

Mar. 12, 1932

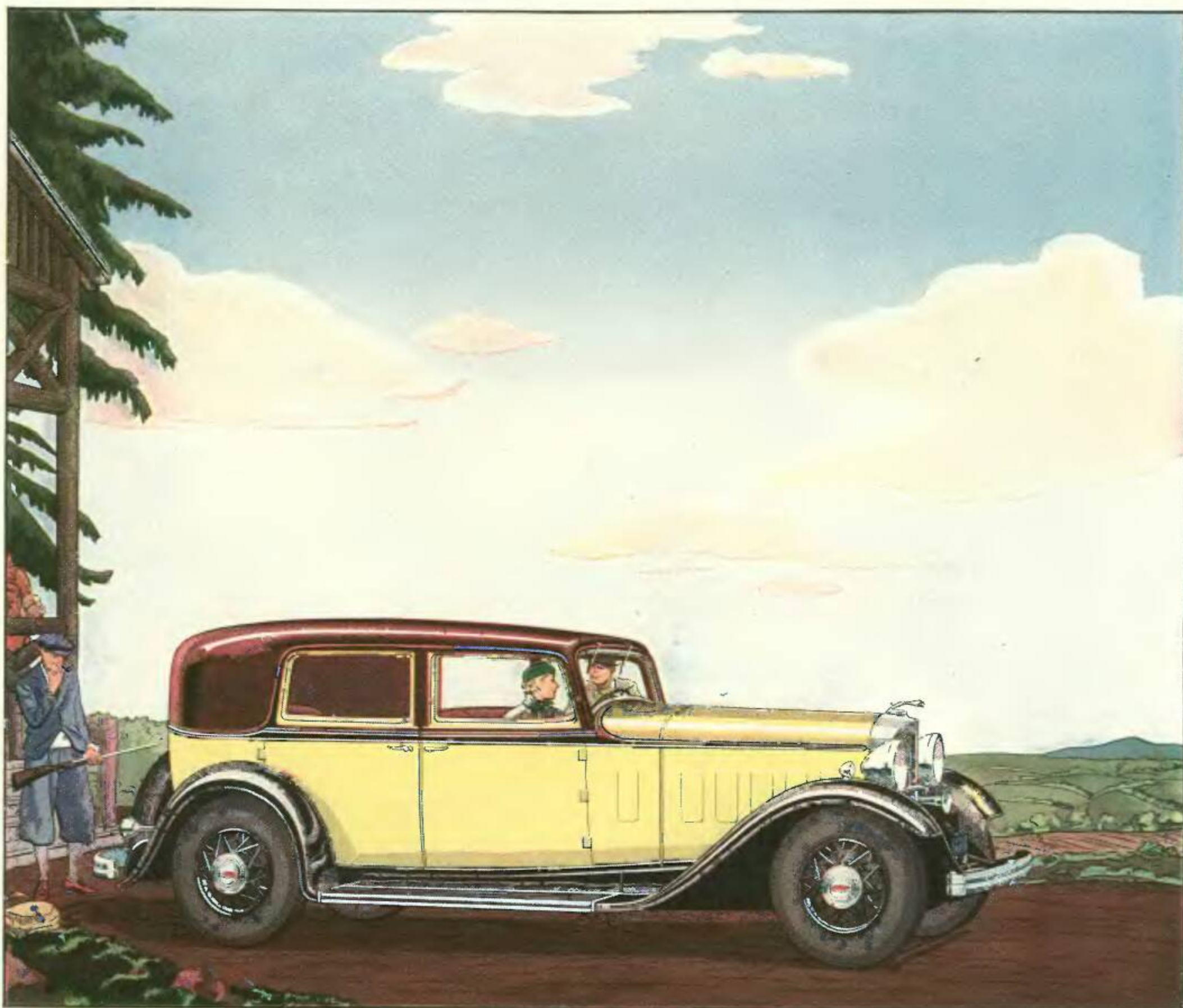
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# NEW YORKER







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THE new Lincoln V-8 cylinder, in the footsteps of the V-12 cylinder, brings that beauty and high performance one has come naturally to expect from a Lincoln. Into this new car, with 136-inch wheelbase, have gone those structural characteristics that have always been peculiarly Lincoln—expert engineering, precision manufacture, careful testing of every important operation.

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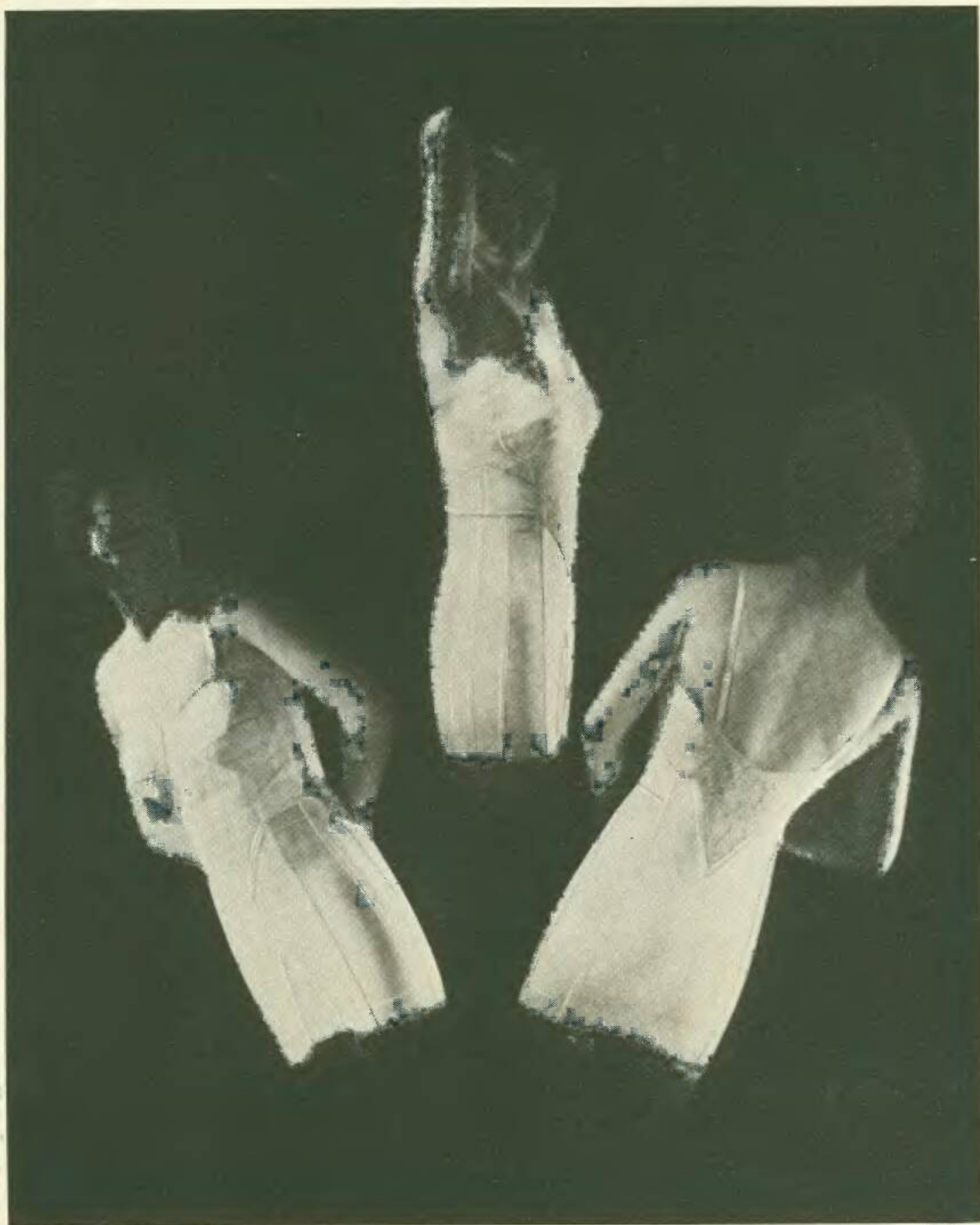
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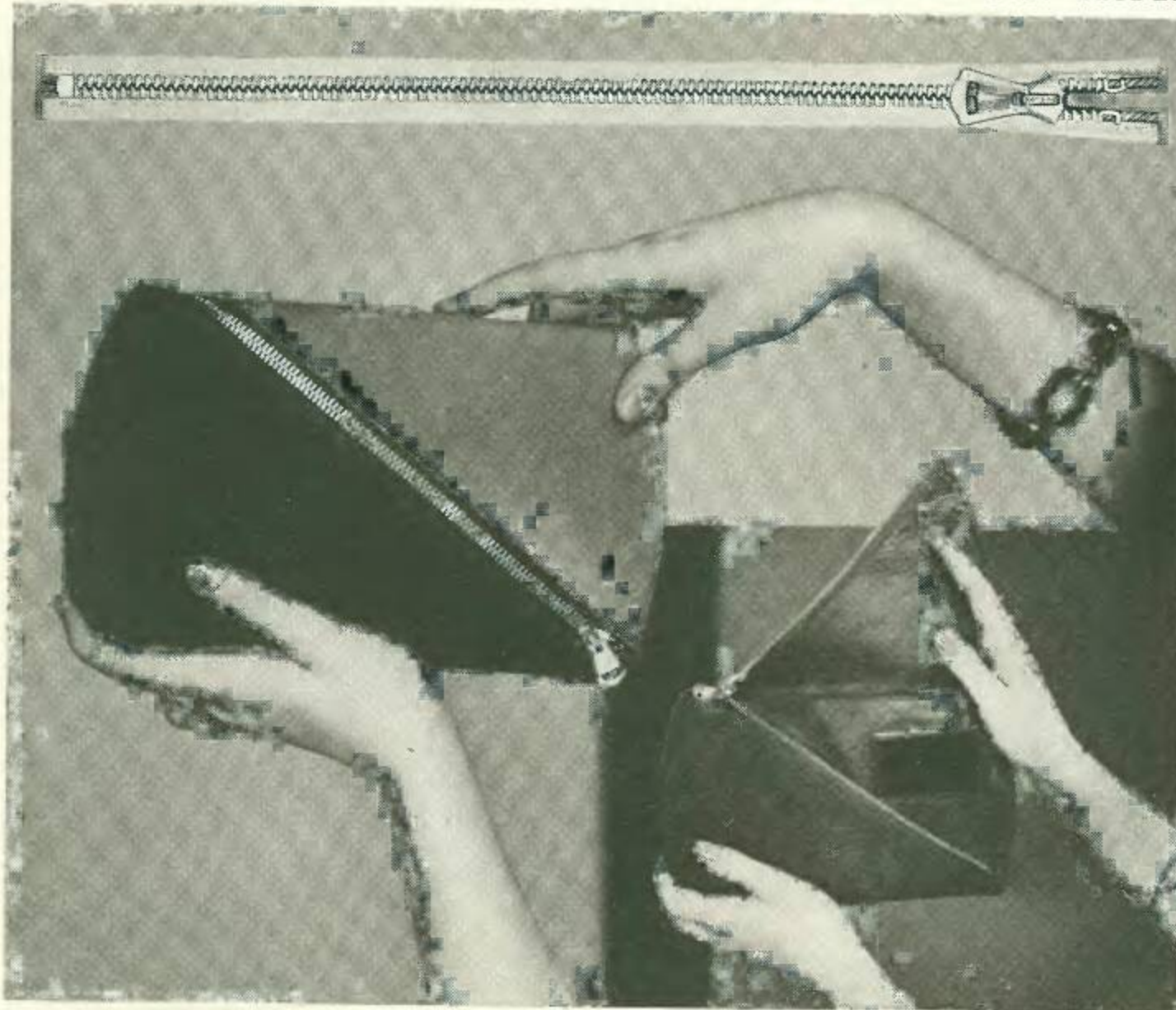
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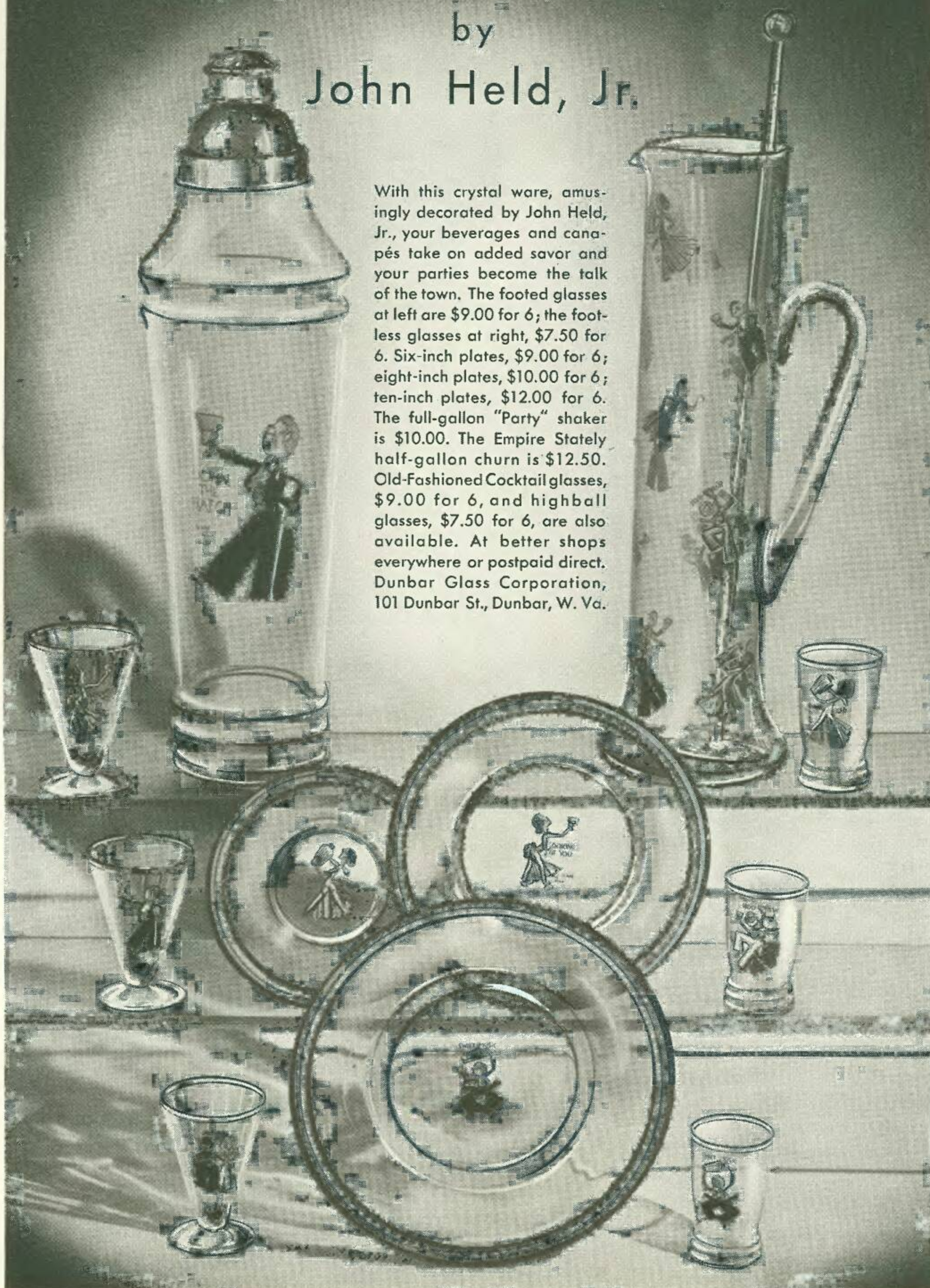


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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

### THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 p.m. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### PLAYS

**THE ANIMAL KINGDOM**—How a mistress can be more of a wife than the wife herself. Philip Barry's civilized treatise on Life and Art among the Better Classes. Leslie Howard, Lora Baxter, and Frances Fuller are in it. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

**BLESSED EVENT**—How a young assistant columnist on a newspaper rose to be the chief journalistic menace in town, with plenty of laughs and gunplay. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 p.m.)

**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—The story of a lawyer who made good, with typical Elmer Rice glimpses into the corners of a law office, helped by the vitality of Paul Muni. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:20 p.m. Mat. Thurs.)

**CYNARA**—Philip Merivale, Phoebe Foster, and Adrienne Allen making a triangle which is as different as it is appealing, dealing, as it does, with innocent adultery. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:45 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

**THE DEVIL PASSES**—Showing how the Devil makes a group of "moderns" do the Lord's work against their will. Uneven, but in the main interesting, with Arthur Byron, Robert Loraine, Basil Rathbone, Diana Wynyard, Mary Nash, Cecilia Loftus, and Ernest Thesiger. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**THE GOOD FAIRY**—A stuffy old Budapest lawyer finds himself suddenly infested with a cute benefactress, in the Molnár manner. Merry Business, with Helen Hayes and Walter Connolly. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 p.m. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 p.m.)

**HAY FEVER**—A revival of Noel Coward's delicious account of a mad hatter's houseparty, with Constance Collier and Eric Cowley to enhance the humor of Mr. Coward's lines. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Mar. 19.)

**THE INSIDE STORY**—Just about everything that you have ever heard in a crook-prison play, but done with such speed and lack of trouble that it actually seems exciting. (National, 41, W.)

**THE LEFT BANK**—Very amusing if you happen to know your Left Bank. If you don't, you may be interested to hear how a couple worked out the problem of Paris-New York allegiance. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

**THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER**—Talkative, but interesting talk dealing with Ireland and the boys who are trying to save and destroy her. A good, efficient Theatre Guild production. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA**—Five hours of O'Neill which you are going to see anyway whether you like it or not. Alice Brady, Alla Nazimova, Earle Larimore, Thomas Chalmers, and Lee Baker are in it. (Alvin, 52, W. Curtain at 5:30 p.m.; dinner intermission from 7 to 8:10 p.m. No Mats.)

**REUNION IN VIENNA**—Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt play a brilliant encore to a grand passion. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**RIDDLE ME THIS!**—A murder mystery which is no mystery, but which is excellent entertainment, thanks to Frank Craven and Thomas Mitchell. (John Golden, 58, E. 8:50 p.m.)

**SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY**—Gilded farce about nothing at all, with a gilt-edged cast which makes it seem funny. Leslie Banks, Helen Chandler, Nigel Bruce, and Frieda Inescort. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

**THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET**—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall at their very best, which is enough to

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 19.]

make an even slighter play than this one seem delightful. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

**WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—An author of murder mysteries is told to work up a real one—or else. Ernest Truex gets a lot of laughs out of the process. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:50 p.m.)

#### WITH MUSIC

**THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE**—A beautiful score by Jerome Kern, set in a tasteful production, with a book which is just a wee bit dull. Georges Metaxa, Bettina Hall, Eddie Foy, Jr., Doris Carson, Lawrence Grossmith, and Odette Myrtil. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

**FACE THE MUSIC**—A smart production of a bitterly humorous (and very funny) crack at the racketeer government we New Yorkers thrive under. Irving Berlin's music sounds good again. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

**THE LAUGH PARADE**—If you are an Ed Wynn admirer, you may die laughing at this. Take a chance anyway. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:45 p.m. Mats. 2:45 p.m.)

**OF THEE I SING**—A merry poke at the fat stomach of Washington, D. C., funny and decidedly worth seeing. Contains Victor Moore

and William Gaxton, has a book by Kaufman and Ryskind, and a Gershwin score. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

**VAUDEVILLE**—Texas Guinan, Frank Fay, and Barbara Stanwyck will be at the Palace Fri., Mar. 11. Russ Columbo will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Mar. 12. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 p.m. daily.) . . . Lou Holtz' "1932 Vaudeville-Revue," with Clark and McCullough, Vincent Lopez' orchestra, Lyda Roberti, and others. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. daily; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

**DANCE RECITALS**—Doris Humphrey and her dance group: Sun. Aft., Mar. 13, at 3:15. (Guild, 52, W.) . . . Irma Duncan and the Isadora Duncan Dancers: Sun. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8:45. (New Yorker, 54, W.)

#### OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

**THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND**—A comedy by Julian Thompson, with Colin Keith-Johnston, Katharine Hepburn, and Romney Brent. Opens Fri., Mar. 11. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:40 p.m.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE**—Laurette Taylor in a revival of Barrie's comedy, together with his one-act "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 p.m.)

**NOT-CHA!**—The new Ziegfeld show, music and lyrics by Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, with Bert Lahr, Lynne Overman, Lupe Velez, and Buddy Rogers. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. 8:30 p.m. Mat. Thurs.)

**NIGHT OVER TAOS**—The Group Theatre's production of Maxwell Anderson's new play. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:40 p.m.)

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#### THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43TH STREET

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### AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

\*Better dress, but not obligatory.

**CENTRAL PARK CASINO** (Rhineland 4-3034)—Songs by Ethel Merman, dances by Velez and Yolanda, and music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.\*

**CLUB EL PATIO**, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Rosita and Ramon, and the singing of Roberta Robinson. Emil Coleman music. Must dress.

**CLUB MONTMARTRE**, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-4732)—George Olsen and his music, with dancing by George Murphy and Julie Johnson.\*

**CLUB RICHMAN**, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—Featuring Billy Bryant's Show Boat Revue. Rees-Gardiner Orchestra.\*

**EL GARRON**, 159 W. 49 (Circle 7-2627)—A new late place, open till dawn. Entertainment by Frances Maddux, Peppy de Albreu, Dario and Diane, DeLys and Clark, with Pancho's orchestra and Ceruse's tango orchestra.\*

**EMPIRE ROOM**, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra, with dancing by the Cansinos. Must dress.

**THE NEW LIDO**, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-2806)—Supper dancing to music by Bob Worth and his orchestra.\*

**SEAGLIDE**, St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)

(Continued on page 6)





## LIFE IS GETTING VERY SIMPLE!

Maybe it's just cocktails, maybe you'll stay on for dinner, perhaps a theatre invitation will pop up afterward, and a Night Club later. Very simple; if you wear the new semi-demi-quasi-formal frock with a little turban to match exactly!

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FIFTH AVENUE \_\_\_\_\_





## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 19.]

(Continued from page 4)

—Vincent Lopez music, with dancing by Morgan and Sedano. Must dress.

**SUTTON CLUB**, 324 E. 57 (Wickersham 2-0230)—One of the most attractive after-theatre places. Edward Cooper, dances by Medrano and Donna, Paul Draper, and music by Wagner's orchestra. Must dress.

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—With a rough but fairly entertaining revue and no cover charge: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572). . . . Also no cover, and an elaborate show: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580).

**GREENWICH VILLAGE**—Barney's, 85, W. 3 (Gramercy 7-7850), is agreeably informal, with specialties giving it the air of a Continental cabaret. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove; and El Flamenco, 15 Barrow; both near Sheridan Sq.

**HARLEM**—You'll have to find the various ha-chacha dives for yourself; but two of the established and well-known places are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Go late.

**RUSSIAN MOTIF**—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, with gypsy songs by the Kuznetsoff-Nicolina Trio.

**NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS**—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200). . . . Coon-Sanders and their Nighthawks play in the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000).

### MOTION PICTURES

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—The old story freshly spruced up, with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Mar. 15 and 16; continuous from 1 P.M.)

**HELL DIVERS**—Good pictures of naval aviation and a good Wallace Beery performance give this picture some worthwhile moments. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:40 P.M.)

**THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—George Arliss again, doing politely and sedately in a somewhat philosophical tale of resignation. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

**SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Marlene Dietrich, this time in the Orient, adds another stirring drama to her list, with the help of Josef von Sternberg. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

**SKY DEVILS**—High-handed and lowbrow comics at the Front. A parody on screen war heroics, with Spencer Tracy and William Boyd. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

**TRADER HORN**—Revival. A theatrical story, but a fast and lavish picture of Africa and its goings-on. (Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78; Fri. and Sat., Mar. 11 and 12; continuous from 1 P.M.)

**UNION DEPOT**—A lot more than just starting a journey in this railroad station. With Fairbanks, Jr. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 12-14; continuous from 1 P.M.)

**NEWSREEL THEATRES**—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. Programs change Sat. Morns. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight. Trans-lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-lux, B'way between 49 and 50; continuous from 11 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Arrowsmith," the Sinclair Lewis novel of a doctor's life, excellently screened, with Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes; "Broken Lullaby" ("The Man I Killed"), a sob story of postwar Germany, dignified by Lubitsch direction and by Lionel Barrymore's acting; "High Pressure," William Powell as a promoter in a rowdy and funny farce; "Road to Life," the wild children of the Russian revolution and how the Soviets handled them.

### ART

**ARCHITECTURE**—The Museum of Modern Art's International Exhibition of Modern Architecture: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Tues. and Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; also; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. Annual exhibition of the Architectural

League: 215 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 12.

**DE LA FRESNAYE**—Water colors and drawings, 1919-1925, representing the last phase of his development: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**EILSHEMIUS**—Second phase of a painter now under debate; held by some to be the one true American light: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**FRENCH**—Derain and Vlaminck. A good showing, arranged by Maud Dale, of these two painters and how their influences run parallel: Museum of French Art, 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

**PRINTS**—By modern masters, including Daumier, Cézanne, Matisse, Gauguin, Bellows, Kent, Redon, Degas, and Picasso: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**PROVINCIAL**—Nineteenth-century American paintings; also, Audubon prints, colored lithographs, and Thomas Nast cartoons: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

**STIEGLITZ**—First show in a good many years of an artist who uses a camera: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**UNATTACHED**—A new gallery, under the aegis of Richard Cameron Beer, devoted to the men who have no dealers: Times Gallery, 773 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**NOTE**—Stage models and designs by Robert Edmond Jones are on view at the Bourgeois Galleries, 123 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

### MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

#### RECITALS

**JOHN GOSS AND LONDON SINGERS**—A euphonious vocal group which sings unusual songs: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Sat. Morn., Mar. 12 at 11.

**PAUL ROBESON**—Last recital here this season: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Mar. 13.

**NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY**—An able instrumental group, playing in agreeably informal surroundings. With Maria Kurenko as soloist: Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Mar. 13 at 9.

**BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION**—Concerted music by distinguished performers who haven't anything else to do this evening: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 14.

**PAUL MUSIKONSKY**—Latest of the wonder boys of the fiddle: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 18.

**EFREM ZIMBALIST**—Classics and a jazz concerto by one of the greatest violinists: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 19.

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Schelling conducting (Young People's Concert): Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 12, at 11. . . . Beecham conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Mar. 13. . . . Respighi conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:45 (Pension Fund Concert); Thurs. Eve., Mar. 17, at 8:45; and Fri. Aft., Mar. 18, at 2:30.

**NATIONAL WOMEN'S SYMPHONY**—Leginska conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 12.

**MUSEUM CONCERTS**—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 12 and 19, at 8. (No admission charge.)

**ORATORIO SOCIETY**—Stoessel conducting (Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" and Holst's "Two Psalms"): Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 14.

**DESSOFF CHOIRS**—Thompson conducting: New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12, Tues. Eve., Mar. 15.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 15, at 8:45.

**HALL JOHNSON NEGRO CHOIR**—Johnson conducting: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 17.

#### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN**—"Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Mar. 11, at 1:45; "Lucia," Fri. Eve., Mar. 11, at 8:30; "Sadko," Sat. Aft., Mar. 12, at 2; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Mar. 12, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8:30; "Götter-

dämmerung," Thurs. Aft., Mar. 17, at 1. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

**NEW YORK OPÉRA COMIQUE**—"Orpheus in Hades," by Offenbach: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 11 and 12, at 8:30; and Sat. Aft., Mar. 12, at 2:30.

### ON THE AIR

**WALTER DAMROSCH**—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Mar. 11 and 18, at 11, over WEA and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra: Sun. Aft., Mar. 13, at 1:15, over WJZ.

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Part of second act of "Siegfried": Fri. Aft., Mar. 11, at 3, over WJZ. . . . Second act of "Sadko": Sat. Aft., Mar. 12, at 3, over WEA. . . . Part of "Götterdämmerung": Thurs. Aft., Mar. 17, at 3, over WJZ.

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Schelling conducting (Young People's Concert): Sat. Morn., Mar. 12, at 11, over WABC. . . . Beecham conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 13, at 3, over WABC.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Stokowski conducting; concert broadcast from Philadelphia: Sat. Eve., Mar. 12, at 8:15, over WABC.

**JACQUES GORDON AND LEE PATTISON**—Sonata program for violin and piano: Sun. Morn., Mar. 13, at 11:30, over WJZ.

**MISCHA LEVITZKI**—Piano soloist, in Yardley Program: Sun. Aft., Mar. 13, at 2, over WJZ.

**CLAUDIA MUZIO**—Soloist in General Electric Program: Sun. Aft., Mar. 13, at 5:30, over WEA.

**MARIAN ANDERSON**—Contralto soloist, in Columbia Concerts Program: Sun. Eve., Mar. 13, at 6:30, over WABC.

**ERNEST HUTCHESON**—Pianist, with orchestra: Sun. Eve., Mar. 13, at 10:45, over WABC.

**ROTH STRING QUARTET**—With Vera Brodsky, pianist: Wed. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:30, over WOR.

### SPORTS

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden: Billy Petrolle vs. Bat Battalino, Fri. Eve., Mar. 11; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves Tournament, Mon. Eve., Mar. 14, at 8:15.

**FENCING**—Exhibition by the American Olympic Fencing Squad, under the auspices of the Grenfell Association: New York Junior League, 221 E. 71, Fri. Eve., Mar. 18, at 9.

**HOCKEY**—Games at Madison Square Garden, 8:40 P.M.—Rangers vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Mar. 13; Americans vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Mar. 15; Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 17.

**INDOOR POLO**—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Mar. 12—Squadron A vs. Squadron C, at 8:30; Penn. M. C. vs. Los Nanduces, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn, Sat. Eve., Mar. 12—Squadron C vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving, at 8:30 (Class D); Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. 1st Division, at 9:30 (Class B).

**TENNIS**—National Indoor Tennis Championships, Men's Singles and Doubles: Seventh Reg't Armory, Park at 66. Play starts Sat. Morn., Mar. 12, at 11, and continues Mon. through Sat. Afts., Mar. 14-19, at 1.

### OTHER EVENTS

**FLOWER SHOW**—The big annual display opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon., Mar. 14, at 2 P.M., and continues daily, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 19.

**COLUMBIA VARSITY SHOW**—"How Revolting!": Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 11 and 12, at 8:30; and Sat. Aft., Mar. 12, at 2:30.

**THE ABSTRACT BALL**—Annual artists' costume ball, under the patronage of Contemporary Arts: Ballroom, Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Mar. 11, at 10.

**MARIONETTE FESTIVAL**—At the New School, 66 W. 12—Remo Bufano's Marionettes in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream": Sat., Mar. 12, at 4 and 8:30 P.M. . . . Meyer Levin's Marionettes in James Stephens' "The Crock of Gold": Sun., Mar. 13, at 4 P.M.

**AUCTIONS**—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Fine jewelry, from the estate of John Kirkpatrick: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 11 and 12, at 2:15. . . . The Harry F. R. Dolan collection of Early American furniture and decorations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 18 and 19, at 2:15.

**NOTE**—1931 Federal Income-tax returns should be in the mails before midnight, Tues., Mar. 15.



REPRODUCTIONS; Left 10<sup>50</sup> • Center 13<sup>75</sup> • Right 15<sup>50</sup>

# THE NEW HATS



ANTON BRUEHL

## soften the profile

When smart French women visit the Grand Prix, the Hague or the Drags, they not infrequently turn their backs on the galloping horses and concentrate their attention on the latest hat that Louise Bourbon is wearing. Pictured in the center is one of her very newest and smartest creations; it can be had either in straw or felt.

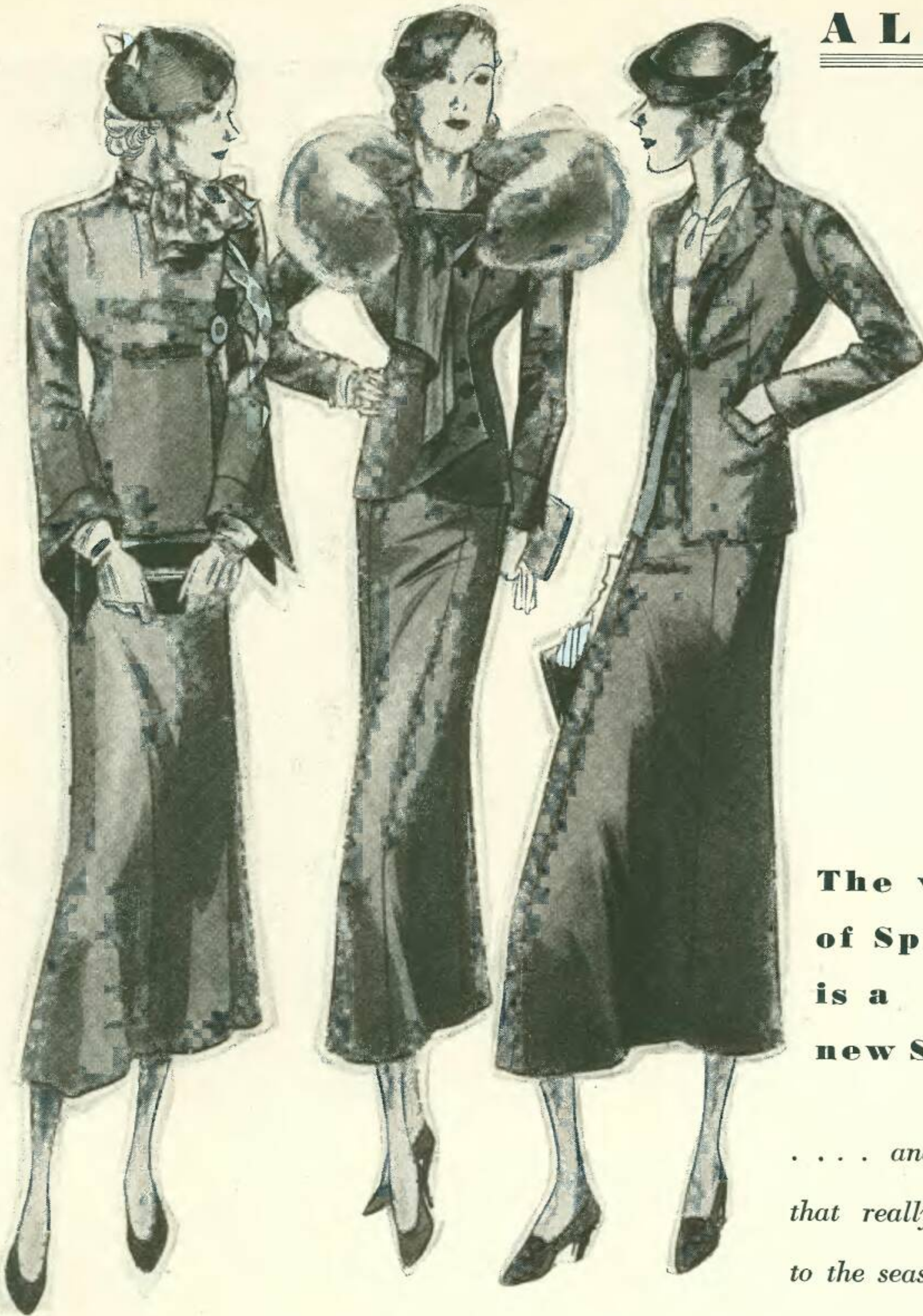
The trimly feathered little hat at the left was designed in the studio of Rose Descat, while the gay Breton sailor at the right is by Marie Alphonsine. Both are extremely becoming not only to the profile, but the full face view as well. Dozens of other fetching Spring fashions in our new collection. Second floor.

# BONWIT TELLER

PARIS • PHILADELPHIA • LONDON  
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FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET



# ALTMAN



**The very spice  
of Spring  
is a  
new Spring suit!**

*. . . . and here are three  
that really add seasoning  
to the season!*

*left . . . the side closing  
with  $\frac{3}{4}$  sleeves and silk  
scarf . . . . . \$32.00*

*center . . . the fox-trimmed  
suit, with detachable fox  
scarf, the fox being either  
silver fox or white fox dyed  
blue or beige . . . . \$58.00*

*right . . . the classic tailored  
suit, link closing, of plain  
or covert cloth . . . \$38.50*

*In the correct Spring colors, sizes 14 to 40 . . . Women's and Misses' Suits, Third Floor*

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**B. ALTMAN & CO. . . . FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th ST.**





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**W**E stepped into a newsreel theatre the other afternoon, stretched our silly face forward with the other faces, and watched closely the flutter of the planet's doings. This was what was happening in the world:

Three men jumped out of an airplane at three thousand feet to demonstrate that a parachute in the shape of a triangle drops straighter than a parachute in the shape of a circle. A young man received twenty-five thousand dollars for driving an outboard motorboat faster than the others in the race. An Englishman, by driving an automobile two hundred and fifty-three miles an hour, drove it eight miles an hour faster than one had ever been driven before, which the Voice said was a "gr-r-ate achievement," but did



not say why. United States battle-ships landed guns on the beach in Hawaii, practicing for wars yet undeclared. The wind damaged the tail of the largest airship in the world, making it, for the moment, wholly, instead of nearly, useless. Japanese soldiers fired at Chinese soldiers in China. American troops marched down a street in China, carrying the stars and stripes (forever). An animated mouse played on a xylophone. Monkeys, dressed as people, performed a play. Herbert Hoover laid a wreath on the grave of George Washington. Twenty-two men demonstrated how a change in the football rules might lessen the chances of one of the men getting killed by the other twenty-one. An inventor (and this was the one thing that seem-

ed to make sense) was hard at work on a rocket by which he expected to leave this planet for, he hoped, another one.

**O**NE of our contributors in Los Angeles received a note from the New Yorker recently, returning a manuscript. It was a polite note, it



seemed to him—a fine, cordial little missive, thanking him for his kindness in sending the contribution and asking him to visit the New Yorker when he came to town. It was that last crack that made him suspicious—that part about visiting us. A careful reëxamination of the note of rejection explained the matter: it was not from us at all, but from the New Yorker Hotel. Apparently they're always glad to have visitors, even writers. We're much more standoffish, ourself.

**A**NYONE who has ever attended a party held to introduce a débutante to society knows what a chore it is for her family. It requires a vast amount of organization and prelim-



inary spadework and a large number of "assistants." The débutante is assisted by certain of her friends, and the mother of the débutante is assisted by hers. All these people are credited in the newspaper reports with an assist. It seems to us there ought to be some

simpler way of introducing a débutante, specially this year when there is no real reason for a girl's coming out anyway, on account of there being no young men of any means to come out to. There ought to be, we feel, some way that would be more in keeping with the general spirit of the times. Why not just invite a lot of people to the house, including a drummer? When the moment arrives for introducing the débutante, get the drummer to roll an alarum. Then, as the drum suddenly ceases, the mother of the débutante jumps to a chair, points to her daughter, and cries: "Hello, everybody, this is her!"

**W**E came on a great sight in East Twenty-first Street: a stained-glass window in the Rex Cole store—a heavenly refrigerator in stained glass, its door standing open, the re-



ligious light of Monday morning filtering through its shelves laden with broccoli, grapefruit, Grade A, and alligator pears. After all, why not? Refrigeration is our patron saint; the little cubelets of ice are our holy water grown cold.

### Jaywalker

**I**T was, you may remember, Grover Whalen who issued the pronouncement that pedestrians must obey the traffic lights, waiting for the green as if they were taxicabs, or even more so. That was when he was police commissioner. We saw him the other day, just Private Citizen Whalen, walking, apparently, from his Fifth Avenue apartment to Wanamaker's. When he



reached University Place, the lights were against him. Without even a blush, he plunged off the curb and began dodging taxicabs like anybody. He didn't even take the most direct route. Went diagonally. He had to run the last few steps.

### *Book-Lover*

DR. ROSENBACH, the rare-book dealer and collector, was showing a friend some of his most valuable possessions one day this week. He paused with particularly loving care over one volume. It was a Shakespeare First Folio in the original binding. Dr. Rosenbach expatiated on it at some length, explaining how unthinkably rare and inexpressibly valuable it was. The general idea was that a collector who acquired a First Folio might as well fold his hands in peace and spend the rest of his days regarding the wonder. "There are only four perfect copies in the world," Dr. Rosenbach explained, a little breathlessly. His friend asked the natural question: Who owned the other three? To his astonishment, Dr. Rosenbach looked blank for a moment, then puzzled, then chagrined. He couldn't, for the life of him, remember where the other three were. Not even where one of them was. The rest of the inspection was a little vague, because the famous collector was obviously worrying about the other three Folios.

His friend went away, not bothering much about it. The next day, however, Dr. Rosenbach called him on the telephone in excitement. "You know those First Folios?" he said. "Well, I've found out where one of the others is. I've got it myself."

### *Coolidge Purple*

ONE of our Boston correspondents was in the R. H. Stearns store in that city when Mrs. Coolidge came in, smiling pleasantly. To the first salesgirl she met, she said: "Something in a black hat, please." The salesgirl seated her before a mirror and Mrs. Coolidge tried on some black hats. Nothing in the first batch suited and the salesgirl went after more. The former First Lady looked around while the girl was gone and her gaze rested on a zippy purple straw on a nearby table. She was still gazing at it when the salesgirl returned. She

tried on some more black hats. None of these suited, either. When the girl departed a second time, Mrs. Coolidge's gaze veered back to that purple hat. She looked around and then went over and got it. She sat down and tried it on. It was quite fetching. Mrs. Coolidge looked at herself in the purple hat for almost a minute, then put it down and shook her head. The girl came up with several more black hats. With a final wistful glance at the purple straw, Mrs. Coolidge decided upon one of these. Our correspondent imagined he could see her thinking of the purple hat and Calvin and realizing it would never do.

### *Steam*

TWENTY thousand radiators in the Radio City buildings will be filled with steam from the New York Steam Corporation, which will pipe it to them under subways, electric conduits, and the very sidewalks we tread so thoughtlessly. This simple fact sent us off on a quest for information from which we return, staggering. The Steam Corporation, which was chartered in 1880, now serves twenty-five hundred buildings in Manhattan below Ninety-second Street with nice, lively steam, supplying about a quarter of all the steam used on the island. Four generating plants are along the East River and help to warm up that body of water so much that it never freezes over any more. The steam is made of pure Croton water; river water too dirty. The company also buys steam from the New York Edison Company at times and sells it at other times, both to the Edison Company and the Consolidated Gas Company. But that way lies madness. Steam sells, on the average, for ninety-five cents a thousand pounds. Details of the rate schedules are too complicated to go into.



Only a few big buildings—old ones downtown—make their own steam nowadays. Few new buildings have boilers. They rent out the basement space that boilers would occupy. The buildings over the New York Central railroad yards, of course, haven't even got basements. Buildings are on meter. Small ones—apartment houses and the like—take heat for, say, fifteen minutes of each hour. That is why it sometimes takes the radiator so long to heat up after you turn it on and why it gets

cold unexpectedly if it's before an open window.

The steam pipes themselves are two feet in diameter but are so swathed in insulation that they take up five feet of space underground. They rarely blow up, although the pressure is one hundred and sixty-five pounds, enough to run an engine. They don't leak much. The steam you see coming out of manholes isn't Corporation steam. It's water that has seeped around the pipes and got overheated. A real break would be something big. In winter the company suffers a wastage of fourteen per cent, however; "lost or unaccounted for," they call it. It slips away, or condenses. It is, though you wouldn't think it, an all-the-year business. Barbershops, laundries, and people who operate machinery use steam all summer.

The central-heating-plant idea tends to concentrate the smoke nuisance. One point of concentration happens to be Sutton Place, which protests. The Corporation is trying to put down the smoke. Meanwhile, as it points out, the hauling of dirty coal through the streets is avoided. The Corporation hauls on the East River.

The steam people have sixty-five miles of pipe and their own way of looking at things. We happened to say something about steam "pounding" in radiators. The Corporation man looked at us severely. "Steam," he said, in measured tones, "sings!"

### *Dimes*

OUR Ormond Beach correspondent notifies us that he was standing before the entrance to the golf club there last Friday when the elder John D. Rockefeller drove up. The old gentleman leaned forward in his seat, saw nobody in sight but our correspondent, and waved to his chauffeur to drive on. News of the call spread rapidly and soon a crowd of gapers collected. Presently Mr. Rockefeller came back and looked again. He got out gladly this time, distributed dimes, and began to play golf.

### *Those Lights*

THE new Fifth Avenue lights haven't been working together any too well, as a few thousand people have pointed out to us at one time or another. They change colors irregularly instead of all together, which makes many automobile drivers swear, and every now and then one of them goes off on





*"May I present my wife?"*

a bat, sticking to red when the rest go green and then going over to green at the wrong moment. We are pleased to report that the situation is but temporary; a matter of weeks. At the present moment each lamp-post has its own little motor, turning the lights on and off, and motors are inclined to go their independent ways, like clocks. A new cable is being installed and the old solidarity will return. Then the whole bunch, from the Square to Fifty-ninth, will be operated by remote control, one switch in the Thirtieth Street Police Station working the lot. At present one workman spends his whole time dashing up and down the Avenue,

correcting lights that get out of step.

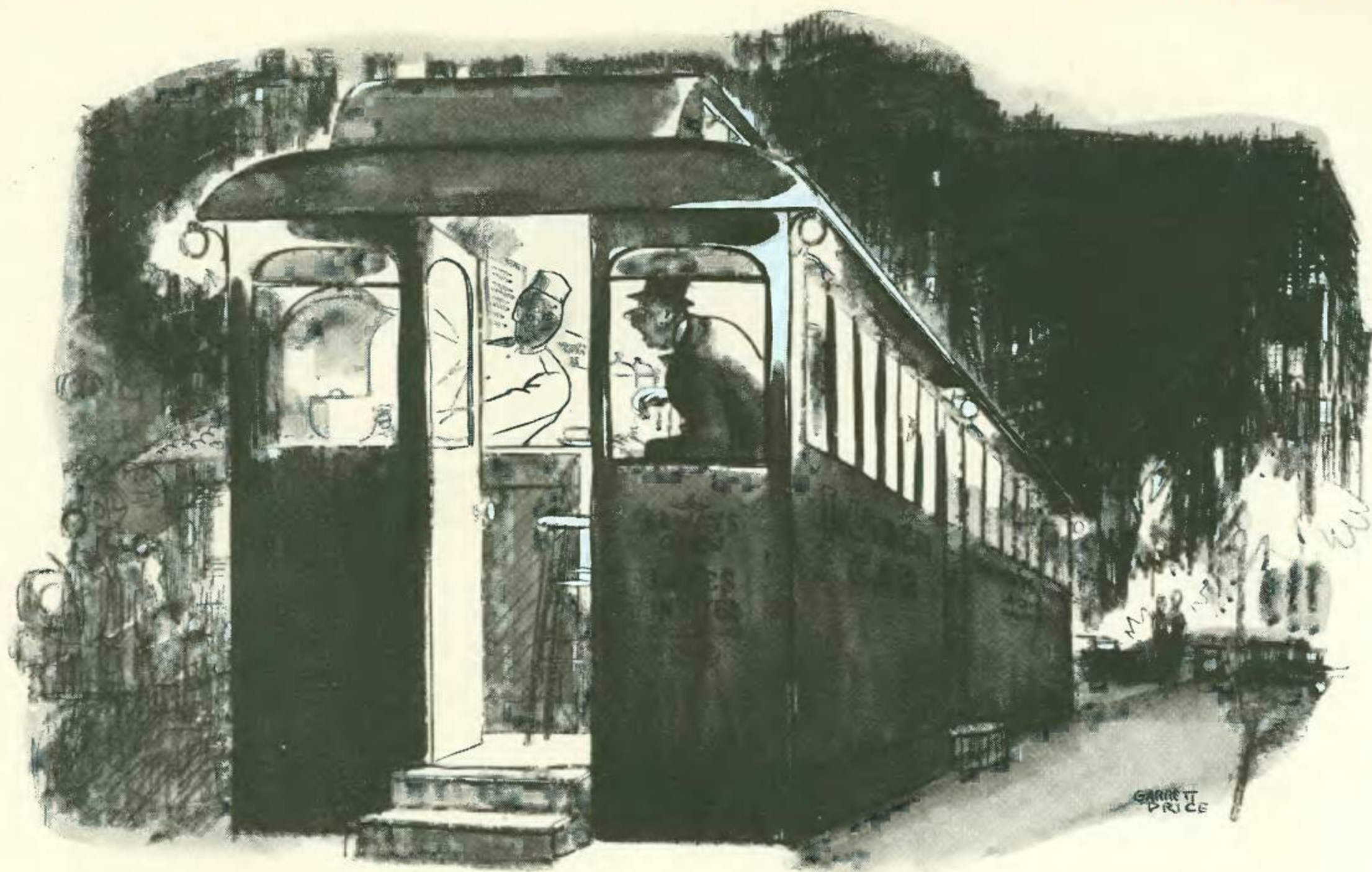
While looking into the Fifth Avenue traffic matter, we learned that sweeping changes in the signal system are planned for the whole city. The yellow light was found a failure. Taxi-drivers and other demons paid no attention to it except to regard it as a signal to lunge at pedestrians. The period of darkness which was used instead of the yellow light will be abandoned in favor of the all-red period (considered as having been a success in Fifth Avenue) and it is hoped this will give pedestrians a sporting chance to make the curb. Soon the no-light period will be discontinued on all the main traffic arteries in up-

per Manhattan: Lexington, Madison, Park, Broadway, all of them. It will not mean scrapping the lanterns, merely drastic alterations in the cable system and the control apparatus. Eventually the whole city will be put on the same basis and then all the traffic in town will be regulated from the Thirtieth Street Police Station, by a machine.

#### *Mr. Bedford*

**E**VEN fox-hunting people occasionally have their little cross to bear. Up in Fairfield County the cross borne by the huntsmen and huntswomen is Mr. Frederick Bedford, who goes





"Say, what time do we get to Albany?"

quietly out and shoots (we said "shoots") the fox just when the chase is at its height. How the hunting set hates that! But it is the way Mr. Bedford is made; and there is nothing much that can be done about it unless they should sick the hounds on Mr. Bedford, which is unthinkable.

Mr. Bedford is in his middle fifties, doesn't ride to hounds, has his own ideas, and sticks to them. It was really a pretty ticklish situation. His daughter Helen is a member of the Hunt, and after a few foxes had been done in, Helen was elected Master of the Hunt. People thought things would take a turn for the better. Not a bit of it. We get the rest of the story from a gentleman who was following the hunt in a car not so long afterward. The pack was on a fox between Westport and Greenfield Hill. It crossed an asphalt road and entered a thicket. The hounds lost the scent and there was a check. Then suddenly in the thicket, Bang! "Hope that isn't Papa Bedford," said somebody brightly. It really didn't seem possible that the Master's father could be in there whanging away. He was, though.

That's not all. He got three that

day—three foxes. Popped 'em off one-two-three neat as you please.

### *Shamrocks*

OUT of our great confusion we make a little article on shamrocks, which on the seventeenth will deck a million buttonholes. Our confusion, which is the same confusion that must rise in the minds of all neutral observers, is about the precise nature of shamrocks. We can trace for you the bulk of the metropolitan supply. It comes from two greenhouses, those of Charles Hunt's Sons on Staten Island and those of the John Scott company of Rutland Road, Brooklyn. We can tell you that one of Charles Hunt's Sons, who is sixty-seven years old, began this week to truck shamrocks to the wholesale florists in Twenty-eighth Street, using a little black-and-red wagon hitched to Bill, a middle-aged horse. The Hunts—the only other son is William, aged sixty—have grown twenty-eight thousand pots of shamrocks for this year's trade. The Scotts have twenty thousand ready. The shamrocks are in their own tiny pots, one, one and a half, or two inches in diameter, the

smallest size being the most popular. Each matured from a seed planted early in January. The only question we cannot answer is one we never dreamed would come up: What shamrocks are.

The legend is, of course, that St. Patrick demonstrated the doctrine of the Trinity to the people of Ireland with a shamrock, pointing out that its three leaves made but one whole. Almost immediately thereafter, it would seem, the people of Ireland fell to arguing as to the kind of plant St. Patrick actually employed. It was a "shamrock," but a shamrock can be a white clover, a wood sorrel, a lesser yellow trefoil, a black medic, a purple clover, a suckling clover, or something else, according to how you look at it. The argument still goes on, bitterly. The men of Connaught sniff when shown a lesser yellow trefoil. White clover is shamrock in Connaught. Suckling clover is, forlornly, shamrock in the French Pyrenees. Since all the plants look pretty much alike—they have three leaves and are all green, anyway—it is hard to understand the bitterness in the controversy. But it is there, all right. People bleed and die, verbally. They also snort.



William Hunt has been in the thick of the shamrock debate for years. "White clover is what it really is," he says. "That's the same as shamrock. Still, I dunno." A man protested a few years ago that the Hunt product wasn't right and brought some seeds which he said were of real shamrock. The plants looked the same as Hunts', only a little bluer. The Hunts have been sort of worried since, however, feeling they may have been wrong for fifty years. They have been reassured firmly by their seed dealers, who import the seeds from Ireland and catalogue them as "True Shamrock." "There's nothing but true shamrock, and this is it," say the seed people. The Scotts buy their seed from Ireland direct. Theirs is "small-leaf shamrock." They say theirs is the real article.

Shamrocks are also made out of green silk, which is perhaps simpler.

### Private Lives

THE private life of anyone is his own, so far as we are concerned, just as his home is his castle, but we ought to tell about a Mr. Zyswiskz (which isn't his real name). In his palmy days he used to take Mrs. Zyswiskz to the theatre quite often. He used on other occasions to take a lady Mrs. Z. doesn't know or know about. Times aren't what they were, though, and when recently both of them expressed a desire to see a certain play he arranged it this way: He bought three seats, together, sent one of them to the lady and escorted his wife. He arranged it so he sat between. He talked to his wife and didn't notice the other lady until the curtain went up. Then

he held the other lady's hand. During the entr'acte he talked to his wife. So it went. You could hardly call it a private life at that.

### Sweet's

NOBODY who enjoys old restaurants should miss Sweet's, at the corner of Fulton and South Streets. It is eighty-six years old and enjoys a number of interesting distinctions. For one thing, it was the first restaurant in town to put in electric lights, and it was the first to serve swordfish.

Sweet's is also a hotel. The rooms, small and coopy—for the building is a hundred and twenty-five years old—are occupied mainly by seafaring men. The restaurant, on the second floor, attracts, and always has, a more varied trade: brokers, sea-captains, politicians, fishermen. Henry Ward Beecher used to sit there with his friends. Arthur Brisbane and Frank Vanderlip and Senator Wagner are seen there occasionally now.

A Quaker named A. M. Sweet opened up the place in 1845 and his sons ran it after he died, until 1919, when they sold out to Jimmie Lake and Axel Anderson. Lake started in the place as a busboy thirty years ago; Anderson had been an employee for ten years. It's one of those places where few new persons are hired, and almost nobody is ever fired. Not a new waiter has been taken on in more than ten years. The waiters are all colored and some of them have grown white-haired in the service: Hardy, who has been there forty-five years; Pitts, just one year less; Joe and Bob, forty years; Moses and Loui, thirty.

The fishermen begin to come in as early as four A.M., when the place opens. They sometimes bring their own fish to be cooked. They are a gusty crowd, fond of playfully cuffing the old waiters and poking them in the ribs. Now and then one of the venerable colored men, cuffed too hard for his dignity, challenges a fishman to a fight. It all blows over.

At noon bankers and brokers and clerks pour in. At night it's a varied crowd of formally dressed people from uptown and skippers and sailors from the waterfront. The skippers congregate at a big round table, spin yarns, argue, move dishes around the tablecloth to illustrate some big hour in the life of an old clipper ship. Models of old clippers are scattered here and there, together with whaling guns and harpoons.

The hotel rooms are almost always filled up. Captain Stoneman, who was mate of Morgan's old yacht, laid a course for Sweet's hotel as soon as the Corsair was turned over to the government. Captain Horton, who has a home in Maine and another in Florida, would rather stay at Sweet's and is usually to be found there, and so are Captains McIntyre, Bowers, Westaway, Landres. In the daytime they play cribbage in the tiny sitting-room upstairs. Many a skipper arriving at Sweet's late at night and finding all the rooms occupied will sleep on the sitting-room table or on a couple of big chairs rather than go to another hotel. There's one who comes all the way from his home in California every year or so to stay a month or two at Sweet's, playing cards, spinning yarns, moving dishes about on the tablecloth.

### Partisan

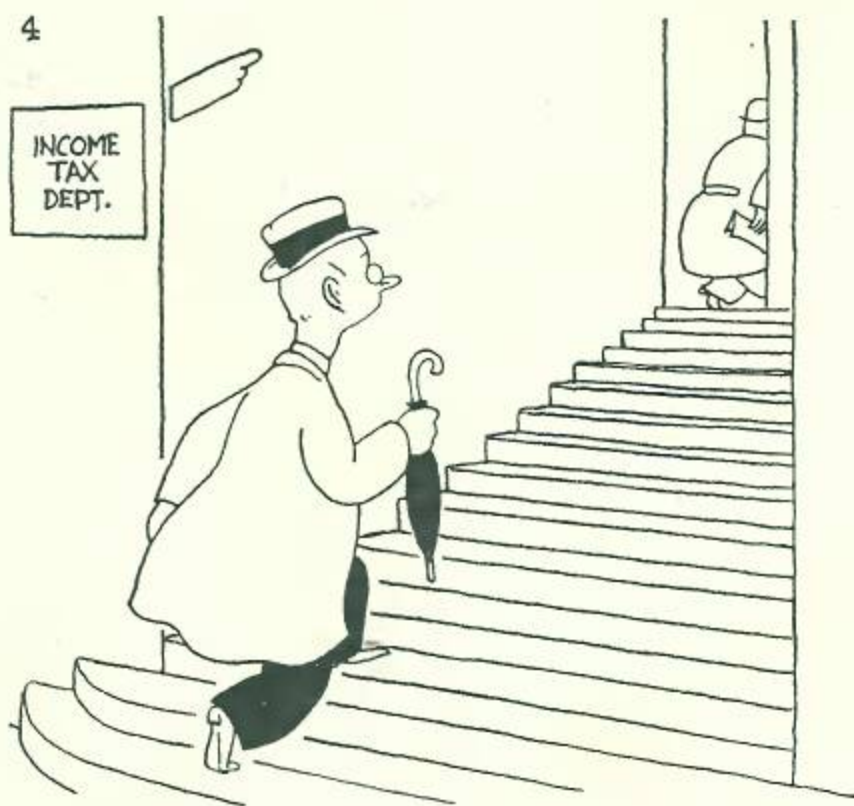
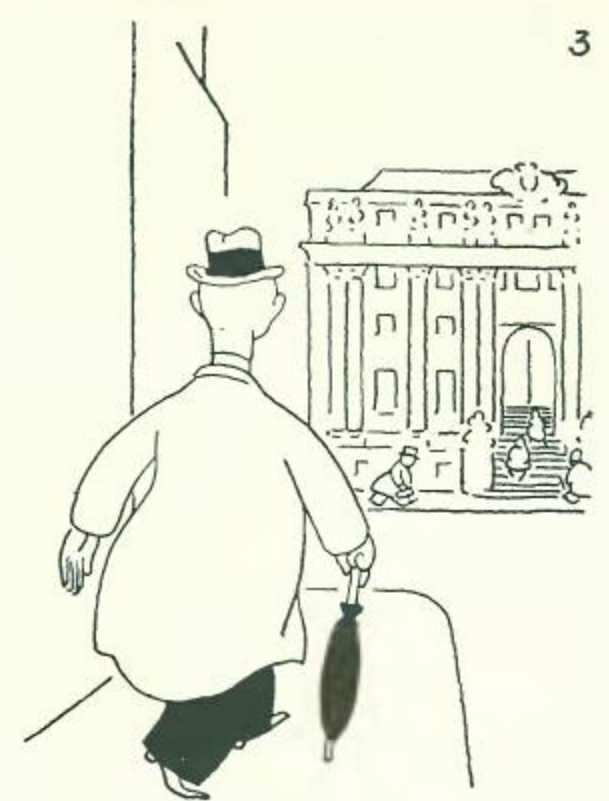
A LADY who happened to be the only passenger on an eastbound Eighty-sixth Street crosstown car early one Sunday morning recently was flabbergasted to see the motorman stop his car soon after leaving Central Park West, hop out, and go dashing off up one of the Park walks. He came back in a moment carrying a rather chewed-looking chunk of crumb cake. He explained. "There's some guy comes in every Sunday morning and leaves a lot of cake around for the birds over here," he said. "So what do I do? I just grab off a piece and take it to Carl Schurz Park, over by the East River. There's birds over there too, y'know."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Have you fordot our ittle suicide pact?"







8



9



10



11



12



GUYAS  
WILLIAMS



## OBITUARY

**D**aisy ("Black Watch Debatable") died December 22, 1931, when she was hit by a Yellow cab in University Place. At the moment of her death she was smelling the front of a florist's shop. It was a wet day, and the cab skidded up over the curb—just the sort of excitement that would have amused her, had she been at a safe distance. She is survived by her mother, Jeannie; a brother, Abner; her father, whom she never knew; and two sisters, whom she never liked. She was three years old.

Daisy was born at 65 West Eleventh Street in a clothes closet at two o'clock of a December morning in 1928. She came, as did her sisters and brothers, as an unqualified surprise to her mother, who had for several days previously looked with a low-grade suspicion on the box of bedding that had been set out for the delivery, and who had gone into the clothes closet merely because she had felt funny and wanted a dark, awkward place to feel funny in. Daisy was the smallest of the litter of seven, and the oddest.

Her life was full of incident but not of accomplishment. Persons who knew her only slightly regarded her as an opinionated little bitch, and said so; but she had a small circle of friends who saw through her, cost what it did. At Speyer Hospital, where she used to go when she was indisposed, she was known as "Whitey," because, the man told me, she was black. All her life she was subject to moods, and her feeling about horses laid her sanity open to question. Once she slipped her leash and chased a horse for three blocks through heavy traffic, in the carking belief that she was an effective agent against horses. Drivers of teams, seeing her only in the moments of her delirium, invariably leaned far out of their seats and gave tongue, mocking her; and thus made themselves even more ridiculous, for the moment, than Daisy.

She had a stoical nature, and spent the latter part of her life an invalid, owing to an injury to her right hind leg. Like many invalids, she developed a rather objectionable cheerfulness, as though to deny that she had cause for rancor. She also developed, without in-

struction or encouragement, a curious habit of holding people firmly by the ankle without actually biting them—a habit that gave her an immense personal advantage and won her many enemies. As far as I know, she never even broke the thread of a sock, so delicate was her grasp (like a retriever's), but her point of view was questionable, and her attitude was beyond explaining to the person whose ankle was at stake. For my own amusement, I often tried to diag-

nose this quirkish temper, and I think I understand it: she suffered from a chronic perplexity, and it relieved her to take hold of something.

She was arrested once, by Patrolman Porko. She enjoyed practically everything in life except motoring, an exigency to which she submitted silently, without joy, and without nausea. She never grew up, and she never took pains to discover, conclusively, the things that might have diminished her curiosity and spoiled her taste. She died sniffing life, and enjoying it.

—E. B. W.



*"Some day I'm going to sit down and really learn to play cards."*



## WINTER AFTERNOON

THE automobiles in the street outside Joe Burkan's window set up a tremendous howling of sirens. The sound welled up through the narrow street, dark in the rain, and over the windowsill of Joe's room, which at four o'clock of the winter afternoon was almost as dark as it would have been at night.

The shrieking, impatient crescendo woke Joe from a heavy sleep. He lay face down on his couch-bed, which was covered with a stained and torn traveling rug of Scotch plaid. He had taken off his coat and vest but still wore everything else, which included a very dirty blue collar.

Joe turned his neck in the collar and looked sidewise at the darkness which contained, within arm's reach, a worn golden-oak bureau, covered by a white cloth upon which rested a glass containing a brownish liquid; a .38 calibre automatic pistol, and a cheap watch. Joe wrenched an arm from under his vest buttons and reached out for the watch. He looked at it in the darkness and started. Four o'clock! Hell! He sat up, rubbing a grimy hand over his face and through his hair. He got up, switched on the light, and stood studying himself in the mirror.

The rain in the glittery winter darkness made a nasty spitting sound on the pane, not the regular benign pour of summer rain but the fitful, nervous sputter of unwelcome, indefinite water coming from no cloud, materializing somewhere between the sodden street and the murky glow overhead.

JOE BURKAN poured the brown liquid from the tumbler into his throat, shivered slightly, put out the light, and walked noiselessly downstairs. He turned up his raincoat collar and, pulling his hat brim down over his face, walked toward Sixth Avenue. He dived between two taxis and stopped alongside an elevated pillar, shaking his feet, one by one, to get the wet off his trouser legs. When the lights changed he hurried across the avenue and headed toward Broadway. In front of a lighted window, which contained a heap of ice covered with celery, tomatoes, mushrooms, sea bass, shrimps, lobsters, butterfish, blue crabs, and salmon, Joe stopped. He turned and looked across the street. He could not see the opposite sidewalk, so heavy was the jam of rainy-afternoon traffic between the curbs. Above the taxi roofs,

however, he could see the iron stairway of a theatre fire escape and, near its foot, the light above a passageway leading into a stage door.

Joe walked to the curb and stood there as if about to cross. He waited a few minutes and then ducked forward across a double row of automobiles.

He stopped between the rear spare of a coupé and the shiny front of an empty limousine. From this wet place he had a view up the theatre passageway obstructed only by the umbrellas and dripping coats of passersby. Morrison ought to be along soon.

The rain ran down Joe Burkan's wrists and wet his hands. Crouching over the back of the coupé, almost sitting on the bumper of the Lincoln behind him, he could feel the rain running down his neck. He wondered what Morrison would do if he saw him and recognized him.

Joe was getting very wet and cold. His trouser legs flopped like wet towels at his shins. Then he saw Morrison down the street. Morrison in a long black ulster and broad-brimmed black felt hat, a costume reminiscent of both priest and artist. Joe only understood vaguely why Hansen felt that Morrison was so dangerous.

All that Joe knew about his victim was that he owned a chain of theatres which ran movies and short turns—in the city, the Bronx, and some of the Jersey towns. Joe also knew that Hansen had the movie operators, the projection men, and the vaudeville-house attendants pretty well lined up all over. There had been a time when Hansen got mean and held up Morrison for a lot of jack before he would allow any of Morrison's houses to give a show. Morrison had come across then but had had several rows with Hansen since. Must be having one now, Joe thought.

JOE shivered under a re-turning wave of chill. The water was beginning to leak through his hat-band. He stood perfectly still while Morrison approached. When Morrison was near the entrance to the alley, Joe stepped to the sidewalk, his hand in his pocket.

His raincoat soaked through, his automatic wet in his pocket, Joe sidled through the crowd of passersby. Morrison, walking slowly and heavily, was

within two yards of the dark mouth of the passageway. Joe stepped in front of him. Under the bulb at the alley entrance, Joe looked into Morrison's face for a single instant. His elbow arching up from the wet forearm in his raincoat pocket tightened against his side.

Morrison stopped for a moment and looked at Burkan from under the broad brim of his dripping black hat. Joe could see his eyes, quite bright and hard. Joe's wet fingers twitched on the slippery damp steel in his pocket. Something happened to his consciousness. Morrison was saying: "You little skunk! Does Hansen know you're out?" which wasn't what Joe had expected. Before he had decided that it didn't make any difference what Morrison said, the man in the black hat had moved two or three steps down the passageway.

Joe began to get a little hysterical. He didn't want to go into that passage. "Hey!" he called.

Morrison turned. "Get to hell out of here!" The sense of authority in his voice got Joe all mixed.

Morrison turned and walked away. Joe looked behind him at the street. He hesitated, shivering with cold and fear. In that moment Morrison disappeared at the end of the passage.

JOE took his hands from his pockets, turned up his wet collar, loosened his hat, and tipped it forward. He walked out of the passageway, stood at the entrance to it looking up and down the sidewalk for a moment, and then ducked into the crowd and sloshed back toward Sixth Avenue, staring down into the sidewalk pools as he went. He ran across, dripping and sloshing, and went to a corner drugstore that smelled of oily coffee, steam, wet tiles, and disinfectant.

Joe slipped into a telephone booth. The smell of old cigars was overpowering but he shut the door. He took out a nickel and slipped it with wet fingers into the phone. The dial sound buzzed in his ear. He remembered Hansen's number perfectly, but he let the dial sound go on. It was a terrible, unearthly sound like the loose ends of nerves, burning and sputtering.

Joe began to shiver as his wet fingers dialled the number. He looked out into the drugstore again as if he were positively looking away from Hansen's





scrutiny. A very plain girl in a funny hat with a feather knob on top was eating a sandwich, holding it on end and gnawing up and down one side of it. Joe shivered again.

He heard Hansen's voice saying: "Yeah?"

"This is Burkan," said Joe weakly. "Listen, Hansen—"

"Well?" said Hansen.

Joe said nothing. He held the receiver in his hand and watched the girl eating the sandwich.

"Listen, Hansen, don't get me wrong now," he said. "I missed him."

"What!" roared Hansen. "You come over here, quick!"

Joe's heart sank. He would have liked to hang up the receiver and rush out.

"Aw, listen, Hansen!" he said. "I'll try again tomorrow. Give a guy a break."

"You fool!" screamed Hansen. "There won't be no tomorrow! Morrison's wise by now! You come here!"

JOE, rustling and dripping, went out through the drugstore and started back across Sixth Avenue. He waited to cross, reluctantly and sadly, letting many an opportunity go by. He was finally pushed across by the pedestrians behind him. He kept on toward Seventh Avenue and crossed it.

Once on the other side, however, he lost his nerve. Looking furtively about him, he saw a streetcar coming south. He ran out into the street and climbed aboard. The streetcar stayed where it was for several minutes and then crawled south again, stopping more often than it went ahead. This got on Joe's nerves. After twenty minutes, during which the car still hadn't reached the Penn station, he got out. The fresh rainy air revived his courage again and he decided to go see Hansen. He walked up Seventh Avenue and into Broadway. In one of the upper Forties he turned west. He stopped before the entrance to a hotel. For a minute he

stood looking about. There was no doorman.

Joe went in and walked with a great slapping and sloshing of his wet coat toward the elevator. He stood behind a palm which grew in a large square gold-painted box.

The elevator door opened, seven or eight people came out. Joe's heart leaped. One of the persons whose head was turned away wore a broad black hat, very wet. Joe shuddered. It reminded him of Morrison.

JOE slipped into the elevator and went up to the fifteenth floor. He walked down the corridor to 1507. The door stood open. Across the room, out the window, were the great clock and smoky globe of the Paramount Build-

ing and the advertising lights of Broadway. The room itself was dark.

Joe stepped in, cautiously.

"Hansen!" he whispered.

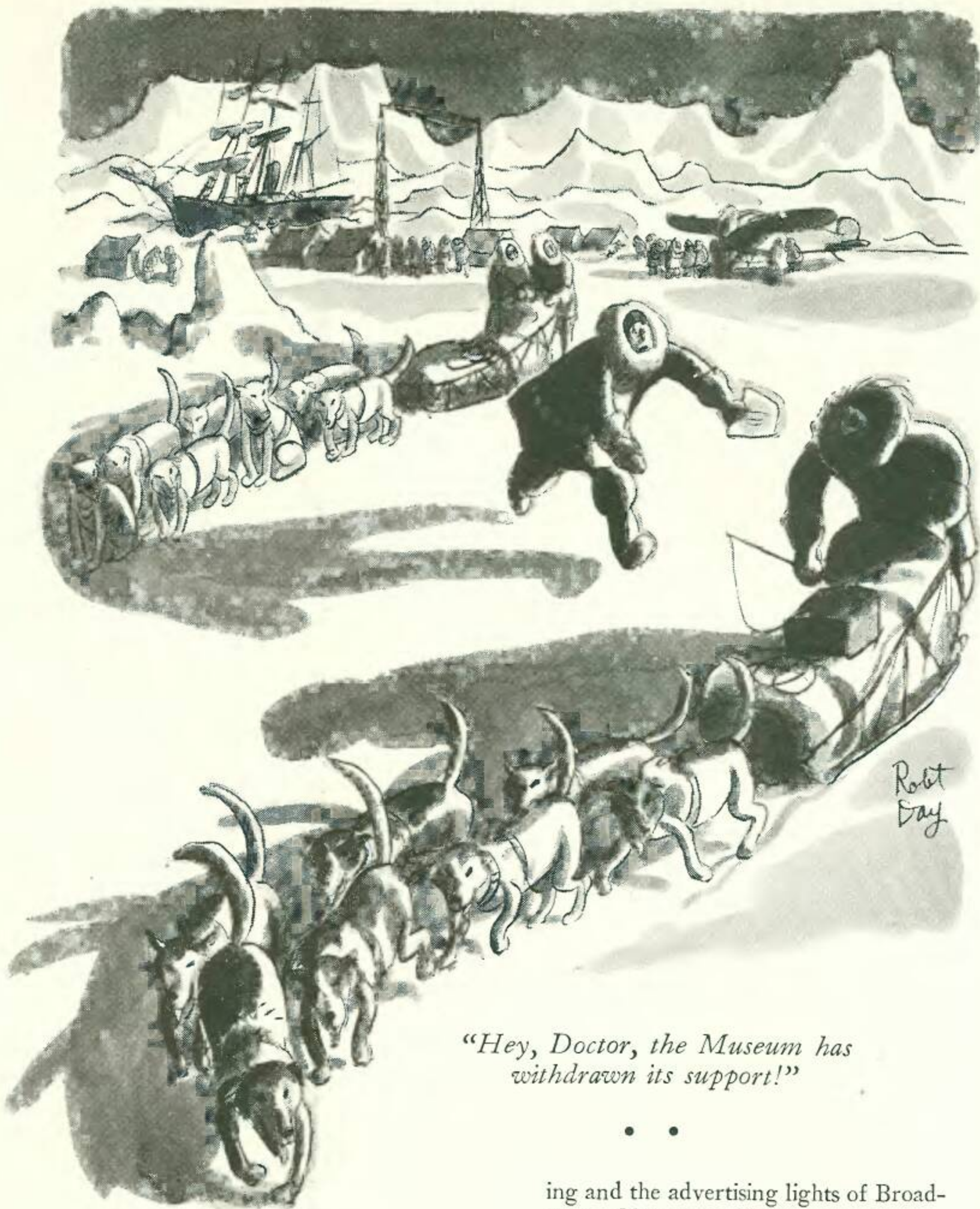
No answer.

Joe shut the door and turned up the light. He looked about. Then he saw the answer. Hansen lay in the bed, a bullet hole in his cheek, a recent, very recent one. He was still breathing a little, but not much.

Joe stared at him and suddenly felt wetter than ever, much wetter and colder. It had been Morrison's hat coming out of the elevator. Morrison had been here.

Joe Burkan suddenly felt very ill. He tore open the door and ran down the corridor. He didn't want to trust the elevator, so he took the fire stairs. He ran. He wasn't going anywhere except away, but he was in a hurry.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN



"Hey, Doctor, the Museum has withdrawn its support!"

• •



## METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

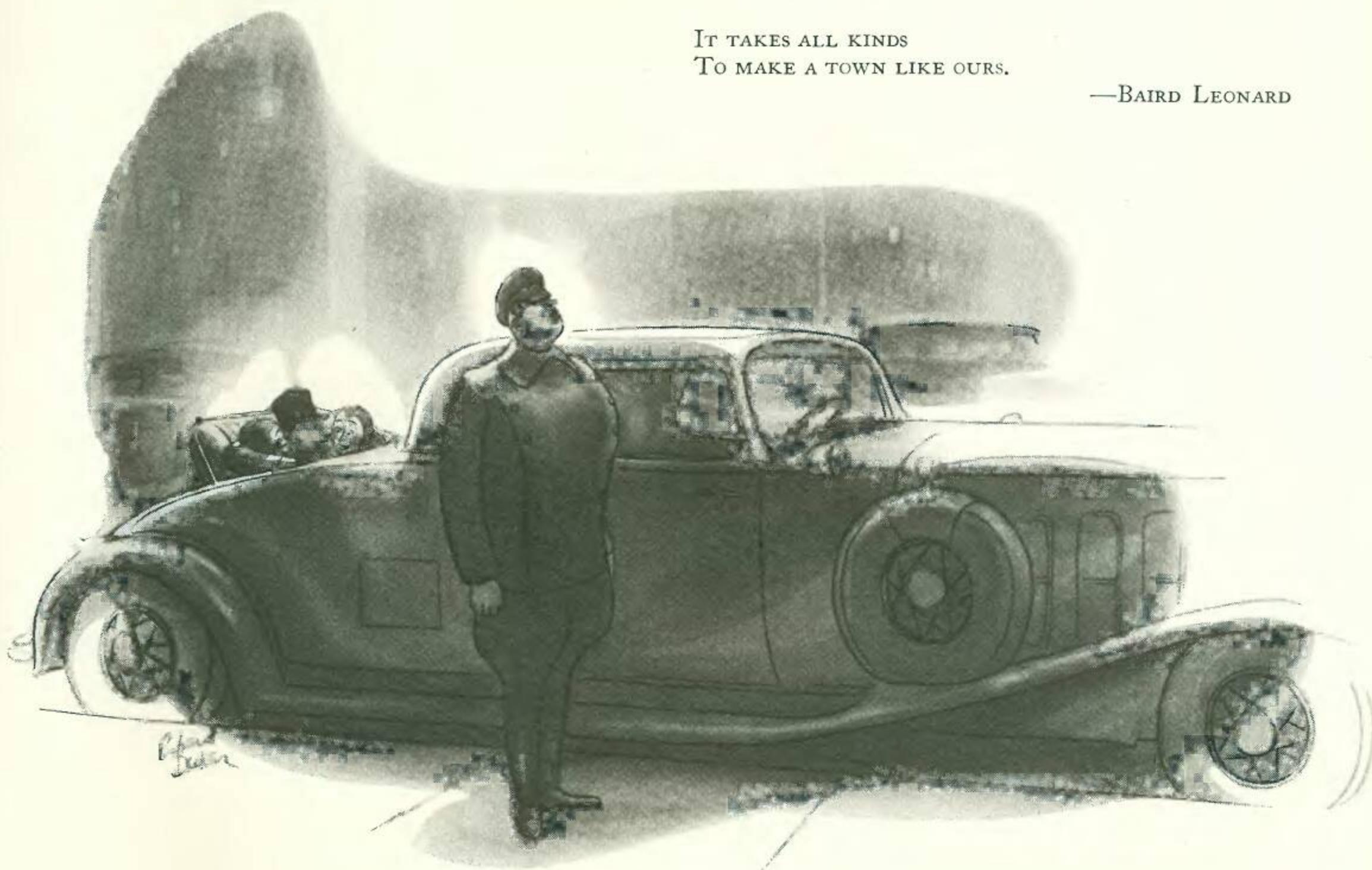
IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Gloom-Chaser.  
She arrives in the middle of the morning when you  
are on your hands and knees before the boot cabinet  
Trying to decide what evening slippers will stand a few  
more public appearances,  
So that you are obliged to change all your clothes and even  
to reset your wave  
Lest a careless *toilette* inspire her to tell apprehensive friends  
that you looked as though you Had Been Drinking.  
She has come to condole with you over your husband's  
latest salary cut  
And to lament that your folly in retaining your railroad  
shares was so antithetical to your forbears' sagacity in  
acquiring them.  
She thinks it will cheer you up to learn that others, too,  
have been driven to economy,  
And mentions various acquaintances who have sacrificed  
chauffeurs, opera subscriptions, and trips South.  
Even her own sister sailed for Europe on a line which  
she would not think of patronizing in more prosperous  
times,  
And she herself has stopped the elevator in her town house  
In order to cut down the electricity bill.  
She quotes the saccharine uses of adversity  
And you listen without telling her that you wouldn't touch  
a toad with a ten-foot pole

Even if you saw the Hope Diamond gleaming in its head.  
She dilates optimistically on a distant future and you resist  
a justifiable impulse to strangle her,  
Deriving what comfort you can from the news that you  
were not foredoomed to the death house.  
On she goes like the brook, while you sit and wonder  
whether your maid  
Is finishing the mending and straightening out the bureau  
drawers according to your directions  
Or lying on your chaise-longue reading "Miss Pinkerton."  
It finally becomes necessary to ask The Gloom-Chaser  
to stay for luncheon.  
She accepts, unwilling to deprive the impecunious of the  
luxury of occasional benevolence.  
You had planned for yourself cold lamb and salad on a tray,  
But you must now sacrifice the dinner chicken to a quick  
curry, open up some ripe olives, and order out a lace  
tablecloth.  
The G.-C. departs shortly after washing down a good  
meal with your best St. Julien,  
Reminding you of your ancestors' bravery in withstanding  
the Indians, and giving you a kiss on both cheeks with  
Continental generosity.  
She brought you a bunch of violets about the size of a tennis  
ball,  
And as you sniff their grateful fragrance you are certain  
that, regardless of the poet,  
There are times when the gift without the giver wouldn't  
be the least bit bare.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS  
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD



"Here we are, sir."



## OF ALL THINGS

CERTAINLY bears must be turned into bulls by law and critics must call all plays swell. Furthermore, a weather man who predicts a bad day should be clapped into jail.

On the constructive side is the suggestion that we can end the depression by lipsticking a cheery smile upon the feminine mouth, just around the corners of which you know what is.

The third anniversary of the dawn of a brighter day in government and industry passed without any distressing incidents in Washington. Also without dancing in the streets.

The memory of William Jennings Bryan gets an even break in the *Digest* poll of New Orleans. The city goes wet, but by the divine ratio of sixteen to one.

Southern editors break down and confess that religious bigotry is as bad as ever out in the rural districts. Contrary to popular belief, not all of the hillbillies have left home to make noises into microphones.

The lame-duck amendment, if ratified by the states, will be a step forward, but we must expect no miracles. It will not rid Congress of quacks.

Income-tax blanks could be made practically popular with the masses by the addition of one simple sentence: "Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded."

The people of Shanghai feel relieved because the war has moved out of earshot. It was so noisy there that the Japanese never heard what Stimson said to Borah.

Our dry old friend, Smedley Butler, promises to make a vigorous campaign for the Senate in Pennsylvania. He thinks it is nice and clubby to spoil the

honeymoon of Jim Davis, the newly-wet.

Woolworth's, we hear, is going to a twenty-cent top. This will make the stores a splendid outlet for backgammon sets and South American bonds.

Alfonso's manifesto was so dumb that it lost him the support of all the monarchists back home. He now has the title of ex-King of Spain by Unanimous Consent.

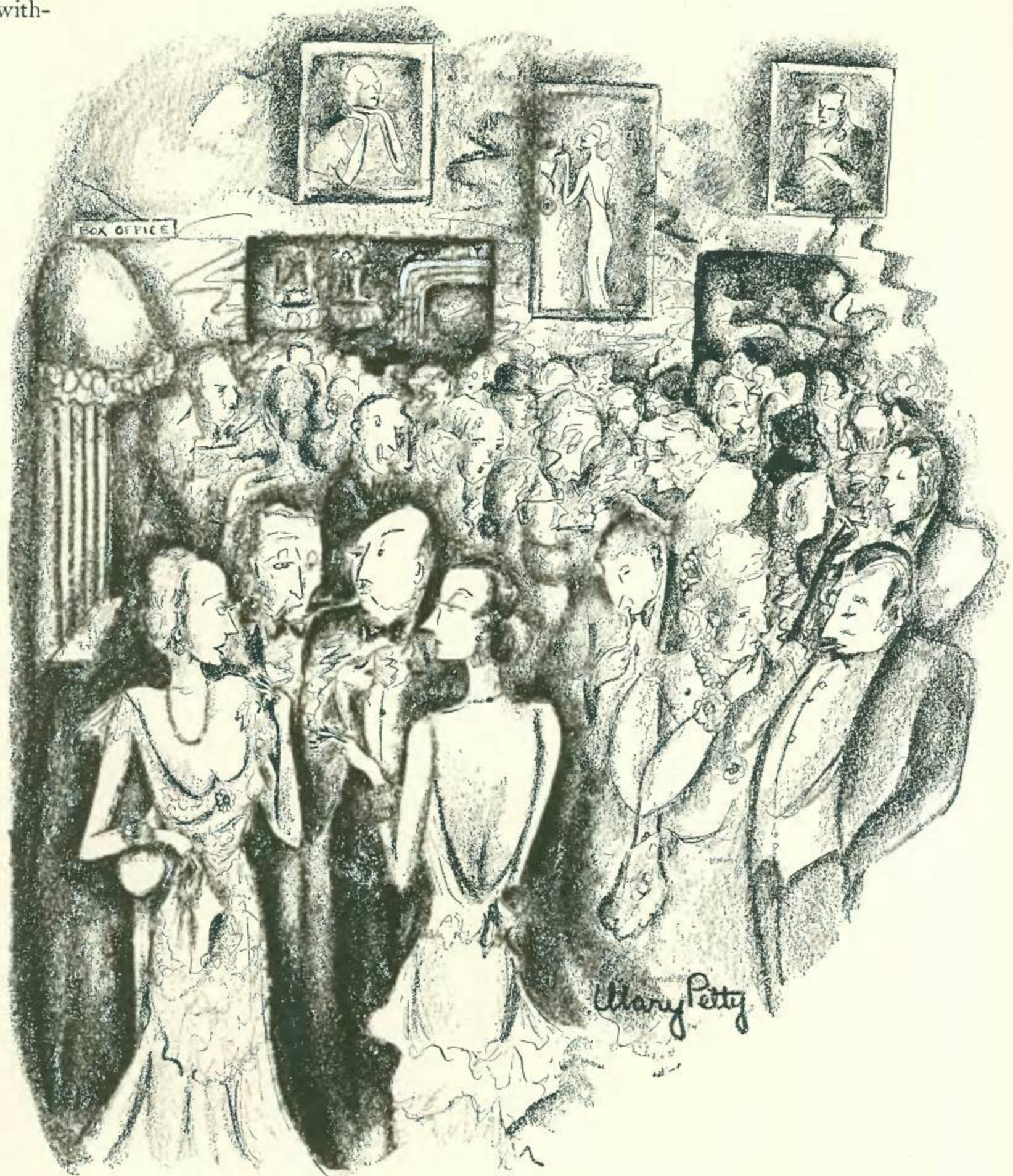
Spring-Thoughts Department: Babe Ruth is practicing batting and name-signing. Toledo, Ohio, reports the

earliest case of lawnmower-borrowing in the history of the Weather Bureau.

All parties in Congress are working together patriotically on the two essential tasks: to revive business with loans and kill it with sales taxes.

New York done right by its mentally unemployed this past week. Thousands attended the six-day bicycle race and not a single intellect was strained.

Suitable sentiment on postcard from Cunard passenger to friend at home: "Having a good time. Wish it were paid for." —HOWARD BRUBAKER



*"They had her psychoanalyzed until she was going around with everybody's husband but her own, and all the time it was an infection in her tonsils."*



# PROFILES

## COURTROOM WARRIOR-I

**E**LLA WENDEL died last year believing she had not a relative in the world. Today more than two thousand cousins are contesting her will. A new set of heirs springs up in some part of Europe daily. It is not surprising. The Wendel estate is estimated at more than seventy-five million dollars, nearly four times the amount of gold taken out of the Klondike in its best year; and more than thirty thousand gold-seekers were in the rush to the Klondike. The Wendel claimants have no difficulty, especially in this time of depression, in getting legal representation. Some of the best New York lawyers are taking chances in this seventy-five-million-dollar lottery. Nothing stands between the seventy-five million dollars and the multitude of cousins and lawyers except the will of Ella Wendel leaving her estate to philanthropic institutions. Knowing that the attack on the will is to be of the fiercest, the executors looked for the strongest man they could find to defend it. They selected Emory R. Buckner.

The reputation that won this prize assignment for Buckner is based on his masterful preparation for the trial of cases. No lawyer excels him in the imaginative and systematic search for evidence. Other distinguishing traits are his fairness, his ability to profit even in the heat of a trial from the brains and alertness of a corps of assistants, his skill in the use of documents, and his passion for charts. "This man was convicted by a chart," said Max D. Steuer of Borough President Maurice E. Connolly of Queens, who was prosecuted by Buckner in the sewerpipe conspiracy. "My friend Buckner," Martin W. Littleton warned the jury in the Tunney-Mara trial, "can drive documents four abreast and make them jump through hoops." Buckner's retinue of rising young lawyers was described as "Buckner's Boy Scouts" by William Rand, lawyer for Thomas W. Miller, the Alien Property Custodian, who was convicted by Buckner. Fairness in the trial of a case is a formidable weapon on the part of the man who has the selfcontrol to practice it; frequently, before Buckner sums up, the opposing lawyer seeks to dull the edge of this weapon by saying: "Gentlemen, Mr. Buckner will give you the impression that he is absolutely fair. But,

gentlemen, I know him of old. Be on your guard," etc.

**B**UCKNER won his first newspaper fame in 1911, three years after admission to the bar, by his prosecution of Dan O'Reilly, who had been a member of the legal Grande Armée which defended Harry Thaw. This case established the principle that a lawyer should not participate in bond thefts, and almost abolished the stolen-goods department of legal practice. O'Reilly had negotiated the restitution of plunder in return for a reward. O'Reilly's theory was that receiving stolen goods was lawful if the receiver held a license to practice law; Buckner held that a fence was a fence, whether he had passed the bar examination or not.

His first big case illustrated Buckner's patient workmanship and his talent for fitting innumerable meaningless details into a bold, simple pattern congenial to the minds of jurymen. O'Reilly's testimony varied from that of all others. Buckner combed the record to find exactly how many times O'Reilly had contradicted other witnesses. He had denied a total of one hundred and five statements by twenty-one persons. Buckner read the entire table of contradictions and argued that an honest man's recollection might differ three, four, or five times with the recollections of disinterested witnesses, but that one hundred and five times were too many. The jury thought so, too, and voted guilty. Many lawyers would have been content to emphasize a few obvious conflicts; Buckner would have fallen into melancholia if he had cited only one hundred and five contradictions when there were really one hundred and six. This case drew the distinction, which stands today, between the functions of a lawyer and those of a Raffles or a yeggman. The chief traffic in swag and rewards was relegated to certain private detectives who have the gift of being perpetually surprised at perpetually finding stolen goods on their doorsteps.

**S**TILL more fame came to Buckner from his second big case, a Broadway thriller of 1911, although he



*Frueh*

*Emory R. Buckner*

was unsuccessful. This was the prosecution of Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad, chorus girls, who emptied two six-shooters for honor's sake at the extremities of W. E. D. Stokes. They became known as "The Shooting Showgirls" from their billing at Hammerstein's, where they gave singing and dancing interpretations of the attack on Stokes. "The Shooting Showgirls" became universally known, even in that day of Pat and Mike numbers, swingers of electrically lighted Indian clubs, ventriloquists, Salome dancers, illustrated-song singers, and contortionists, as the world's worst act. No old-timer will admit that they lost their title until Televox, the electrical man, hit Broadway. After their first appearance, an employee approached Hammerstein to know if the girls were to be billed for a second week. "Not," said Oscar, "if they shot William H. Taft."

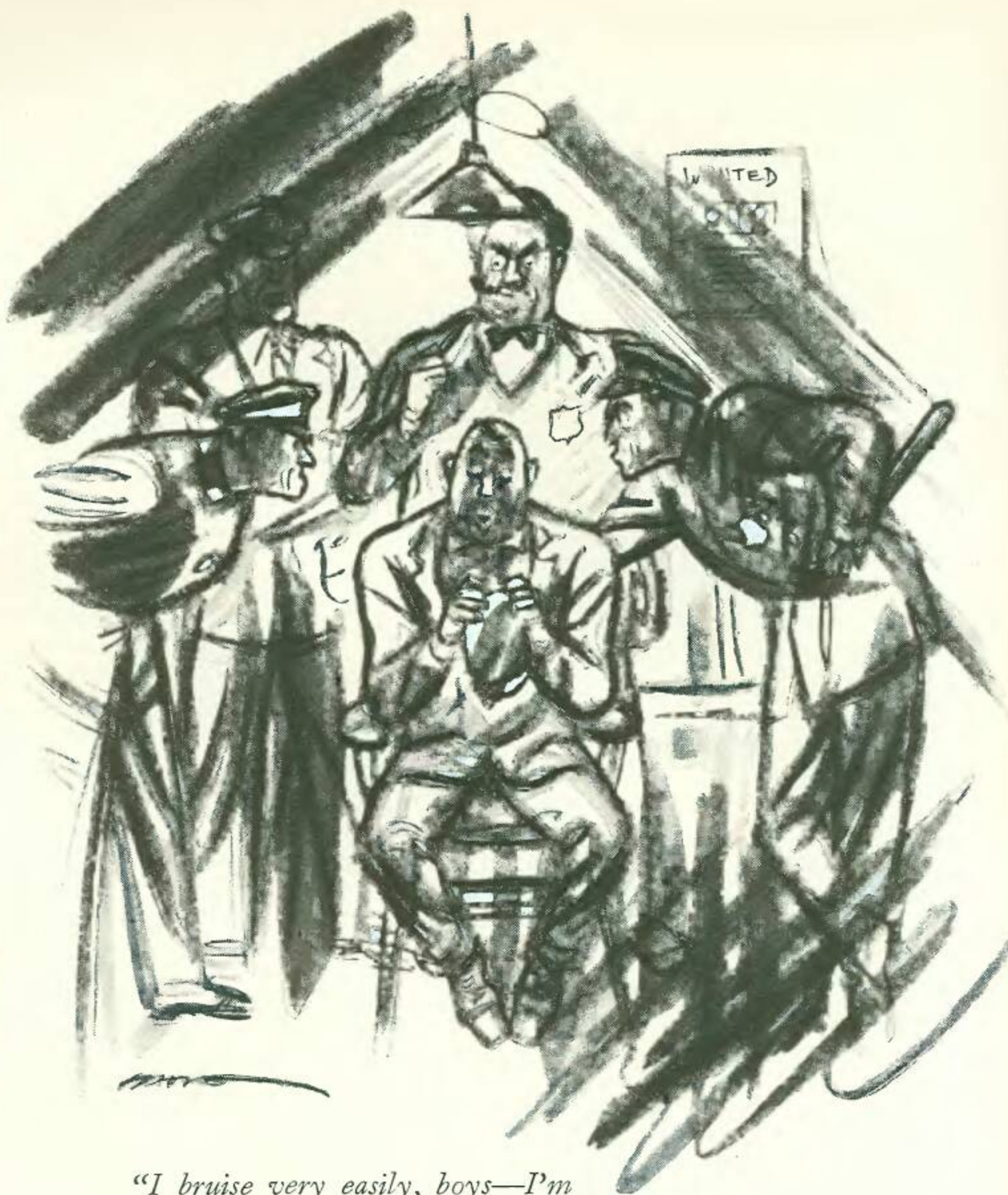
The first event that led to the bombardment of Stokes was the fancy of that diligent old centaur for Lillian Graham. One day she sent him a love letter; Stokes took immediate steps to save the Hotel Ansonia and his other properties. He called in his lawyer to help him coin phrases that were endearing but entirely safe under the laws governing heart-balm. The correspondence of Stokes and Lillian was, on both sides, a perfect blend of tenderness and sound legal advice, worth publishing under the title of "The Love Letters of Two Attorneys" as a textbook for gold-diggers and prudent rakes. Every sentence of Lillian's that was not fraught with breach-



of-promise possibilities was pregnant with common-law marriage. The replies of Stokes, which were filled with a boundless platonism, were typewritten first and then laboriously copied with a pen. Stokes finally grew tired of philandering through the statutes and decisions; about the same time he became interested in Ethel Conrad; so he sought to ship Lillian Graham to Europe. The day set for the exportation of Lillian was the day set for his pioneer tryst with Ethel. Donning his cloth Sherlock Holmes cap with visors fore and aft, his red ascot and checked suit, the corpulent veteran with his sweeping mustaches arrived at the apartment of Ethel Conrad at Eightieth and Broadway. He found both Ethel and Lillian waiting for him, revolvers in hand. They began popping at his calves and ankles and were working up toward his waistcoat when their bullets gave out.

Charles S. Whitman, then district attorney, assigned Buckner to prosecute. It was never definitely established what the shooting was about. Stokes said they ordered him to write a twenty-five-thousand-dollar cheque before the creeping barrage started. The girls insisted that they requested him to sit down and write a retraction of unkind words he was alleged to have uttered regarding Lillian Graham. It was indicated on the cross-examination of Ethel Conrad that Ethel made a recreation of collecting retractions, as other amateurs of the period collected cigar-bands. She collected retractions by fire and sword for self and friends. One of the important items in her collection was a written retraction obtained with a revolver from a young man of Plattsburg who had commented on her friendship for the late James Farley, the famous strikebreaker. Another of her retractions was obtained from her stepfather with a butcher knife; another from a lady friend in the Café Madrid with a fire axe.

Buckner prosecuted vigorously. From the beginning of the trial his strategy was to win over Juror No. 8, a cigarmaker, who was obviously the dominating personality on the jury. The defence contended that the position of the wounds proved that the girls did not intend to hurt Stokes much, but were merely desirous of admonishing him in the calves and thighs. Buckner countered by producing a clerk from Wanamaker's who testified that, in selling the six-shooters to the



*"I bruise very easily, boys—I'm warning you."*

• •

girls, he had advised them, because of the recoil, to aim two feet below the real target. In a two-hour summation, Buckner held the jury spellbound. He addressed himself insistently to Juror No. 8, the strong-minded cigarmaker.

"Young man, you've done it," said the judge in his chambers after the jurors had filed out to deliberate. "I did not believe there could be a conviction in that case, but you've won it. You got Juror No. 8. He'll get the rest."

The judge handed Buckner a Manuel Garcia, but before the prosecutor could light it, the bailiff (the bailiff's ear is practically a built-in fixture in a jury-room) arrived with the news that the jurors were acquitting without bothering to take a vote. The whole jury instantly fell into line, the bailiff reported, when Juror No. 8 said:

"Gentlemen, I've known Stokes for years. He never pays a bill. I don't

think any of us want to waste any time balloting on this case. Let's go right in with an acquittal."

After brief theatrical careers in big time, the girls dropped out of sight. Ethel Conrad broke into print once again. Dispatches from Los Angeles related how she, at a confessions tournament held by one of the strange religions of southern California, stopped the tournament.

**B**ACK in 1912 a miracle happened in New York City. The Board of Aldermen functioned. Hearst was responsible for bringing the civic mummy to life. Hearst ran for mayor in 1909 as an independent and was defeated, but he indorsed the anti-Tammany candidates for aldermen and elected a majority of them. The year 1912 was the year of the grand police scandals, and the aldermen surprised themselves and the city by voting an aldermanic inquiry into the Police



Department. Buckner was appointed counsel. An alliance was exposed between commercialized vice and a group in the Police Department. Four inspectors were convicted of bribing a Buckner witness to stay out of the jurisdiction. Another feature of the investigation was the disclosure that New York City was in the burglary business. The municipality through its agents picked joints to be burglarized and picked the burglars for the work. In one case, Buckner traced in the comptroller's office vouchers showing that the city had purchased burglar's tools for impoverished cracksmen. Yeggs just out of Sing Sing were trapped into committing crimes and sent right back to Sing Sing. The exposure of this super-efficiency resulted in rules curbing stool-pigeon and agent-provocateur work in the Department. A total of fifty-six recommendations were made in Buckner's final report, most of which were later adopted by Commissioner Arthur Woods.

The most interesting witness at the inquiry was Mary Goode, proprietress of a small but frequently raided flat. Mme. Goode had read the literature of the social problem in the libraries and had collected data upon it in her modest laboratory. She had her own theory of the improved position which her calling would occupy in an ideal state. She presented herself to Buckner as a voluntary witness with the hope of making the underworld a better place to live in. She named the police to whom she had paid tribute and gave a comprehensive exposure of what was known in the jargon of the day as the vice trust. The vice trust became panicky. It was considered necessary to destroy Mary Goode's story. David Maier, one of the vice-trust magnates and operator of a string of flats, called on Charles Williams, superintendent of the building in

which Mme. Goode's atelier was situated, and offered him a bribe to contradict her testimony. Charles Williams, according to the fashion of that day, put on his hat and hurried downtown to tell all to District Attorney Whitman. A rendezvous was arranged; the bribe was passed; doors burst open from all sides, and assistant district attorneys swarmed over Maier. He was sent to Sing Sing, where he spent two years and eight months. Leaving Sing Sing, Maier became a power in Tammany, one of Grover Whalen's welcomers, an official of the Steuben Society, a sitter at the speakers' table at big civic banquets, maker of five judges, contact man in the pier-lease racket, fixer in the magistrates' courts, pal of Mayor Walker and travelling companion of His Honor in Europe last summer. Jimmie presented Maier to Paris journalists as "a man a million people in my town have honored on several occasions." Records of Maier's case have disappeared from the molting files of the district attorney's office, but the police rogues' gallery still contains an intellectual, refined, professorial coun-

tenance numbered B21,211 and captioned "Doc Maier, vag."

IN the courtroom, Buckner usually masks his aggressiveness by the mildness of his manner. He seldom acts the part of the man-eating cross-examiner. No lawyer is good enough, he has asserted, to break down an honest, accurate witness. "Cross-examination is more often suicidal than homicidal," according to Buckner, but few lawyers can do a more expert job of discrediting a liar or a careless handler of the truth. The witness who tells the truth in part, but stretches it a little to help the other side, usually finds Buckner affable, ingratiating, helpful; by hint and suggestion, such a witness is led to stretch the truth further and further; finally he stretches his story so far that he reveals himself as an eager partisan and his testimony becomes subject to liberal discount by the jury. Buckner's summation is always an impressive massing of facts. Whether the case lends itself to the use of charts or not, he is a master of simplification, of the art of reducing a jungle of detail to a formal garden restful to a juror's eye.

Buckner scolds his profession at Bar Association meetings and elsewhere.

He denounces the theory that it is ethical to defend a client when the lawyer knows him to be guilty, or to appear in a civil cause which the lawyer knows to be unjust. Although juries have been kind to him, he advocates the abolition of juries, except in murder trials, and believes that a majority vote should be sufficient to convict in a murder case. He crusades against the medieval rule which permits a defendant to refrain from taking the witness stand and which forbids the judge or prosecutor to comment on his failure to testify. "Don't let the law become a common carrier," Buckner told a gathering of young lawyers in Cleveland. "Don't let any man with a nickel take a ride on your backs." —ALVA JOHNSTON

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



"Vivienne, how many times have I told you not to ring me up at home!"



## DEVOTION

THERE she is down at her respectable, drab little hotel, feeling hurt. Hurt and alone! She has come to New York to have a good time for a week. She has saved up all year for the trip, and has stinted herself in every way to have a little fling in the city, and her anticipation of the pleasures to be had here has made her existence in that small town endurable. I am one of the people, the chief person, she has relied upon to take her places, and to introduce people to her, strange and diverting and celebrated people. Yes, I am the one. I know she is counting on me, trusting me. Ha, ha!

She has been devoted to me for years. Since we were in school together, since

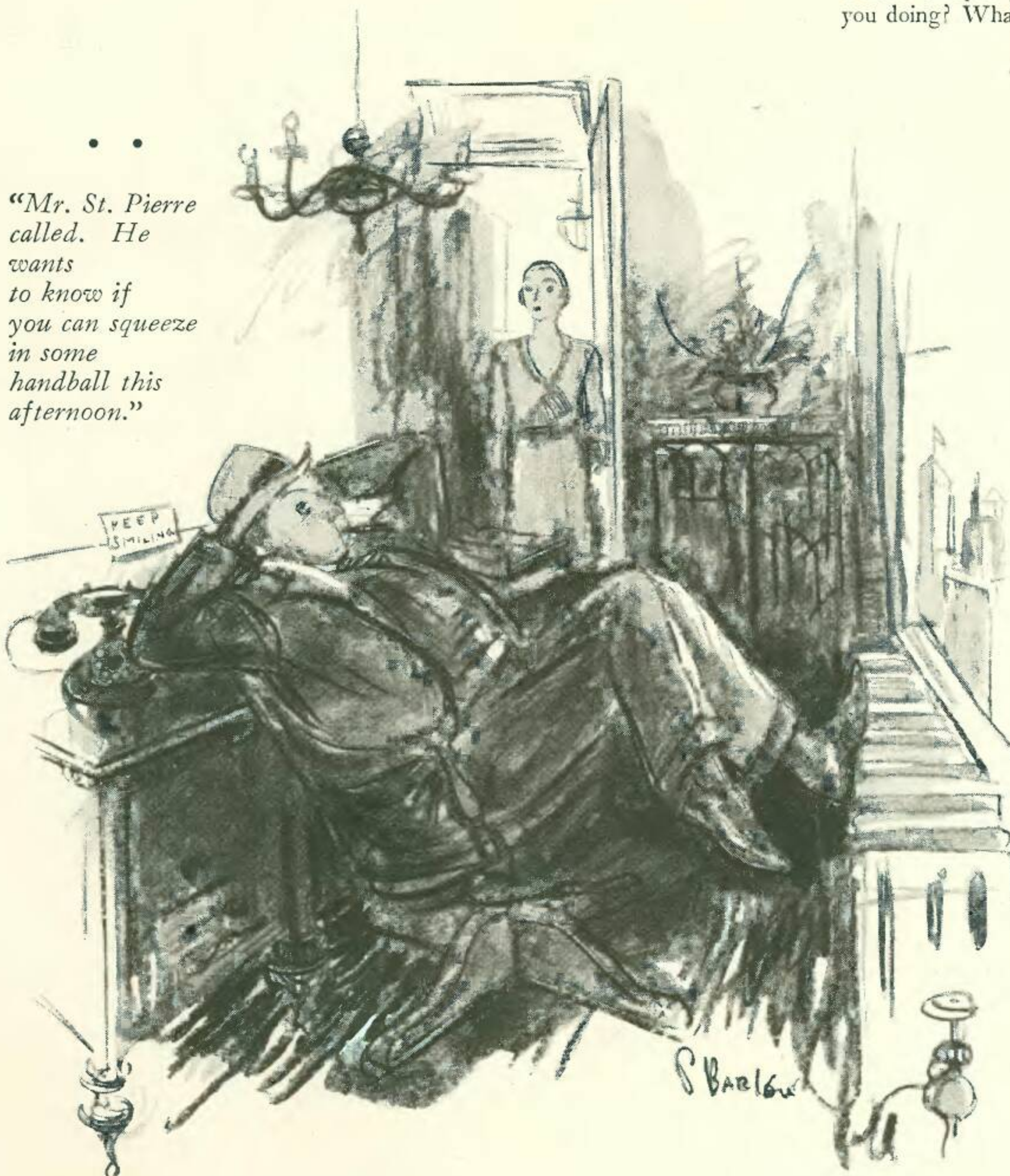
I was the boy next door. Of course I am devoted to her, too. I admire her. I know how nobly she has stayed at home and taken care of her old father when she might have married or had a career, been a librarian or a missionary, something like that. She deserves a good time, a fling. She has earned it. And I am the person who ought to give it to her. Here I am, though, not doing anything about it. Not a thing!

That little voice of hers, a little sharp really, a little appealing, how it commanded me! With what assurance it announced that here she was, that she was waiting for me to do my best by her. "I just want to have a good time, and see everything there is to see."

Not for a moment did I lose my wits, surprised though I was to have her, of all people, turn up. "I shall call you up in a day or two," I said. "You should have let me know you were coming and I wouldn't be all tied up the way I am now." She could hardly have been hurt by that. There was the correct, eager, pleased vibrancy, too, in my voice. I think that I was pleased to hear her voice. Yes, it seems to me now that I did feel some sort of sentimental pleasure at the sound of her voice and at the memory it aroused of youth and school days and lost innocence and all that truck. The memory of innocence seems to be so much more pleasant than the thing itself. Then the days went by and, by George, there she was again on the telephone, still with that imperative note in her voice, a little sharper perhaps. "What are you doing? What do you mean by not telephoning me?"

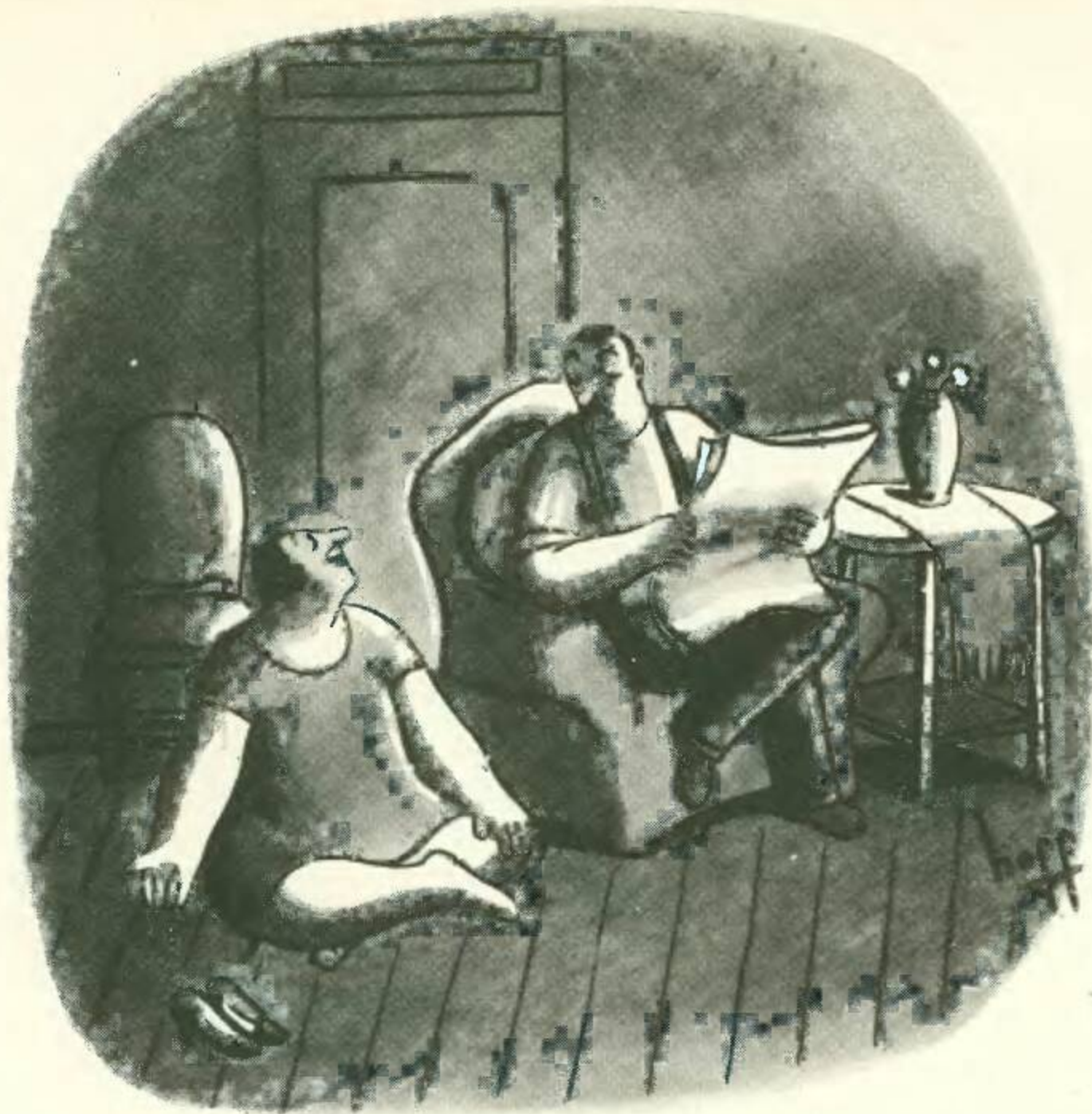
What do you mean by not coming to see me?" I imagine that when she calls next she will say that there was some message left at the hotel and that they had mixed it up somehow and that she wondered if it did happen to be from me.

...  
*"Mr. St. Pierre called. He wants to know if you can squeeze in some handball this afternoon."*



**H**UMILITY, she needs humility. Humility is good for the soul. Perhaps it is my duty to better her soul. In the hereafter she would be grateful to me. Grateful for eternity. How much more is eternal gratitude to be valued than mere earthly devotion! I could, for instance, go straight this moment to that telephone and call her up and say that I was sorry that there had been this delay in our meeting but that now





*"This is what I like—Bohemian."*

we must make up for lost time and we must plan an evening. We must go every place. We must go to the showiest restaurant in town for dinner, to the gaudiest play, and then on, from night club to night club, till the curfew rings, till long after the curfew has rung, till dawn with silver-sandalled feet stumbles down 125th Street. We shall wear our best clothes. We shall be a part of the show. She will be one of the women to be noticed that evening in the night life of New York. She may well have adventures. Beautiful insults she may receive, lovely illicit overtures, to boast of ever after when she is home again. So I shall picture the evening to her. So I shall plan it to her, now, over the telephone, and then, when the appointed time comes, I shall not appear. I won't be anywhere around. I shall stand her up.

She will sit in her hotel room in her best clothes, looking at the clock, and calling up the desk to inquire if anyone has asked for her, and giving new touches to her hair and speculating on her manicure. Then she will walk around and around the room, pushing the chairs, the two chairs, out of her way, and then she will telephone me

and I won't answer, and she will begin to cry at last. She will cry some more and go to sleep finally, crying. And her devotion to me, I presume, will be somewhat impaired.

Perhaps it would be more effective to suggest we meet at some other hotel than her own. I might name some big, crowded hotel lobby, some place with many entrances and baffling corridors and acres of waiting-rooms. She would get lost in them and become terrified. She would arrive purposely ten minutes late and then, when she couldn't find me, she would begin to search all those lobbies and mezzanines. In this formidable, alien place panic would overcome her and she wouldn't know exactly what she was doing. She would think every other man she saw was I, and would grow more and more embarrassed, until at last she would bolt out in despair and grab a taxi, broken at heart, and of course the taxi-driver, seeing her thus alone and frightened and obviously unacquainted with the city, would spin her around town for endless miles, the meter vaulting and vaulting, requiring more and more of those pitiful savings of hers, before he deposited her at her hotel—or at the morgue.

Yes, I am really devoted to her. I have a beautiful character and don't forget my old friends. We shall have, in fact, the sensible, quiet, intimate little dinner together and talk about the old days and of the happiness of youth and of how things have changed back home, and we shall part at last with tenderness, regretting that life so separates us. . . . Oh, what is the girl's number?  
—JOHN MOSHER

## THEN AND NOW

Even love-in-a-fog, love-in-a-cloud,  
Is pain, but worse the pang of times remembered,  
When the streets, the river, were bannered  
With heaven, and the heart proud—  
The heart that now like a trapped animal  
Pants, rends, and cries aloud.  
Were those years good? They were hardly to be borne.  
Youth that was cloudy, foggy, clogged with grief.  
Yet memory goes back, compassionate memory,  
Who best knows how to forget, binds up the torn  
And ragged places, washes every stain,  
Cries: heart, you were happy, could you change this grief  
For that old pain.  
So love that is not love returns to repair  
The loss of youth with strange regret for joy  
That was not joy, and therewith grief grows bold.  
The river, the streets, are changed,  
The heavens above me are different, and the boy  
Beside me will not know till he is old  
How time, curing the heart, can bring it to despair.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH





## SOLDIER BOYS ON!

**T**HROUGH the years there marches, bold and erect, one type of musical comedy which seems to be changeless. It is what is generically known as the "Shubert Show." Some years it is more elaborately caparisoned than others, and once, at least, was seen to revolve self-consciously on its own axis while marching, a maneuver so modernistic and upsetting that it made itself dizzy and had to go and lie down for a while. But in the lean years the Shubert Show goes back to its old Watson Barratt *milieu* and marches just as bravely up and down "the courtyard of the Inn at Welschnofen" or up

and down the oaken stairway inside "the Blue Lion Hotel at Freisatz," always up and down, in and out, around and about, to the crashing of cymbals and the blare of trumpets, until you would swear that the world was young again and not crying into its beer, and that the Messrs. Shubert were the gayest, instead of the most depressed, producing firm in the business. There is something rather fine about it all.

In every Shubert Show there is a large, full-voiced male chorus which, at the slightest urging, steps forward to the apron of the stage and lets go. It is not just an ordinary male chorus, such as hums "Kentucky Babe" in col-

lege glee-club concerts with the basses going "zum-zum-zum-zum." No, sir! The Shubert male choruses *sing*, and when they sing they place their thumbs in their Sam Browne belts, throw back their heads, and push the front wall of the theatre right out into the middle of Forty-fourth Street with their voices, ending with the right arms outstretched in a gesture of defiance to the Fates and the Shubert creditors, and the poor little kettle-drummer collapsing onto his drums in the unequal struggle to make himself heard. And, as the Shubert boys have pretty good voices and the music is above the average (it usually comes from around Vienna), the general effect is fairly stimulating though a little overpowering to the tympani.

"Marching By," the latest item out of the Shubert museum, runs true to form, with the male chorus singing a little louder, times being harder. There is Guy Robertson to stand out in front of the boys with his shirt open at the neck and his larynx open to full-speed, there is Desiree Tabor to stand blondely on the stairway landing and shoot the soprano works with considerable effect, there is Leonard Ceeley to be villainous and full-throated and terribly lecherous into the bargain, and there is Solly Ward to be inspirate and aspirate all over the place in the best Sam Bernard manner as the comic landlord. The whole thing, in fact, is so much like the old days that it would be hardly worth your while taking it in, unless you happen to be indulging in a bachelor's reverie and, after a dream dinner at Martin's, can think of no other fitting place to tell your hansom driver to go.

**O**NE of the characters in "The Moon in the Yellow River" complains that "all the keys in this house open all the doors." The same may be said of Mr. Denis Johnston's play of Irish dialectics, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that *none* of its keys unlocks *any* of the doors. There are many problems presented in "The Moon in the Yellow River," sociological, spiritual, and material, and each one is threshed out to more than its full import by the various characters as they sit around waiting for explosions to occur offstage. But there seems to be no key which will unlock any of them, for when it is all over, no one seems to have won except the little daughter of the mad engineer, who, up to this time, had taken but



## "THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET"

*Miss Edna Best and Herbert Marshall telling each other how surprised they are at being in love—and very delightfully, too. This all takes place at the Empire.*



# Let's count the frocks in your closet..

Even without looking over your shoulder, we'll guess that you have town and sports ensembles, dinner frocks with cinema jackets, a couple of "grand" evening dresses, and a becoming hostess gown or two. Right now, you're planning new tweedy suits and other Spring things. But you can't buy a new face, no matter how "worn" it may look.



All this deserves some thought, doesn't it? You really can't be too careful of what you put on your *one and only* face.



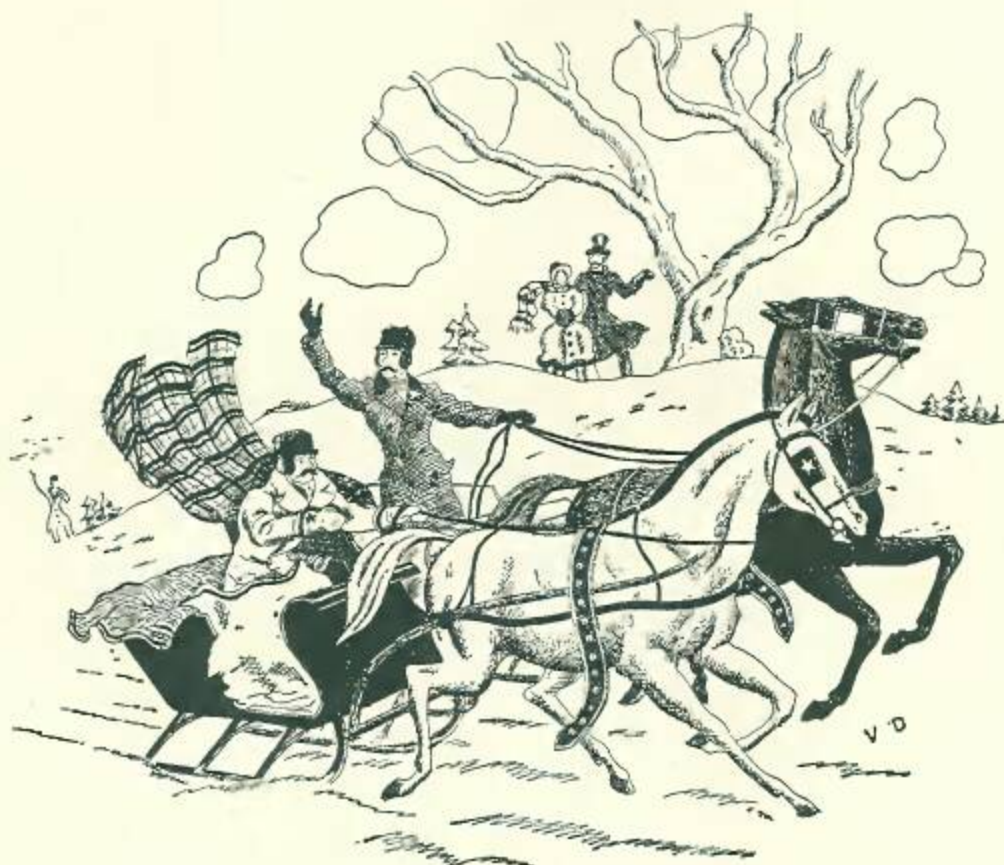
No wonder, then, that so many girls—with matchlessly clear, young-looking complexions—always buy Coty Face Powder. They like the way Coty creates an exactly true blend for *every* complexion tone. And they adore Coty fragrances, delicately lovely as Spring twilight across the Seine. Pure and safe, Coty Face Powder is *just one dollar*, at good drug and department stores everywhere.

Coty





Gone are the sleigh-races  
(and even the snow)  
from the driveways of  
Central Park



TRAFFIC COPS whistle where sleigh-bells used to ring; balloon tires swish where steel runners used to glide. The automobile, the Weather Man and the White Wings have all conspired to make sleigh-racing in Central Park a mellow memory.

But the food that awaited the doughty blades of the '90's when the day's racing was over—that, thank heavens, has not vanished. The lobster and the scallop, the truffle and the mushroom, are still with us. And Military Brand Camembert, so beloved by the epicures of forty years ago, still adds its crowning glory to the dinners of today.

If you are one who knows his cheese, you need no introduction to Military Brand. But if its gracious presence has been missing from your table, don't let it be absent any longer. Get some and try it. Spread it thickly on crackers, or French bread, or slices of apple—then revel in its luscious goodness. In its rich, ingratiating flavor—so suave, so creamy-smooth, so urbane. After that, your list of favorite desserts will include this name—Military Brand Camembert.

*Military Brand*  
*Camembert*



One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

little part in the conversation. Perhaps this was Mr. Johnston's idea.

But, profuse as the dialogue is, there is a pretty fairly continuous interest sustained. You know that it really isn't good playwriting to have people sit down and discuss the Machine Age by the hour when there are people out front who have paid to see some action, but, for your own part, you are quite willing to let them run on. Perhaps Mr. Claude Rains' voice has something to do with this. Mr. Rains has a rich, soothing voice, reminiscent of Professor Charles Townsend ("Copey") Cope-land's, and, if I were a rich man, I would like to pay Mr. Rains to read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes to me every morning. I think that I would be a better boy for it. Mr. Rains is also a good actor, and makes the character of the engineer who has Given It All Up something to sit and watch as well as listen to.

The Theatre Guild, with Mr. Moeller directing, has given "The Moon in the Yellow River" an excellent production, with Egon Brecher to play the German materialist, Henry Hull the young Irish revolutionary who doesn't affect an Irish brogue, Alma Kruger the strong-minded sister who keeps her bicycle in her room because she wants nobody to handle her property (although she is strong for blowing up the power company's works), and John Daly Murphy a pleasantly inebriated sea-captain with a Great Sorrow. For the few minutes that he is on as the pragmatic militia commandant, William Harrigan presents the practical point of view very concisely with a revolver. The lighting also does something to make the play interesting; I don't know exactly what.

In short, "The Moon in the Yellow River" was decidedly worth bringing over from Dublin, even though, under less secure auspices than those of the Guild, it would probably be on its way right back by now. Its chief fault may be typified by the spirit in which its author felt that he had to go to the Chinese of Ezra Pound for his title:

And Li Po also died drunk.  
He tried to embrace a moon  
in the Yellow River.

There must have been some nearer source for a quotation implying simple futility.

IT is perhaps unfair to ask Mr. Preston Sturges to keep on writing "Strictly Dishonorable" every time he puts paper into his typewriter. He may want to try something else. In



"Child of Manhattan," he has certainly achieved this variety. "Child of Manhattan" is practically blameless of sophistication, or even of construction. It is simply a series of pictures showing the progress of a little dance-hall hostess through the not-so-devilish route to well-paid concubinage, honorable motherhood, quixotic divorce, and inevitable reunion. Dorothy Hall makes the girl a very blonde and very appealing little dumb-bell and Reginald Owen is naturally excellent in the rôle of the pride of the Vanderkills who does the right thing by the girl so conscientiously that it gets on her nerves. Mr. Owen is such an exquisite comedian that he should never be allowed to indulge in anything else, but, good comic parts being rare, this will serve, and, even as the honest Daddy, he gets laughs out of a turn of the head or a stationary eyebrow which could hardly have been detected in the 'script. The 'script itself must have been pretty straightforward reading, with its comedy touches dependent on such elementary subterfuges as the pronunciation of "appointment" as "apperntment" and "oyster" as "erster." These little slips Miss Hall attends to a shade more conscientiously than is necessary, but we can forgive Miss Hall much, even as Mr. Owen did.

The announcement of Miss Peggy Fears, late of the Ziegfeld "Follies," as *entrepreneuse* introduces a new element into the producing field. But, although slightly mystifying, I don't suppose that we should question it too closely. At the present rate, there will soon be none of the old producers left and *somebody* has got to put up the money. If they can be pretty into the bargain, the Golden Age of the Theatre may yet be a possibility.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

TORONTO—The Liquor Control Board has hit upon a scheme to prevent medicinal whiskey being carried around on the hip. Hereafter such spirits will be sold in triangular shaped containers.—*The World-Telegram*.

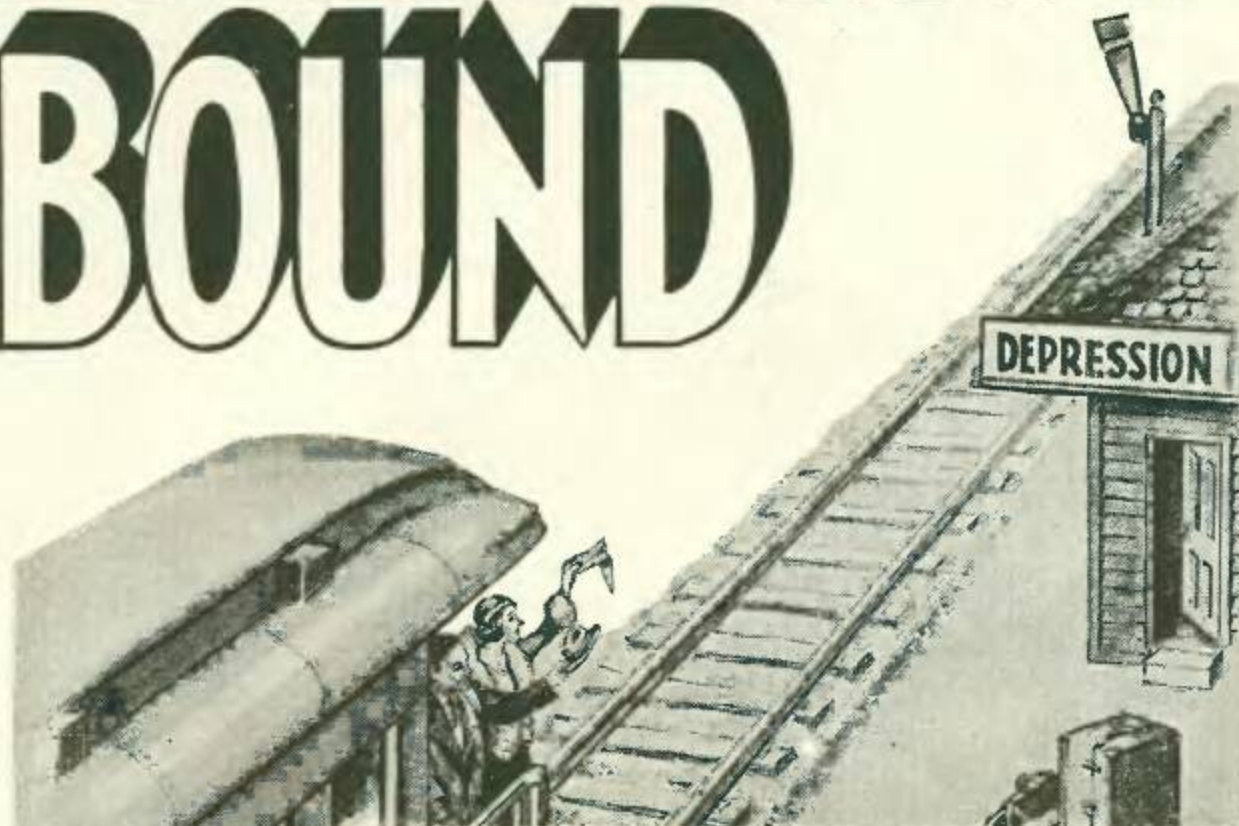
Splendid for under one's hat.

#### PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[From a Times book review]

Among the poets included in this edition are James Joyce, Padraic Colum, Francis Ledwidge, Thomas MacDonagh, James Stephens, J. M. Synge, and Seumas O'Sullivan. A biological sketch of each precedes his poems.

# PROSPERITY BOUND



Railroads of the United States have led the way out of past depressions and they can be depended on to do their share now. America has always prospered when the railroads were prosperous, and it is worthy of note that the country, as a whole, never has been prosperous when the railroads were not.

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# Fascination — one art

*And in good times  
stars keep complexions*



*Millicent Green*, delightful, talented co-star in "The Left Bank," says: "Until I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I always used French soaps, but Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin the same velvety smoothness."

*Genevieve Wilson*

vibrant star of such smash hits as "The Social Register" currently playing, and "Pagan Lady," says: "Actresses care for their loveliness so that the years only make them more attractive. Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin satin-smooth."

Let those who must, wail about the Depression, but we prefer to talk of something far from the charts and curves of the past two years.

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An intrinsic part of this loveliness, of course, is skin that is clear, fine-textured, smooth as the proverbial baby's. Youthfully glowing.

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# Lux



# not affected by the Depression

*or bad the Broadway  
alluring this easy way*



*Dorothy Vernon* so lovely in the recent play "Hot Money" says: "This white soap has such caressing lather and keeps skin at its loveliest. It's just like the most costly French soaps."

scintillating stage and screen stars attest the importance of lovely skin. The great majority of them follow this simple, inexpensive complexion care...*Lux Toilet Soap*.

Frances Williams, who has used this fragrant, white soap for years, says: "We on the stage simply must guard the smoothness of our skin."

"This lovely white soap keeps my skin refreshed and satin-smooth," says Lenore Ulric.

Lux Toilet Soap is found in theatres everywhere. It is *official* in all the great film studios, for 9 out of 10 screen stars are devoted to it! It is so very white!



*Frances Williams*

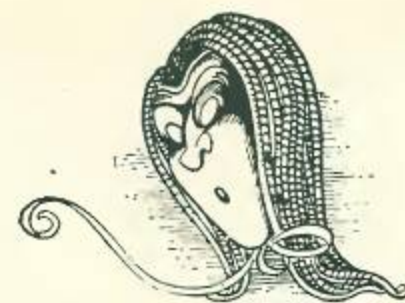
scintillating in "Everybody's Welcome," says: "We of the Stage have found that looking young depends on wise complexion care. I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin as freshly smooth as a child's."

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## SHOUTS AND MURMURS



## WORLD PREMIERE

JUST as a certain melancholy was imparted to "City Lights" by one's feeling that it was the last picture which Mr. Chaplin would ever make, so something in the profound weariness of "Too True to Be Good," something in both the accent and the substance of the magnificent speech which brings down its final curtain, gives to this play—the latest Shaw play, and, if my prophetic soul is correct, the last—the indefinable flavor of a valedictory. Wherefore, at its first performance in Boston last week, I seemed to hear, above the scrupulous laughter of the Back Bay *intelligenza*, another sound. It was the rustle of a turning page—a page in the history of our times.

This is the play which G. B. (What a Man) Shaw completed after that not strikingly clandestine trip to Moscow last summer, and before his more recent jaunt to South Africa. Much in it delighted me, and I find myself tempted almost beyond my strength to speak of it as an astonishing achievement for a man in his seventy-sixth year. If I resist that impulse, it is only because I do not know how to phrase the comment without sounding impertinent. I still remember wincing when St. John Ervine said just that of "The Apple Cart," as if he were adding, under his breath, "Of course it's no 'First Mrs. Fraser.'"

The first audience manifested something like enthusiasm, although sundry natives explained to me, with a puzzling note of complacency, that Boston seldom applauded. Still, in the provinces one always encounters this strange form of municipal pride. Tell any American that his city's courts are cesspools of corruption and he will give a sheepish chuckle of assent. But just tell him that, in the theatre, he and his neighbors are easily stirred, and he will be mortally offended. Yet the first-night applause had scarcely died on the last winds of February when the wires to New York, to London, even to Cape Town, were humming with the breathless report that the new Shaw play was talky. In terms of news value these dispatches seemed to me lacking in

urgency. Indeed, I cannot remember a time when the critics ever said anything else about the plays of Bernard Shaw. "Words, words, words" must have been the form their verdict took as it was condensed for cabling to South Africa. Shaw might properly have countered, I think, by inquiring: "Well, what are the O'Neill plays made of? Dumb show?"

However, he had already forestalled such comment in his very script—forestalled it in the traditional manner employed by all salient people. All of them—the Bernard Shaws, the Colonel Roosevelts, the Lawrences of Arabia—tend, as time goes on, to save the caricaturists trouble by becoming cartoons of themselves. It was by some such defensive process of self-caricature that Shaw called his last play "a collection of stage sermons by a Fellow of The Royal Society of Literature," and arranged that the first act should end with one of the characters—a bacillus obligingly embodied by the stage-manager—warning the audience that the play was already virtually over.

"But," the bacillus adds in a scornful tone, "the characters will discuss it at great length for two acts more. The exit doors are all in order. Good-night."

Somehow I was reminded of a moment years ago when Wilton Lackaye leaned over to ask if I was familiar with his advice to microbes. As it happens, I was not. "Well," he said, "it's this. Don't bacilli."

THIS antic use of a large microbe as a minor character is part of the old Shaw formula. When Shaw mounts his improvised platform in the shaky flare of the torchlights, he will, if necessary, cut as many capers as the King did in "The Royal Nonesuch" down the Mississippi long ago. Such capers draw the crowd, and once they are listening, he tells them what is on his mind. Tells them because he can no more help doing so than the New York *Times* can help coming out with tomorrow's paper. This time the Guild has assisted him to draw his crowd by enlisting such unexpected Shavians as Beatrice Lillie and Hope

Williams, who enliven the first act by as convincing and scrappy a stage fight as your correspondent has ever witnessed. I think that the unregenerate half of the first audience in Boston rather counted on dear Lady Peel to upset the apple-cart. But as someone must have already remarked by this time, that would have been Lillie-ing the Guild. Instead, she gave as decorous, as deft, and as self-effacing a performance as the author, himself, could have asked for, listening gravely (though with a slightly puzzled expression) while the more cerebral characters of the play hold forth on the collapse of Determinism, the crumbling of the Newtonian Cosmos, the new capriciousness of the electrons, and so on *ad infinitum*. The nightly strain must be considerable, and she will doubtless go out of her mind before the spring is over.

The play is a wilderness filled with the lonesome howling of lost dogmas. It might have been called "Heartbreak Universe." It ends with a long speech that is one of the finest things in the modern theatre. This is magnificently spoken by that same languid young Hugh Sinclair who used to play Miss Lillie's accompaniments in one of the Charlot revues. It summons him to his first great occasion, and his meeting of it is part of the miracle of the theatre's eternal renewal. When all is said and done, the long hand of the showman reaches out and plucks the limp puppets from the scene, all save this one, his own spokesman, left shivering there on the desolate shore. The wreckage of the certitudes with which the century began lie strewn around him. A nipping wind brings from the unseen regions of the future a breath which may be the breath of life, but of a life too keen for him to bear. Yet because his gift has possession of him, he must go on preaching. No matter how late the hour or how short the day. Even though he has nothing to say. Even though the fog swirling in from the sea envelops him, and, as the curtain falls, dissolves the insubstantial pageant before our eyes. The last words in the manuscript are: "Fog, impenetrable fog."

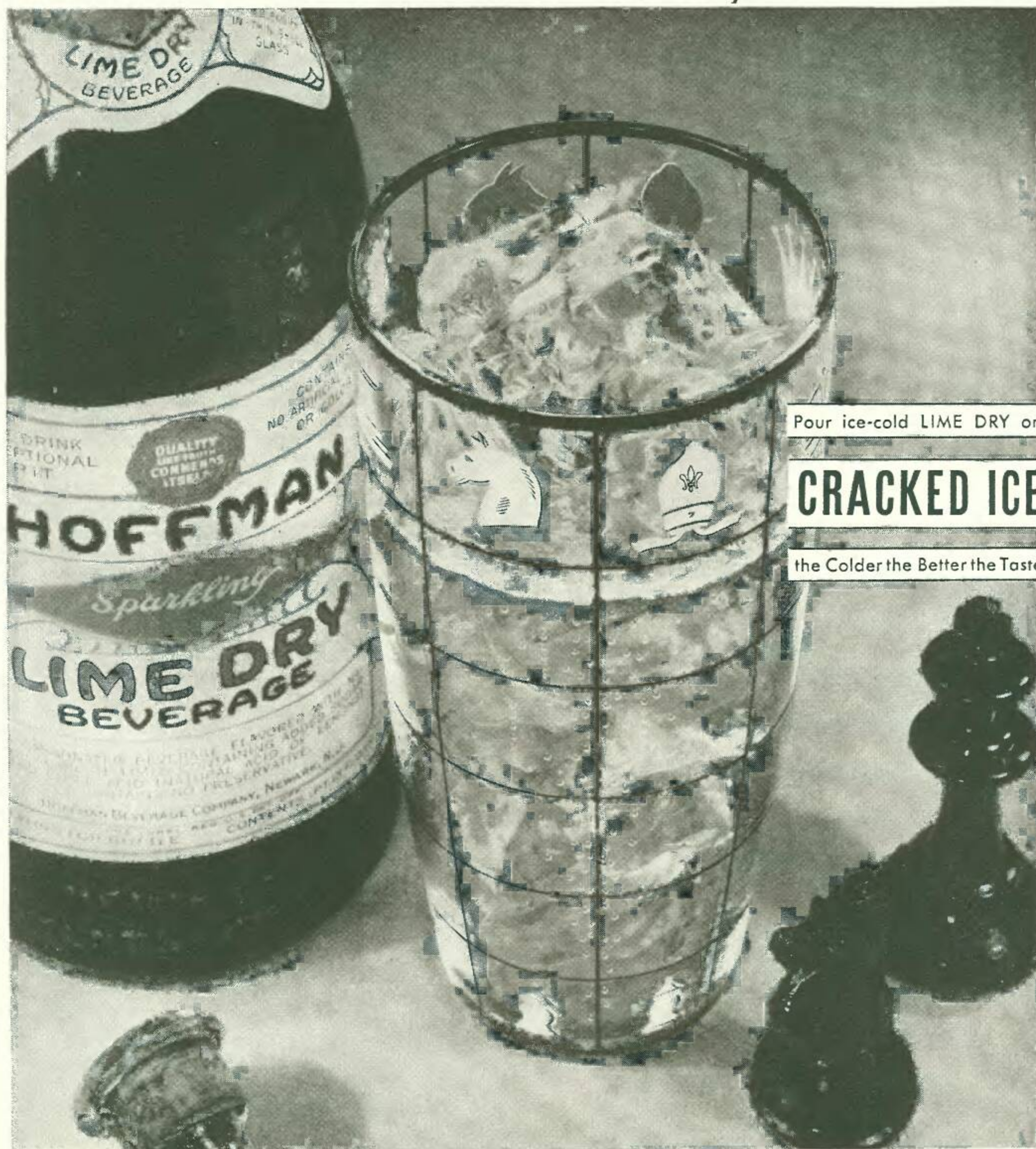
—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



TASTE THE NATURAL GOODNESS OF REAL

# LIMES

IN THIS SUPERB LIME DRY\* *by* HOFFMAN



Pour ice-cold LIME DRY on

**CRACKED ICE**

the Colder the Better the Taste

\*also... GOOD WITH FOOD



## THE ART GALLERIES

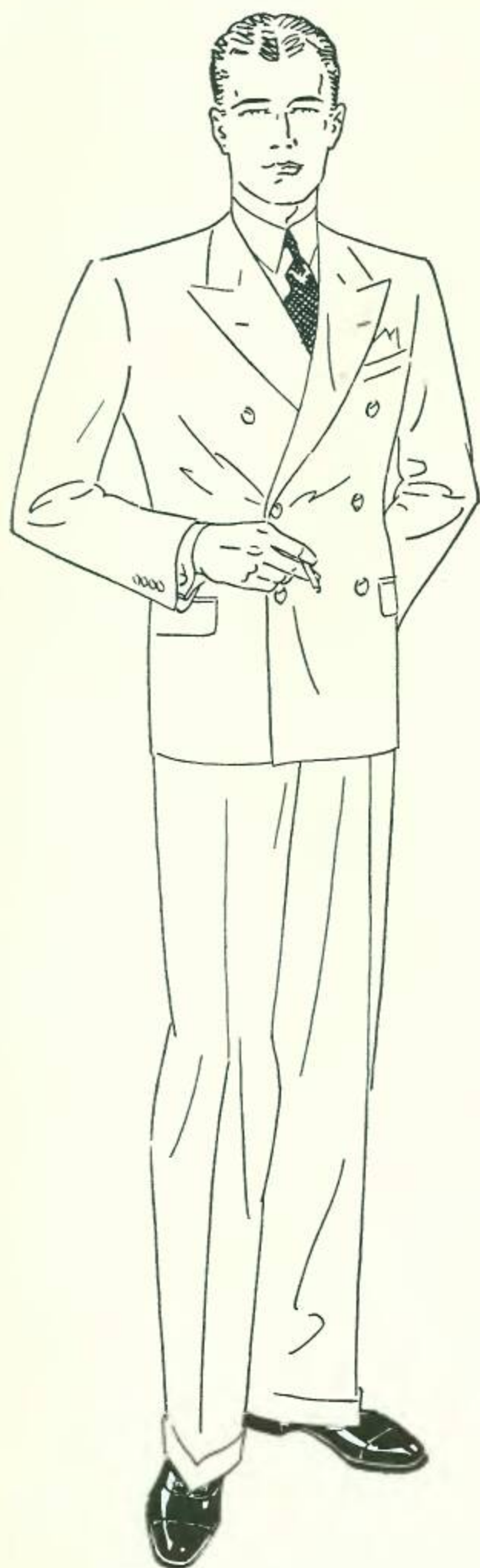
*Philanthropy — Under the Spell of M. Roy— Mr. Talcott's Experiment*



WE have as yet seen no explanations of a peculiar paradox which exists in the art world during the depression, and having failed to receive any official word on the matter, we have concocted a theory of our own: namely, that since artists are a little worse off than usual at such a time, a new crop of galleries automatically springs up to take care of them, for dealers are primarily philanthropists, full of illusions and ideals. Two more galleries have come into being during the past few weeks, bringing the number of new exhibition rooms up to a total never before reached in one year.

THE latest is called the Times Gallery and is located at the corner of Madison Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street. Its proprietor is Richard Cameron Beer, and it is his belief—or at least hope—that some of the painters who have no permanent gallery connections may find an outlet for their wares there. He has employed several shrewd devices to further his project. The Gallery is a nicely proportioned room on the corner, at the street level. There will be no velvet curtains or any of the usual paraphernalia of the dealers. The place is to be as open as a cordial shop. Also, an effort is being made to offer the pictures at the lowest possible prices. To do this, Mr. Beer is even willing to forego a good part of the customary dealer's commission.

A number of the older painters have come forward to give the venture a good start, so the first show perhaps is not a good sample of what the later exhibits will be like. For instance, such accepted men as Arnold Friedman, Glenn Coleman, and Stuart Davis are represented, and such well-known artists as Charles Howard, Victor de Pauw, Gaston Longchamps, Joseph Pollet, and Agnes Tait. As for the painters whose names are not so familiar, we specially liked the work of Mary Hutchinson. The show, which closes March 12, also has its provincial,



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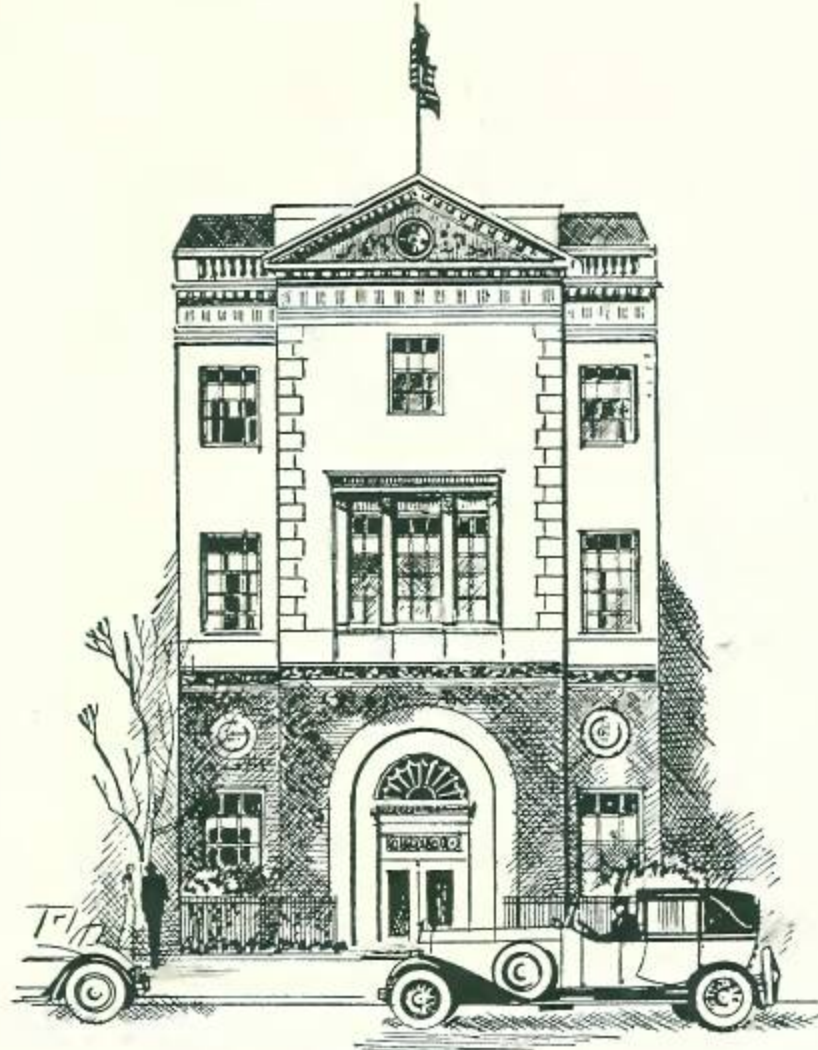
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in the person of Pa Hunt, a Primitive from Cape Cod.

Any gallery that is willing to come down to the street level has a chance to succeed and this one has the best wishes of all those interested in the somewhat noble venture of popularizing art in a democracy. We imagine that Mr. Beer will have to call out the reserves once the younger men hear of their new haven.

THE second new gallery, the Midtown, is also run on a cooperative basis. It occupies the spacious quarters of the old Levy Galleries at 559 Fifth Avenue and has organized more of the floating painters. Here we have such exhibitors as Emil Ganso, Fiske Boyd, Mark Baum, Saul Berman, and Hans Hofman.

In the current exhibition, there is a picture by Longchamps called "Wrestlers," which we suppose is an allegory of Herbert Hoover wrestling with his better self. William Palmer's "103° in the Shade, Iowa" appears to be an attempt to catch the atmosphere of America. The painting, we feel, is more successful than the illusion. This is especially the case with his "Drought, Iowa," which has none of the emotion the title demands. We also were interested in the work of Francis Criss.

SOME of the Americans who have had their work hung in shows for a good many seasons are on view at Dudensing. Most of them belong to the regular gallery group, and of these Arnold Wiltz is easily the leader. He is a painter of the first rank. A newcomer, Tworkov, seems to hold some promise; and Leon Kroll appears here once more. As for some of the others, one is bound to feel it was a sad day when Pierre Roy was brought to this country. Herman Trunk is the last of the local men to fall under the spell of the inimitable Roy, and the results are about as bad as usual.

DUDLEY TALCOTT, one of the few modern sculptors of our country and day, has hit upon a way to bring sculpture within the means of the more modest collectors. Since casting and marble-cutting cost what they do, Talcott has modelled in plaster and given his statues a silver bath. One of these experiments may now be seen at Ferargil: a beautiful cat, called a puma for convenience. If a market develops for this endeavor, Talcott will turn out replicas of his more ambitious pieces. —MURDOCK PEMBERTON



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## MOTORS

*Optimistic Speedometers—A Little Red Button*

HERE we are on our annual pilgrimage South, where the gas tax is seven cents, and the natives drive in the middle of the road. We think the greatest safeguard to country driving is the white line along the middle of a highway. Without it, no matter how wide the road, the tendency is to inch over to the wrong side; but with it, no matter how narrow the strip, most drivers keep to the right.

Just the same, it's best to have a St. Christopher medal on your instrument-board.

NOT so long ago we rode down from Albany on the Post Road in one of the larger and more expensive cars. The driver was a bit heavy-footed on the gas button and the speedometer frequently registered around 85 M.P.H. on the straight stretches. However, from watching the road, and from our experience with speedometers on cars timed electrically, we were convinced that the best this one was doing was about 65 M.P.H. Speedometers on most cars are optimistic. Not intentionally so, of course, for the makers of these important devices certainly do not deliberately fit inaccurate instruments, nor gear them in order to flatter cars. (Although we know of a doting parent who ordered a speedometer calibrated in kilometres instead of miles on the Christmas-present roadster he gave his son.)

To be accurate, a speedometer must be adjusted to the size of the wheels, and it is easily led astray, for slight errors do creep into mass production. Any inaccuracy, of course, is not apparent at speeds up to 30 M.P.H., but the needle becomes very flattering when it reaches the upper ranges of the dial. Extra-size tires will minimize speed and distance on the clock, and smaller ones also will make the speedometer a liar, though perhaps to a lesser degree. Even if one goes into the thing seriously—with a tachometer, and a formula involving the engine's revolutions per minute, the gear ratio, and wheel circumference—there is possibility of error: if the tires are worn or underinflated, there will be a variation at high speeds.

We might add, in passing, that we do not believe the speedometers of motorcycle policemen and state troop-

ers are any more accurate than those on the cars of their victims.

BUICK always has managed to produce notable automobiles whenever it has introduced new models, and this year's series are no exception. You've seen them at the Show and in the showrooms—they look like Cadillacs (or do the new Cadillacs look like Buicks?)—or perhaps you have one, for an amazingly large number have been delivered since the first of the year. But what with one thing and another, we did not have an opportunity to direct the destinies of one with "wizard control" until quite recently. We confess we are becoming more of a convert to free-wheeling; perhaps of necessity, because nearly all the new motors have some form of the device. Well, wizard control (it is on the Cadillacs and La Salles, too) is a combination of automatic clutch-control and free-wheeling, and we like it.

The little red button by the clutch pedal is your new clutch pedal for most driving conditions. To disengage the clutch, all you do is release the accelerator and rest your foot on the button. While it is depressed, you can shift through the gears, which are synchromesh, and you can't make a noise when changing from top to second, or vice versa. Stepping on the accelerator automatically engages the clutch, so you can pick up speed between shifts. If you want free-wheeling, all you do is depress the button and release the accelerator, and the car will coast. However, the power-clutch mechanism does not interfere with the operation of the regular clutch pedal, and to put the car in conventional gear, all you do is take your foot off the button.

As to conformation, the Buicks are more downswept and streamline (even the parking lights on the fenders are streamline) and have less of the traditional Buick appearance, particularly the rear elevation of the sedans. Interior refinements are numerous. We liked the grouping of the dials on the instrument-board: they are all round, legible, and in front of the driver. The other end of the panel of the car we drove had a radio fitted into the compartment, but we believe a radio's place is in the home. Soon we shall have the built-in telephone, and peace will depart from motoring. —SPEED



# Emily SHOPS

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Like a Peter Arno drawing, the pictures tell nearly all. We need add only that the model is by Lyolene who has given us so many new clothes thrills, and that among its fashion-fresh touches there are piquè reverses to show when the convertible collar is open.

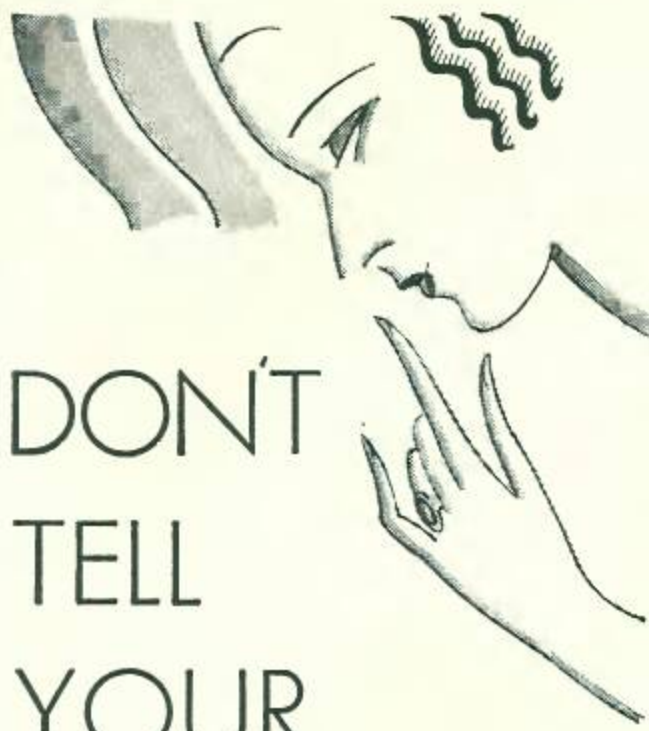
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## PARIS LETTER



PARIS, MARCH 2  
"DO not, I beg of you," wrote André Gide in a late open letter addressed to the unfortunate Pitoëff, who was going to have the fun of creating the leading rôle, "announce my 'Oedipus' as a tragedy. . . . I know that the actors who second you will make the audience understand that where my text invites, they are free to laugh out loud." And sure enough, what between the Théâtre de l'Avenue's cast and the anachronistic verbiage of the author, M. Gide's recently re-cast history of the Theban king who did nothing gayer than kill his father, marry his mother, and put out his own eyes, did draw a few giggles. What was sadder was the fact that it drew no house. Gide is the head of a Parisian literary school, the greatest Protestant prosodist in France, an immoralist of international philosophic reputation, and, along with Thomas Mann, classed as one of the most influential novelists in Europe. On the third night of his new piece, just opened, there were, unless we were seeing double, sixty-five people in the place. Those sixty-five saw the worst theatre of their life since they left grammar school and since the second-year Greek class gave readings from Xenophon in costume on Prize Day. They also heard some terrifying, some noble and strange lines. Gide's Oedipus is not a classical martyr to monarchical accidents; he is a modern pioneer in human pride whose answer to the Sphinx is still Man and whose response to the Fates (nor is it funny) is Be Yourself.

Though few French spectators seemed to realize it, Gide's "Oedipus" had already had its origin in a one-night stand in Rome, in an attempt to render unto Caesar what was Sophocles'. The barbaric Frankish effort should not last much longer.

THOUGH many Anglo-Saxon books have been translated into French in the past year, the three that most stirred were all by English women: "Star Dust," by Rosamond Lehmann; "Precious Bane," by Mary Webb; and "The Journal of Kather-



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ine Mansfield." Now comes a fourth which is received with open arms: "Écho," by Violette Trefusis, daughter of Mrs. George Keppel of famous Edwardian days. As if carrying on the diplomatic grandeur of her mother's epoch, Mrs. Trefusis writes directly in French. But she thinks in English. At any rate to Parisians, her old-fashioned noble Highland twins—uncivilized, wild, taciturn—seem appealingly British and their amorous destruction at the hands of a visiting French-countess cousin only an admirable ideal of the English romance of a hundred years ago, still a favorite on this side of the Channel. Mrs. Trefusis' tale begins tepidly, but at its climax in the suicide of the girl, the hatred of the boy, and the love of the French woman of thirty, something rather fine and fatal, like freezing, takes place. There is talk of "Écho" being translated into English. It is to be feared that what seems ice in French would, if reduced to the vernacular, become only chilly water.

Three other volumes of seasonal importance have also just appeared off the presses. André Maurois has deserted Disraeli and Shelley and gone back to Balzac in his "Le Cercle de Famille," a book which has nothing to do with Balzac except that it should have been written by him. It is a novel in which the family circle is a vicious one: a sinning mother whose daughter casts the first stone, only to grow up herself and have a daughter who casts the second—two stones in two generations for so many sins being, to the Puritan mind, rather a break for the older ladies, though Maurois seems not to think so. The second volume which has become the biographic caviar at dinner parties is Zweig's "Freud." Equally in the Viennese tradition is Colette's latest work, "Ces Plaisirs"—those pleasures too lightly called physical, as she annotates. In her warm and ample verbal style, she treats of the senses, which by her art she stretches to double the five, by means of a kind of literary duplication which is her own. In its reminiscent, savory quality, "Ces Plaisirs" is a book which, like a good French supper of one's youth, amateurs should not later attempt to duplicate by translation in other lands.

Among English books locally printed, with the exception of the Caresse Crosby-printed Kay Boyle translations



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Better still . . . Westinghouse alone provides *dual-advantages* . . . advantages such as porcelain interior *and* porcelain froster . . . dry cold *and* moist cold . . . buffet top *and* broom-high legs . . . spacious food space *and* flat, ribbon shelves . . . unit-on-top *and* completely concealed mechanism.

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New York City

of Radiguet, the best of the year's issue may now be definitely rated as those volumes which appear from the press of Harrison of Paris; Barbara Crocker Harrison being the master mind, Glenway Wescott the translator (we suspect), and Monroe Wheeler the fine typographer. For paper, print, and price, they are extraordinary as collectors' items in any land. Dostoevski's "A Gentle Spirit" is reproduced (in a Darmstadt setup) with a finesse which only literary sentiment could assume, and the "Aesop's Fables" (according to Sir Roger L'Estrange and Alexander Calder) is a masterpiece on Auvergne handmade paper (pink-and-blue-threaded, something in principle like American banknotes) which the brief sum demanded for it makes all the more valuable. "The Death of Madame," by Madame de La Fayette, a collotype-illustrated edition of Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and Mérimée's "Carmen" and "Letters from Spain," Englished out of the little-used original text, complete a list which any big house might be proud of, and could not afford to offer.

SINCE the war, France has occasionally gone on for days without a government, officially speaking; Tardieu was un-gummed during the midst of the London Naval Conference, so Laval's overthrow, in the crises of Geneva disarmament and Japanese warfare, was no surprise. Except to a thousand Latin Quarter students. Their riot in the Luxembourg Gardens was the only youthful sign of shock in a land used to antique ruse. Laval, popular as a silent Frenchman in the States, was never loved in his own country, being, as they said, no kind of talker. In his long, unloquacious career (he used to be a divorce lawyer), he had never spoken an extra word until the other day, when he asked the Senate what the press patriotically refused to report. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have to choose between a politic and political passions." They chose.

—GENÊT

## HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[From a speech by Governor Smith before the National Democratic Club]

"Well, when all is said and done, we spent half a million dollars to find out what everybody in the United States knows that knows anything, and I think the nicest little comment on it appears in the New Yorker this morning, and here it is:"

15 cents on all newsstands, folks.





## As Scotch as a kilt!

There's a snap of style and smartness in a Scotch Mist topcoat that appeals to a well-dressed man.

Does it lie in the sheer quality of the pure Scotch woolen? Is it the deft shaping of a line here and there or the unmistakable drape that comes from hand-tailoring? Surely it is something besides the excellence of pattern and soft colorings from the land o' heather.

The weave is a secret we discovered years ago and kept for ourselves and our customers. (Scotch Mists are thereby made rainproof.)

And it is true that our tailors are able to present this entirely useful topcoat as a striking style note for the wardrobe of the well-dressed.



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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE operating department of the Interborough subway has worked twenty-four hours a day every day for twenty-eight years, and has a safety and punctuality record that the steam roads envy. Yet its public has never heard of it. Everyone takes it for granted that, in the department's own phrase, "you can run this railroad like you run the kid's electric trains around the Christmas tree."

That attitude makes the Interborough's headquarters a vast laboratory of anonymity. Besides being a railroad headquarters, it houses a library and a university with which subway-riders are equally unfamiliar. The library is extensive, for every trouble that the lines have ever had is indexed and cross-referenced in a record-room. So is the history of every car. The university is one of the country's most exacting schools.

FOR an operating department must do more than practice railroading; it must also teach it. And without caring at all about the principles of formal pedagogy, Superintendent Merritt and Trainmaster Broughton of the Interborough have created a university that Dr. Abraham Flexner would be bound to approve if he knew of it. It is the Interborough's school for its motormen. Out of the six hundred and seventy-five motormen on the Interborough's payroll, some twenty or thirty resign or retire each year. The ranks must be filled up.

It takes as long to become a subway motorman as it does to become a bachelor of arts. Matriculation in the school is not easy. To be considered, a man must first work for the Interborough a year or eighteen months in some lesser job, and make a good record. Then, if his domestic life, recreational habits, and physical health all bear scrutiny, it is possible that he may be permitted to matriculate as a freshman student.

The neophyte begins his studies in an instruction car which lies on a grass-grown siding and has not moved for fifteen years. Inside it are controllers, contactors, brake valves, air tanks, jumpers, and all the machinery for running a five-car train. A motor instructor and an airbrake instructor teach him to operate the controls, which produce realistic simulations of the real thing. This is comparatively easy. But

## UNDERGROUND-II

then the instructors sneak coyly about and disarrange things, demanding that the student find, diagnose, and correct the trouble. Some of the synthetic troubles which the instructors create are pretty terrible.

This goes on for six months. Like the candidate for a doctorate, the motorman-petitioner is called up for frequent oral examinations. The superintendent, trainmaster, and instructors sit him down and badger him with questions of which this is an elementary sample:

Q—If you found a Main Reservoir leak under a trailer car how would you repair it?

A—Close Main Reservoir angle cocks on the draw bar each end of that car and if there was a pump on it open the pump balance switches and operate from the head end if there was sufficient Main Reservoir pressure to keep the brake system charged to 70 lbs. Otherwise

operate from motor back of closed angle cock.

After six months of theory, the pupil takes the controls of a moving car and with an instructor beside him runs it proudly around in the Lenox Avenue yards. When he is proficient enough at this, he is assigned to one of the road's two travelling school cars which tour the line, making six and eight-week stops at different terminal points so that the pupil may learn the intricacies of their trackage, and how cars should be handled there. He must learn two different techniques, for the Interborough has two types of equipment: the older known as "bus-connected trains," the newer as "low voltage." He must learn to stop a train with far more precision, but less tenderness, than a steam road would exact; for small headways call for quick stops, and short platforms make overruns dangerous.

When half a dozen men certify him

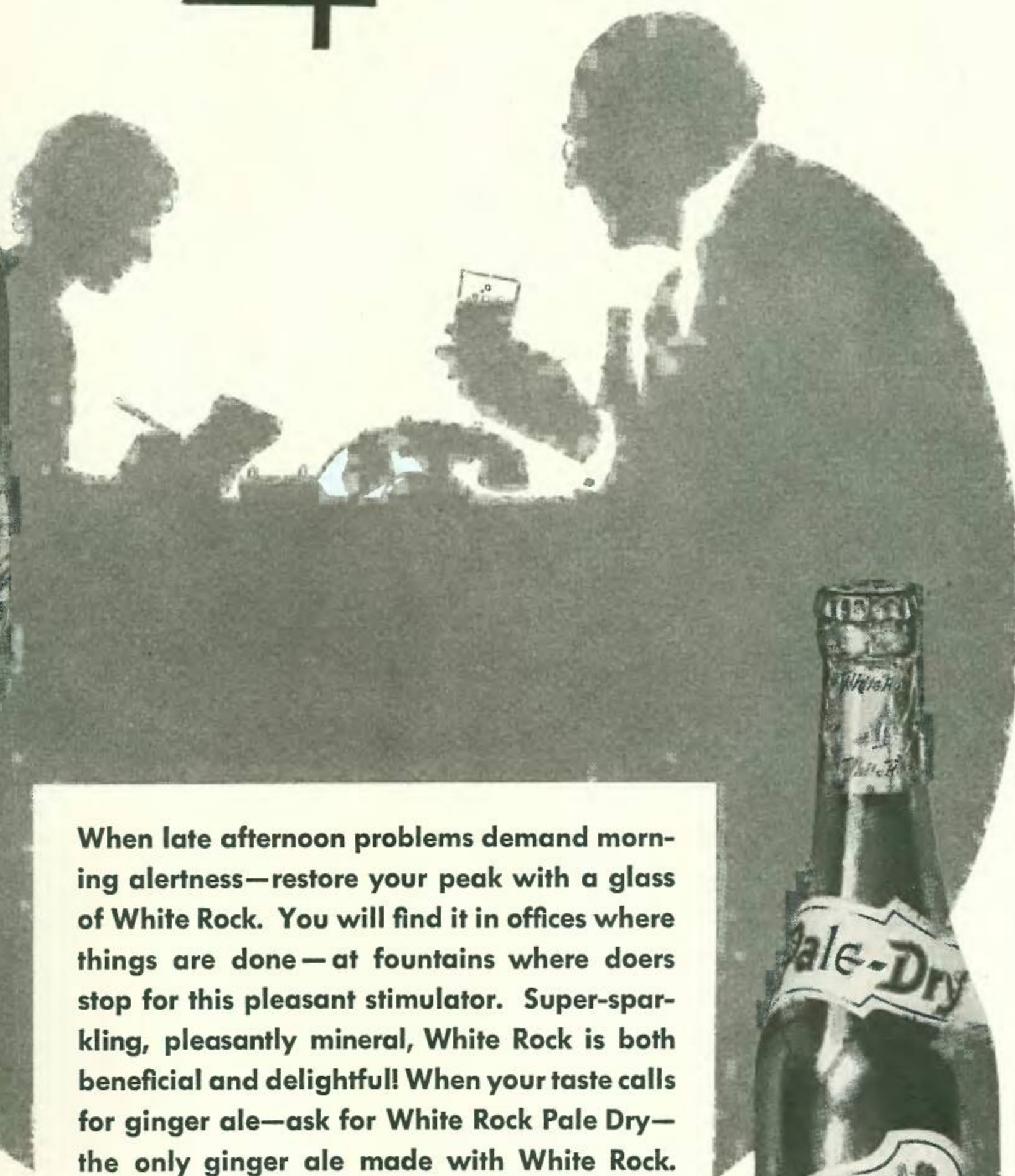


Alan Dunn

"I saw it first!"



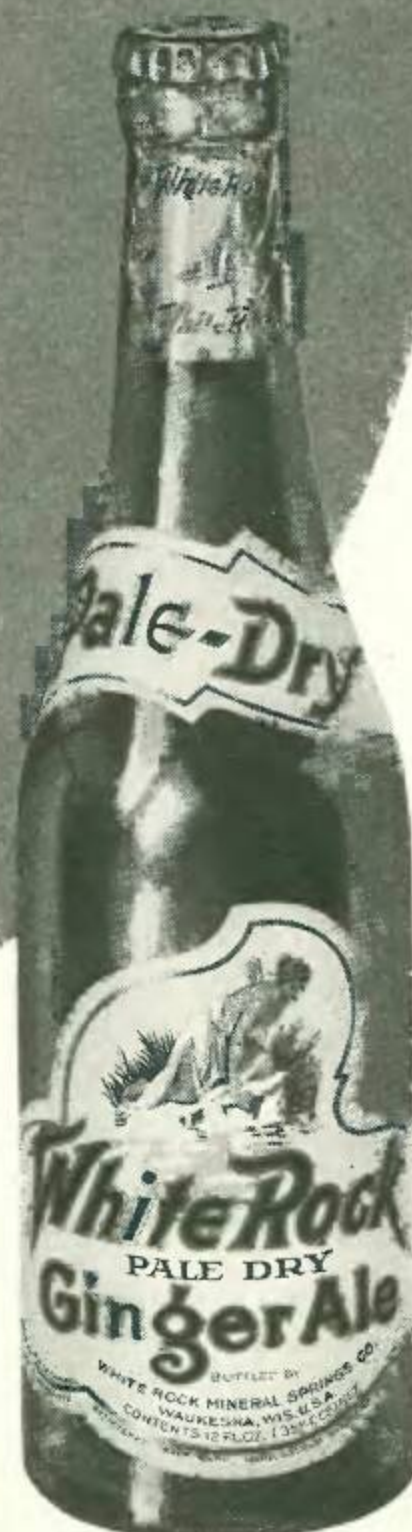
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When late afternoon problems demand morning alertness—restore your peak with a glass of White Rock. You will find it in offices where things are done—at fountains where doers stop for this pleasant stimulator. Super-sparkling, pleasantly mineral, White Rock is both beneficial and delightful! When your taste calls for ginger ale—ask for White Rock Pale Dry—the only ginger ale made with White Rock.

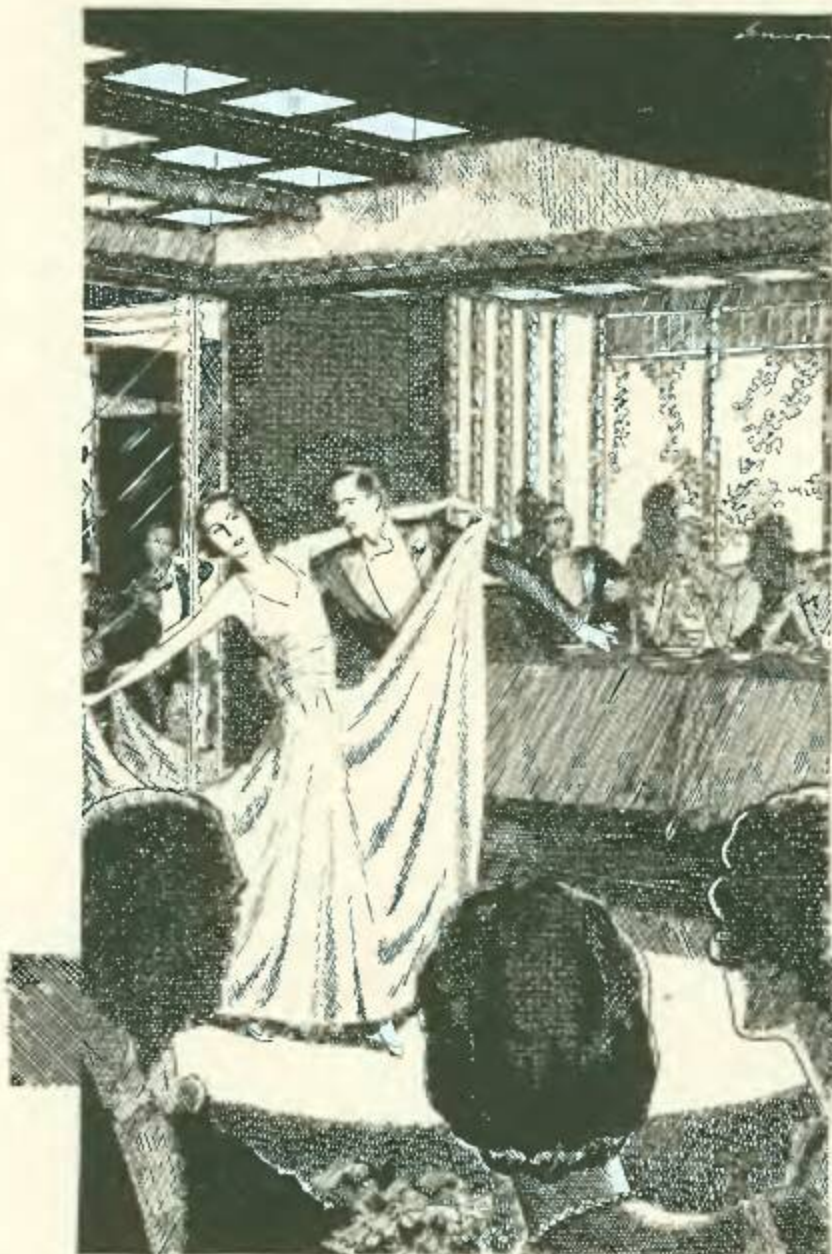
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as satisfactory, the learner-motorman becomes a switchman, and is given full charge of empty trains in yards. He must serve terms of duty at eight terminals. Later he is permitted to run empty trains over the road, to help in the long job of photographing every switch, curve, station, and signal in his mind. After a year he gets a final examination from the superintendent, trainmaster, and half a dozen others. If he passes it, his school days are over.

**BUT** an internship is still ahead of him. He is known now as a switchman-runner, and is permitted to run passenger trains when accompanied by a senior motorman. With this supervision, he must spend a week running trains on the Times Square-Grand Central shuttle. This is exacting, for both stations are dead ends, and speed-control signals will stop his train if he comes into a station too fast. If he runs too slowly, the shuttle jams with excess traffic. Either fault is considered a disgrace; should the interne tread a neat path between them, he gets his final certification, and is fit to be a motorman as soon as there is a vacancy for him to fill—which may be in one year, or three. In his first two years as a motorman he gets five dollars and eighty cents for every eight-hour day; after that his rate is raised to six dollars and eighty-nine cents.

There are three degrees of honor for a motorman, depending upon the amount of current he saves in running his train. Sealed into an enigmatic box on every train is a current-recorder which writes the history of his run upon a tape; the more coasting a man can do, the more the company rewards him with bonuses, twenty-five cents a day extra being the equivalent of a *summa cum laude*. The best men can coast a little over fifty per cent of the distance they run, but coasting is, curiously enough, hard on the nerves. It forces a man to keep two minds at work: one on the present, over at the instant; another on the future that lies half a mile ahead. He must think of oncoming signals, curves, stations, and grades like a chess-player anticipating an opponent's move. To a conscientious man, coasting becomes almost a mania; if he turns in Class A records for sixty days, the operating department is apt to order him to relax and waste a little current.

Fifteen motormen who began in 1904 are still running trains. Most of them run locals, for seniority gives a



WHY DO DOCTORS of standing use only liquids to obtain surgical cleanliness of skin? Diagram shows how ordinary cleansers may cause age-signs by leaving impurities embedded in pores.

WHAT DOCTOR FOUND on cleansing patient's skin with a liquid. She had *thought* her face was clean, but clogging pore dirt was causing age-signs.

NO FEAR OF BLEMISHES, coarse pores and other age-signs now! Diagram shows what microscope proves—that liquid Ambrosia removes all traces of pore-dirt. Skin gets fine, clear, young!

# What is the Critical Age of the Skin?

## 5 symptoms that indicate a crisis

Doctor explains how to check them and keep skin young—by surgical cleansing

*Bases his advice on 789 skin examinations at New York Beauty Clinic*

"CRITICAL AGE" is the time when the skin starts to grow old—a crisis that may occur at any time between twenty and forty. With some it takes the form of dryness and wrinkles; in others it appears as oiliness, blackheads or large pores.

The woman who has noticed any of these signs will be interested in the findings of a famous New York specialist who recently conducted a beauty clinic where he studied the skins of 314 women. His results proved conclusively that critical age signs were largely caused by wrong methods of cleansing.

### Two basic skin types

Dry skins start to age rapidly when the oil glands are sub-normal — *and because pores are clogged.*

Oily skins start to age rapidly when oil glands are over-active or over-stimulated—*and because pores are clogged.*

Thus, *clogged pores* are a basic cause of critical skin age. They age dry skins, age normal skin, age oily skin.

### Dry skin treatment

This famous doctor proved that dry skins can soon be made smoother by 2 simple steps:

1. *Pore-deep liquid cleansing.* This is the method of surgical cleansing. For, as everyone knows, doctors of standing use liquids to make the skin surgically clean. When cleansed with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid solvent, the skin can breathe. Circulation is stimulated. Skin becomes healthy, young.

2. *Softening the skin after cleansing.* No cream can penetrate clogged pores. But clean pores can easily take in a rich cream. Ambrosia Cream, which is practically identical with the natural oil of a healthy skin, penetrates and replenishes natural oil. Dry skin becomes firm. Wrinkles smooth out.

### Oily skin treatment

The doctor succeeded in normalizing oily skins to a surprising degree in only 3 days. This was his method:

1. *Pore-deep liquid cleansing:* Use Ambrosia Cleanser 3 to 5 times a day—removes all dirt and oily secretions. With pores no longer clogged, skin soon approaches normal health and beauty.

2. *Toning and Tightening.* The use of Ambrosia Tightener after cleansing, further lessens oiliness, prevents blemishes and refines large pores.

### Special skin problems

The woman whose skin is chronically blemished should consult her doctor or a dermatologist. But for common skin problems—blackheads, large pores, etc.—the treatments described in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle prove highly beneficial in a very few days.

### Make 5-day test

Begin now to benefit by this doctor's research. Secure Ambrosia products from drug or department store today. Follow the treatments which come with every bottle. Watch signs of critical-age disappear, skin take on longed-for youthful loveliness.

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**PUT** a new Stetson on your head — tilt it a little, perhaps — and the world seems brighter right away. . . . That's a lesson we can learn from the ladies. They know that to be well and correctly dressed puts peace in the soul and confidence in the step. . . . The new Stetsons for spring include many light and cheerful colors in feather-weights and zephyr-weights. Brims that turn up or down. At your favorite hat store, now. . . . John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris.

# **STETSON HATS**

man a wider and wider choice of runs. The older men choose first; the juniors take what is left. This works well, for the younger men always yearn for dashing careers in the cabs of rush-hour expresses. As time goes on, they choose the more leisurely pace of the locals. Every year some twenty or thirty men decide to give their nerves a rest. They resign, and with the innocent romanticism of the city-dweller, usually take up poultry-farming. Yet in Manhattan there are four ex-motormen who have embraced notably less exacting professions: two are lawyers, a third is a Y.M.C.A. secretary, and a fourth is an obstetrician. Upon such backsliders, Mr. Henry Bleeker looks with scorn. He is the No. 1 motorman of the road, and has run an early-morning Broadway express since the line opened in 1904. He hates the country.

One essential in a good motorman, and equally in a travelling inspector who is looking for trouble, is a highly developed sense of smell. Electrical or running-gear trouble almost always means that something is overheating. A hot journal, a sliding wheel, a short-circuited armature, an overheated resistance box, burning insulation, a hot contactor, and a sparking commutator all produce different smells by which an expert can make a diagnosis. Before a trouble-man tries to get a stalled train running again, he sniffs it.

**ANY** railroad, its operators will tell you, would be a fine thing if it weren't for the passengers. As between men and women passengers, the Interborough's operating department much prefers women. Twenty-eight years of experience have shown that, in emergencies, it is the men passengers, not the women, who go to pieces. A woman takes her fright out in screaming; a man smashes windows and fights.

Moreover, men and boys are possessed by a devil of curiosity which often causes delays. They fool with handbrakes. They open doors guard-







Unique construction of the Hagen-Layco Grip consists of spirally coiled, scientifically treated leather sunk flush in a solid cork grip.

This solid rubberized vulcanized cork is firmly secured to the steel shaft.

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For years every pro has dreamed of a real "Tacky" grip. For Tackiness to a pro means a non-slip grip that sticks like adhesive. The Hagen-Layco Grip\* is probably the most important contribution to golf since the steel shaft. In addition to possessing Tackiness it absorbs all possible shocks. . . . Wet hands—or dry hands—cannot slip with this amazing grip. The unique construction is the answer. Solid cork goes right through to the steel shaft. Coiled in the cork is a strip of leather sunk flush. Just slip your hands into your favorite grip and they seem locked tight—sunk into this soft cushion of cork and leather. . . . Play Hagen deep-faced powerful Woods—Hagen "Compact blade" Irons—with the Hagen-Layco Grip—also the new long distance Hagen ball. Should you prefer the "regular" grip, the standard Hagen full calf grip is the Tackiest on the market. See your dealer or pro—both good men to know. . . . THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO., DETROIT. Hagen Products. Also made in Canada by Burke-Thumm, Ltd., Toronto.

\*An exclusive feature developed in the L. A. Young Laboratories —patent applied for.





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**Silk Crepe jacket . . .**

**A break for the  
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Black and white with red or green jacket, navy and white with red or navy. Sizes 12 to 20

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ing control equipment and see if they can make some interesting things happen. Almost every day some train is stalled by an officious man passenger who has managed to get at the controls throwing the brakes into emergency application. Women sit still and behave themselves, and only occasionally demand that a train back up to a station at which they meant to get out.

Men also write far more letters of complaint than women. Over half of them begin: "Of course you won't pay any attention to this." But the joke is on the passenger. Any complaint which specifies the time and place of the supposed tort brings the employee into the trainmaster's office for an explanation. For the operating department strives hard to make its public fond of it, but with little success. The subway probably enjoys less good-will per human soul than any other institution in the country, largely because of man's inhumanity to man in its overcrowded cars.

**T**HE Interborough had its most hair-whitening experience in 1918, just as the dual system, which added the Seventh Avenue and Lexington Avenue lines to the older route, was being opened. Hundreds of new cars had been delivered for service. They had been tested and approved by the operating department. The Transit Commission had accepted them, following which they were stored out of doors for some weeks in the Jerome Avenue yards. When the day came to put them into operation, not one would budge an inch. The airbrake department made feverish examinations and then set up a yell for an entomologist. Several million wasps, of the kind that build for themselves conical nests of concrete, had crawled into the open ends of the brake pipes and there had set up an habitation. Poison gas and purging lotions finally dislodged them. Of such is the kingdom of railroading.

—ERIC HODGINS

(This is the second of two articles on the New York subways.)

If he be of ordinary physical capacity, he can just about make it, if he starts the minute the lights turn. But if he be an old lady or a baby carriage, he is absolutely lost.—From an editorial in the *Evening Post*.

Better to be a baby carriage absolutely lost than an editorial-writer absolutely lost.

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## "HOWDY, B.F."

*Ben Franklin sailed off to Versailles,  
On him Uncle Sam did relailles,  
With great savoir faire,  
They called him "mon cher,"  
And pronounced him a "great little gailles."*

Being first United States foreign Ambassador was only one of Benjamin Franklin's many "firsts." Today the hotel in Philadelphia that bears his name also assumes leadership in catering to the well-being of its guests.

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## COLLECTOR'S LUCK

PETER strained at his leash as the little old lady led her Pekinese around the corner of Sutton Place to our neighborhood grass plot at the riverside.

She smiled shyly. "Is he friendly?" she said. "He won't hurt Vodie, will he?"

"He's very friendly," I said. "It's quite all right to let them play together."

We stood for a moment looking out over the wall at the tugs going up and down the river, and the water swirling under the bridge.

"Tell me," she said finally. "Do you mind my asking? Are you a drinking young man?"

"Why," I said, rather taken aback, "er, yes. I am."

"Do you drink—drinks, is what I mean?" she said. "I know it's very quizzical of me, I'm sure, but I really want to know. It's not that I mind," she added hurriedly.

"Yes, I drink—drinks," I said, feeling a little more comfortable under the pleading eagerness of her gaze. Peter and Vodie chased each other around in circles. A barge moved by on the river.

"Do you have rye-whiskey drinks or Scottish-whiskey drinks, any time?" she said then.

"Sometimes," I answered, wondering what on earth it was all about.

"I have a list," she said, and fumbled in a very smart antelope handbag until she found it.

"LET me see now," she said. "Do you ever drink the Johnnie Walker whiskey or the, er, Old Crow, I believe it is? My writing isn't too plain."

"Well, not lately," I said, "not in some time."

"Nobody does, somehow," she said, shaking her head. "Nobody does seem to be drinking the Old Crow. But here's some others: Green Ribbon, do you have that, the Green Ribbon whiskey?"

"Not Green River either," I an-



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Shaving Cream	After-Shaving	After-Shaving
50c	Lotion 75c	Talcum 50c



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*The same splendid De Pinna quality  
— only the price is changed*

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

swered. "I'm afraid that I stick pretty close to gin these days."

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly, "the gin whiskey. I've got that marked down here some place, I know. Wait just a minute."

"Not gin whiskey," I said quickly. "Gin isn't whiskey. Gin is just—gin."

"You don't tell me," she said. "The gin is something else again. Another kind of a drinking drink altogether. Dear me, I always grouped it together with the rye and the Scottish. Oh, here I have it. Gin whiskey—no, not gin whiskey—gin. Let me see. The Gordon's—I have that. Do you ever drink the Geneva gin wh—, gin, I mean?"

"Only once," I said regretfully, "and it was a long while ago."

"Oh, dear," she answered, "I'm afraid you're not going to be a bit of help to me. Oh, I didn't mean that. I mean that"—she became very agitated—"I've seen you out here before with your dog, and you were so jolly with him, I thought some day I'd get my courage up and ask you. And now I'm so embarrassed."

I DIDN'T know quite what to do or say. The little old lady looked so woebegone. "I—I drink High and Dry gin sometimes," I said.

She brightened at once. "Oh, I haven't got that. I just knew you'd be a help. I know it's a lot to ask, but if you have an empty bottle, would you bring it when you come over with your dog tomorrow?"

"I'd be very happy to," I said.

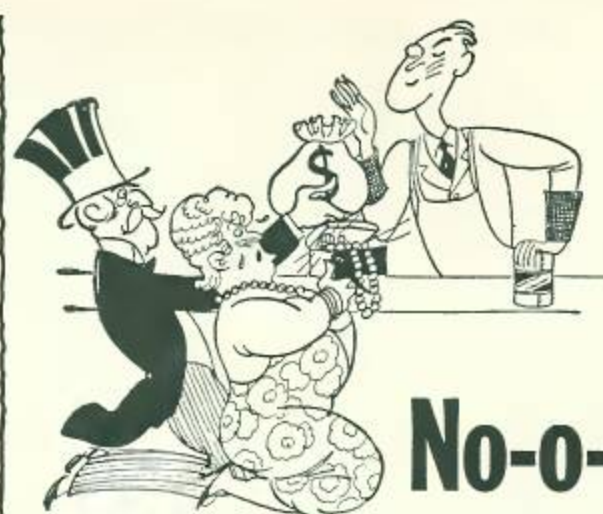
"I'll tell you." She leaned over confidentially and patted my hand. "My nephew, Dick, is at Yale College and I'm making him a lampshade out of bottle labels. I read about them in a magazine. But it's so hard to get the bottles. The doorman saved some for me, but he resigned his post, and I hardly like to ask the new man. You don't think it would be too fast for a young man at school, do you—a lampshade like that?"

"Certainly not," I said, "and I'll bring you my bottle tomorrow."

—MCGREGOR

WEWOKA, Okla., Feb. 26.—A battle of titians began here today as two brothers, conquerors of many unruly monsters of the midcontinent oil fields, sought to snuff out a flaming deep rock gasser one mile south of town.—*Washington Star*.

Quick-tempered, those titians.



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Hartley's costs so little, because of the lamentable drop in British pound sterling, that even ex-kings once more can buy it.

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BY THE MAKERS OF HARTLEY'S JAM

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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



HAVING had only the most scattered and contradictory information up to now, this department has greeted the new

French clothes that have streamed into New York with all the naïveté and terrible frankness of the ingénue. Highlights, despite the few places visited, are already apparent. I may have to retract every single thing next week, but that has nothing to do with my present mood.

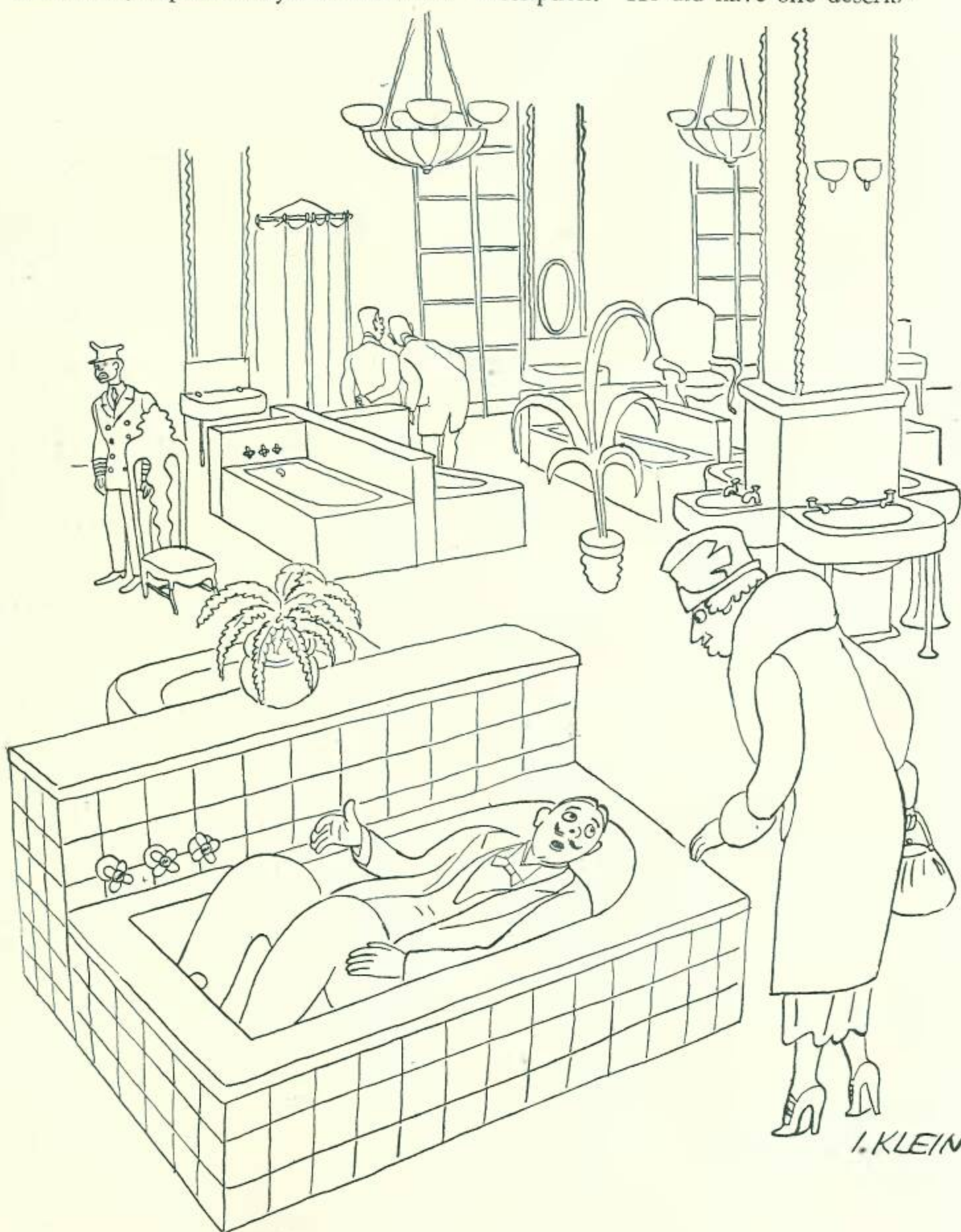
IN the first place, there is Mme. Vi-onnet. Season after season, she has been making those gracious, flowing, circular businesses, molded through the middle, and more recently with twisted treatments through the bosom. Everybody wore them, whether the copies were good or bad, and somehow you never got bored with repetition. All of a sudden, I am fed up. (Mind you, this is about dresses; I love the coats the woman makes.) Aside from her usual standbys, her newest and most eccentric trick, both for daytime and evening, is to start with a teddy, place a nautch-dancer jacket over it, ending (and twisting) just under the bosom, and add a skirt. The teddy shows between, just like La Belle Fatima. You put the affair on in three pieces, as if one were not enough, and it is amusing if you feel that way about the matter. Hattie Carnegie has two of these hoochy-cooch costumes: an evening dress of satin and roma in two shades of an orangy-flame color, and a day dress of brown-and-white polka-dot silk, with the white combination showing at the diaphragm. Over the latter dress goes a knockout coat of brown velveteen, with sort of dolman sleeves ending just above the elbow. Another coat that is simply to cry out is at Bergdorf Goodman, and ideal for those cocktail parties that have been revived lately. Top, including bloused sleeves tight at the wrists, of black satin with a bow tied becomingly just below the collarbone; bottom of black wool, joining the satin in a very high-waisted effect. And speaking of cocktail parties, if you're interested in semidressy coats, look for one by Heim in Wanamaker's Coin de Paris. Dark, but alive, blue

velveteen, four rhinestone buttons in Directoire double-breasted array, and a single-loop bow high on the chest. *Les chats, mes enfants.*

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX seems to be his old wearable self, from the examples I have seen. Wanamaker liked his yen to have waistlines exactly where nature placed them, with a blouse above to conceal the line partly. This is illustrated in an absinthe-green roma evening dress with an oval décolletage decorated with gardenias, and in a day dress of a black print sprinkled thickly with white daisies, with black showing in the inverted pleats and ermine decorating the tiny jacket. In a more whimsical mood, Captain Molyneux did a red

wool ensemble: a tailored dress, scarf, and trim buttoned jacket, edged with red lace—and why neither Hattie Carnegie nor I didn't mind is beyond me. He also got pretty dashing in a sort of Revolutionary ensemble having a black full skirt, a white top, and a jacket and wide sash of black-and-white horizontal stripes. Also at Carnegie.

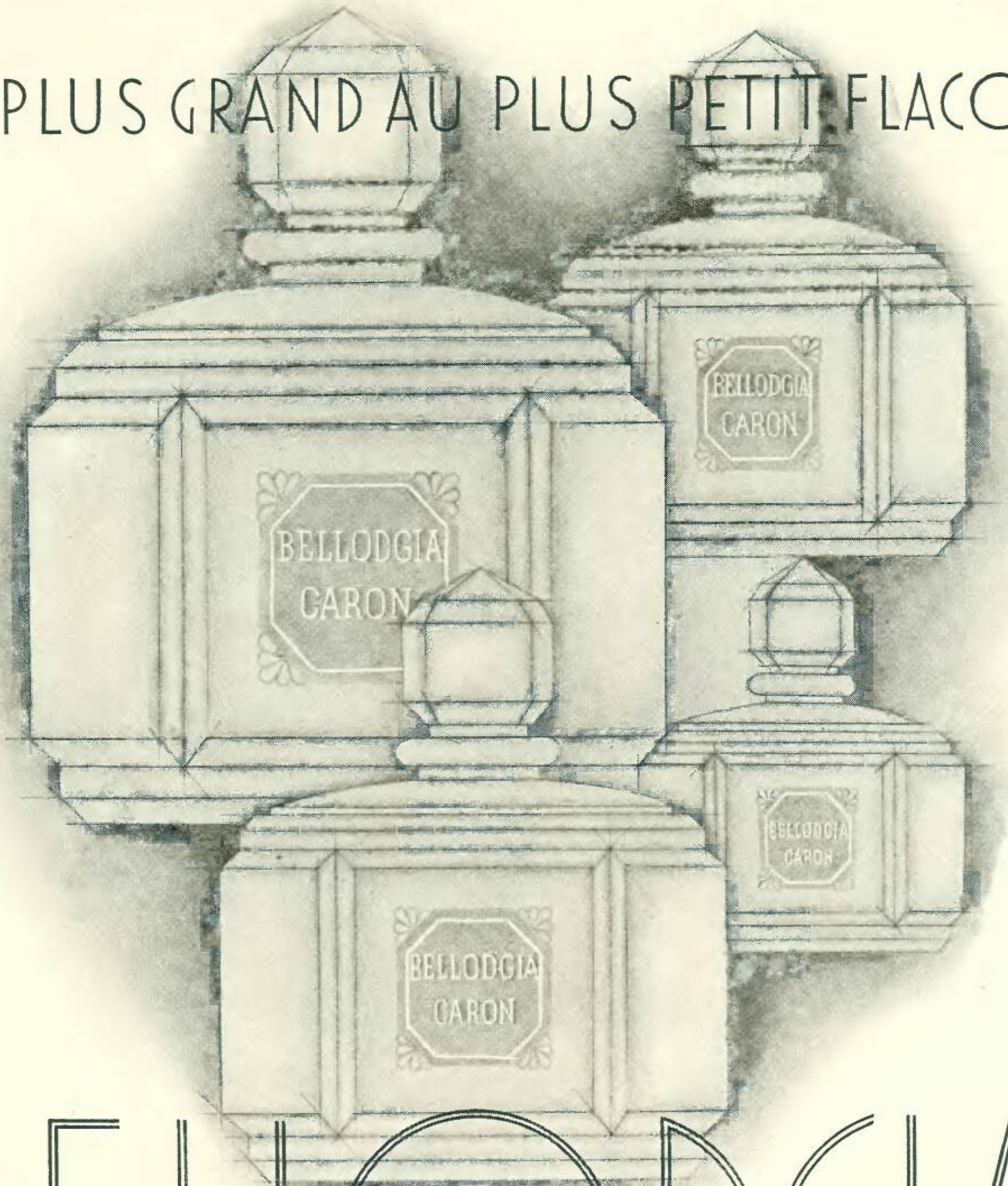
TO proceed with a few more superficial impressions, all of which will undoubtedly be contradicted when more things are seen: Mainbocher continues to make gracious, flowing, lovely evening clothes, fluid in line, charming in detail, and so darn ladylike (in a smert way, of course) that they defy description. He did have one describ-



"I firmly believe, Madam, that you would find this model a neat fit."



DU PLUS GRAND AU PLUS PETIT FLACON

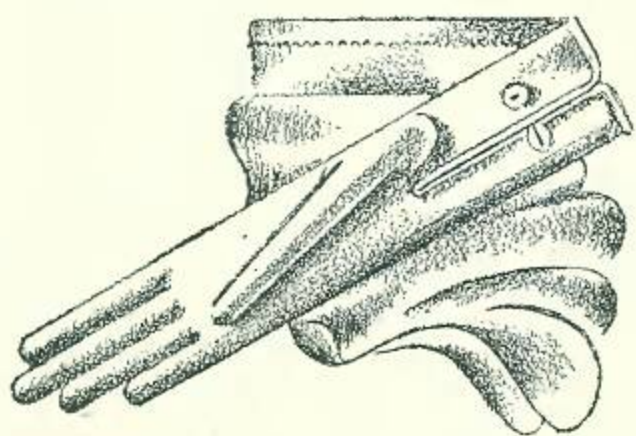


BELLODZIA  
LE PARFUM LE PLUS SUBTIL  
**CARON**  
PARIS

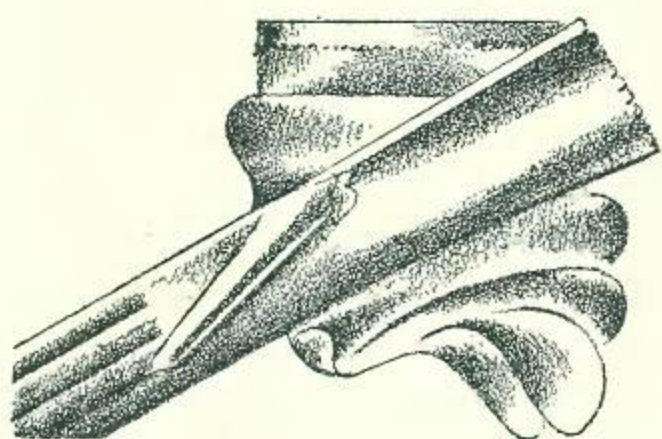


# Three Jay-Thorpe Beiges

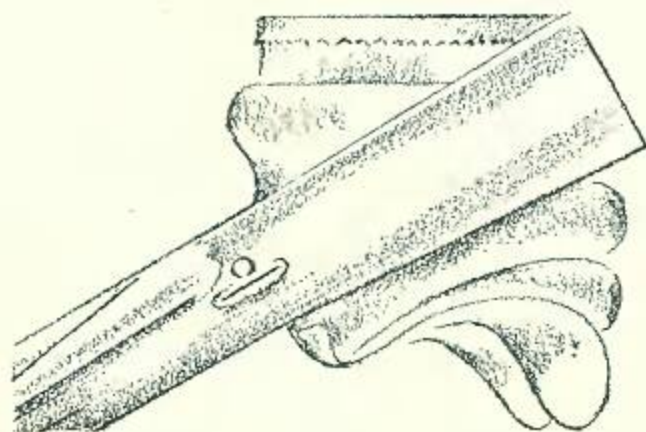
We brought over the three best spring beiges in Paris, and had our sheer *Tailleur* hose—also suede gloves in three lengths—tinted to match our samples!



**Kasbah**—with a yellow cast. . . One-button glove, 1.95. *Tailleur* hose, 1.95



**Barnevelt**—with rosy tone. . . Four-button slip-on, 3.95. *Tailleur* hose, 1.95



**Liban**—new gray-beige. . . Six-button mousquetaire, 4.50 *Tailleur* hose, 1.95

Jay-Thorpe 57th ST., WEST

able eccentric outbreak, in enormous plaids applied on mousseline de soie. At Hattie Carnegie, this appears in nigger-pink and black; at Bergdorf, in black and white. Both are long dresses with tiny puffed sleeves and the plaid worked up to an inverted "V" at the high neck. Pretty darn dashing. Lanvin's collection, they all tell me, was a knockout, particularly her dresses with waist-length circular capes, usually sliding on over the head. Carnegie has two: one in beige wool with a brown-and-white print lining the cape; the other of plain and diagonally striped gray tweed. (Anyway, it looked like tweed.) The patterned wool makes the cape and the diamond incrustations on the tailored dress. Bergdorf has the cape idea in black silk, with the black-and-white-print top of the dress lining the cape. And Wanamaker is proud of a Lanvin ensemble starting out with a dress of a blurred blue-gray print, with big sleeves that appear in a pouf through the horizontal slash in the three-quarter sleeves of the coat. Said coat is of wool, raglan-sleeved, and hangs straight from the shoulders.

**S**CHIAPARELLI, the great American hullabaloo this season as well as last, apparently had the most spectacular collection in Paris—in fact, so spectacular that she will be copied all over the place. One thing makes it impossible for her to be cheapened completely, however, and that is the fact that the girl is adventurous to a degree about fabrics. There is that terribly heavy crêpe, crinkled in thick ridges, that she uses for simple evening dresses and blouses; but a blouse of it at Bergdorf costs \$95, and you can't laugh that off in your \$13.95 emporiums. Wanamaker's suit in a tweed made of twine is also tough to fake. Carnegie fell for one perfect Schiaparelli ensemble. It starts off with a simple fitted coat of black wool. Then there is a black slip, proceeding upward without interruption to just below the bosom. A white-piqué Directoire vest with a black back goes over the slip, making the highest waistline possible—unless you consider under-the-arms in the Greenaway manner a waistline. Carnegie also likes little striped sweaters in this length, fastened with two clips just below the breast. Just which models the department stores are leaping for (and how they leap for Schiaparelli!), and just what they will do with them once they have her clothes on their hands, still remains to be seen.

No Chaneles have swum across my

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vision, and the Patous glimpsed so far have been few. I have, however, got a load of that Patou blue. It's a bright dark-blue, with so much brilliant green lurking in it that it falls just short of being the old peacock hue; and I consider it not only trying but pretty unattractive in itself. I like the way Patou slashes a high evening décolletage down one side to the waist in peek-a-boo fashion, though. It is coy in a nice way, and I hear that he does it a lot.

WANAMAKER's Coin de Paris, as the discriminating among you know, has a rather unusual knack of presenting clothes that are Frenchy rather than American, and ladylike withal. There are lots of Carettes here, for instance: simple little tailored gray-flannel suits with plaid blouses and lots of shiny buttons; a tailored evening dress of blue crêpe, all pleated, with the pleats sometimes going toward the right and sometimes toward the left, very tricky; and an evening dress of navy and white polka dots that is definitely something. There is shirring over the abdomen, and medallions of shirring around it and below the hips release great fullness for the skirt. The jacket is shirred tight around the waistline. For a tailleur, look at one of a Chanel black-and-white-checked wool, the dress coming up almost to the Adam's apple and decorated with chromium buttons, and the jacket over it three-quarter-length. Claire Any also does a knockout black-and-white-checked suit. The coat is belted and more than hip-length, trimmed with white piqué and having twisted motifs over the pockets. A piqué vest, of course. This will sort of give you an idea. Custom-made, dears, in the French manner.

In this department, too, they will have lots of ready-to-wear clothes imported from small French houses and not to be seen all over town, with day things priced around \$65. —L. L.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *More About Pets— The Feminine Touch*

EVER since my dog story appeared here a couple of weeks ago, mildly suggesting a certain lack of news in that quarter, I have been stumbling over fine new animal gadgets in every second shop in town; and isn't it always the same? Stern, for instance, is the proud distributor of a dog's medi-



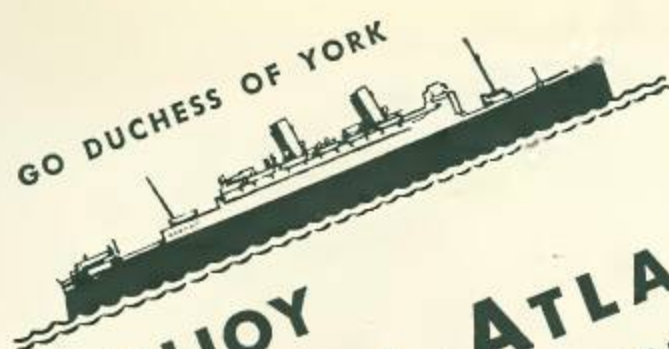
THIS season the collection of Mrs. Franklin, Inc. achieves a completeness that has never been quite possible before . . . for now the Franklin hand-knit garments, in all their unique practicality and comfort, interpret almost every phase of authentic, current fashions. . . . The light-weight wool dress shown is typical of the collection. It is hand knit, of course, and with the scarf is priced at \$50.

*Mrs. Franklin, Inc.*

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GOLF TENNIS DANCING FISHING  
SWIMMING RIDING SHOOTING (Clay Pigeon)

cine chest: a little doll's-size wall cabinet with two shelves inside, and a dog figure perched on top to keep people from getting mixed up. You get equipment with this: Mercurochrome, gauze bandages, absorbent cotton, and two empty bottles to hold eye-wash and things, all for \$2.95. Then Saks-Fifth Avenue comes through with these: An over-stuffed armchair bed, kapok-filled (that means it's washable and dries fast), flea-proofed, covered with plain-colored upholstery fabrics in a good range of colors. Arms and back let down to make cleaning easy; prices are \$12.50 to \$15.75, depending on size, and for \$5.75 extra they throw in a wood frame which lifts the whole thing off the floor out of drafts, and makes it look like a kind of low-slung Morris chair. I trust my public does not have to be told that it isn't very bright to buy a little tiny one for a three-months-old puppy because he looks cute in it. . . . Another bed: you have to have a good side-view portrait of your pet for this one, because the bed-ends are made from it. What they do is cut out a pair of life-size silhouettes of the dog in wood, and then paint in the details, all in their correct colors. These figures become the ends of a wooden bed with a removable mattress. I suppose it all keeps the darling from getting lonesome and miserable at night. A Scottie bed, complete with bedding, costs \$24; other kinds are priced in proportion. . . . A dog's table: simply a low platform of painted wood with a depression in the middle to hold the food dish, so that he doesn't get his vegetables all over the floor when he eats, the little piggy; \$5.50. . . . This one is a fine, sensible idea for indulgent masters who love their furniture as well as their four-footed friends: generous squares of natural linen, neatly bound in a color, for tucking into the seat of the animal's favorite living-room chair—the one he likes to curl up in with a good bone. These are \$1.75, and well worth the trouble. It might be even smarter of you to have some of them made up in your chairs' own fabrics the next time you have any re-upholstering done.

**E**VEN Hammacher, Schlemmer—145 East Fifty-seventh Street, and if I have told you once, I've told you a dozen times—even Hammacher, Schlemmer have a new dog department, carrying lots of beds, clothing, shiny instruments for grooming, harness racks, feeding bowls, and all the usuals; but then what doesn't this ami-



able establishment carry? As a matter of fact, it would do your heart good to see the way the old place is perking up for springtime, and since I am weary of animal stories why shouldn't I go into detail about it all a little bit?

For one thing, their lady window-dresser is also doing a lot of practical work around the inside of the store, with the result that all kinds of small smart items plainly showing the feminine touch are beginning to crop up among the hardware and crockery. A nice new idea for tables, for instance: a floral centre made up of three crystal cylinders in diminishing sizes, placed one inside the other, these to be filled with three different shades of the same spring flower; really new and different in effect. The cylinders come clear and in a brilliant blue. Also, a good substitute for table linen: sets of glass mats, striped alternately with mirrored bands and clear crystal. The polished wood of your table top shows through the crystal sections, looking handsome as can be. These come in sets of seven: six place mats (\$5 each) and a larger centrepiece (\$10). They can be monogrammed, if you want a little extra decoration put on.

YOU will likewise want to see the following bits, which are scattered all over the store. I will be brief about them: A fine wedding gift for a good old-fashioned sentimental couple; stemmed glasses in clear and opaque crystal, with the gentleman's name engraved on the water and cocktail sizes, and the lady's on the champagne and wine. *That* will put them in their places. . . . Real modern knitting needles; you can tell they are modern because of the shapes of the little knobs at the ends. It seems ladies are doing so much fooling around with handmade sweaters this year that something had to be done. . . . All-aluminum bath-bottle set by Russell Wright, for gentleman's bathroom; with containers for practically everything; \$18. . . . And the prize of the entire collection, a clothes brush that works on a vacuum principle, drawing incredible amounts of dust out of the very pores of your woollens and making you hang your head with shame at what you have been carrying around; \$2.50. Lots of fun for old and young, as you can see. —B. B.

TOMMY—I saw you Sun., Tues. I want to see you. Please come. MABEL.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

What's today? Thurs?



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## PANIC PORTRAITS-II

HER husband lost his job last summer, but found another position paying about a third as much as he received before. She is still very bitter about it all, and roundly condemns the same employers whose praises she sang back in the days when they were treating her husband very generously. She is ashamed of her husband for accepting the less lucrative offer, which put him in a salary class well below that of their friends. She maintains that he should have worked harder to get a place carrying a better salary. She says it doesn't pay a man to take the first job that comes along. She says she ought to know, because, after graduating from college, she took a clerical job for a few months—just for fun. One friend of her father offered her a place paying twenty dollars a week, but she waited a few days and so was able to accept a position offered by another friend, which paid twenty-two dollars a week. She is not at all secretive about her husband's misfortunes, and makes a point of mentioning them upon any occasion. If much sympathy is expressed, however, she is more than likely to burst into a fit of hysterical weeping and to cry that she is tired of having people feel sorry for her. In a surge of economy, she made herself a dress, and thereupon felt so virtuous that she went out and bought three more dresses, as a sort of reward. She never wears the homemade one except when her husband is with her. He detests it, but doesn't say anything.

—JOHN C. EMERY

## ON READING OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

I never envy Ovid, no;  
He never knew the radio;

He didn't even ever own  
Pajamas or a telephone.

He never cosied cheek to cheek  
With Julia in a quiet speak,

Nor did he park a bit and pet;  
They hadn't any autos yet.

His sweetie, though (the Julia  
dame),  
Contrived to live in sin and shame

With him: they were divinely bad  
On such equipment as they had!

—WILFRED J. FUNK

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## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Sir Thomas Revives the Orchestral Season—  
A Couple of Added Starters at the Metropolitan*

IMAGINE that you are at the Metropolitan to hear "Tristan und Isolde." You look at the cast. Mr. Melchior is Tristan, Mr. Bohnen is King Mark, Mr. Schorr is Kurwenal, and all of the rest are familiar except the Isolde. She is a newcomer, and her name is Lydia Pinkham. You emit or suppress a gurgling "Oops!" and however brilliant Fräulein Pinkham may be, you decline to compare her seriously with Mme. Ljungberg or Mme. Kappel.

Something like this has been the misfortune of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has taken charge of the Philharmonic-Symphony for the rest of the season, excluding the Respighi festival, which begins on Wednesday. Long ago there were flippers about the London Philharmonic, and there still are Serious Music-Lovers who argue that a man whose family attained eminence in household remedies is incapable of such classical achievements as doctoring the passions.

Like Albert Spalding, Sir Thomas long since has established a name originally identified with trade as one to be respected in music. His contributions to music in England have been so great that he could have had his title for them. As a conductor, he proved at his first concert here that he is still one of the most stimulating directors available and by far the most interesting of the various guest conductors whom the Philharmonic-Symphony has invited to help out in this season of tribulation.

ON the morning of his season's debut, Sir Thomas, it is reported, conducted a rehearsal so enthusiastically that he lost his footing on the Carnegie Hall podium and fell on his own. This mishap accounted for his slow-paced entrance and the precautionary railing which was placed about him; but only his abundant vitality and his genuine musicianship can account for the spirited performances which he extracts from his players.

Balakireff's "Thamar," a precursor of "Scheherazade," historically and sometimes thematically, started off the evening agreeably if not stupendously. One of the Haydn "London" symphonies followed, and here Sir Thomas upset a current practice by playing it

with almost all of the orchestra instead of sending fifty men out to smoke. They'll be celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of Haydn's birth in a few weeks, unfortunately, but it would be acceptable if everybody treated the composer as well as Sir Thomas does. A singularly lucid and dramatic exposition of "Ein Heldenleben" completed the show, which Sir Thomas conducted without score.



SIR THOMAS does not suffer from inhibited gestures. He sways, he crouches, he rolls invisible cigarettes, he dances polkas, and he throws out runners from deep right field. When there are many cues to be given, he resembles a broiling executive punching buttons on his desk. All of this is exciting to behold—and the result is equally exciting to hear. Few conductors can equal Sir Thomas in building the structure of a composition and in modelling the details. Whether he succeeds with exercises or with reticence is immaterial. He succeeds; and he doesn't make his success at the expense of the composer.

BY way of supplementing its roster of tenors, the Metropolitan now offers Francesco Merli, whom you may have heard in the Columbia records of "Il Trovatore." His début in "Aïda" corroborated the discs. Signor Merli has a fine voice, slightly used but by no means stale, and he knows all the tricks. He has high tones to fling at the boxes and suavity to beguile the standees. His acting sets no new standards and doesn't fall below the prevailing ones, if that's possible. A useful man to have around an opera house, this tenor—and he may prove to be more than that after his introductory nervousness has been left in his dressing-room.

Another newcomer is Arthur Anderson of New Philadelphia, Ohio, a bass who sang first at a Sunday-night concert and later was the Donner of an uncut "Rheingold." Mr. Anderson has a genuinely enjoyable voice, a complete absence of the usual basso woofs, and he seems to know what he is doing on the stage. I have a notion that Mr. Gatti-Casazza has made a valuable acquisition in this young sing-



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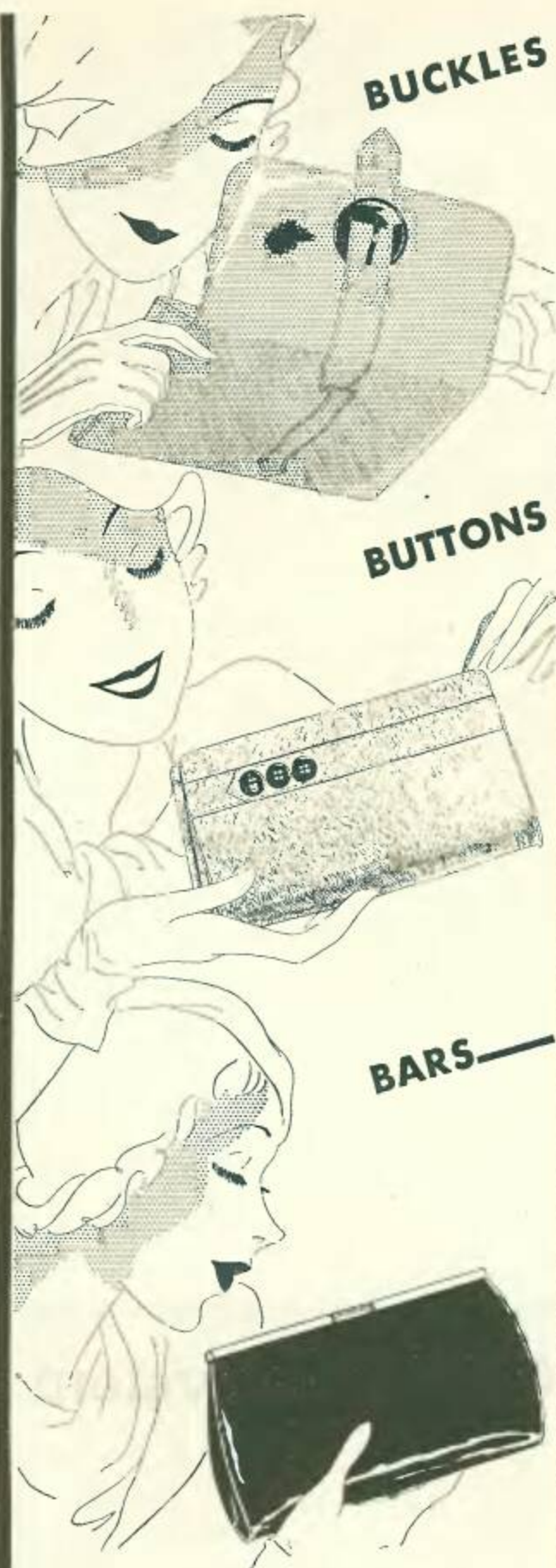
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er, and I hope that he won't be kept  
in cellophane too long. —R. A. S.

### POPULAR RECORDS

*An Assortment  
From Overseas*



FOR many of us, Richard Tauber remains a voice on a phonograph record, for it's on the phonograph that he sings the ditties in which he hasn't much competition. If you want to hear him get classical with Schubert in a concert, that's for you to decide. Other singers get classical with Schubert; but only Tauber gets classical with Stolz and Spoliansky.

The most sensational of the newest Tauber trophies is a doubling of Spoliansky's "Leben Ohne Liebe" with a waltz called "Sei Mir Gegrüsst." "Leben Ohne Liebe" exists also in a smart performance by Marlene Dietrich, released about a year ago; the Tauber interpretation is sheer lush, ranging from meaningful sighs to slam-bang top notes. Dr. Weissmann's orchestra participates in the excitement, and if ever there was a sure-fire disc, it's this offering (Odeon 4996). Contemporary with it is a set of songs from "Liebeskommando" written by the ubiquitous Stolz. If the picture is as good as "Ich Möchte Einmal Wieder Verliebt Sein," one of the best of Stolz waltzes, you might arrange to look at it if it ever arrives here. You'll find the music on Odeon 4997.

"DAS LIED IST AUS," another Stolz score, is prospering at the Europa Theatre, and its theme song has the distinction of having been an interpolation in Mr. Broun's revue, where it was known as "Don't Ask Me Why." There are only three numbers in the piece, and all of them are significant, the most distinguished being "Adieu, Mein Kleiner Gardeoffizier," which you may hear on Victor 56064 (a foreign recording) by Liane Haid, the heroine of the film. It is matched up with "Das Lied Ist Aus," sung by Marcel Wittrisch, easily the best lyric tenor in German opera. Mr. Wittrisch also serves up the song in the film. Dr. Stolz himself conducts this record, and it is good, either as an anticipation or as a memento of the picture.

Tauber also has sung these songs, dressed up in his own manner, with

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striking effect (Odeon 4983). Some collectors regard the Tauber treatment of "Adieu, Mein Kleiner Gardeoffizier" as they look on the Caruso record of "O Paradiso." Incidentally, the leading man of "Das Lied Ist Aus," Willi Forst, introduces still another Stolz work on Odeon 11508, where he sings charmingly but without much voice "Warum Lächelst Du, Mona Lisa?" and "Du Dummer Kleiner Korporal," both from "Der Raub der Mona Lisa."

GRETA KELLER now turns up on Filmophone records (they bend, but they never break), singing "Das Lied Ist Aus" in both German and English, with "Who Am I?" in English only, for good measure (Filmophone 373). The balance between the voice and the band is uneven, and it takes a little practice to play Filmophone records properly on some machines, but Miss Keller is worth the trouble. (And that'll be all about "Das Lied Ist Aus," unless it is recorded by the Schola Cantorum and the Oratorio Society.)

There is a French semi-crooner, Jean Sorbier, who does well on Columbia DF 456 with "Souviens-toi," from a picture, "Marions-nous." On the other side, M. Sorbier has attractive assistance from Mlle. Martha Coiffier in "Ce N'était Pas Vous," an unusually agreeable melody by Richard A. Whiting, who happens to be no *musicien français*.

REPRESENTATIVES of three importers have notified me that one of the best recordings in weeks is "Hold My Hand," played by Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra (H.M.V. B 6112). The tune probably will begin to hunt you down by radio before long, and if it's played as well as it is on the record, you won't mind. The importers, however, should have listened to the additional side of the disc, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which is even better and includes a new and startling rhyme for "Germany."

If you care for English scores, don't overlook that of "Bow Bells," which has the second Mona Lisa song in this catalogue. A vivacious selection by the New Mayfair Orchestra is available (H.M.V. C 2342); and there is another by William Walker and Peggy Cochrane, two pianists who aren't afraid to vary the tempo and the dynamics. Note the Walker-Cochrane combination.

—POP

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## THE RACE TRACK

*Hialeah Left to the Flamingos—Place  
Aux Dames—A Ticket on Roan Antelope*

THE old horse player says: "I've never made any money at the winter tracks, but I've had some wonderful opportunities." This season, Florida racing had its compensation: it kept one out in the sun. Now Hialeah Park is deserted except for the pink flamingos, and Joe Widener is resting-up at Palm Beach. He walked miles at the races every day; should have worn a pedometer.

Well, it's nearly time to be moving on. Bowie. . . . The rattly trolley ride. . . . The good things from Benning track (Freddy Hopkins always has one for the opening day). . . . The conventional \$2.40 to show. And next weekend, Phar Lap runs in the handicap at Agua Caliente, which is a long way from Tropical Park. What a pity!

PERHAPS this is a ladies' year after all. In any event, I was quite wrong in opposing George Widener's Evening for the Florida Derby on the ground that nine furlongs were beyond her powers. On the contrary, she had stamina as well as speed, and won on a tight rein by five lengths or so. The Miami Jockey Club's meeting was a successful one for the Wideners: for Joe, who won only one race, but rebuilt Hialeah Park and had the satisfaction of putting on the most appreciated show I recall; and for George, who won so many races that he led the list of winning owners.

Cathop, who was my choice, was not good enough after all. He may have left his race on the track, as the saying goes, after his remarkably fast gallop a week before; although this seems excusing him too much. Lucky Tom ran abominably, as though he had worn himself out at the barrier. I thought he looked a bit drawn (certainly he was light-fleshed and carried no marked muscular development), and I was surprised at the confidence of Tom Shaw, who is such a good judge of condition. "Lucky Tom and Renaissance will run one, two," he said to me in the paddock. "Never mind Evening; Renaissance will outrun her, as he has before."

In the race it was just the other way around. However, I do not agree

with Lester Doctor, who said: "I've seen better horses than these at the dog tracks."

"DID you ever watch a more wonderful race than the one Roan Antelope ran?" an enthusiastic gentleman exclaimed earlier in the afternoon. Obviously he had backed the winner. I'm sure I would have felt the same way about it had I cashed a two-dollar ticket in the tote and been paid \$53.50, or some such amount. The extraordinary thing about the odds was that the horse had won at 27-1 two days before.

Roan Antelope, incidentally, is one of the two gray horses sired by Man o' War. J. Hazeltine Carstairs bought him as a yearling, and paid quite a high price; but Roan Antelope's influence has been far less dominating, and devastating, than that of the South African copper mine he was named after. I believe he won one race for his first owner at Saratoga in 1930, beating Red Flare—a race, by the way, that caused much raising of eyebrows.

TROPICAL PARK brought one to earth with something of a thud after the splendors of Hialeah. However, while it is a bit formal and has something of the winter-track atmosphere, it is a pleasanter place than several of our courses at home. Here the horses run for feed stakes and hotel stakes.

I might add that the two-year-olds who have been racing this winter are the kind one forgets at Saratoga. And the Honourable George says that it would be a rather refreshing novelty if Aknahton were to run in a race under his own name. —AUDAX MINOR



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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Reductio ad Absurdum*



IT is time that the heroics of war pictures be parodied, and no one is better equipped, or probably could enjoy the task better, than Howard Hughes, whose "Hell's Angels" was one of the most conspicuous films of the species. It is exactly what this man has done in his new movie at the Rivoli, "Sky Devils," and often funny in a rough and ready way the picture is. Again we have the army transport and the front lines and German camps, but this time these places serve as a background only for comics, and so far removed are we from any reality of war that the big climactic guffaw comes when one of the heroes inadvertently drops a bomb from his plane upon his own camp. A little whimsy of this sort, I suppose, would have landed Mr. Hughes and his associates in Leavenworth a few years ago; but since we have, as it were, suffered enough, it comes as a relief and somewhat of a surprise. The picture, after all, is not actually a war picture in any way, except for its setting and for the machinery its antics require, but very broad farce and burlesque, reaching back in its essentials beyond the war to the peaceful Mack Sennett era.

THAT the characteristics of its humor, the slapdash laughs it gives, also are ancient things is obvious, yet it is amazing how a little life and spirit and speed can make the old jokes still funny. Our heroes in this case fall in preposterous puddles, get knocked down by the propellers of their planes, and when they frankly declare they can't stand the army and try to desert, they find themselves on an army transport bound for France; but the mere fact that our heroes are comics is a comfort, and perhaps a bit of realism, too. The old Sergeant Quirt of "What Price Glory," William Boyd, has his chance here to burlesque his former rôle and apparently relishes the opportunity, and Spencer Tracy is one of the privates to desert, to fall in the puddles, and to bomb his own camp at last, all of which

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 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

he does with fervor. There is an old colonel (Billy Bevan), by the way, whose perfect pomposity is one of the best things in the film, giving it, perhaps, another touch of realism. I shall probably end up by describing the picture seriously as a true study of wartime conditions if I keep on at this rate. Love, I should note, is not much featured in the film, which is largely confined to the better-tempered things of life.

**P**ROWLING around for other laughs in my wan way, I found few enough; a few snorts, perhaps, in an otherwise dreary thing ominously called "Impatient Maiden," with Lew Ayres. The giggles here were not inspired by the furor of Front Lines but by the behavior of the mad in an insane ward of a hospital, and especially by an X-ray study of Mae Clarke's esophagus with a safety pin in it. That, you can see, would be very droll. You may gather that the story deals with the love of an interne, who with strange gallantries, and what some might call familiarities, woos his lady, and wins her. He is a rather peevish interne at times, though, saying unkindly of that Miss Una Merkel—one of those Southern delights the films have taken up—that her mouth is open so much her tonsils are sunburned.

The medical world, incidentally, has been much honored of late by the attentions of the movies. The new Barthelmess picture, "Alias the Doctor," with Barthelmess as a surgeon who pauses for a brief prayer over each patient on the operating table, makes some sensational to-do over the paraphernalia of surgery. The camera can do a lot with the apparatus of anesthetics, but unfortunately it is mostly employed for a tedious narrative of people who seem less interesting even than hot-water bags. I am inclined to class "Strangers in Love"—an odd title—as having about the same degree of interest, although the intermittent appearances of Stuart Erwin as the toughish friend of the hero provided me with some of those laughs I seem so starved for now, and relieved the agonizing predicaments in which Kay Francis and Fredric March discovered themselves.

—J. C. M.

AT LIBERTY—Wall crasher, crashes one-inch solid board wall on motorcycle at speed of eighty miles per hour. Also crashes burning double wall. DAISY MAY, Box 725, Lamesa, Tex.—Adv. in the Billboard.

Another sidecar for Miss May, waiter.



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## BRIDGE FOR THREE

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The awful hush. The politely accusing glances. The criminal hoping somewhat unadvisedly that he hasn't upset the game. The steely brightness of your hostess' voice as she says it's all right because at one table they can play cutthroat. The sudden gaiety. The enthusiasm which does not sound entirely genuine. The lady who thinks dummy bridge is such fun because you don't have to worry about a partner. The knowledge that for you a good partner is almost indispensable. The expert, who is already seated at the farthest table and has grimly started shuffling. The middle table in possession of a large, resolute woman with rather savage ideas about the kind of people who don't understand signals. The sudden nervousness. The fatal indecision. The shock of realizing that because of the well-bred efficiency of other guests, the eight desirable places are now taken. The wistfulness. The melancholy. The fixed but radiant smile as you join your hostess, who is at the third table looking desperate. The stalwart gentleman, who sits beside you with an air of far too patient courtesy. The cut for deal.

THE first four hands, during which you maintain your usual conserv-

"HOLD HIM *Mother*  
*while I get a*  
*shampoo*"



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ative policy of letting somebody else do the bidding. The constant change of opponents, which you find confusing. The slam made by your hostess in no trumps. The stalwart gentleman, who says mournfully that if you'd led his suit, it might have been helpful. The wholly unjustified club bid, because you think that under the circumstances you'd be happier playing with the dummy. The exhilaration because of the fact that nobody else can possibly mind if you find it entertaining to lose. The piratical mood. The carefree abandon. Your hostess, who observes casually that in the last few hands you've gone down eleven hundred points. The stalwart gentleman, who explains, as if to a retarded child of six, some of the more familiar rules for bidding. The collapse. The depression. The small, hopeless bids just to show you're not offended. The conviction that if they'd respected you as they should, you wouldn't have been made to play at this table. The furtive calculations, because if this keeps on much longer you won't be able to pay your taxi fare, and will probably be allowed to walk home.

The clink of highball glasses. The rising surge of conversation. The groping for your purse. The score, which is terrible. The difficulty in deciding who pays whom. The bitter, unescapable conclusion that you pay everybody. Your hostess, who is the principal winner and in some embarrassment refuses to accept a penny. The stalwart gentleman, who has never been the sort to take advantage of incompetents and mental defectives. The formal protest. The secret gratitude. The spiritual loneliness and the feeling that you won't be asked again, but does it matter? The leave-taking. Your astonishment when your hostess, in tones of deep emotion, thanks you for being so helpful. The expert, who nobly offers to drive you home. Your prompt acceptance because a similar offer from the stalwart gentleman would be more than you feel able to bear.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

A STENOGRAPHER with recent dictophone experience desired; temporary, \$2.10 a day; probably last about one week; must also entertain women customers and smoke with them. Give telephone number, appearance, experience, speed. O.V.H., Transcript.—Adv. in the Boston Transcript.

Sounds as though it mightn't even last a day.

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## BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

## Big Game

IT was after reading "Sea and Sardinia" that Mabel Dodge Luhan decided she'd simply have to have D. H. Lawrence come to live in Taos. You know, that art colony down in New Mexico. (It's in her new book, "Lorenzo in Taos," published by Knopf, that she tells all this.) "Here," she thought with a charming ingenuousness, "is the only one who can really see this Taos country and the Indians, and who can describe it so that it is as much alive between the covers of a book as it is in reality." Mabel Dodge Luhan herself had spent some years in Taos, seeing the country and the Indians; she had lots of ideas about them, but she couldn't set them down. That was to be Lawrence's job. So she sent him a long letter rolled up like

a papyrus, Indian fashion, enclosing an Indian necklace for Frieda, his wife, a few leaves of *desachey*, and a piece of *osha* root—both of which last, according to the Indians, have certain magical powers.

Soon afterward, having digested this curious missive, Lawrence replied. He said he'd nibbled the root and found it tasted like licorice. He asked, in a sort of by-the-way manner, who his fair correspondent was. He said he liked the name of Taos—sounded a little like Taormina, where he was living at the moment—and he really thought he might come over there some time.

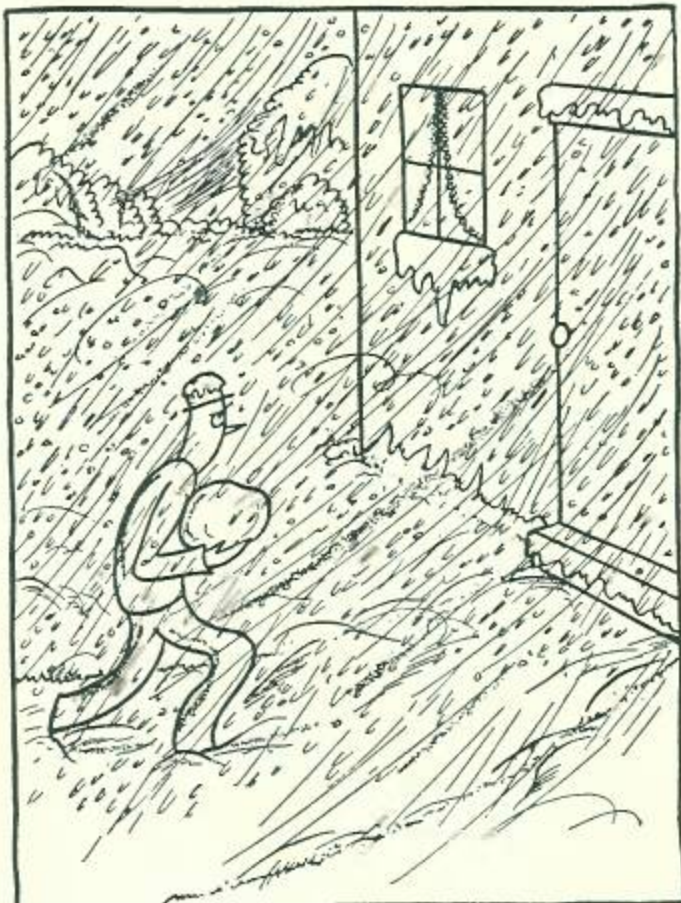
For the next few months, letters passed rapidly back and forth. Under her persistent urging, Lawrence was weakening. He asked about the climate, if the place was full of "arty" people, how much would it cost him to live down there; finally, he said he'd come, in January. Mabel Dodge Luhan began readying up a sort of cottage on the grounds of her estate. The Lawrences were to live there, and, in a jolly feudal fashion, take their meals with her in the big house.

At the last minute, though, it seemed they'd elude her. They went to the Orient—India, Ceylon, and so on. Mabel Dodge Luhan tried mental telepathy. "Before I went to sleep at night," she explains, describing her method, "I drew myself all in to the core of my being where there is a live, plangent force lying passive—waiting for direction. Becoming entirely that, moving with it, speaking with it, I

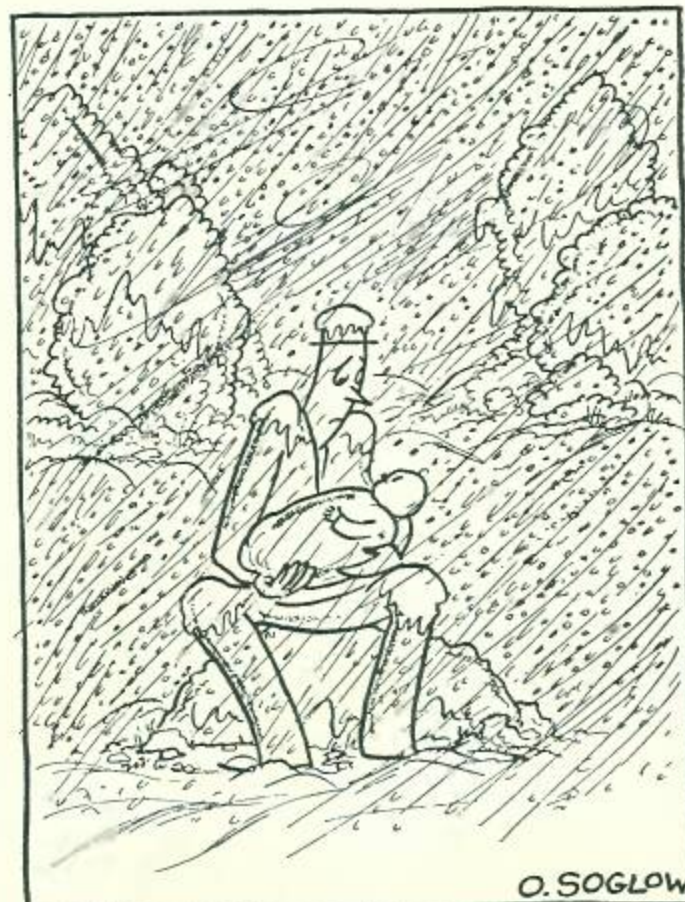
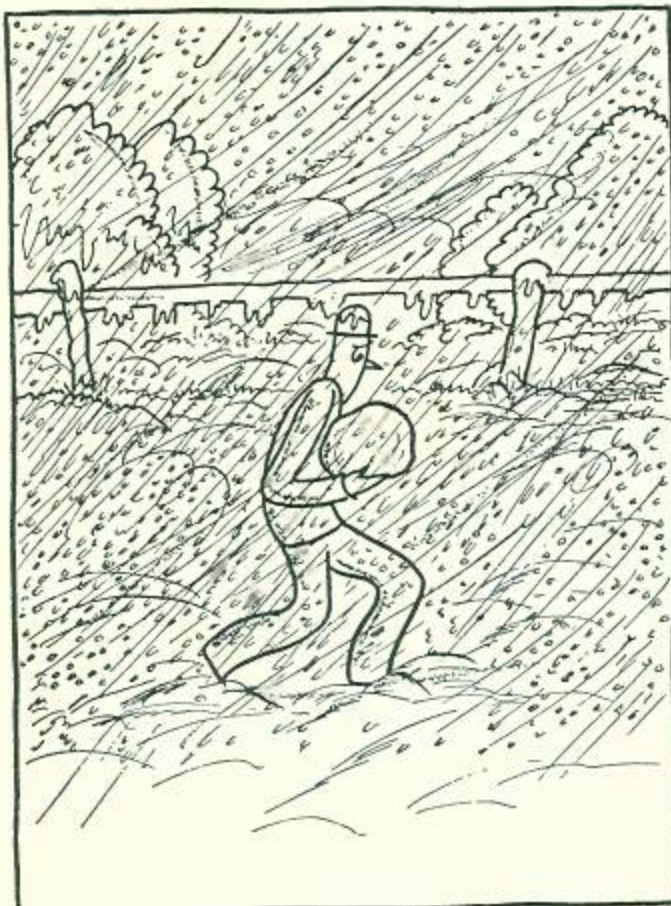
leaped through space, joining myself to the central core of Lawrence, where he was in India, in Australia. . . . Come, Lawrence! Come to Taos!" she would cry. And at last, late in 1922, Lawrence came.

IF I've spent so much space on what may seem to be only the preparations for the Lawrences' stay in Taos, it's because I think it's one of the most important parts of the episode. All hunters will tell you it's the stalking of the game that's hard, that calls for cleverness, and in the case of the literary lion this is particularly true; once you've captured him, he'll usually eat out of your hand. Mrs. Luhan's story, however, is of a lion who refused to be tamed, who in response to her gentlest advances merely growled.

Hardly had the Lawrences settled in their little cottage before troubles began. The first day (which was also almost the last) of Lawrence's collaboration with Mrs. Luhan is a painful episode, which you'll have to read to appreciate—that is, if you ever do bother to get hold of the book. Her simple efforts to amuse her guests were equally disastrous. There was the evening when she'd got some really tony people in for dinner—George Creel and so on—and there was no telling how much help they might be to Lawrence in his career later on. Well, she had dressed in her best for the occasion, but through the merest over-



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1832-1932

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sight had forgotten to warn Frieda, Lawrence's wife, that it was a special party. The result was that poor Frieda came looking her worst and was intensely uncomfortable, and Lawrence, noticing it, was disagreeable to everybody—wound up, in fact, by practically insulting Mr. Creel, right to his face!

Then, too, there were the times when they went riding together. Mrs. Luhan, as hostess, seems to have reserved the best horse for herself. Frieda, who couldn't ride very well anyway, was given the slowest-gaited. Many were the sharp gallops, then, that she (Mrs. Luhan) and Lawrence had across the desert together—until one day he happened to glance back and see Frieda, exhausted and almost shaken to bits, miserably trailing them. And the next time that Mrs. Luhan struck spurs to her horse, and with a wave of the hand and a laughing challenge dashed gaily off over the sands, she discovered to her mortification that she was galloping alone.

SUCH things as these, to a patroness of the arts, can be disagreeable. They seem to have been equally so to the Lawrences, who were soon again in flight. They removed first to a ranch in the hills, some distance away, and stayed there a while, refusing all invitations to come down; finally, they packed up and were off to Italy again—or perhaps the ultimate end came when Lawrence died, leaving some few a little sadder, and Mrs. Luhan with enough very personal reminiscence and a sufficient number of hitherto unpublished letters (though mostly of the "sorry, but we can't come this week-end" sort) to make a book.

It is, as I hope I've made clear, a very curious book. If you happen to read it, you'll surely learn a lot about life in an art colony, with its jealousies, its bitternesses, its strange people being clever and coy, its cutthroat feuds. You'll probably emerge with a definite opinion on the Lawrence-Luhan im-

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broglie, though you'll be amused by Mrs. Luhan's version of it. You'll undoubtedly be amazed that anyone, under the circumstances, should have written and published such a book as this.

But, more than anything else, you'll be struck by the stunningly vivid picture it gives (though this, of course, wasn't Mrs. Luhan's intention) of the things a man of genius has to put up with, and how intrinsically helpless he is against them.

THERE is also "Apocalypse," which the Viking Press publishes with an introduction by Richard Aldington—just another book Lawrence managed to write, though not, I believe, while staying at Mrs. Luhan's. At any rate, it's not one of his best. In his later life, Lawrence became increasingly preoccupied with biblical legend and history. This last work of his is an attempt to explain, both historically and interpretively, the apocalyptic or prophetic passages of the Book of Revelation in the Old Testament. It is evidently sincerely studied, and well founded historically, but one can't help feeling that its contemporary attitude merely ends by making it a kind of Book of Revelation itself, preaching the Lawrentian doctrine of the emotions as a religion in themselves. Also, one can't quite get over the oddity of finding so fine a novelist as Lawrence was turned preacher in the end. —R. M. C.

NEW YORKER readers may be interested to know that Knopf has published "Blueberry Pie," by Thyra Samter Winslow, a collection of short stories, some of which originally appeared in this magazine.

LADY: Wit you well, there was once a Noble Knight—who rode on quest adventurous—down by Camelot. He loved his ladye right masterfully and imprisoned her in the Castle Joyous. Me seemeth he was as no other Knight, full handsome was he in his shining armour and well versed in deeds mighty of spear and sword. Hast thou found such a Knight? Thus would I know. NOBLE. —*London Post*.

Hast we? We'll say we hast, baby!

#### HOTCHACHA DEPARTMENT

[From the Pittsburgh Courier]

Isabel Washington, irresistible in her charm, beauty and intrepidity, is rapturously intrinsic in every motive.

YOU ALWAYS  
SHOW OFF  
YOUR TEMPER  
WHEN YOU  
PLAY BRIDGE...

WHY DO  
YOU TALK  
SO MUCH  
WHEN I WANT  
TO SLEEP...

*But the mistake wasn't the bridge game . . . it was  
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MANY people go out of their way to find the reason why they don't sleep at night. When all the time, it's right at their own table. That's why modern hostesses are now serving a coffee that lets you sleep—Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—at all their entertainments.

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## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

### FICTION

THE PURITAN, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). A very interesting novel, beginning in a Dostoevski mood and ending in an astonishing flight of purely Irish mysticism, about a young murderer and his doom.

HOSPITAL, by Rhoda Truax (*Dutton*). The tale of a young surgeon and his love, interesting chiefly for its "inside" descriptions of hospital life.

THE DEVIL IN THE FLESH, by Raymond Radiguet, translated by Kay Boyle (*Harrison Smith*). The first English translation of a novel, written about 1920, more talked-of perhaps than any other published in France since the war.

CITY BLOCK, by Waldo Frank (*Scribner*). A new printing of another of the postwar classics, until now out of print.

THE BRONTËS WENT TO WOOLWORTH'S, by Rachel Ferguson (*Dutton*). A fragile but delightful fantasy on the lives, both make-believe and real, of three sisters.

NOVEMBER, by Gustave Flaubert, translated by Frank Jellinek (*Roman Press*). A rather young-Wertherish novel written in Flaubert's adolescence and never before published in English translation. Obviously youthful in its attitude, but written with precision and grace. Well worth reading.

RACKETY RAX, by Joel Sayre (*Knopf*). What happens when the gangsters take over football. A very amusing burlesque, with all the elements of true satire.

BRAVE NEW WORLD, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another satiric novel, presenting a brilliantly worked out picture of what life will be like when Science does rule the world.

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE, by Kenneth Burke (*Harcourt, Brace*). A study of a man gone mad through too much thinking; very "modern" in treatment, but extremely interesting.

THE SAGINAW PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens (*Knopf*). Further adventures of the Hercules of the woods, as lusty, colorful, and delightful as ever.

DOCTOR KERKHOVEN, by Jacob Wassermann, translated by Cyrus Brooks (*Liveright*). A long and soundly constructed novel—very pessimistic, but also very interesting—of a doctor and his losing struggle against the world and its ills.

WEEP NO MORE, by Ward Greene (*Harrison Smith*). A bright, rapid tale of Southern suburbia, the inhabitants of which have forsaken chivalry and turned to hard drinking, with disastrous results.

THAT AMERICAN WOMAN, by Alec Waugh (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A tale of a young British author (usually it would be a Frenchman, but there are hints that this is partly autobiographical) who is led a merry dance by one of those coldly selfish American ladies.

MR. DARBY, by Martin Armstrong (*Harcourt, Brace*). An elderly English clerk with the soul of a Tartarin of Tarascon comes into a fortune and embarks on a riot of adventures. An immensely appealing and amusing book.

### MYSTERIES

THE SECOND OMNIBUS OF CRIME, edited by Dorothy L. Sayers (*Coward McCann*). The most interesting of the recent mystery anthologies, covering a wide enough range to pamper almost any prejudices.

MISS PINKERTON, by Mary Roberts Rine-



### When The Big Boys Played "Marbles"

In the days before contract bridge—1732—three citizens put their money together and hired Bowling Green for about \$5.00 a year. It was a lot of money to tie up in real estate, but then they were good sports and they simply *had* to have a place.

Queer how sportsmen still "flock together"! Today, not far from Bowling Green—at Tebo—one finds the finest collection of yachts owned by America's most prominent yachtsmen. Some are in for repair or conversion—still others are being reconditioned for the coming season. What are *your* plans?

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