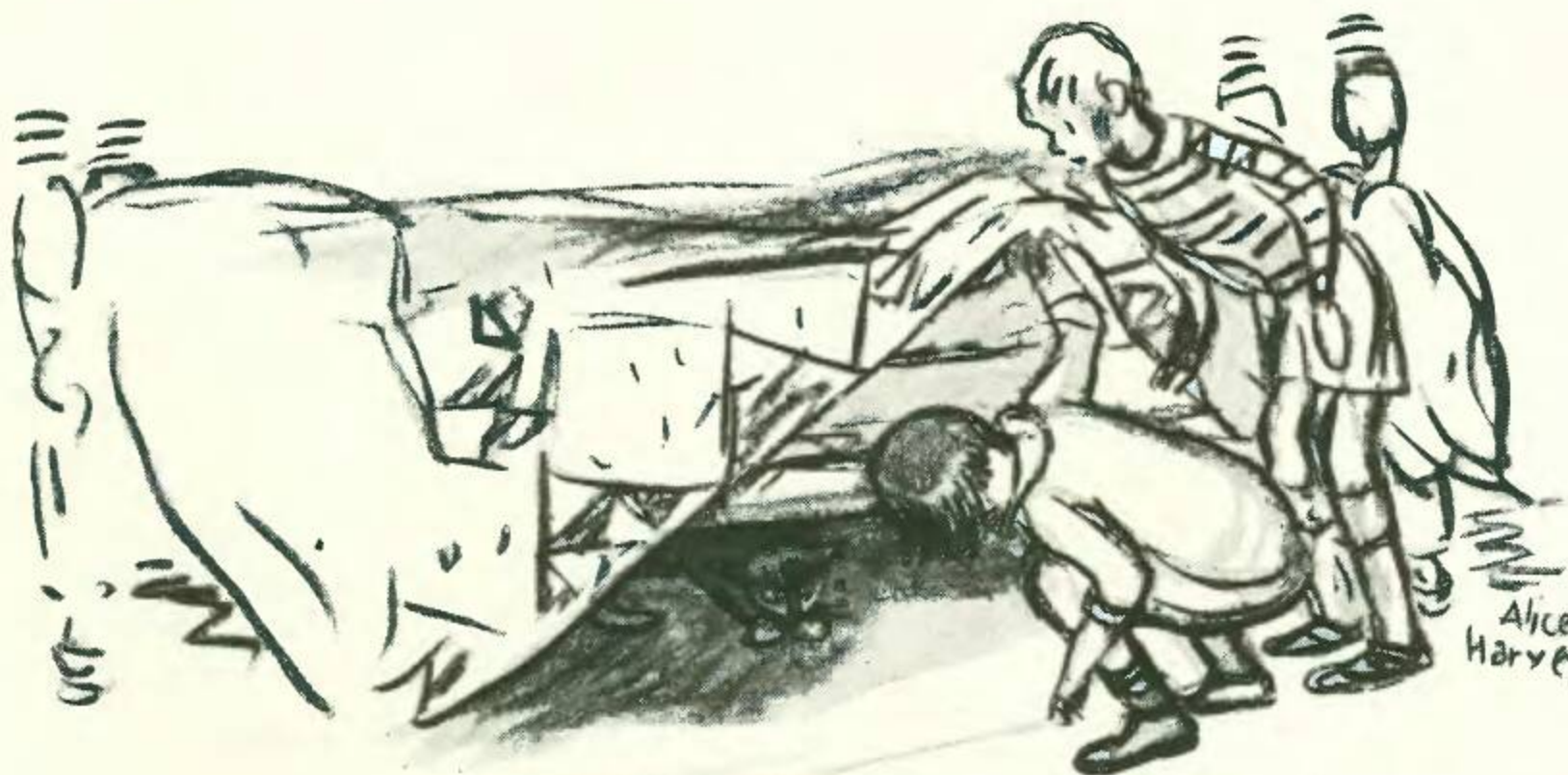
I have never listened in on Amos 'n' Andy or "The Rise of the Goldbergs."

I have never bought a Liberty Bond, a Victory Bond, or helped in any other way to make the world safe for democracy.

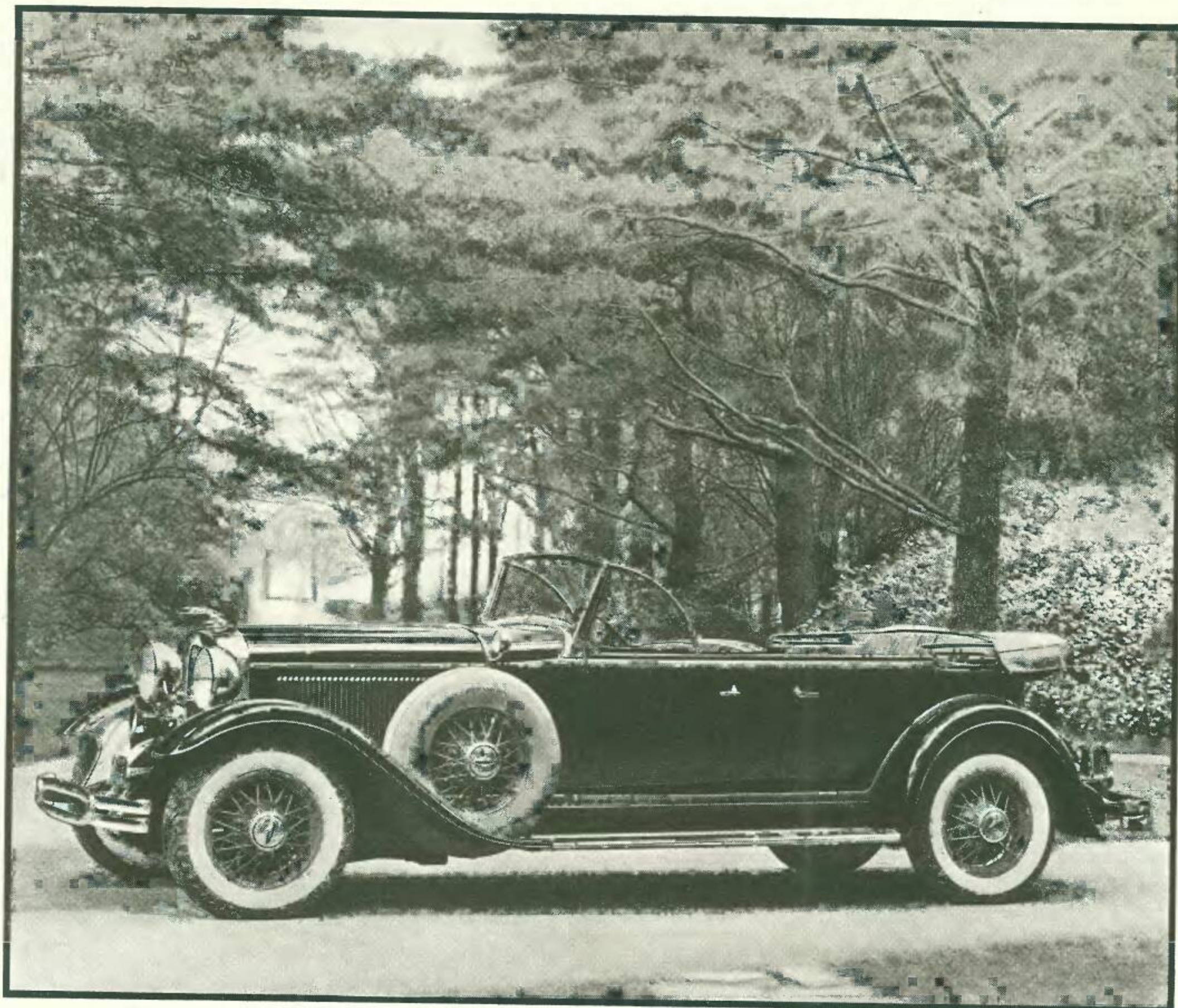
I have never entered a shop conducted by Raymond Duncan.

I have never laughed at the spectacle of an actor being kicked in the pants.

I have never learned to use more than two fingers in operating a



"Why there you are, you darling. Nice kitty, kitty."



THE LINCOLN SPORT PHAETON

THE LINCOLN REFLECTS THE SPIRIT OF MOTION

INTO the Lincoln is built an ageless energy. Here is an alert, eager power that appeals to all who love the open road. A lithe, fleet beauty expressive of motion itself. A spaciousness and deep comfort that invite relaxation.

The Lincoln is precision-built to supply you with all you can ask of a fine motor car. The quiet smoothness of its powerful engine, its firm security and freedom from body sway, its unusual safety, the exhilarating joy of free-wheeling gliding—such characteristics are unceasing

sources of pleasure and satisfaction. The Lincoln engine develops 120 horse-power. Wheelbase is 145 inches. Center of gravity is low and tread is wide, providing greater riding comfort. All springs are remarkably long. Transmission is the new proved free-wheeling. In these specifications, and all others to the smallest mechanical detail, the Lincoln is made carefully, unhurriedly, to offer you a motor car as nearly perfect as it is possible to produce. Prices range from \$4400, f. o. b. Detroit.

CONVENIENT TO-AND- FROM

ESSEXHOUSE is convenient to shops for a woman . . . handy to clubs for a man . . . and socially central for both . . . a few blocks from the theatres and less than two blocks from 5th Avenue . . . one minute from 57th Street and a split second from the Park! . . . and the rents are just as convenient as the location!

See the group of Furnished Suites that are the golden mean between the under-furnished and the overdone, on the 14th floor

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*Apartments of Any Size
Kitchens for Self-Service
Also Central Culinary Service
Whenever Required*

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Furnished Occupancy in September
Rents from October



ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South

Agent: BROWN, WHELOCK;
HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., Inc.

Telephone: Wickersham 2-5500

typewriter or to typewrite a page without making at least six mistakes.

I have never played backgammon, mah jong, polo, chemin de fer, golf, baccarat, court tennis, or strip poker.

I have never visited Harry's New York Bar.

I have never bought any woman a rope of pearls, a Rolls-Royce, or a sable coat.

I have never balanced a walking stick on my nose.

I have never administered corporal punishment to my children.

I have never been to a Turkish bath or been shaved by a barber.

I have never believed that German soldiers cut off the hands of Belgian children, that under the Soviet régime all women are national property, or that the Chinese subsist chiefly upon rats.

I have never bought anything at an auction sale.

I have never liked the paintings of Raphael, Murillo, Joshua Reynolds, John Singer Sargent, Guido Reni, Weenix, Fragonard, Andrea del Sarto, or Georgia O'Keeffe.

I HAVE never swum the English Channel, done a parachute jump, or sat on a flagpole.

I have never eaten a banana split, scrapple, kuskos, or Limburger cheese.

I have never seen the third act of forty plays, the names of which I never can remember.

I have never shared a steamship cabin with a stranger or presented a letter of introduction to the captain.

I have never made a New Year's resolution.

I have never called a headwaiter by his first name or addressed a waitress as "dearie."

I have never met a woman who did not try to reform me or one who succeeded in doing it.

I have never placed a wreath upon any grave of any unknown soldier.

I have never thrown my straw hat into the field when Babe Ruth made a home run.

I have never bought theatre tickets from a speculator.

I have never rolled my own cigarettes, chewed tobacco, or manufactured my own gin.

I have never read "The Captain and the Kids."
—ELMER RICE

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Newark Evening News]

BULLETS FLY, TWO CAUGHT BY POLICE



"That's Over My Head!"

Said Harold Herring, as he goggled at Roy Knabenshue. "Don't it beat all that I can't see things from his point of view."

If Harold only could, he would have seen Tebo Yacht Basin in the fourth year of its toddling life, and already nationally known as the best equipped yachtyard on the Atlantic Seaboard. Since then Tebo has served an increasingly large and distinguished clientele in the repair, conversion, overhaul and fitting-out of fine yachts.

*Ample storage (wet or dry) for
all sizes of yachts and fittings.*

TEBO

YACHT BASIN



TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING
AND REPAIR CORPORATION
Foot of 23rd Street, Brooklyn, New York

• HEAR! HEAR! •
RUDY VAILEE



AND
HIS

CONNECTICUT YANKIES

*Dance at dinner and supper
to his irresistible music*

NO COVER CHARGE AT DINNER

*Delicious, inexpensive food
At noon, "Plate" Luncheons from 75c*

on THE ROOF of
• HOTEL •
PENNSYLVANIA

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SPORT AND THE SHOWOFF

THE window of my flat looks out upon one of the city's public playgrounds, and on pleasant afternoons there is always a baseball game going. Watching the boys at play—their ages run from twelve to seventeen—I gather a subtler impression of the thing that has happened to sport in our proud nation than from the most careful statistics that are prepared, or from a game in the Stadium itself. For as these youngsters pick up a grounder and get it over to first, as they wind up in the pitcher's box, as they waggle their bats nervously at the plate, they give themselves away. They are not simply playing the game of baseball for the fun of it. They are aping the famous professionals, and they keep half an eye

cocked on the apartment-house windows that stare down upon them. Though they cannot be sure of any audience at all, they imagine one, and they labor industriously to capture that indefinable air of sureness, of half-hidden technical facility, of debonair grace and insolence, that they have glimpsed from the bleachers. They play, as a matter of fact, rather bad baseball. But they do it with a mighty pretty flourish.

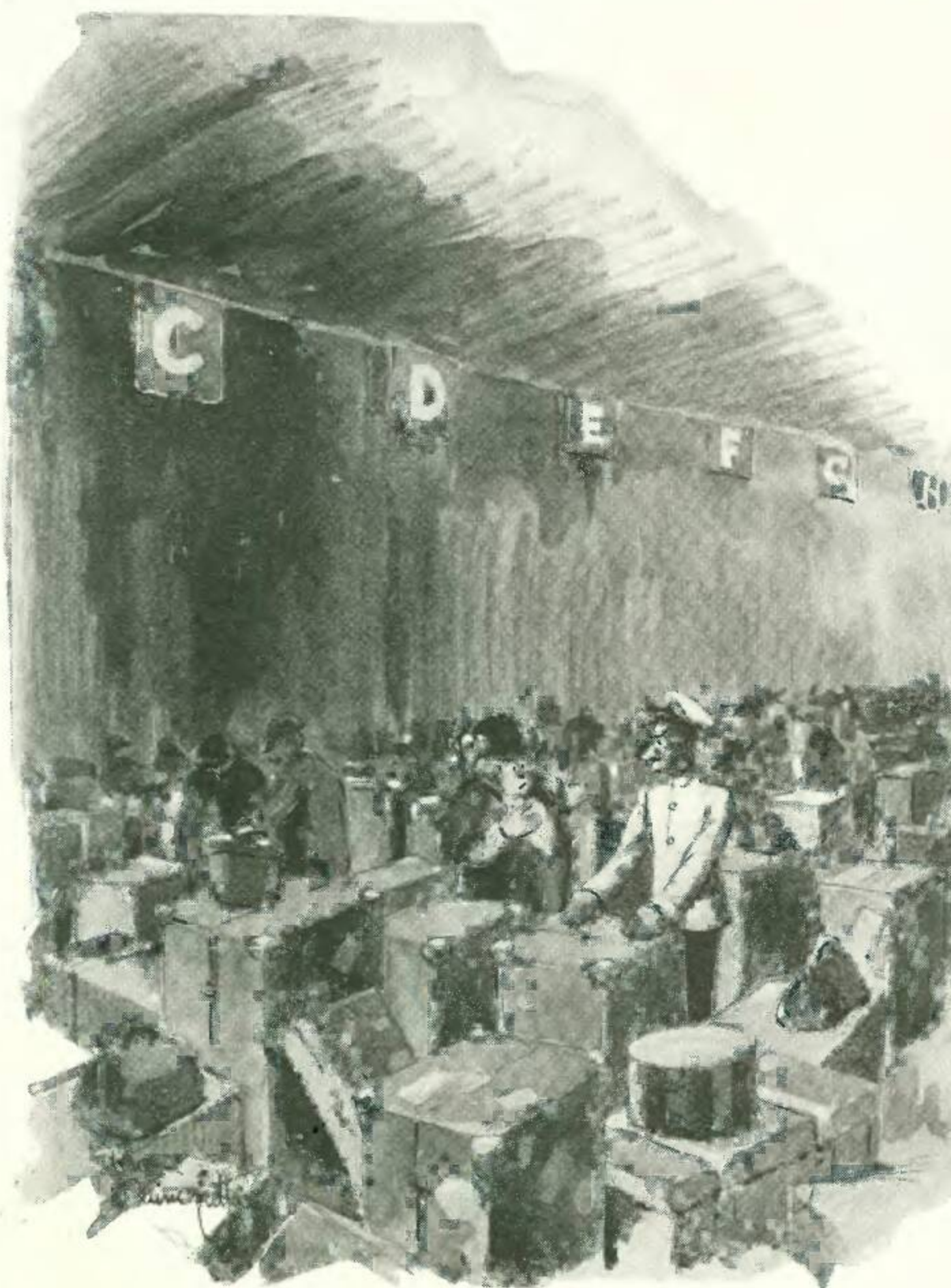
When that localized phenomenon was borne in upon me, I naturally wondered if it extended to other sports, and I began to look around. My inquiry was crowned with notable success. From the tennis courts to the polo fields, from the gridirons to the golf

courses, they are aping the celebrities. And the quality of their aping has one constant: the tendency to make a spectacle of all games, to play everything for the sake of a good show, whether there is an audience or not.

The reason for this is not difficult to discover. Amateur sport in our republic has always been secondary to professional sport, which naturally includes tournament tennis, big-college football, and tournament golf, as well as the more plebeian baseball. During the last decade or two, the number of spectators at these games has doubled and tripled and tripled again. With such enormous gates it became necessary to produce a pageant that the most dumb-witted could understand and applaud. This element of pageantry has seeped from the professional stadia down to the obscurest vacant lot, and the consequence is a marked change in the manner of our playing. In the case of football and baseball, of course, the sandlotters couldn't help themselves. The rules of play are controlled and changed by the profit-makers, and these rules, which the very lowliest must follow, have gradually altered for the sake of the Big Show. In football the open game has come: the intricate development of the forward and lateral passes, which were designed purely to break up those tight mass formations which the untutored eye of the casual multitudes could not penetrate. In baseball, we have the lively ball, and a consequent change in the whole tactic and technique of the game.

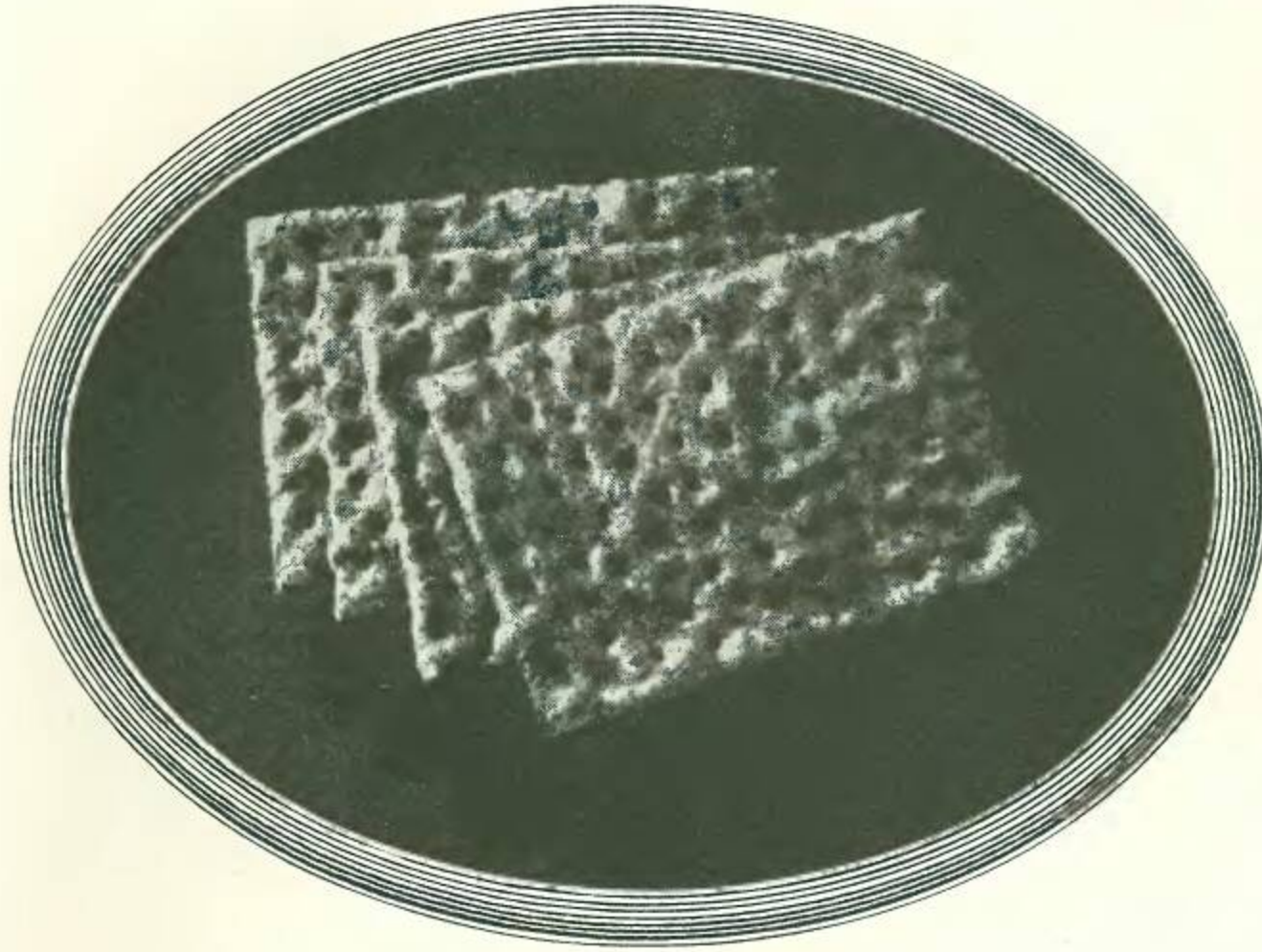
I THINK that baseball, as a matter of fact, provides the clearest example of the sport transformation that I have been talking about: the transformation from a good game to a good show for boobs. It has the tendency marked even more deeply than football or boxing, for the reason that it is on a subtler scale. And if you have the patience, we'll try to get at the quality of this change.

During the decade before the war, baseball was in its very heyday as a game. McGraw had introduced more successfully than anybody else the legend of inside baseball, of shrewd maneuvers in the midst of play, of thinking as an aid to skill. The magnates had long since decided that crookedness and game-fixing must be kept out of the sport, purely for the



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HERE IT IS! Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread. Imported from London in all its crunchy, wafer-thin deliciousness. Contains just what it says . . . All of the Wheat. Bran, too, is retained in its entirety, and the starch content is completely modified. An excellent *conditioner* and a perfect addition to the *slenderizing* diet.

AllWheat Crispbread is one of a number of bake-oven specialties by Peek Frean & Co., Ltd.* biscuit purveyors to H. M. King George V. Samples of AllWheat Crispbread are obtainable at better grocery stores.

*Can you say "Britain's Crispest Biscuits"?
... It's easier to say "PEEK FREAN'S."

PEEK FREAN'S
GENUINE ENGLISH
Biscuits

Obtainable at
better grocery stores, delicatessens,
provision departments, etc. . . .

Distributed by The Renken & Yates Smith Corp.
16-22 Hudson Street, New York City



sake of the huge investment that was involved. The lesson had been learned that baseball was a more intimate thing to its devotees than boxing or racing, and that the boob-baiting practices of the two latter games—the ballyhoo of frauds and the admitted sharp practices—would bring dismal reactions. The newspapers were giving thunderous support to the baseball business, for the simple reason that the sale of sporting extras carrying final box scores was a pretty addition to circulation. With the aid of the newspapers, the immensely profitable post-season contest known as the World Series had been put over to the delighted acclaim of the public.

THERE were, however, two elements in the baseball of that day which were its vital factors: it was supported by genuine, permanent devotees, called fans—a man was a baseball fan or he wasn't—and it was a game designed with the pitcher as the great hero. Fans went to the parks to see pitchers' battles. The greatest achievement in baseball was to pitch a no-hit game. The glamorous figures were Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Ed Walsh, Three-Fingered Brown, Rube Marquard, Rube Waddell—a host of glorious pitchers comes to mind. It was a great day for the Giants when Rube Marquard pitched both games of a doubleheader, and won them both. And the marvel of the day was that stunt of Rube Waddell's. With a one-run lead in the ninth inning, he called in all his fielders and directed them to sit on the turf in a semicircle about him while with superb disdain he struck out the three batters who faced him.

It is true that the greatest player of that day was not a pitcher. His name was Ty Cobb, and he was an outfielder. But everything about Cobb appealed to that jealous fan of the old days who loved the delicate nuances of the game. Cobb was a placement hitter. He tapped singles just over the head of the third baseman, or just down the little gap between second base and the shortstop, or wherever an opening existed. He beat out bunts. He stole bases. He invented the hit-and-run play, the most daring and subtle maneuver ever introduced into the game. He invented the hook-slide.

A third great element in that game of 1912 or thereabouts was the fielding. The double plays that went Tinker to Evers to Chance became the subject of a warm refrain, and when Neal Ball made his triple play un-

assisted, the fans of the nation went wild.

THEN came Babe Ruth.

Now Babe Ruth is a superb baseball-player. He is, indeed, without much question the greatest all-round player that the game has produced. In the old days of the heroic pitchers, he was a great one. He can play any position on the field. He thinks fast. His throwing arm is the best in either league. He is a great deal swifter on the bases than most people think when they see his lumbering figure wallow along. He is, above all else, the home-run king, the man that breaks up baseball games. He has about ruined the sport as a sport, though he has made it as a circus performance.

This home-run business began with Baker, who played third base for the Athletics fifteen years ago. He was the first of his kind, and he was not the greatest man on a team that included Eddie Plank and Jack Coombs and Chief Bender and Eddie Collins. But he was the handwriting on the wall. Before he was done with the game he had broken up two World Series with his homers and worked the alchemy of slug-passion upon the multitudes. The fans were already having a tendency to forget a fine battle between Chief Bender and Big Ed Walsh or Walter Johnson when they realized that a home run from Baker might ruin that battle at any moment. More important, people who had never thought much about baseball began to drift out to Shibe Park on the off chance that Baker might lift one over the fence.

AFTER the war, baseball attendance dropped off. The magnates remembered the thrill that casual spectators had evinced when Baker or Lajoie or Hans Wagner or Frank Schulte socked one. And they decided that there ought to be a little more socking. They introduced a new ball, very lively, very fast, which made batted flies carry farther, and made grounders hop down with the speed of a rifle bullet. They surrendered the old tight game, with its tense, hidden thrills for steady fans, in behalf of a gaudy show that a halfwit could understand. It requires no knowledge at all of baseball to gather the implications, to feel the surge of delight, when the Babe pokes one into the bleachers.

That was good business. It built the Yankee Stadium. To help out the

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AT 12 O'CLOCK ON A MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Vacationists from seashore resorts, have nothing on Tudor City residents. Let the said vacationists brag about cool nights. They don't know Tudor City. Over here on Prospect Hill there's always a breeze. And after the hottest day—the nights are cool, and you can really sleep. With our reasonable prices, * one room apartments at \$66. a month, and our breeze as a bonus, you owe it to yourself to visit us and determine from first hand information if you too should now

LIVE IN TUDOR CITY AND WALK TO BUSINESS

- * 1 room apartments from \$66. 5 room apartments from \$175.
- 2 room apartments from \$100. 6 room apartments from \$250.
- 3 room apartments from \$115. Also special roof studios and
- 4 room apartments from \$140. penthouse apartments.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., Inc.
Renting Office, East end of 42nd Street to 5 Prospect Place
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COUETTES are ready-cut cotton the size and shape beauty experts advise. They absorb and release just the right amount of a liquid—efficient, economical. Moistened with water or a skin tonic, a Couette gently removes cream without rubbing or pulling. Send 10 cents for guest-size package.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

COUETTES



new order, rules were passed forbidding pitchers from being too good. The spitball and the emery ball were abolished, and it became the custom to introduce a brand-new ball every second or third play. Slick and shiny white, it offered no chance for curious grips to produce curious curves.

With the beginning of this season there was much talk of another new ball, not so lively, and rougher in the stitches so that it might be gripped more craftily by curve-ball pitchers. But the box scores indicate that it has not made the least difference, and four big-league ballplayers have told me that it is as lively as ever.

Nowadays, most of the shrewdness is gone from baseball. There isn't much sense in setting the diamond for a squeeze play for the sake of a single run when a home-run hitter might clear the bases any minute. Base-stealing is more or less futile. It is better to wait on the chance of a three-bagger than to fiddle with the dangers of a hit-and-run. I glance at the box scores of eight consecutive games played recently by the Yankees. Perhaps it would amuse you to see the composite of certain aspects in these box scores:

	H	2B	3B	HR	Runs
8 games	180	29	13	11	135
Average per game	22.5	3.7	1.7	1.3	17

In all the eight games, there was but one in which no home run at all was hit, and in all cases the team hitting the most home runs was the final victor. There were no shutouts at all. It is interesting to observe that thirty-four pitchers were required, an average of more than two per team for each game. There were twenty-seven errors in fielding, and there were one hundred and eighteen men left on bases—an average of over fourteen potential runs in each game that could not be scored.

Obviously, it is a poorer game, but equally obviously it is a better show for the great crowds. There is plenty of broad, barbaric action: the action of walloping bats and screaming hits, which is a gaudier thing to watch than the mental processes of a shortstop a hundred yards away out on the field. The players are no longer simply experts at a game. They are performers, and to get the big money they must have individual style as well as skill.

THIS quality in baseball, the spectacle quality, has extended to all of our national professional sports. In

COOL
and
SERENE

The Ritz Tower

HOTEL and RESTAURANT

PARK AVENUE at
57th STREET

The Ritz Tower is a pleasant retreat these summer days . . . Favored by Smart New Yorkers for permanent residence, out-of-town visitors have found it perfect for temporary stays.

Luncheon and dinner in the cool summer restaurant. Every nicety of cuisine and service.

Reservations: Emery, Wickersham 2-5000

Under the
Personal Direction of
THEODOR SZARVAS



No,
He's Not an Admiral

• But he plays a most important part in the social and official life of the Nation's Capital, just the same.

• He's the doorman at the Carlton—first to welcome Washington's most discriminating visitors to this distinguished hostelry—famous for its atmosphere of exclusive refinement and high standard of service. He awaits the privilege of welcoming you.

THE CARLTON



16th & K Sts., Washington, D.C.

Rooms, \$5 to \$12—Suites, \$15 to \$35

ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS, OF COURSE

some instances, certainly, it has improved the game itself. Football is probably a better game now than it used to be. Tennis certainly is, despite all the hugger-mugger and the posing of the big tournament matches. Hockey has undergone very great changes, and since I know very little about it, I become simply one of the boobs that the magnates had in mind when they altered the rules. I can only report that it is more fun to watch now than it used to be.

TO make my point, after all this laboring of it, probably will seem a little insistent. But I do wish to have you observe that the rankest dubs are putting the elements of showmanship, as they understand it, into their back-lot games. On the tennis courts, they posture and they use the famous Tilden racquet. On the sandlots they make one-hand stops when two hands would do a great deal better. On the football fields they have a double band in gaudy uniforms, and the backs of the players are always numbered, even when the stands hold nobody but cousins and aunts. Even in the grimy little training gyms in Eighth Avenue, the ham-and-egg fighters flutter and dance through their workouts as if a thousand lovely sun-tanned shoulders were grouped about the ringside.

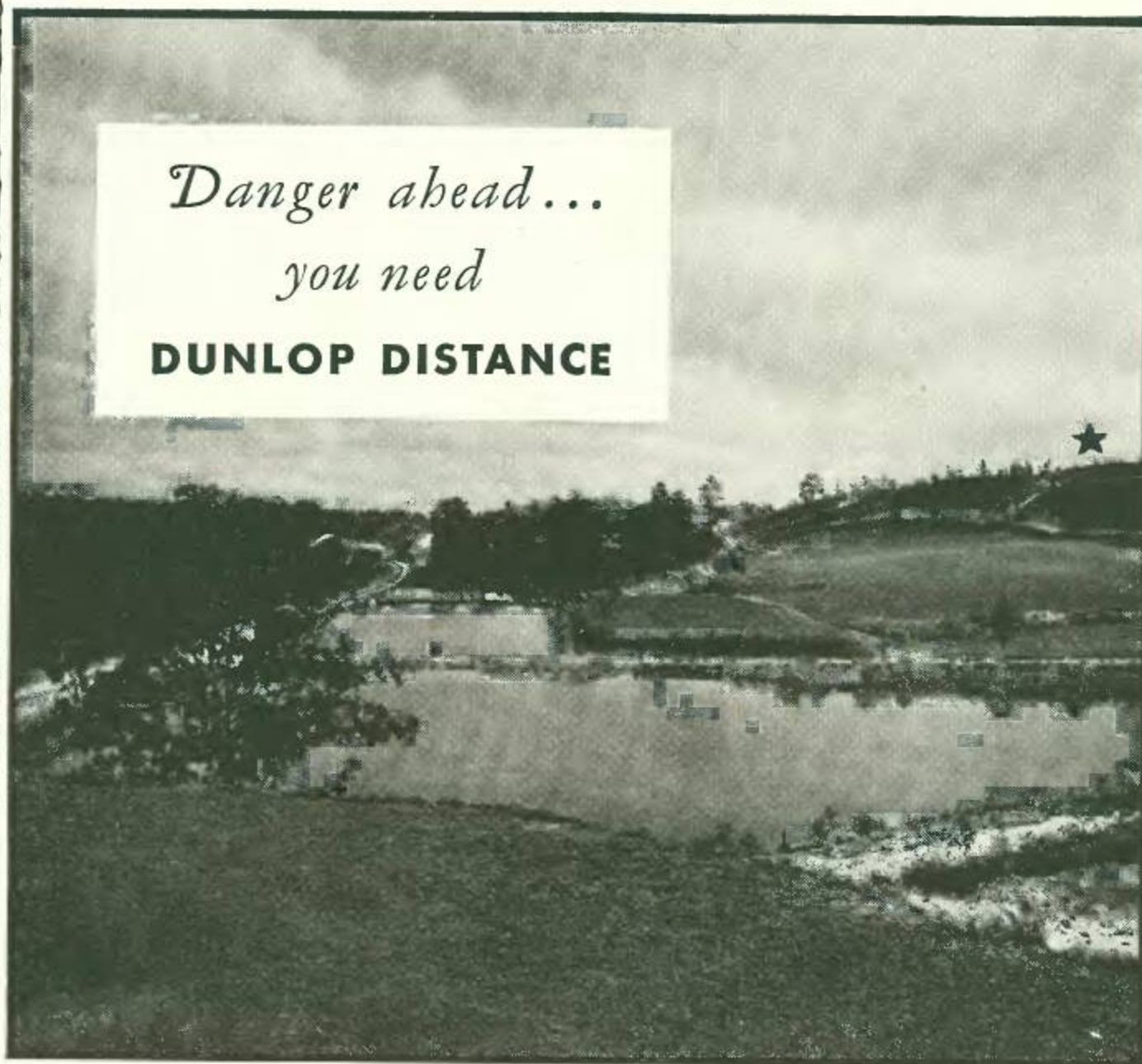
We used to get rid of our theatrical instincts by way of fancy paint jobs on our cars, recitations by our children, gold-headed canes, and the possession of genuine imported champagne. Nowadays, sport is the big showoff, and it doesn't make any difference how bad our game is if we play it with the right display of the professional manner. If we are too lazy or too inept to participate ourselves in the milder games, we find out just what expensive costume is appropriate and hurry off to as conspicuous a place as possible in the stands. It is a more irreparable social blunder among real moderns to miss a match between Londos and McMillen, Tilden and Richards, than to be absent from the opening of the opera.

—MORRIS MARKEY

CHICAGO, Ill. (U.P.)—Mrs. Evelyn Metcalfe charged in a divorce suit on file today that her husband, William A. Plumber, allowed their house to become flooded last Sunday by water from a broken pipe which he refused to repair because rules of his union prohibited him from working on Sunday.—*Washington Daily News*.

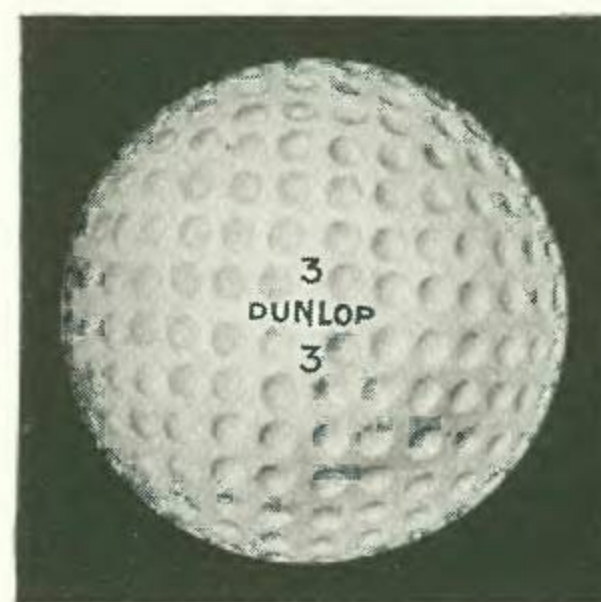
Let George A. Proofreader do it.

FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA



★ Eighteenth tee on famous Pine Valley Course, Clemonton, N. J.

HERE'S a hole where you need every bit of distance you can get. Over 400 yards long and your second shot brings you smack up against this stretch of water. Yes, you need more than distance, you need confidence. And you have both, if you are playing the Imported Dunlop. You feel the distance in a Dunlop in the very click off the club. You feel its dependability on the fairway, its unwavering accuracy on the green. Think: in all your golfing experience, have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop? At your pro's, ask him today.



Imported
DUNLOP
\$1

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

Generous pads of snowy cotton for applying cleansing liquids, astringents and other cosmetics



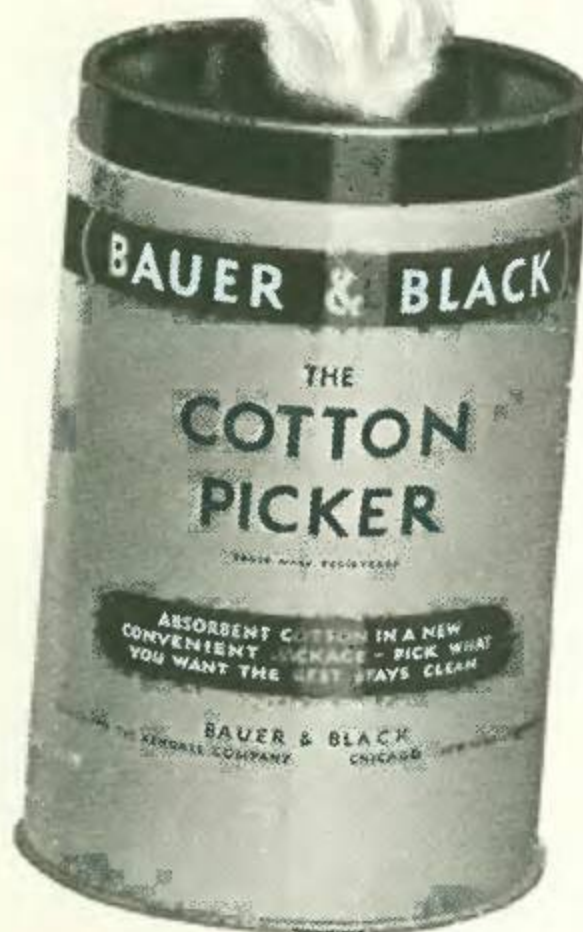
Smaller pads for patting on powder or deodorants



Pledgets of clean cotton for cleansing baby's eyes, nose and mouth



Tiny wisps for your manicure



Clean cotton . . . big pieces, little pieces . . . as much as you want . . . out of this convenient new sheltering container. . . .

The Cotton Picker

It's the finest cotton that grows. Now you get it in the nicest, smartest container, with a snug-fitting cap to keep it tightly sealed against dust, and an ingenious opening for convenient removal.

Ask for The Cotton Picker—at almost any drug, toiletry or infants' counter. Only 25c.

BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto

NEW APARTMENTS

Over by the River

YOU will find 120 East End Avenue worth a visit. Its designer, Charles A. Platt, has given its exterior the quiet simplicity and distinctive lines of modern architecture without resorting to modernistic contours.

To judge from the spacious ten, eleven, and fourteen-room apartments, Vincent Astor, the owner, stinted neither money nor effort on this new addition to his many holdings. The foyers are lordly in size, and the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, and bedrooms are likewise built on a generous scale. The details, of course, are excellent. The principal rooms have graceful ornamented plaster cornices which were designed by the architect, and consequently are appropriate to each room. The casement windows which overlook Carl Schurz Park and the East River reach almost from floor to ceiling. The walls and the herringbone oak floors are soundproof.

The pantries are a little larger than average and are lined with steel cabinets for china and glassware. They have chromium-plated drainboards and sinks; composition counter tops that won't scratch, stain, or tarnish; generous plate-warmer cabinets; and extra refrigerators for ices and salads. The kitchens are equally well equipped.

Other thoughtful details include call bells, in the principal rooms, connected with an annunciator in the servants' hall; central radio equipment with outlets in the master's section of the apartment and the servants' hall; and a private elevator vestibule with soundproof ceiling and door. The service and passenger elevators serve only one apartment to a floor, and the latter have been equipped with the Otis Elevator Company's new call system. This makes it possible to signal the doorman for a taxi or car from the floors above, and to call the butler from the entrance, so he will be at the door when the elevator arrives.

There are duplexes with as many as nineteen rooms, and simplexes with as many as sixteen. The annual rents are from \$5,000 to \$20,000. Occupancy starts October 1. The agents are the Vincent Astor Company.

SAFELY beyond the traffic lanes in an atmosphere of almost suburban

peace, there is No. 2 Beekman Place, a new seventeen-story-and-penthouse apartment building designed by Rosario Candela. Its two-room suites are provided with ample dressing-alcove and bath arrangements, kitchenettes and dining-alcoves, and well-proportioned living-rooms. The six-room duplexes are compact and arranged for convenience. The first floor consists of a foyer and adjacent lavatory, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, and pantry. Above are one maid's and two master's bedrooms and three baths. There are also six-room simplexes which are just as attractive. A number of the apartments, from the tenth floor up, have terraces, and each enjoys a panoramic view of the East River and the city.

The annual rents run from \$1,300 to \$8,600. Albert B. Ashforth, Inc., are the agents. Occupancy, October 1.

PEOPLE who are particularly keen on studio living-rooms with dropped floors, galleries with wrought-iron railings, and wood-burning fireplaces, will find a large assortment of apartments with this type of room at 430 East Eighty-sixth Street. There are three, four, and six-room apartments and several penthouses for an average annual rent of \$536 a room.

The living-rooms are unusually large; the English casement windows have an upper ventilation sash for stormy days; and special electric-light switches at the doors control the floor and wall lights separately, so one doesn't have to make the usual tour around the room turning the floor lamps on. An arched doorway near the centre leads to the bedrooms beyond, making an attractive break in the design.

The kitchens are as nearly perfect as any I have seen in moderate-sized apartments. They are really large enough to move around in, and the equipment in no way reminds one of a child's toy kitchen. All baths and kitchens are on the outside, and every closet has its own electric light.

The apartments on the Eighty-sixth Street side, incidentally, enjoy an unusual upstream view of the East River.

Douglas L. Elliman & Company are the renting agents. Occupancy, some time in August. —D. S.

ORDER OF THE BATH

PARIS has almost arrived at the foolish New York ideal of parlor, bedroom, and six master's bathrooms, but up to about five years ago there was a highly profitable enterprise over there which delivered baths at your door. You ordered a bath. At the appointed time a small van drew up. A stalwart porter removed a large tin tub and two gigantic pitchers of boiling water. The neighbors could and did speculate on the identity of the bath-purchaser. There was a mild sensation in the quarter. The chief advantage of this system was the fact that you could take your bath where you listed. If little Cousin Étienne was taking his music lesson in the salon, you could have your bath transported to the library, or if the library was drafty, it could go to the dining-room. None of this dull stodginess of the fixed bathroom just for bathing. You could suit your mood and have an east view and the sun or a north light and a glimpse of the conservatory just as you wished. When you were done, the water was dumped down the drain and the stalwart gentleman called for and drove off with the tub and the two pitchers.

This system has disappeared, along with the charcoal-burner bath-heater, which was a means of heating bath-water by plunging a charcoal-burner into the tub. A willing servant spent about two hours of constant toil to make the water even tepid, and then there were bound to be a few flakes of charcoal in the water. This tradition of explosive bathing is carried on by the Etna-like eruptions of the popular *chauffe-bain*.

When I was at school, baths were a rite. We signed up for them as we did when we went to the Opéra or to the Comédie Française, on long official slips, specifying the hour. Nervous students were allowed to have showers as a soothing supplement to the curriculum. For the major weekly bath we descended an impressive stairway to the basement, carrying our towels and soap. The baths were large, tinny, spotlessly clean, and full to the brim of boiling hot water, and reminiscent in shape of the one in which Marat had bathed so fatally. There were about six, each in a little wooden cell, and they were presided over by a rosy-cheeked maid from the provinces to whom we gave a few *sous*' tip on leaving.

THREE summers ago we took a house up in Normandy. It was



10 Park Ave MAKES YOUR PURSE SMILE

Advanced apartments—that summarize what has been built so far and prophesy what will be built tomorrow. And are priced decidedly for *today*. Apartments which bring you comfort at rents which won't disturb it.

See them! Visit the display floor and examine the conveniences which stamp these as the Apartments of Tomorrow. Step down liv-

ing-rooms—and a dozen more—Restaurant—Maid Service. October 1st Occupancy.

2 rooms from \$115

3 rooms from \$150

4 rooms from \$275



The dressing-rooms are large enough to be convenient and comfortable.



PARK AVE.

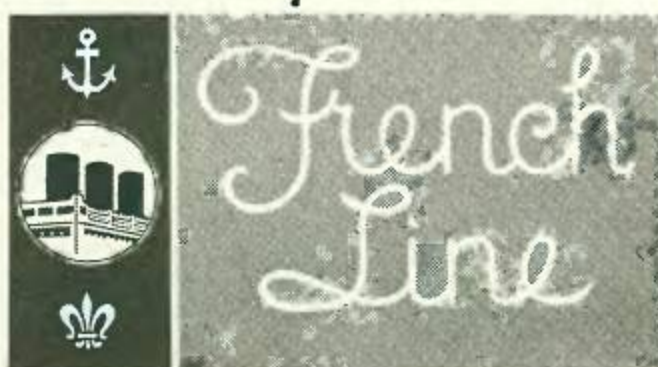
SUNNIEST CORNER
OF 34TH STREET

Unfinished Business

IN REVIEWING the net facts which we have from time to time cited in these columns to suggest that the French Line will probably make you enjoy your crossing more than you ever enjoyed another, we find we have overlooked a couple of points:

1. The shortest road to Paris is by Havre (the port of Paris); French Liners disembark you there plunk into a swell special train to Paris.
2. *Sommelier* is the name of the employee who has custody of the vintages on every French Liner. He is a man of ideas.
3. On French Liners, in a single year, 9212 pounds of Russian caviar easily found its way to cocktail trays, to platters of delicious lobster, into interesting pancakes and a hundred other delightful dishes.
4. Every cabin room on the Lafayette has a bath or a shower, and there are 30,000 feet of elegant deck-space aboard her—which is quite a lot if you ever flushed a steamer-chair with your ankle in the dark.
5. You can cross on the Rochambeau for \$132.50, cabin class, and have regular French Line food and service, including the gratis red and white on your table—which is in tune with Thrifty 1931.

TOTAL: at this end of the season, the beloved winter-rates approach—and all you ever enjoyed on a French Liner during the summer rush you can now enjoy for substantially less. Call the French Line, 19 State Street, New York—or any authorized French Line agent.



quite a grand house for us, well above our station, replete with flowered wallpaper, authentic department-store antiques, a view of the rolling Seine valley, a garage, and trellised roses in the garden. There were running water and plumbing of a rudimentary sort, but no bathroom. Did we feel shame? Not at all. All our country neighbors were in the same fix, except possibly a Napoleonic duke, in the large château up on the hill, who according to local gossip had among his more curious household goods one bathtub and the clock Napoleon had given his marshals. "One did not come to the country to bathe, or if one did, one arranged oneself" was the local way of putting it. We followed the latter course. The children took ablutions in a large tin tub, conveniently kept, when not in use, in the garden. We bought an enamelled shower, which was set up in the garage. It was a simple system. You filled a small tank with cold water, hung it up high on the wall, and allowed it to spray on you.

The week after we moved in, our landlord's wife and daughter called. Though they lived just beyond us, they arrived dressed in hats, gloves, veils, urban clothes, and carrying cardcases. I seized this inopportune moment to suggest the need of installing a bath. They remarked in a pained way that they had thought next year of putting a pergola in the rose garden; that in the country the aesthetic was so important. That as I could see for myself there was no convenient room in the house for a bath. That—this triumphantly—since my husband was literary I *certainly* needed a library. This last seemed to imply that by the same token I need not be quite so fussy about baths. Mind over matter, I suppose; or just unwashed Bohemianism.

IT was thus that we became acquainted with the local Norman bath establishment. Being the victims of too much washing in youth, an inconvenient habit, hard to break, we were the establishment's best customers. In fact the only others who rivalled us in regularity were our American neighbors down the hill, and a village priest who apparently believed that cleanliness was next to godliness and practiced both. The others were transient bathers, mere catch-as-catch-can unprofessional washers. The establishment had two floors. It had red geraniums planted in front, and was run by a gentleman, his wife, and child, all of whom seemed to be per-



YOUR dearest friend will bathe in your very special perfume and your favorite powder. You should really have a

CYLINDER POUFREUSE in the foyer—anywhere but in your dressing room—where your deartransients may sit on a cushioned stool and dab harmlessly. This one by Berri is decorative either open or closed.

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AMONG THE STARS**

**FRANCIS "Happy" FELTON
and his St. Georgians**

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CLARK ST. EXP. STA. 7th AV. I.R.T. in BLDG.
4 MINUTES FROM WALL ST. 15 FROM TIMES SQUARE

**"Dear
Aunt Hattie:**

My bridge luncheon a triumph. Even the catty ones raved about the sandwich fillings. I didn't tell—but a dash of H. P. SAUCE was the secret. Delicious on roasts and salads, too.
—ANGELICA"



petually scrubbing it. The gentleman had a framed diploma which said he was a graduate of the United States School of Hydrotherapeutic Arts and Pedicuring. Downstairs were the hydrotherapeutic arts, consisting mostly of sulphur baths, which smelled terrifically.

Upstairs were two corridors, ladies to the right, gentlemen to the left. The tubs were again tinny, spotless, and reminiscent of the fatal Marat model in shape. They smelled pleasantly of green soap and were full of hot water up to the brim. You are apparently not getting your money's worth in a French bath if you haven't enough water to drown in.

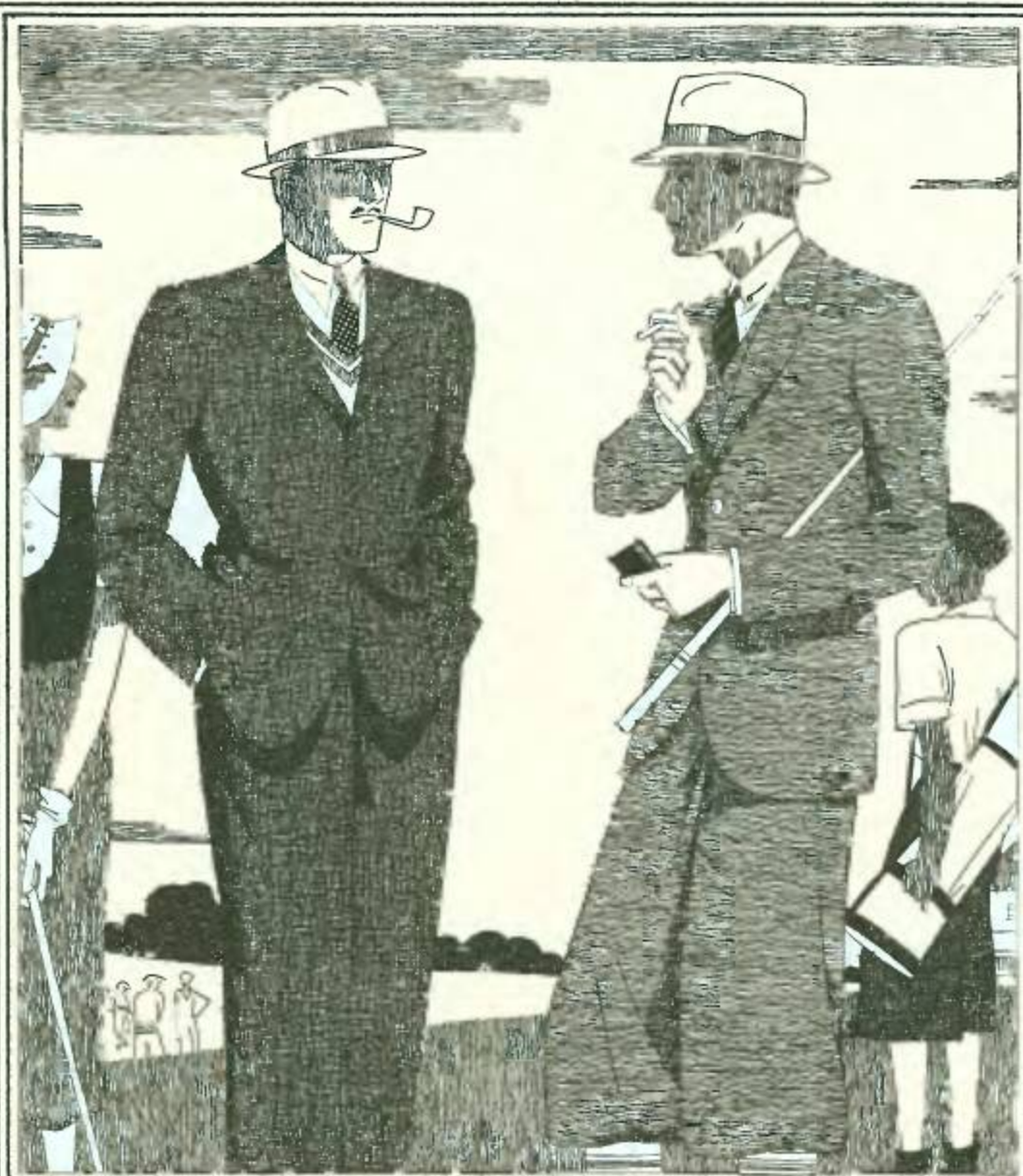
Business was not very good that summer, and is probably worse now, with the growing enthusiasm for imported plumbing.

WHEN we finally acquired a rented house in Paris, or rather adjacent Neuilly, we also became masters of a splendid bathtub and the usual volcanic *chauffe-bain*. With *confort moderne*, other vistas opened, I found. It was then that I began to have an intimate acquaintance with French plumbers.

Now plumbers are alike the world over. All the old jokes about forgetting tools, the enthusiasm for removing vital parts, and the lack of enthusiasm about replacing them, are universal. But at least in Paris for forty-five francs I would get an ambassadorial bill one hundred and fifty to two hundred words long, a marvelous document about what my plumber had done. It was rather like having a bill for an operation come in, itemized dissection by dissection. It included such fascinating items as: "*réparation complète du robinet, alimentation de la chaudière, remplacement des garnitures et réfection des joints, repose de la baignoire et remontage du raccord, lavage à grande eau, essai satisfaisant*," etc., etc. I pondered and marvelled that I could get all that at any price. Our business relations with the plumber were charming.

One of my prize possessions is a New Year's card, white, formal, Emily Price Postish, and cordial, wishing me a "Happy New Year from the Sewer-Men of Neuilly." I have never had any sort of word from my New York sewer-man. We don't even bow—much less leave cards. This hard commercialism of American business.

—ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT



For cool evenings . . . days of moderate temperature . . . town and country wear . . . Dobbs recommends a felt hat of light weight and coloring as a correct and comfortable variation in summer headwear.

Dobbs SUMMERWETHER is light as a feather, soft as a kitten's ear. Expertly felted and finished by hand, SUMMERWETHER wears well and long, lends itself to your own shaping easily and smartly. In a wide variety of attractive new shades suitable for summer and early fall. \$10.

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H A T S

REPRESENTATIVES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, AUGUST 5

THE first days of the 1932 collections added years to the lives of everyone connected with the fashion business, and a more bewildered, and relieved, lot of people you never saw. For some reason—probably because of the new hats and the number of bright-red accounting books in New York—this is supposed to be one of those decisive years, but nothing really decisive has shown up yet.

As a matter of fact, in any year except this one, when everyone sits with one hand over a wildly beating heart and the other tightly clutching a pocketbook, these collections would be considered pretty successful. Ever since tilted hats stirred up a mild riot a couple of months ago, the Paris dress-makers have been in a frenzy for fear someone else might do the Right Thing and hit upon a taking change of some sort, with the result that they've all made a *grand effort* such as they've never made before. The collections have been worked over so carefully that they include practically everything you could want.

THE new bustle is not as bad as it sounds, but of course people must be sensible and leave bustles to the very young or very slender, on whom nothing can be more dashing. At Mirande, I fell completely for a dress of heavy black *faille* that has two or three immense bows at the rear, bustle-fashion. Sometimes the same effect is achieved with two or three rows of ruffles that extend five or six inches across the back. Mirande, however, sanely shows such things only on her youngest mannequins. Her *Regardez-moi*, a black velvet evening dress with a square, white lace yoke and puff sleeves pulled out to little points, makes one look like a doll. The hem of the dress is finished with a small padded roll and the whole affair is worn over a taffeta petticoat, so that you swish and billow when you walk.

In general, there is less velvet about than I expected. However, Mirande has a perfectly grand black velvet afternoon dress called *Claridge*, which has three-quarter sleeves and a highish,

square neck—a dress that sounds like nothing in a description but is fine to wear. Her taffeta things are excellent. Most of her suits have printed taffeta blouses that are short-sleeved and built up in such a way that they concentrate at the front of the bosom, where they tie with rather absurd (and very good-looking) big bows. She also has a dress with dolman sleeves, which fulfills at least one of this year's prophecies, but so far it is the only dress of its kind I've seen.

CHANTAL has cut the shoulders in a new way that makes the big sleeves on her coats look a little less obvious than most. To keep a smooth line from the neck down along the arm, she puts seams at the front and back, from the waist to the shoulder-tip, where they end in an inverted "V." Look at *Noisetier*, a brown coat with big sleeves of this type, and buttoned in front at irregular intervals down to the hem. (It is too early as yet to be sure

which of the models I've mentioned so far are going to New York, but someone there will surely have this one.)

She also has two of this year's best black evening dresses: *La Robe Ecourtée*, of black velvet, with an immense bow at the right in back; and *Les Ruches*, which has a little elbow-length cape that ties under your chin.

The Chantal colors are beautiful: warm and cold reds used together in unexpected ways, and lots of bitter greens and yellows. If you're at all familiar with Matisse, you'll recognize some of the combinations of yellow and green and red (for instance, in a suit called No. 3) and the bright stripes in the blouse and scarf of the suit *Le Golf*. *Le Golf's* scarf wraps around the neck, crosses in front, then buttons at the back. Saks-Fifth Avenue, incidentally, will have both these suits.

OTHER HIGH SPOTS: A new silk jersey at Miler Sœurs that looks for all the world like georgette. . . . Some



"I think
I'll get a
permanent wave
for Mac's
birthday."



Portrait of a Lady in
FALL TWEEDS
by Bergdorf Goodman

Rich brown tweed, flecked with gold... a goldenrod-coloured blouse... a full red fox collar... nothing could be smarter for the first suit of autumn than this town-and-country costume. One wears it to week-ends... to the races... on the Avenue... to luncheon... all with equal chic. It is just one of the many autumn modes that are now ready at Bergdorf Goodman.

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Charmante

IS YOUR FACE BECOMING TO YOUR NEW HAT?



"EUGÉNIE Tilts" spell romance, elegance. "But their becomingness depends on your complexion," says Helena Rubinstein, world-famous beauty specialist and dictator of make-up modes.

Drop in at Helena Rubinstein's Salon and learn all about the newer facial art. An individual make-up will be suggested for you, along with a detailed written home beauty regimen. This Salon service is available without obligation.

Indispensable Beauty Aids

WATER LILY CLEANSING CREAM—contains skin-youthifying essences of water lily buds 2.50, 4.00

SUNPROOF BEAUTY FOUNDATION—flattering, cooling. Safeguards against sunburn, freckles and tan. Makes powder doubly adherent 1.50

SUNPROOF BEAUTY POWDER—wonderfully becoming and adherent. Prevents sunburn, freckles and tan 1.50

WATERPROOF ROUGE EN CREME—stays on through swimming and other outdoor sports. Youthful . . . 1.00

ENCHANTÉ LIPSTICK—The most permanent lipstick ever created. Two perfect tones to harmonize with every type and every costume: Blonde (light), Brunette (medium) 2.00

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PARIS

LONDON

new woollens at Lyolène that are very light in weight but have rough, nubby finishes like old-fashioned reefers (these used in dresses, blouses, and stunning short jackets with leg-of-mutton sleeves and brief, flaring peplums). . . . Also at Lyolène: belts combining *ciré* satin and crystal; and blouses fastening with little buttons imported from Saigon. . . . Poiret's modern version of an old fashion in a dress called Rubens, of dark-green velvet lined with white taffeta, shorter in the front than at the back, and having the velvet looped into a miniature bustle. . . . Some evening dresses at Goupy, also shorter in front than behind, and made with slight, pointed trains. . . . Heim's cloth coats, with fur linings that are not the least bit bulky. They are worn as topcoats and need not be in harmony with the dress beneath. (He also shows some of the new seven-eighths-length coats that flare out at the hem.) . . . The short-sleeved bolero-length fur jackets that everyone is making, which are worn with an occasional muff and a fur hat. —B. M.

AS TO MEN

On Shoe-Rebuilders and Shoes — Motoring Aids



RECENTLY a pessimistic friend complained that the old-time cobbler had gone the way of the harnessmaker, done to death by machines, mass production, and *ersatz* leather. Doubtless he was thinking of his favorite pair of shoes, gone quite beyond repair, but more cherished than his drinking suit. Well, the Liverpool Shoe Rebuilding Company, 138 West Thirty-fourth Street, has been repairing shoes since 1882. We went through the plant—it is large enough to be called that—the other day. There, shoes are not only resoled but relasted, relined, and given new welts and insoles; and leather that has been scuffed is refinished to look like new. They also do extraordinary things with riding and hunting boots in the way of increasing or reducing the size of the leg. The charge for full soles and heels is from \$2.50 to \$4.50.

Among the shops that have a repair service not only for their own shoes but for those of other manufacturers is that of Julius Grossman, 537 Fifth Avenue. The charge there is \$3.50

ALSAM



COSMETICS

FOUNDATION CREAM—an important mid-summer item for powder adherence—singularly smooth and refreshing \$1

FACE POWDER of luxurious silky quality, Alsam bouquet fragrance Ochre, natural, rachel, health tan \$1.50

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A Step from the Avenue
65 West 54th Street

The renowned cuisine and gracious atmosphere of the Warwick have created a rendezvous for those who live well.

Exquisitely appointed accommodations for permanent and transient guests.

Under the personal direction of
ALBERT F. MILLER

"Home of the Epicure"

for soles and heels, and from \$4.50 to \$6 for a complete rebuilding.

IF you're thinking of ordering shoes from abroad, it takes about five weeks to get a pair made by Bunting—allowing a fortnight for the New York branch, at 745 Fifth Avenue, to send your measurements to London, and for the shoes themselves to pass through the customs. Bunting's shoes do not pretend to be low-priced, but it is a commonplace that they will wear for years and years.

They range in price from \$38 to \$46; boots, from \$70 to \$80.

FOR warm-weather riding or polo practice, Babers, Ltd., 428 Madison Avenue, recommend their New-market boots. These cost \$25, and you can use them for waders, too, as the leg is stout, waterproofed canvas, and the sole is watertight because of a trick extra welt. They also are quite proud of their golf shoes—made by Church—which are cut so ingeniously that the tongues and uppers are in one piece, obviating wrinkling and attendant annoyance along about the fifteenth hole. Those with rubber or crêpe soles are \$18.50 and those with Scafe soles are \$22.50.

Babers' regular line ranges in price from \$12.50, for machine-sewn, to \$35, for hand-sewn, Russian-calf shoes.

FOR the motor tourist, Hermès, 1 East Fifty-third Street, has some swell motor robes—leather ones with two chamois pockets (of course they close with zippers) that sell for \$170; robes of kasha cloth at \$100; and lighter-weight robes of smart, French equatorial linen, at \$45 each. The leather and the linen robes have cushions to match, costing \$45 and \$23 respectively.

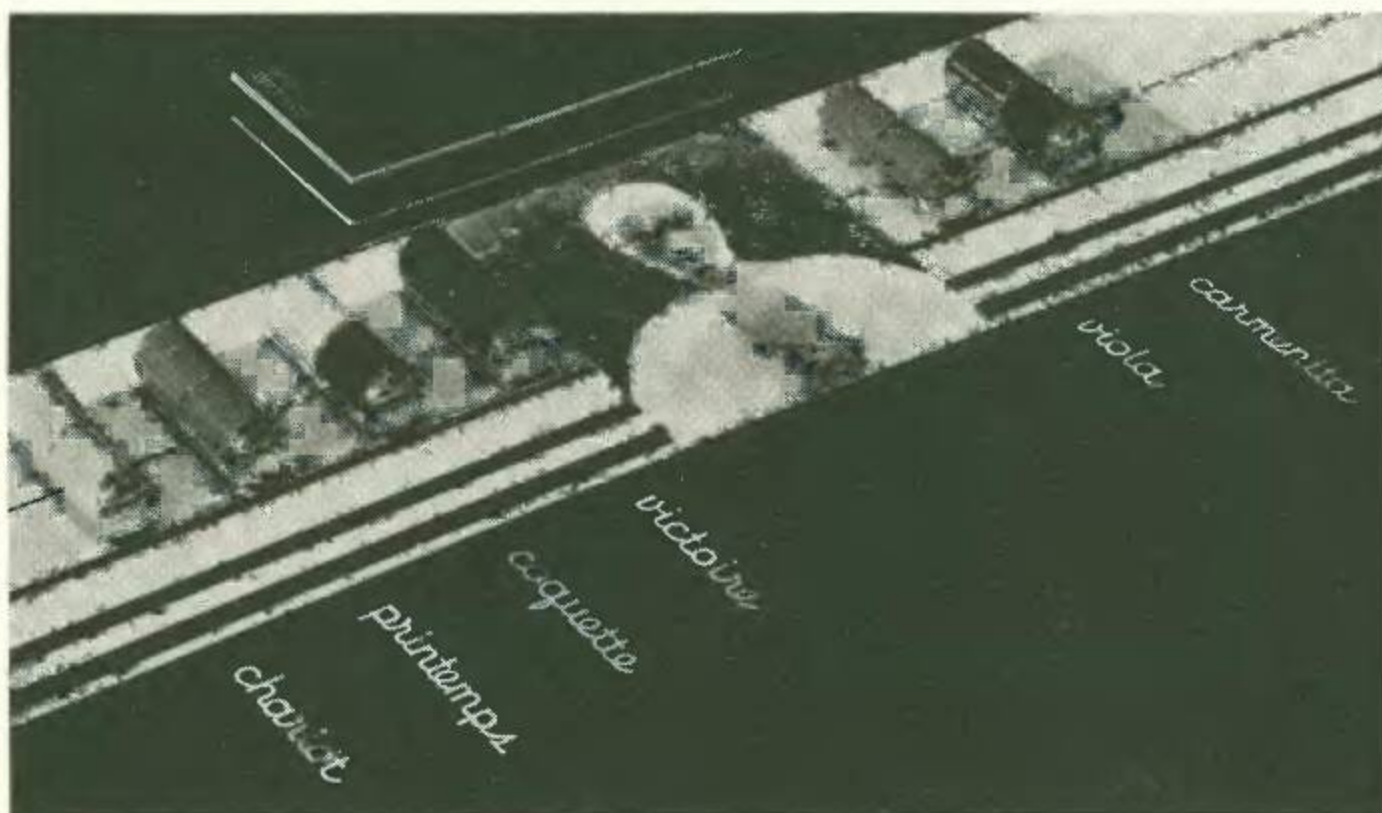
ANOTHER motoring aid is a portable icebox that you can stow in the bottom of the car—if you have room—or fasten on the running-board. It is made of heavy metal-lined laminated wood, covered with wicker, with a compartment for ice and another for bottles. Hammacher, Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street, sell it for \$9.50. • —Togs

The Luther League topic at 6:45 p.m. is, "What Keeps People Away from Christ?" Helen Spiess is the leader.—*Merchantville (N.J.) Community News.*

Start by getting rid of her, then.

Elizabeth Arden's LIPSTICK ENSEMBLE enables any woman to wear any color

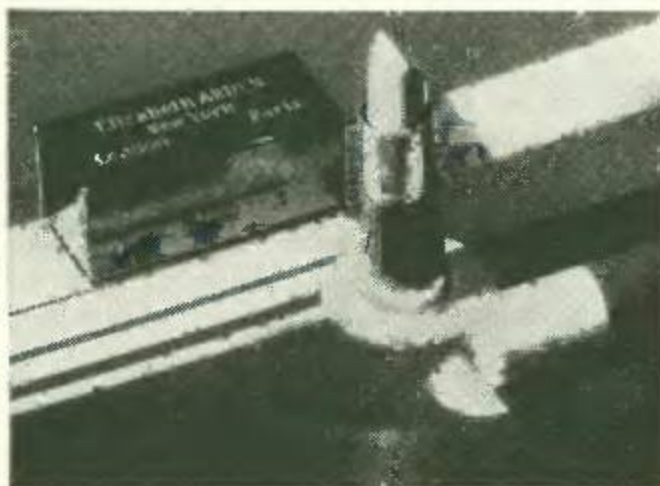
- A leopard cannot change its spots, poor thing. How much more fortunate are those women who have discovered that they can change their personalities by using a different make-up to suit every mood and costume.
- Important in this quick-change process is the new Elizabeth Arden Lipstick Ensemble, comprising six exquisitely tinted lipsticks, each in a charming case, assembled for convenience and accessibility in a black and silver box.
- If you have always longed for a lipstick that was smooth, easy to apply, indelible, in just the right color...and have concluded it was impossible to find this heavenly combination, then the new Arden lipsticks will renew your faith in life. For they are as smooth as a rose-petal...go on very easily...are really indelible...and the colors are divine.



These are the new Arden lipstick shades—and costume colors they enhance:

CHARIOT (Lacquer red case)—Rich flame...a very youthful color. Good with costumes of green, woodsy brown, black, and flame color.

PRINTEMPS (Fern-green case)—Designed by Miss Arden to contribute to the success of pastel frocks, and also to wear with cool greens, blues and black and white.



VICTOIRE (All black case)—Triumphant with a black costume! It is becoming to both blondes and brunettes.

COQUETTE (Black case with oyster white top)—A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up.

VIOLA (Blue Case)—There is a hint of violet in this...just enough to make it perfect for wear with blue.

CARMENITA (Black case with silver top)—Darker than Viola, and more likely to be the choice of brunettes, who will wear it with most dark colors.

• The New Arden Lipstick may be had in six enchanting shades. The Ensemble, containing all six shades, is \$7.50. Individual lipsticks, \$1.50 each.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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August 16

THE CABIN LINER

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FASTEST LINER TO EUROPE

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THE SIAMESE CAT

IT was very pleasant in the Park and the book that I was reading was one of my favorites. I was enjoying, in fact, what the physicists so neatly pigeonhole as "the moment of inertia." Presently, however, a young woman sat down beside me on the bench. She was carrying a Siamese cat which seemed to be requiring a great deal of attention.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, but without any apparent piety. "Oh, my God! It's going to be sick again."

"That's too bad," I said.

"It's been sick twice this morning already. It's a Siamese cat. That's why it gets sick."

I was frankly curious. "Because it's a Siamese cat?" I asked.

"It's in the breed," the young woman explained sadly, watching the cat out of the corner of an eye and holding it well away from her coat. "Yagottawotchem."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Yagottawotchem all the time. I'm supposed to be a parlormaid but all I seem to do is to take care of Chaucer. That's the cat's name. Chaucer."

WE watched Chaucer closely for a while but only a sneeze or two was the extent of his promised illness. The parlormaid reinstated him on her lap, where he returned my scrutiny with a certain air of condescension.

"Aren't you the valet in the next apartment?" asked my companion with a sudden amiability.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"Well, you look like him, anyway," she said. "Would you mind holding the cat? I haven't had a chance to put on any powder since I got up this morning."

I accepted Chaucer and held him very gingerly while my neighbor maneuvered with her powder-puff. Putting this away, she relieved me of my charge, who had been testing my overcoat with his claws.

"Mrs. Sterling—she's the lady I work for—she brought him back with her from Paris. He's pedigreed. That means they know who his father was. And his mother."

"He's beautifully marked," I said.

"Do you call that beautiful?" she asked. "I think he's ugly. You wouldn't call him beautiful if you had to put up with him the way I do. He's got a mean disposition."

With exquisite dexterity, Chaucer leapt to the ground and sped away in

the general direction of Yonkers. Running as swiftly as I could, I gave chase, ignoring the "No Trespassing" shingles and calling "Here, Chaucer!" at intervals. A number of people stopped to have a look at me whenever I called "Here, Chaucer!" Meanwhile, Chaucer went through brake and briar with an easy grace. He kicked his rear legs into the air with abandon and not once did he stop to replace a divot. I captured him eventually and carried him back to the maid, who was in a critical nervous condition.

"HERE you are," I said, with an attempt at jaunty nonchalance. "Quite a race, wasn't it?"

"Is he all right? Is he all right?" she demanded. "If he isn't, I'll catch it!"

"He's perfectly all right," I said.

"Well, I hope so," she murmured. "You never can tell about Siamese cats. Sometimes just a little thing makes them get this way."

"I'm sure he's all right," I repeated.

Chaucer began to cough.

"There he goes!" she cried accusingly. "Just like I said. Yagottawotch-em. If you don't look out, they die on you!" —JAMES REID PARKER

PERVERTSITY OF A NEW ENGLANDER

WHO TRAVELLED THREE THOUSAND
MILES TO ADMIRE THE YOSEMITE

I've had enough of wonder!

Let me go

Back to the lesser thunder
Of little brooks that flow

Beside the crowded yellow

Of cowslips in the grass.

I'm tired of the bellow

Of beauty in the mass;

I'd give away this mountain,

Magnificent and harsh,

For a robin by a fountain,

One peep-frog in a marsh!

—PATIENCE EDEN

WASHINGTON, Ind.—The excitement of applying for a marriage license proved too great for Arthur Clements, young Odon, Ind., farmer, and he fainted in front of the county clerk's desk. He was revived and filled out the application.—Pittsburgh Press.

It's a big responsibility to revive a man like that.

FLINT & HORNER'S MID-SUMMER FURNITURE SALE

BIDE YOUR TIME NO LONGER... BUY GOOD FURNITURE NOW

THERE ARE plenty of furniture bargains now. But these days call for the greatest discrimination in furniture buying for we do not recall a period when outward appearances were so temptingly used to cover inferior quality.

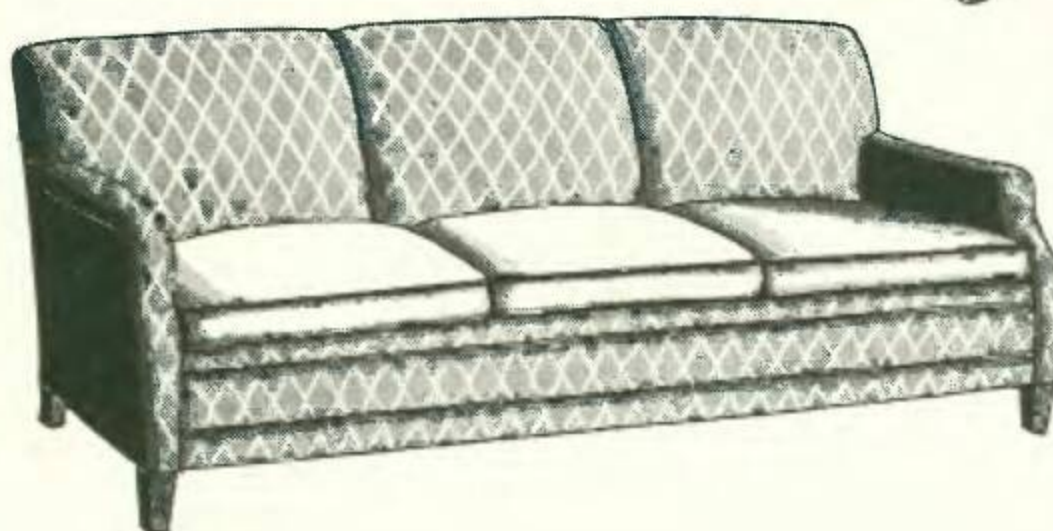
Flint & Horner's Summer Sale offers eight floors of furniture values that can't be equalled, quality for quality.



Seven piece Louis XVI bedroom group. Burl walnut veneers. Full width bed, bureau, dressing table, chest of drawers, nightstand, chair and bench. \$490 reduced to \$285. Sale price with twin beds, \$330

English Club Sofa. Choice of 17 covers. Custom made, solid ash frame, dowelled joints, tempered steel springs, finest webbing and upholstery. Regularly \$200 now . \$127.50

Occasional or console table. When open measures 32"x32" —with top folded 16"x32". Of solid mahogany with mahogany veneers. Was \$32.50 now reduced to . . \$22.50



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Tarrant's makes a grand, refreshing bubbly drink. No drugs, nothing harmful or habit-forming. Simply a pure saline, a blend of basic salts which quickly relieves the "head," the headache, indigestion and similar unpleasantnesses.

Ask your physician—he's known it for years. And simply say "Tarrant's" to the druggist.



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And it ROLLS, noiselessly, on ball-bearing wheels.

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FELTMANS
Coney Island

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dreiser on the Screen—Thrills, Kiddies, and Nature's Nobleman

IT is possible, I optimistically believe, that a magnificent moving picture will some day be derived from Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." It may be expected when the art of photography becomes so much more skilled than it now is that a whole episode, a situation, a character, will be clarified in an instant. It will come when there are minds in the movies with the perceptions and wisdom possessed by a few in letters. It will come also, I think, only after the movie people are allowed a greater freedom and possess a greater courage in their handling of the emotions. The picture now at the Criterion may rank high among the pictures of the season. It is a good murder story, a first-rate courtroom movie. But that is all.

ONE of the best directors in the business, von Sternberg, handled the production; the screen version was adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein; the acting, anyhow that of Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney, seemed in general happy; yet it is clear from the start why Mr. Dreiser himself so furiously protested the picture. Obviously all those concerned in the movie's making respected the novel, and tried to adhere to the basic framework of the story. It would appear, however, that they respected it without understanding it, that they were often so far from brilliant—and brilliance was requisite here—as to be stupid.

The fundamental failure in the conception of the film, it seems to me, lies in the characterization given Clyde Griffiths. One of the great achievements of the novel, which alone was enough to raise the book above mere reportorialism, as some critics have presumed to call it, was Dreiser's skill in associating the very best qualities of Clyde with his worst. It was the boy's desire for decent and graceful living which led him to murder. Clyde thus became pitiful even when his actions were most hideous. It was not that he was tired of one girl and wanted another, not that he saw a chance to marry an heiress; it was that he saw an escape into the only kind of world he thought endurable, and that, to his poor mind, nothing mattered but that escape. It was, anyhow, a com-

plicated and important thing, which the movies have vulgarized and made commonplace. From the first shot in the picture, when you see Clyde as a bell-boy pursued by the beautiful lady patrons of the hotel, he is shown as a young man with a remarkable charm for women. That is his only reason for living. The whole thing is at once reduced to the elementary values of—well, tabloid journalism.

I HAVE no doubt brilliance was needed in the problem of reducing a big double-decker novel to a film of an hour and a half in length. That is not impossible. The Germans have done it with "The Brothers Karamazov," and done it, incidentally, with brilliance, in a picture for some mysterious reason kept from us. Lack of space cannot be made an excuse in the case of "An American Tragedy," for there are so many dull and trite shots, such as those of the printing presses, familiar now in the most ordinary movies, and of the unnecessary humors of the courtroom scene. The important evangelical family group of Clyde's boyhood, so very essential to an understanding of him, is hardly referred to, though time is wasted on foolish scenes of the gay young people in the Adirondacks. Perhaps there is brilliance—I think there is—in the drowning itself, which closely approximates the Dreiser description. The whole Roberta episode, with Sylvia Sidney very appealing, somewhat too ornately beautiful for realism as the little factory girl, is good. It's given simply as tragic romance, and that the movies do not falter over.



FOR a thriller, built around matters of topical interest, "The Star Witness" does well. The picture shows us innocent, respectable persons who have the misfortune to get in the way of the big gangsters, a catastrophe we know might happen to any of us. Drawn in the crudest lines of sentiment and melodrama, with Chic Sale for humor and Frances Starr for tears, it depicts our worthies (including Walter Huston) of the police force as somewhat idiotically asking a mother to place her duty to her country above her feeling for her children, but in place of sense



"Joe, my dear, a show with you seems so much more thrilling."

"Oh, I don't. . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address. . . ."

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"Huckleberry Finn" appears with the old "Tom Sawyer" cast, and makes me think that I am so old that even "the child in all of us" has died in me. I think Huck is fine again, but Tom's nonsense is just nonsense, and not like that of any child I ever spanked.

"Traveling Husbands" is about travelling men who are married. Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel" is the rough old diamond who ventures to have a fling, and enacts the true nobleman of nature, and nobody's fool, all through the adventure. It has no surprises.

—J. C. M.

PISH TO WIVES!

Pish to wives

Who come and tell us

How their husbands

Make them jealous

Vamping sweet,

Seductive sirens

With a youthful

Zest like Byron's.

That symptomatic

Effervescence

Is merely autumn

Adolescence,

A disease

Like mumps or teething,

Natural to men

As breathing.

Wives should welcome

This chronic seizure

As offering them

Unwonted leisure. . . .

Now's the moment

They can take up

Backgammon.

Now they can rake up

All the books

They hadn't time for.

(Though I wouldn't

Give a dime for

Any chance

Of solid reading

While they think

Their hearts are bleeding!)

Gayer than knitting,

Wiser than spitting,

I advise some

Tit-for-tatting!

—ANGELA CYPHER

holding the bag

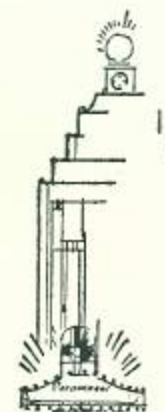


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THE TENNIS COURTS

International Exhibition—Practice versus Play



MR. RUFUS DAVIS climbed daintily into the umpire's chair at Forest Hills and removed his straw hat with reverence. As, indeed, one should when speaking of royalty. "This match between . . . Mrs. Helen Wills Moody . . . of the United States . . . Miss Betty Nuthall . . . of Great Britain." And the largest crowd that ever saw a Wightman Cup contest either in this country or in England settled back for some fun.

THE situation was certain to bring out Miss Nuthall's best game. The Cup had been won and lost—no prize, no title, nothing depended upon the result of this match. It was practically an exhibition between the best woman lawn-tennis player in the world and her only dangerous rival. An interesting setting for an interesting match, a contest in which brains were to play more of a part than they had in some of the preceding struggles. Miss Nuthall's tactics were the same she had used against the champion in the past, and with effect. (I call Mrs.

Moody the champion because she is a champion in every sense of the word and it is ridiculous to call her anything else, even though at the moment she does not happen to hold the American title.) These tactics were shots of varied pace and length, deep drives to the corners, and then the slow, dragged backhand across court which pulled Mrs. Moody out of position and gave her opponent an opportunity to bring her favorite stroke into action: that exquisite backhand drive straight down the line.

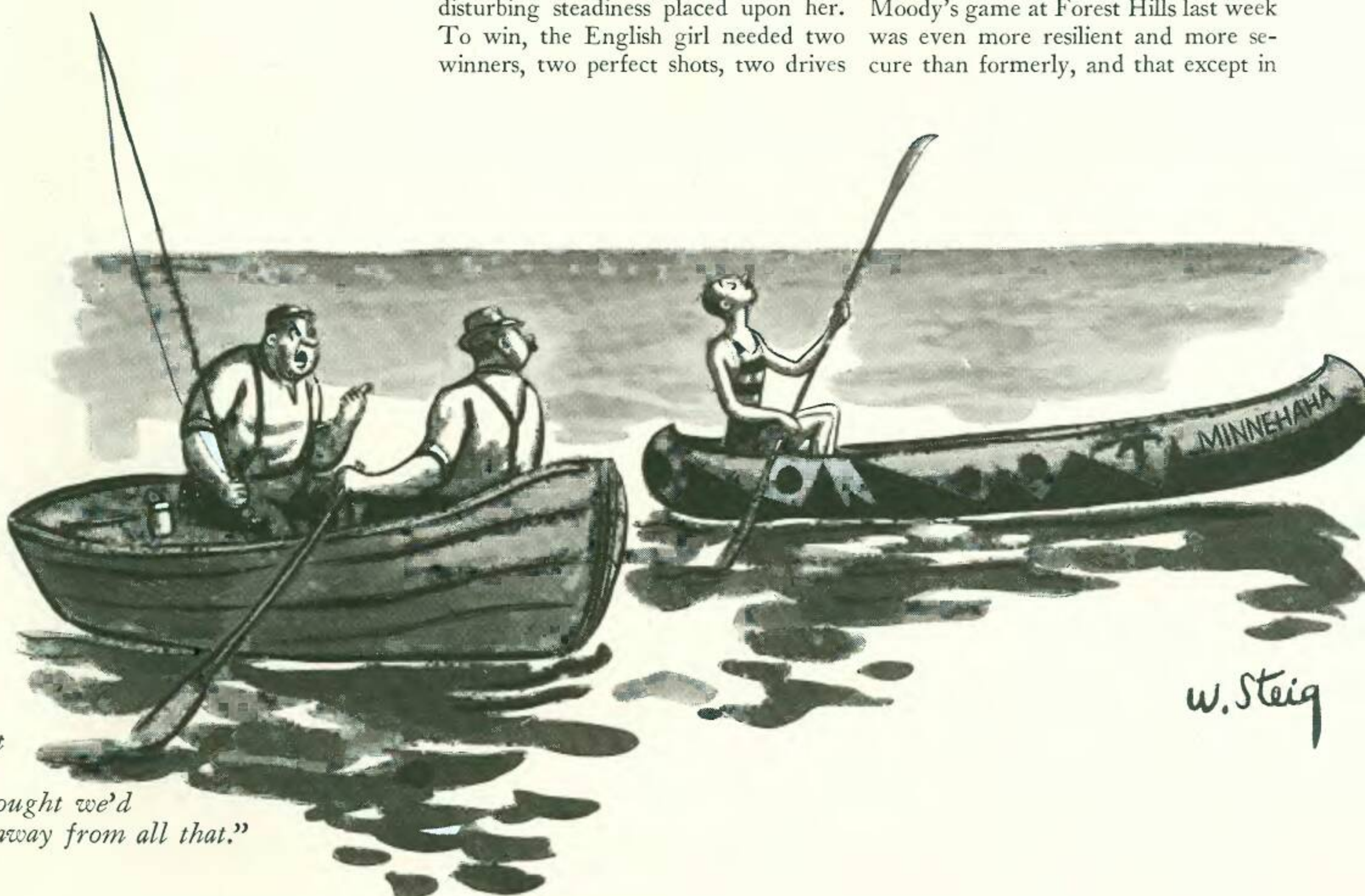
It worked. Not every time, but often enough for Miss Nuthall to hold her own at 2—all and draw ahead with some really first-class driving at 3-2. In the seventh game, with Mrs. Moody looking not at all happy under the fusillade of drives which were raining into her corners, the end came. It was a long deuce game on Miss Nuthall's service. Four times she doublefaulted as the American went ahead to 4-3. The match was over—won and lost then and there.

It is true that Miss Nuthall's service is sometimes erratic; but this particular outbreak of doublefaults was caused by the pressure Mrs. Moody's disturbing steadiness placed upon her. To win, the English girl needed two winners, two perfect shots, two drives

along the sidelines in each rally. It was a delight to watch Mrs. Moody attacked by those fierce drives, to see with what a firm wrist and cool hand she parried the onslaught, and invariably drew out of a losing position to capture the offensive herself. That is the test of a great player.

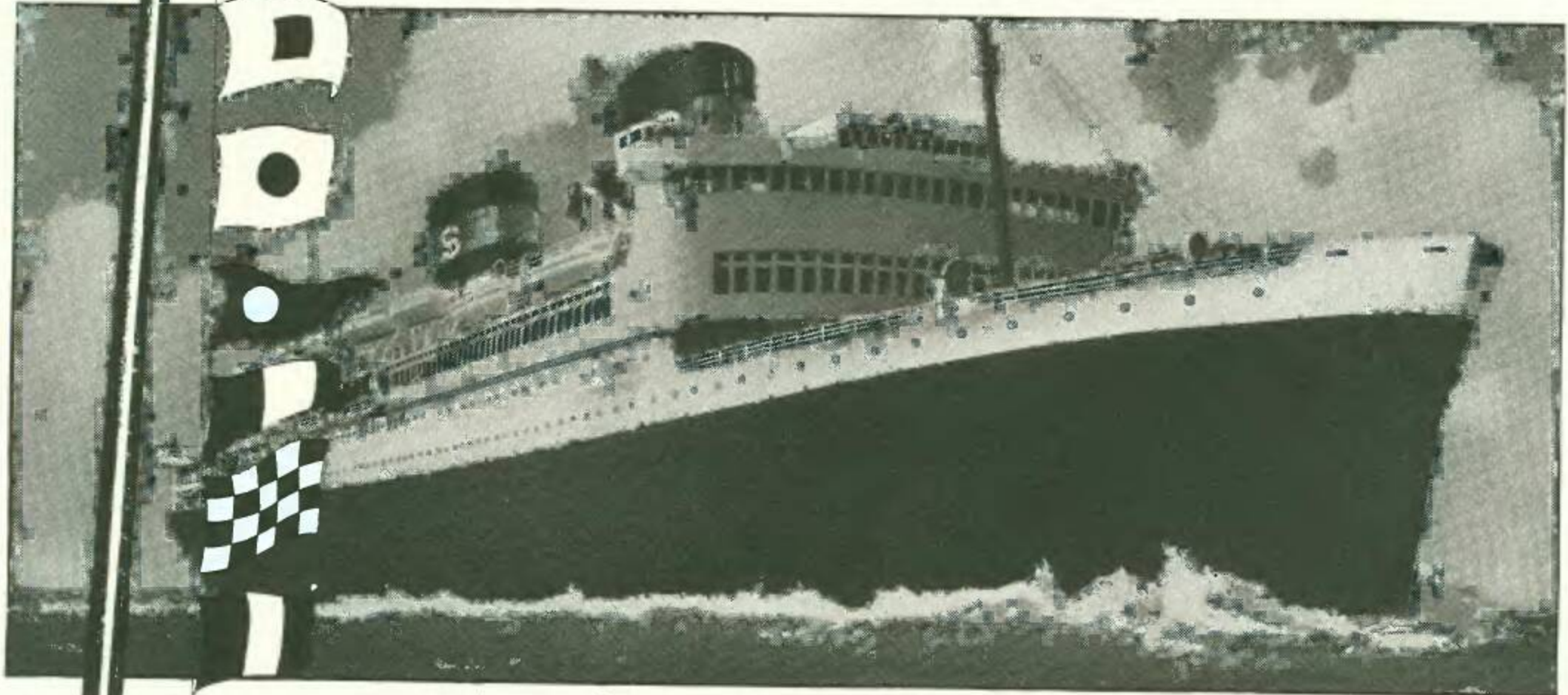
I RECALL their meeting in the Wightman Cup matches on this same court two years ago as being a much closer affair, won by the then Miss Wills in two deuce sets. Or was that in the championships? It doesn't matter; what is interesting is the fact that two years later Miss Nuthall was able to win only six games, or one half as many as she took in 1929. Does this mean that Mrs. Moody has improved or that Miss Nuthall has gone back? Or both? Or neither?

It seemed to me last week that Mrs. Moody was quite as good as she ever was, perhaps defensively even better and surer, whereas Miss Nuthall is not quite so good. Which is curious, considering that the one was already a champion when the other was the younger and coming star. But there was no mistaking the fact that Mrs. Moody's game at Forest Hills last week was even more resilient and more secure than formerly, and that except in



"Out here I thought we'd got away from all that."

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desperate flashes of brilliance Miss Nut-hall's was less impressive.

IT is difficult to account for. Unless the explanation lies in the difference between continued and faithful practice and continued tournament play. It is no secret that Mrs. Moody practices each winter against the best men she can get, against professionals like that old fox, Howard Kinsey. Miss Nut-hall practices less and certainly indulges in far more tournament play: three or four meetings along the Riviera in the winter, the hard-court championships at Bournemouth, the French championships in Paris, the Wimbledon fortnight, topped off with the American championships and the Wightman Cup matches. She probably plays in five times as many tournaments as Mrs. Moody, while the latter certainly puts in three or four times as much sustained practice. Tournaments are often fun and frequently necessary, but to have to be forever defending one's reputation and forever undergoing the strain of match play is a wearing business. Nor is it the best way to develop stroke production; in tight matches one unconsciously uses one's winning and not one's weakest shots. I am certain that it is faithful practice which has brought Mrs. Moody's game to its present flawless plane, and at the same time I can't help wondering whether excessive devotion to tournament play hasn't prevented Miss Nut-hall, who has some of the most magnificent strokes of any contemporary player, from living up to her great possibilities in the world of lawn tennis.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

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THE RACE TRACK

*Saratoga Surprises —
Luck and Blind Bow-
boy — Quick Horses
Get the Money*



THERE used to be a notion that the Saratoga meeting was run especially for the benefit of backers. I claim no responsibility for starting the rumor, or even for contributing to it. It must have been propaganda put out by those collectors of autographs who lease pretentious cottages for a midsummer holiday. Racing, except for those who back "pretty horses," is serious business. Luck? Well, perhaps. Someone made the discovery long ago that to win in racing you must have luck on your side. When you keep doing the wrong thing, you put it down to bad luck.

Take last weekend, for instance. Some particularly hot favorites went down with a bad bump, and some of the winners were at such long odds that it was certain they had not been backed heavily in the right quarters. Ed Bradley always has "something" on every horse he runs, but as Blind Bowboy went from 6-1 to double the odds, I have a feeling he did not profit greatly on his horse, apart from the purse of the Wilson Plate. You see, the colt had seemed in such poor form recently that all one could do was hope; but Fator, who apparently can handle him extraordinarily well on occasion, got him home a short head in front of Dr. Freeland. Then there was Mrs. Jock Whitney's Cawvoge, who pleased his backers greatly in the Shillelah Steeplechase. Perhaps the best performance through the first few days of the meeting, however, was that of Mrs. Billy Hitt's Sun Meadow in the Campfire Handicap. Most of us had forgotten all about his good performance in the Belmont Stakes, remembering only his doubtful form at Arlington. After Sun Meadow beat Sonny Whitney's Magnifico on a tight rein in close to record time for the track, Freddy Hopkins remarked: "The way he ran, he could beat Mate."

SO far there has been a touch of the dramatic rather than of the romantic about the races at Saratoga. I don't think we've seen a better finish—or a

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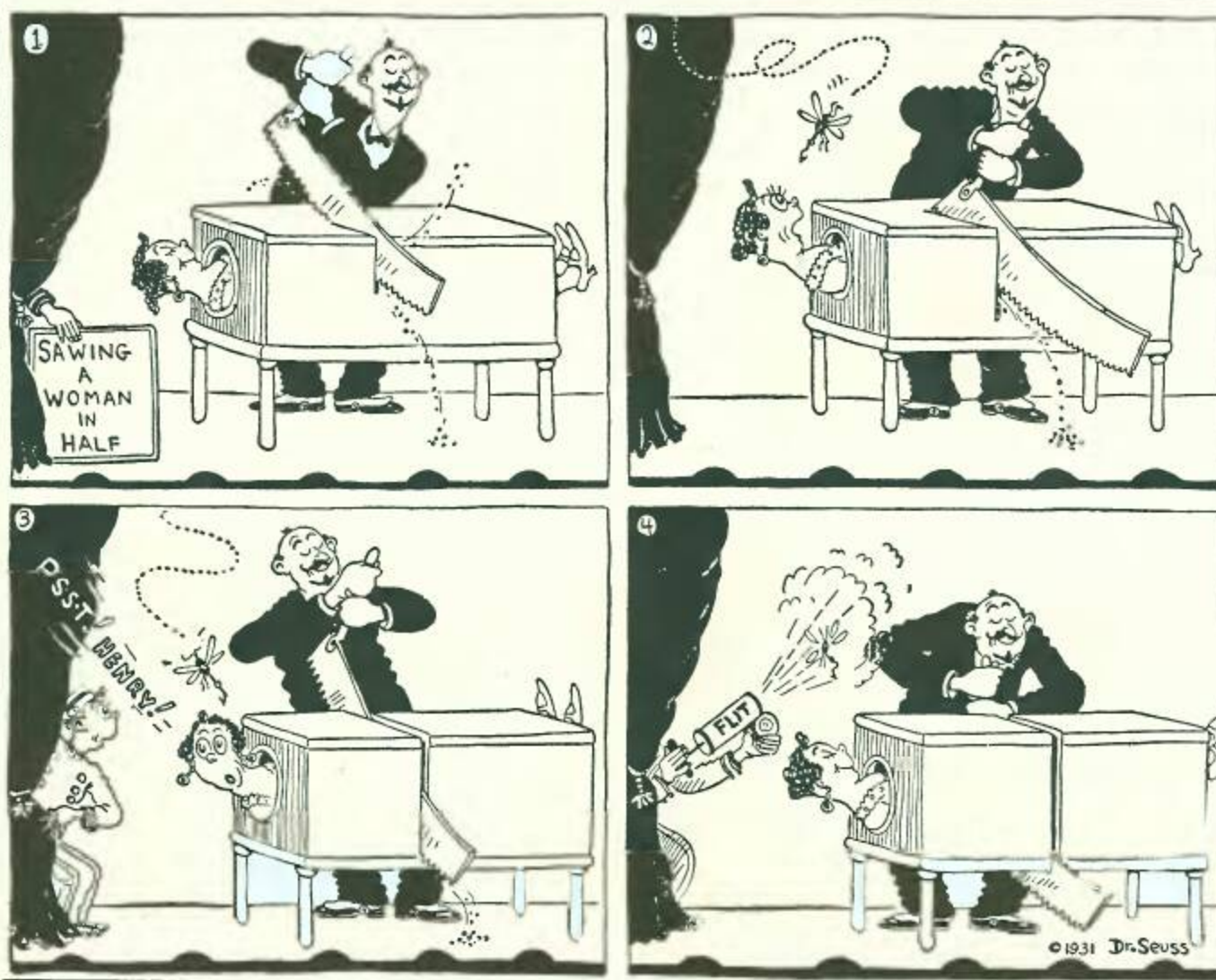
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more roughly run race—in a sweep-
stakes for two-year-olds this season than
that of the Flash. Irene's Bob may be
a better colt than we thought, in spite
of his curious name and unfashionable
antecedents. A quick horse, as the say-
ing goes, and well handled by McAtee,
he was out in front all the way, al-
though he was doing his best to beat
Polonaise, one of the villains of the
piece, by a neck.

THE perfect winning smile was to
be seen on Victor Emanuel after
Morfair took the United States Hotel
Stakes. "You can't imagine how
pleased I am," he confided. "This is
really the first big race I've ever won."
Morfair lacks the speed of his sire,
Morvich, who won this race ten years
ago, but he showed gameness in peg-
ging back Osculator and Tick On.

Luck seems to have ignored W. R.
Coe, however, whose silks finished sec-
ond in two stakes: on Polonaise in the
Flash, and on Osculator in the States.

NO one in racing engages in a big-
ger gamble than the jockey who
rides the favorite. If he wins, super-
latives are inadequate. If he loses...

Workman is not at his best at Sara-
toga. Polygamous and The Bull ran
out with him, and then he was beaten
on Magnifico, all in one afternoon.
Nor has Sonny Whitney's luck been
good, but I fancy Top Flight will set
things right for him in the Saratoga
Special this weekend.

MR. VOSBURGH has changed his
opinion about the relative merits
of Mate and Twenty Grand. In
assigning weights for the Saratoga
Handicap, he asked Mate, at 127, to
give Twenty Grand three pounds.

Incidentally, Brother Bostwick tells
me that Mate—who, I can assure you,
never looked better—will run for the
Kenner Stakes, and then in the Sara-
toga Cup.

THE MORNING LINE: Colonel
Tantivy Martingale, who has yet
to take his first drink of spring water
in forty years, says the hats of the ladies
remind him of those they wore the year
Harry Bassett beat Longfellow in the
Cup. . . . Mrs. Jock Whitney can make
a swell left turn in traffic with her
four-in-hand. . . . Joe Leiter has a new
ten-gallon Panama hat. . . . The Hon-
ourable George says the best sight on
opening day was the young woman
posing like Diana (with binoculars) for
the photographers. —AUDAX MINOR



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BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

The Art of Willa Cather

I OFTEN feel a little shamefaced to think how slight a background I have for reviewing contemporary fiction. Before I started this job, I was a pretty random reader, devoting my attention to books that interested me, without regard to their publication dates, and turning to the up-to-the-minute things only when I found one lying around—say on a guestroom bedside table. As a consequence, I could name a sizable list of present-day authors, and pretty well-known ones, too—Alec Waugh, Eddie Cantor, Louis Bromfield, Chic Sale, and so on—with whose works I am totally unfamiliar.

The rub comes, of course, when I am faced with a book by a person of the prominence of Willa Cather—whose “*Shadows on the Rock*,” published by Knopf, has just reached me—and realize suddenly that I have never read a line of hers before. What I did in this case, naturally, was to dig up a copy of “*A Lost Lady*” (which I’ve been told is her best book) and give it a hasty reading, get a friend to tell me the plot of “*Death Comes for the Archbishop*,” and try to remember what I’d heard about “*My Ántonia*” in the days when it was a best-seller. I now feel qualified to speak in the capacity of an expert on the art of Willa Cather.

AT any rate, quite apart from my pleasure at adding Miss Cather to the list of People I Have at Last Read, I found “*Shadows on the Rock*” a very delightful book. To be sure, I liked “*A Lost Lady*” even better, as being more compact, having a more finely organized structure and a surer character portrayal. But that is beside the point. In her new book, Miss Cather succeeds quite well enough to please almost anybody.

The story itself is a rather rambling affair, wandering from one personage to another, and alighting on each only long enough to recount in detail some significant episode in his career. This method gives the book, as the author probably intended, rather the discursive value of a volume of memoirs of the period—which is roughly that of Que-

bec in the closing years of the Comte de Frontenac’s rule as Governor of the Province—than the hard and fast matter-of-fact air of the historical novel. One sees the aging Count at his desk, gloomy over the tidings the ships have brought from France, and receives an anecdotal summary of his career; meets the venerable ex-Bishop Laval climbing a hilly street, and hears of his troubles with the young and ambitious de Saint-Vallier, his successor to the bishopric. A shoemaker, over a wooden last of the foot of La Salle, descants on the adventures of the hero.

So the historical atmosphere is formed, as if impalpably, around the humbler characters—a widowed apothecary and his daughter, a woodsman, a waif from the seamen’s quarter—whose doings, though in no wise as dramatic as those of the great, form the main thread of the book. In fact, to them almost nothing happens. Friends drop in at the shop of Euclide Auclair, the apothecary, and retail the gossip of the town; he receives the confidences of the Count, listens to the tales of trappers and missionaries back from the wilderness. His daughter, made prematurely serious by the duties of the household after her mother’s death, mothers the child from the sailors’ dives, goes sledding in winter, is taken on a canoe trip up the river in the early spring.

The value of the book, then, lies not in the power of the narrative but in the tender and slightly wistful recital of humdrum, homely incident, and this I take to be Miss Cather’s peculiar forte. Without questioning the beauty of some of her passages, I couldn’t, however, help feeling as I read on through the book that the quality of wistfulness, unlike mercy, can be strained. There are moments of delicate pathos (“Papa,” little Cecile pauses to call back to her father as she is being carried off for her outing on the river, “you will not forget to keep the fire under the soup? It has been on only an hour”) that almost bring tears to the eyes, but they are a little too like the tears one occasionally feels pricking one’s consciousness at a musical comedy, when the lights and the music



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and the heroine's forsakenness all conspire for an instant to touch the emotions, but in a manner as mechanical as tickling to produce laughter. In the book, as at the play, one soon gets to looking forward to such exit lines, and discounting in advance the method by which the effect is produced.

For myself, I think a good part of the reason for this lies in the thinness of the story itself. In "A Lost Lady" (that's the other one of hers I read, you remember), Miss Cather had a central character whom she understood profoundly, and the portrait was rich and warm indeed. In this, one gets rather the impression of a series of paintings on glass—brilliant, lit by a kind of transparent glow, but so frail, so very insubstantial.

IF you won't think I'm being pedantic, I'd like to recommend for your general interest a book that wasn't meant primarily for the general reader at all: "The Scientific Detective and the Expert Witness," by C. Ainsworth Mitchell, published by Appleton. Mr. Mitchell is one of the Scotland Yard experts, and the volume is designed as a textbook for the police officer, the detective, and, even more particularly, the chemists, toxicologists, handwriting experts, and similar specialists who play their part in crime detection.

I stumbled on it more or less by accident, and I can't deny that there were long passages I had to skip for fear of getting completely lost in technicalities. But if, like almost everyone else nowadays, you're a great reader of detective stories, and if, further, you have pertinacity enough to hunt through a book, skipping here but taking up reading it again there, then I think you'll find much in it that will interest you, besides giving you a sounder basis for your judgment of Edgar Wallace: how they've gone now from classifying fingerprints to studying the number of pores in each ridge of the fingerprint pattern, and the case of the two Will Wests, and how they analyze inks, not to mention the story of the men who drank vinegar, and the question of whether people ever die of spontaneous combustion.

Understand, I don't insist on your reading it, though. Quite possibly it may bore you to death.

I'VE a number of others to mention briefly. There's a little book that Random House has just got out: "Thar She Blows," a retelling of a dryly humorous old whaling yarn by Paul



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Johnston, whose drawings adorn the book. Then there is "God Have Mercy on Me," a sequel to "No Bed of Roses," published by Macaulay, and continuing the diaries of the same helpless drug addict. It's bitter, depressing, and nothing for the at all squeamish to meddle with, but it *does* seem to be authentic. Also, there is "Half Way," by Cecil Roberts, published by Appleton. In this, the famous novelist (he wrote "Indiana Jane;" you *must* remember), on reaching his thirty-fifth year, casts backward over his career. He has also been a war correspondent and a foreign press representative, besides running about the world a good bit, and his reminiscences are not without interest for their sidelights on personages and events in recent history. I did, however, find it slightly tinged with that falsest of all false modesty: that of the Englishman being offhand and depreciatory about his accomplishments, but telling you about them nevertheless.

BUT you ought to read "Mexico," by Stuart Chase, published by Macmillan. Mr. Chase, above all other contemporary students of social economy—or whatever else you choose to call that tangled field of thought, involving politics, economics, and human ethics, which we're all so fond of talking, reading, and writing about nowadays—retains a sentimental outlook, which sometimes leads him to impossible conclusions, but adds immeasurably (sentimental as we all are, too) to the plausibility of his writing. He is, in other words, a determined Utopian; he has not yet grasped the fact that there is no possible way of reforming any social order. Yet, so plausible he is and so sentimental are we, it is impossible to read "Mexico" without feeling somehow vaguely (and apparently more or less as Mr. Chase does) that if only factory workers would take up ceramics, we could balance a fourteenth-century civilization against this of the twentieth century and lock humanity on a perpetual dead-centre of happiness. It's really (and particularly for its sensitive pictures of a vanished culture) a grand book, however.

—R. M. C.

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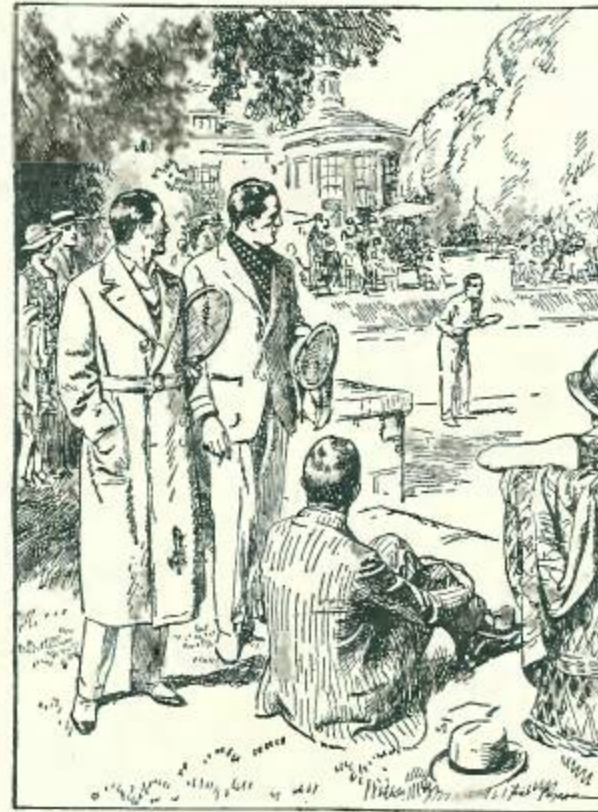
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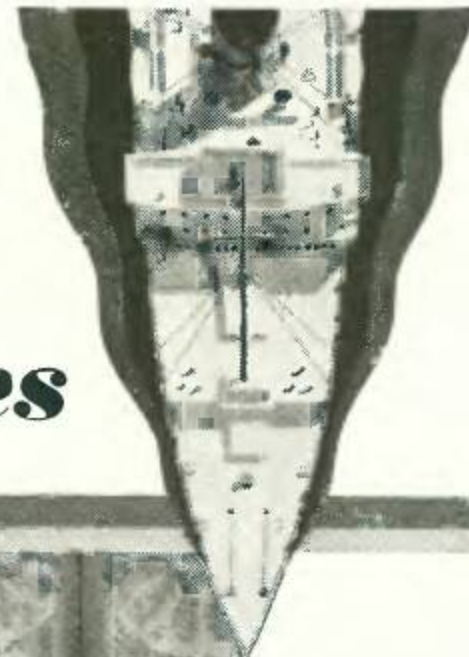
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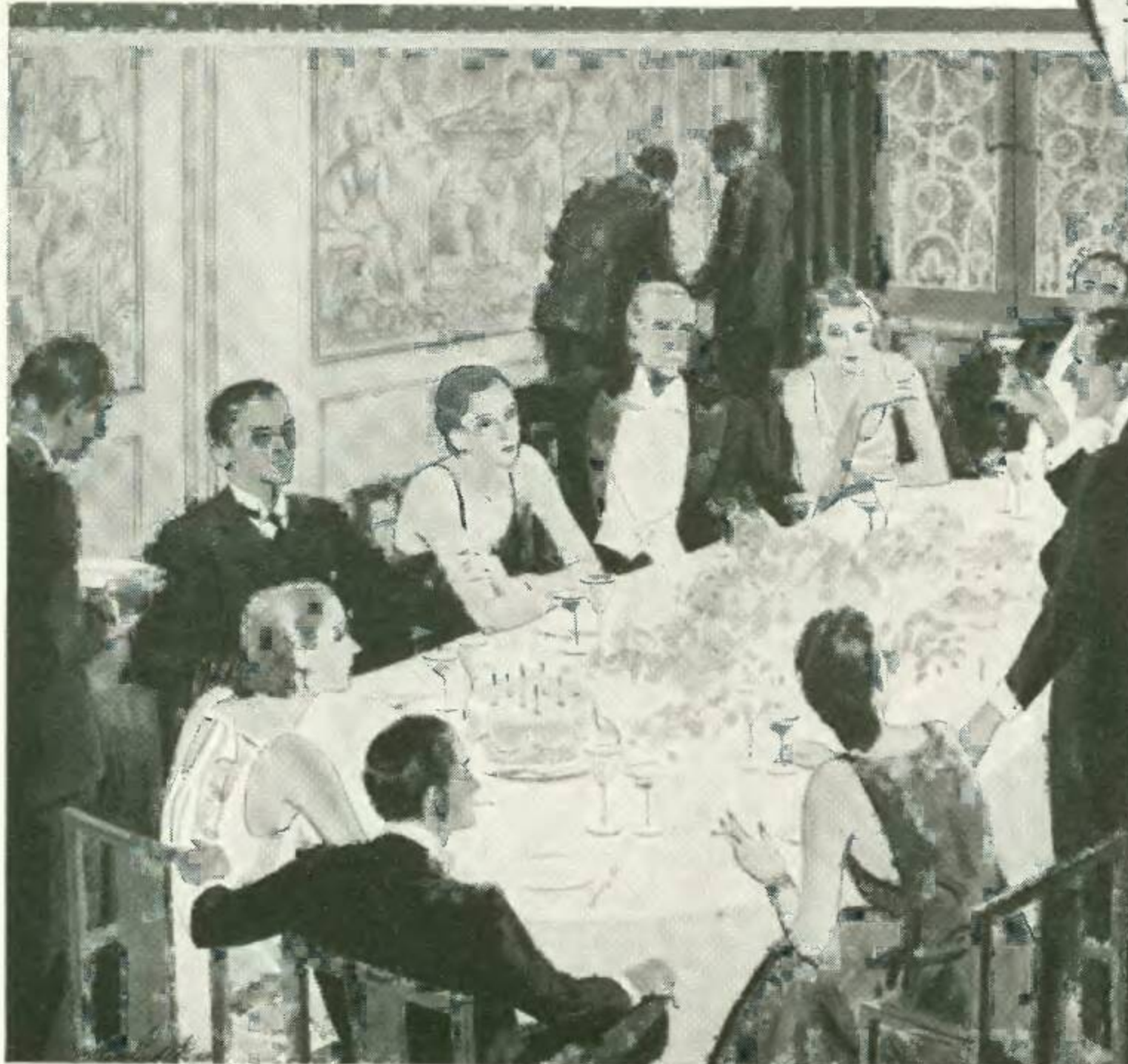


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