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## 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 thatinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway. Conditions being what they are, some of the shows may have closed by the time you read this.)

## PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland-You wouldn't think that so much could be done with the Carroll book without hurting it. It is practically as you learned
it, even to the pictures. Eva Le Gallienne and it, even to the pictures. Eva Le Gallienne and
her company have done themselves proud. Performances every Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eve.; and formances every Thurs, Fri., and Sat. Eve.; and
Fri. and Sat. Mats. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)
Alien Corn-A Midwestern college finds itself with a music teacher on its faculty who wants to go to Vienna. Katharine Cornell makes the music teacher a real problem to one and
all, and an excellent supporting cast makes all, and an excellent supporting cast makes Sidney Howard's play an interesting study in academic types. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.) years of an American family, showing how one years of an American family, showing how one
rebel in each generation gets nowhere. Some fine writing and quite a bit of thinking have gone into this. Douglass Montgomery, Stanley Ridges, Helen Westley, and Gale Sondergaard. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Mar. 25.)
Autumn Crocus-Sentiment and gaiety high up in the Tyrol, with Francis Lederer as the dashing innkeeper and Dorothy Gish as his chief
victim. (Morosco, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 p.M.)
Btocraphy-Ina Claire giving a witty performance in a witty play dealing with the love life of a lady artist. (Avon, 45, W. 8:30 p.m. Mat. Thurs.)
Both Your Houses-Our national government,
such as it is, shown up in its such as it is, shown up in its more humiliating aspects by following the passage of a Deficiency
Bill through the House Committee. A good thing to see. Written by Maxwell Anderson and acted by a good Theatre Guild cast, including Walter ("Virginia Judge") Kelly, Mary
Philips, and a lot of others. (Royale, $45, \mathrm{~W}$. $8: 30$ P. M.)
The Cherry Orchard-Miss Le Gallienne revives, much to the season's credit, her produc-
tion of the Chekhov play, with Nazimova in the tion of the Chekhov play, with Nazimova in the and Wed. Eve.; and Wed. Mat. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)
Dangerous Corner-What happens when people get to telling the truth about what they really Keith-Johnston. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.).
Design for Living-An evening of high entertainment for people who would like to see two men and one woman, all very clever, getting along together under one roolf without Sex-if they can. Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and the author, Noet Coward, make it a delightrul arrange-
ment. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:20 P.M. Mats. 2:25 P.M.)
DinNER AT Eight - The current Kaufman-Ferber product, showing what a lot of human interest goes into making up a dinner party. You
shouldn't regret this one. Constance Collier, Conway Tearle, Ann Andrews, Marguerite Churchill, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Forsaking All Others-Some very amusing lines and some smart comedy acting go into
this story of a bride who didn't really get married until her second try. Tallulah Bankhead comes back to Broadway with considerable éclat. (Times Square, 42, W. $8: 50$ P.M.)
Goodeye Again-A very satisfactory comedy, with many moments of gay madness, in which an author runs into an old love while on a lecture tour. With Osgood Perkins, Sally Bates, Leslie
Adams, and Hugh Rennie. (Masque, 45, W.) The Late Christopher Bean-What might happen if a recently deceased New England painter ard (from the French) with a great deal of pleasant entertainment value. Pauline Lord and Walter Connolly head a good cast. (Henry Mil. ler, 43, E. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 Р.М.)
One Sunday Afternoon-All that happens in this is that a small-town dentist discovers that his wife is better than the girl he originally wanted to marry, but it makes a very nice little play indeed and one which ought to be supported. (Little, 44, W. 8:45 p.m. Mats. $2: 45$ P.M.).
PIGEONS

Cohan, who has taken pas seul by George M. M . on its head with a play about a Man Whom Nobody Knows. No intermissions-just straight cuckoo. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:45 p.m. Closes Sat., Mar. 18.)
A Saturday Night-Peggy Wood is here seen as a wife who is thwarted in her attempt to have a little fun out of life, chiefly because she is too wrapped up in her family. Not very exciting, but pleasant. (Playhouse, 48, E.)
20 TH Century-Whatever it is that happens to
the impresario who uses the 20 th Century Limit the impresario who uses the 20th Century Limited as a casting office, the net result is a series
of hearty loud laughs at the dozens of people

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR

 OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE[THis listing covers the nine DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 25.]
who are constantly interfering. Eugénie Leontovich, Moffat Johnston, William Frawley, and others, (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.m. Mats.

## WITH MUSIC

Gay Drvorce-Just because by now you know all about divorce collusion is no reason you shouldn't or Cole Porter's very nice music. (Shubert, 44, W.)

Melody-George White's prodigal production of a good, old-fashioned musical comedy, with good, old-fashioned music by Romberg and a rather nice air about the whole thing. Everett Marshall, Evelyn Herbert, Walter Woolf, Hal Skelly, George Houston, and Jeanne Aubert (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)
MUSIC IN THE AIR-Something for people who like sentimental, lovely music, with not too many Natalie Hall, Tullio Carminati, Walter Slezak, Katherine Carrington, and Al Shean. (Alvin 52, W.)
Strike Me Pink-A big, handsome show, with Jimmy Durante as its mainstay, assisted by Hope Williams, Lupe Velez, Hal LeRoy, and many others. The music is Brown and Henderson's and you ought to like most of it Take a Chance
Take a Chance- A series of good raucous laughs with music and dancing to match. Ethel Mer man, Jack Haley, Sid Silvers, Jack Whiting, and
Walk a Litile Faster-Beatrice Lillie, with Clark and McCullough, in a revue which is nice to look at, good to laugh at, and has an excellent
score by Vernon Duke. (Selwyn, 42, W. 8:45 score by Vernon Duke
P.M. Mats. $2: 45$

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue
far Away Horses-A comedy by Michael Birmingham and Gilbert Emery, with Leona Hogarth,


DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

PROFILES
Page
OF all things20

THE THEATRE
SHOUTS AND MURMURS
MUSICAL EVENTS
32

A REPORTER AT LARGE 44
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS
50
OVER THE WAVES
55
THE RACE TRACK
THE CURRENT CINEMA
READING AND WRITING

## THE NEW YORKER 25 WEST 45 TH STREET

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EOITOLAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Thomas Chalmers, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.) . Three-Cornered Moon-Ruth Gordon in a comLoftus, Elisha Cook, Jr., and others. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 Р.м.)

The Yale Puppeteers-"Mister Noah," Sat. and Sun.; "The Pie-Eyed Piper," Tues, and Wed.; "Caesar Julius," Thurs. and Fri. (The Puppet Show, 34 W. 46. 9 p.m. Mat. Sat. 3 P.m.)
Sunday Nights at Nine-An informal Sunday evening's entertainment, consisting of skits, dances, monologues, songs, etc. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)
For Children-The Children's Theatre, "The Sleeping Beauty": Sat. Morn., Mar. 18, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

## AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

 *Better dress, but not obligatory.Algonquin, 59 W. 44 (Volunteer 3-2500)-Supper and dancing in the Rose Room, Thurs. and Sat. Eves. only. Attractive and inexpensive; with Cookie Fairchild's orchestra, Rex Evans, and others. Should dress.
Central Park, Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)Eddy Duchin's music, Sophie Tucker, and Fontana and Coles' dancing are three good reasons for going here. Should dress.
$\mathrm{E}_{\mathrm{L}} \mathrm{G}_{\text {arrón, }} 159 \mathrm{~W} .49$ (Circle; 7-9780)-Scheduled to reopen Thurs., Mar. 16; with Pancho's dance orchestra, a tango band, songs by Georges
Metaxa, and dances by Rosita Metaxa, and dances by Rosita and Ramon.*
Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent $4-5901$ )-Supper Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent $4-5901$ )-Supper
dancing in the Grill Neptune. William Scotti's dancing in
Place Pigalle, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-5946)Desd and $m$ make this one of the Mayest spora's dance Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (Vanderbilt 3-9200)-Where you will find Guy Lombardo and his orchestra.*
St. Regrs, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)-Music by Vincent Lopez and his orchestra in the Seaglade. Should dress.
Villa Eugene, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-6000)Music by Felix Ferdinando, with dances by Charlotte and Mirez.
Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000) Jack Denny's orchestra plays, and his radio debutantes ent
supper time.
Tony Sarg's Bohemia, B'way between 52 and 53 (Circle 7.5776)-Spacious and informal, with tond Sarg's puppets, the Califormia Collegians, and Paul Tremame's orchestra.
Broadway Atmosphere-Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Columbus 5-1470), popular with the late Broadway crowd; Jerry Freeman's orchestra, Big and noisy, with an elaborate revue: ParaBig and noisy, with an elaborate revue: Para-
dise Restaurant, ${ }^{\text {B'w }}$, 49 (Circle $7-1680$ ). Greenwich Village-The Village Grove Nut
Club, 997 Ave. S. (Watkins 9-9089), with a show presided over by Jack White. . . Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy $7 \cdot 8736$ ), with Eddie and not expensive: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.
Harlem-Two places usually worth visiting are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast $5-6630$ ). Revues at about $12: 15$ and 2 A.M.

Hungarian- The Gypsy Trail, 228 W. 52 (Columbus $5-9066$ ), with Hungarian entertainers and music. ....Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), Russian Motir-The Russian Kretchma, 244 E .
14 (Tompkins Sq. 6.9784 ), featuring songs by Adia Kuznetzoft and Tamara.
Spanish Atmosphere-Fl Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646).... El Gaucho, Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646).
Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836).
Notes on Dance Orchestras-Harold Stern plays in the Supper Room of the Biltmore, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920).*.. . Leon Belasco is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800). Sat. Eves. only, in the Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000).*.O.Ozzie Nelson is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker
8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000)... You wili - 6.5000 ) Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . Bert 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle $7-8000$ ) ( Barnet plays at the Hotel Paramount Grill, 235 W .46 (Chickering 4-7560).
Places requiring membership-George Lavin's orchestra plays at the attractively decorated Casino Town Club, 9 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-7826). Must dress. . Harry Rosenthal provides the music at the Embassy Club, 151 Pancho plays for the Mayfair Club, in the Crys-

The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $\$ 5.00$. Vol. IX, No. 5, March. 18, 1933. Entered as second-class
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The tailored-dress-with-jacket for spring! Dress . . . creamy-beige, with slit raglan sleeves, with casual rolled collar. Jacket . . . chocolate brown, straight, swagger, equipped with pockets. And there's something pretty special about Kylu Crepe, the fabric in the case. This suit costs but $\$ 16.75$, and that goes for the gray with navy, and the blue with navy too. The Sports Shop, second floor, Franklin Simon \& Company, Fifth Avenue and 38 th Street. . . . Kylu is a finely pebbled crepe with a chalky dull surface, made by Bloomsburg Silk Mill. It's woven of Seraceta Strands of Fashion, product of The Viscose Company, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FRANKLIN SIMON \& COMPANY

## (Continued from page 2 )

tal Room of the Ritz-Carlton, every Sat. Eve

## MOTION PICTURES

Cavalcade-Noel Coward's spectacle of twentiethcentury England, with Diana Wynyard and of the year. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; $2: 45$ and $8: 45$ P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. at 11:30 P.M., and Sun. at 5:45 P.m.)
A farewell to Arms - The Hemingway novel screened with considerable beauty and vitality. Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50 ; Tues, through Thurs., Mar. 21-23; continuous from 2 P.M.
2ND STREET-Broadway backstage life again, with Some tunes and dances, Warner Baxter, and Bebe Daninuous from 11 A.M.). Rasputin and the Empress- The sad, bad days of the Romanoff court, with Ethel Barrymore as
the Czarina. John and Lionel are also present. (Astor, B'way at 45: $2: 50$ and 8:50 P.M. daily. May have closed: see daily papers.)
SHE DONE HIM WRONG-Mae West as a Bowery siren of the nineties. Fun for the mature. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42 ; continuous from 11 A.m.) sented, with a touch of play, very well presented, with a touch of romance. (Plaza,
58 , E. of Madison; Fri., Mar. 17; continnous from 1 P.M.)
Topaze-The pleasantly cynical comedy of Paris and its ways, showing John Barrymore at his movie best as an elderly and erudite professor. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Mar. $18-20$; continuous from 1 P.M.)
${ }_{52}$ Memovies for children. (Lenox Little Theatre, ${ }_{3: 45}^{52}$ E. 78; Fri., Sat., and Sun. at $2: 15$ and

Also recommended if you run across them: "Maedchen in Uniform," the German picture
of life at a girls' school; "Rome Express," an of life at a girls' school; "Rome Express," an overnight trip, complicated by crime, passion, and
a touch of mystery, with Esther Ralston and a touch of mystery, with Esther Ralston and
Conrad Veidt.

Secrets-Scheduled to open Wed., Mar. 15; with Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. (Rivoli,

## ART

Chase-Paintings by one of the best of the academic virtuosos, who died in 1916: Newto 6 p.m.; through Sat., Mar. 25 .
Contemporary Americans-Interesting show containing work by Sloan, Pach, Glackens, and others: Kraushaar, 6805 Ave. Open weekdays
10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . Opening of an additional 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Opening of an additional
gallery for American artists: Macbeth, temporgallery for American arti
ary addition at 19 E. 57.
Foran-Paintings, water colors, and drawings: Museum of French Art, 22 E. 60. Open week days 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun.
RANKL-Twenty drawings by an artist better 14 E. 57 . Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 25.
French Moderns-Thirteen new canvases, including a Renoir, a Cezanne, and a Picasso, that would almost justify a special visit by
themselves: Marie Harriman, 61 E . 57 . Open themselves: Marie Harriman
weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.
weekdays 10 A.m. to 6 P.M. and possibly to the success of the Knoedler show on the same subject: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 Grosz-Water colors by an artist whose charm in this medium will surprise those who remember only the bitter commentary of his expressionistic black-and-whites: An American. Group, Bar-bizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at $58 . .$. Original drawings and lithographs by Grosz: Raymond \& Raymond, 40 E. 49. Both open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.
painter whe pome not shown before, by a painter who was one of the most influential
teachers of his time: Macbeth 15 E .57, Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mar. 18 . ${ }^{2}$. Horses-International horse show, without regard for age, blood, or pedigree, all of which should please horse-lovers and some of which should please those who fancy art: Knoedler, 14 E .
57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Mon. Mar. 20. (Admission fifty cents, benefit of Memorial Hospital Social Service.)
Photographs-Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Ktrurt Baasch, influenced by Stieglitz and Julien Levy, 602 Madison; through Sat Mar 18. Pictorial photographs by Dr. Max Thorek: The Camera Club, 121 W. 68.
Prasso- Work of various periods by the playboy
who is also 69 E .57 . Open weekdays 10 a prine of palentine, Roy-A new exhibition by a witty and provocative painter who walks behind-and sometimes in front-of the banners of Surréalisme: Brum-
mer, 53 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 25.]

Sterne-Retrospective show of Maurice Sterne, 1902-1932; full of painting whose grace and sincerity entitle it to one's respect, if not to ecstasies of laudation: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 . Open weekdays $10 \mathrm{~A} . \mathrm{m}$. to 6 ALTON-Sculpture by an
distinction who enriches antist of talent and aginative appropriateness: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open 10 A.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., Mar. 18.
WATER Colors-Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.-Nineteenth- and twenticth-century American, including Homer, Sargent, Prendergast, Cikovsky, Marin, etc.: Milch, 108 W. 57. . . Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57.
Whitney Museum-Paintings and prints by Chicago artists. The strong indigenous culture pretations prairies, as revealed in sund VinterChelsea, and Woodstock; but saved from utter mediocrity by occasional pictures, such as those
of Storrs, Wood, and McCosh: $10 \mathrm{~W}, 8$ Open of Storrs, Wood, and McCosh: 10 W.
weekdays
(except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6
P. M weekdays (except Mon.) ${ }^{10}$ A.M. to ${ }^{6}{ }^{\text {P.M. }}$.;
Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Mar. 29. Misceilaneous-Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.-Paintings by Jean Blair: John Becker, 520 Madison. . . Paint60; through Sat., Mar. 18. . . P Portraits by Harrington Mann: Seligmann, $3^{\circ}$ E. $51.1^{\circ}$. operative, $559 \quad 5$ Ave.; through Wed., Mar. 22. . Cartoons by William Allen Rogers and stage designs by Sergei Soudekine: New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42 . . . Ex-
hibition and sale of works by needy New York hibition and sale of works by needy New York
artists: Hotel Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; through Sartists: Hotel ${ }^{\text {Har }}$

## MUSIC

${ }_{3}$ (Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at

## RECITALS

Josef Hofmann-Postponed from earlier in the season and worth waiting for: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 19.
Serge Rachmaninoff-Third and last, but probTues, Eve, Mar, of his concerts: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 21, at $8: 15$.
ore Ans that won' bore you, and that's a lot: Town Hall, Tues,
Fritz Kreister-His fin
maybe there is a ticket for the season, and Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 24.

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony - Toscanini conduct ing: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 17, at $2: 30$ 24, at 2:30: Sat. Eve Mar 25 , $8 \cdot 45$ Mar Children's Concert, Schelling conducting (last this season): Carnegie Hall, conducting (last 18, at 11 .
intercollegiate Glee Club Contest-Towi Museum Concerts-Mannes conducting: Metro politan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 18 and 25, at 8. (Admission free, but get there early!
Dun. Eve., Mar. 19 . Sun. Eve., Mar. 19.
pianist; and the Hall With Walter Gieseking, pianist; and the Hall Johnson Choir: Met
politan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Mar. 21.

## OPERA

Metropolitan-Special post-season performances,
For the benefit of the $O$ pera Fund: "Manon," For the benefit of the Opera Fund: "Manon," with Bori and Crooks, Fri. Eve., Mar. 17, at 8. For the Milk Fund: Act II of "Lakmé,"
with Pons, and "The Emperor Jones," with with Pons, and "The Emperor Jones," with

## ON THE AIR

Charlie Chan-Mystery chinoise , with Walter Connolly substituting "IT"s for " r " s and solv ing the ploblem: Fri. Eves, at $7: 30$, WJZ. the day's doings, done with sound and fury of signifying something: Fri. Eve., Mar. 17, at
$8: 30$, WABC.

The Inside Story-E. C. Hill makes his visitors Tell All, while Nat Shilkret plays excellent music. This week, Ely Culbertson on the stand; next week, Joe Cook: Fri. Eves., Mar. 17 and 24, at $9: 30, \mathrm{WABC}$.
Indoor Tennis-Finals of Men's National Championships: Sat. Aft., Mar. 18, at 2, WABC. Eddie Cantor-High-power joking and hoking, A Mron Rumorrs maker: Sund-Mocern music played its Giroucho and Chico MarX-More about Horsepower, Whippet \& Horsepower, or whatever the law firm's name is this week: Mon. Eves. Kzller, SARGENT, $_{\text {and }}$ AN Ross-Continental intimacies by three singers, one of whom helps out magnificently at the pianoforte: Tues, and
Thurs. Eves, at $7: 30, ~ W A B C$. Thurs. Eves, at $7: 30$, WABC.
Ben Bernir-Der alte, maestro und seine Knaben:
Tues. Eves. at 9 WEAF. Tues. Eves. at 9, WEAF.
Tues Eves $0-0.0$ and so-so, but mostly comical: FANNY BrIce--Second-hand Rose, but few secondhand whimsies, with music for dancing by Burns and Alien- She knows al WEAF. but none of the questions, and Guy Lombardo's boys help out: Wed. Eves, at 9:30, WABC. Captain Hfnry's Show Boat-Good music mixed with talky-talk, the music winning: Thurs. Eves.
at 9 WEAF at 9, WEAF.
ack Pearl-Sharlie will be there, too So will Singing- Nino Martini, Fri, and Whe WEAF, Singing - Nino Martini, Fri. and Wed. Eves. at
11, WABC Rosa Ponselle, Sun. Eve., Mar. 19, at 9 , WEAF Ponselle, Sun Croc., Mon. Eve., Mar. 20, at $8: 30$, WEAF $\ldots$ Ruth Etting, Mon, and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WABC. except Sat. and Sun., at $6: 45$, WJZ; Sun. at 5, WEAF. . Boake Carter, every evening, except Sat. and Sun., 7:45, WABC C. Hill, Mon. and Wed. Eves. at 10:30, WABC. Smphony Concerts - Walter Damrosch's Mu17 and 24 , at 11 , Weries: WEAF-WI. Morns., Mar. harmonic-Symphony Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 18, at 11,
WABC. . Little Symphony, James conducting: Sat. Eves. at $7: 30$, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Sat. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8:15, WABC. . . Boston Symphony, ${ }^{\text {Koussevitzky conducting: }}$ Mar. 18 , at $8: 15$, WJZ. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8:15, WJZ. © icting: PhilharmonicSymphony, Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft.,
Mar. 19 , at 3 , WABC. Piano-Playing - Brodsky and Triggs: Sun. Aft., giotti: Sun. Eve., Mar. 19, at $7: 30$, WABC. . . Ernest Hutcheson: Sun. Eve., Mar. 19 at $10: 15$, WABC. 9 . Josef Lhevinne: Wed.
Eve., Mar. 22, at $9: 30$, WEAF.

## SPORTS

Boxing-At Madison Square Garden: Ben Jeby 15 rounds, Fri. Eve., Mar. 17; preliminaries at $8: 30$ P.M.
ENCING-Foils, Women's Team Championship: ENCING-Foils, Women's Team Championship:
Fencers Club, 320 E. 53 , Wed. Eve., Mar. 22, at 7:30.
Hockey-Games at Madison Square Garden, 8:45 p.M.: Rangers vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Mar. 19; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Mar.
21; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Mar.
23.
nooor Polo-At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8 -Two National hibition.
At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn, Sat. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8:30-Squadron C vs. N.Y.A.C. (Class B); and Aknusti vs. Allenhurst.
Indoor Tennis -Men's National Championships, Singles and Doubles: Seventh Reg't Armory Park at 66; last two days, Fri. and Sat., Mar. WRestuing-At M.M.
restling-At Madison Square Garden, Mon
Eve., Mar. 20; preliminaries at $8: 15$,

## OTHER EVENTS

Flower Show-The big annual display opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon. Mar. 20, at 2 P.M., and continues daily, 10 Public Balis-The Spring Ball, for the benefit of the Babies' Hospital: Pierre, Tues. Eve.,
Mar. sociation for the Aid of Crippled Children Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Mar. 24.
Auctions-At the American-Anderson Galleries.
Madison at 57-Period furniture Madison at 57 -Period furniture, tapestries Oriental rugs, silver, porcelain, etc.: Fri. and
Sat. Afts., Mar. 17 and 18 at 2.15 British and French paintings and American landscapes: and French paintings and Ame
Thurs. Fve., Mar. 23, at $8: 15$.
At Rains Auction Rooms, 3 E. 53 Eighteenth-century English furniture, echina and furnishings: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Mar. $23-25$, at 2 .


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## Notes and Comment

ONE of the many things we like about our countrymen is that they allow nothing to interrupt the sporting side of their character. About fifteen thousand of us celebrated the first day of the six-day national bank grind by attending the last day of the six-day bike race at the Garden. We ourself managed to get a front-row seat, where the wind from the passing Georgetti was as exciting as the breath of spring, and where the nation's panic could be sublimated. The crowd simply felt that if Letourner and Debaets could take it for six days, so could they.

On the next six-day bank holiday, we think the government ought to give

depositors a break: every depositor should have a little shanty, equipped with bed, rubbing oil, bowls of pap, spare parts, and a curtain to draw against life when, for an hour or two, he feels he can catch a cat-nap.

IN moments of deepest financial debauch we always try to maintain our essentially snobbish attitude by

reading such periodicals as Polo and Spur. We noticed in one of them, during bank holiday, an advertisement that did much to improve our morale. "Why not start a drag hunt?" the ad said. It seemed somehow like the answer. Wẹ started one right away
around the apartment; dragged the whole place till we found seventy-five cents in an old dinner jacket. As far as we could recall, we had cached it there in the vague expectancy of tipping a doorman.

$\mathrm{A}^{\text {s }}$S Walter Lippmann says, the first stages of inflation are pleasant. Converting money into property is al-

ways more fun than converting property into money. We inflated by converting fifteen cents into verse: a poet standing in front of the Public Library sold us ten poems for fifteen cents. We went away happy in the renascence of balladry in a Democratic administration, and in the thought that love time is coming on.

PARENTS of city children have grown used to the curiously inverted system of modern medical practice: the system whereby you take your child to the doctor when he (the child) is well, and rarely have either courage or ability to get in touch with the doctor when he (the child) is sick. The system has its points, although sometimes, waiting with our own lusty son in the white fastnesses of an overheated office to have the stamp of health formally placed on his brow, we have wondered.

The most stirring instance of the modern parent's willingness to subscribe to the modern practice was the exploit of some friends of ours who moved to the country with a year-old baby. They decided to maintain their citydoctor connection, although eighty miles lay between. On a day scheduled for a visitation (the child always goes to the physician under the modern system), they packed up, bundled the
infant-who fortunately was reeking with health-into a car, and drove through a howling blizzard to town. There, after a pretty tough three-hour trip, they drew up triumphantly at the doctor's office, only to be told that the doctor was sick and couldn't see them. It was midnight when they got home and got the hardy little youngster snuggled into bed, while visions of diet sheets danced through his head.

EEARNING of his habits, we lay in wait for Mr. Hoover on Fifth Avenue early one morning last week. Luck was with us. We found him looking into the Dorothy Gray window. He was staring quietly at a jar of cream, a box of powder,

and a lipstick-a man who had at last caught up with life.

## Bank Notes

MOST of the stories about the bank holiday have been told, we presume, but maybe there are some things you haven't heard about. How the American Can Company met the situation, for instance. A survey showed that very few of its several hundred employees had any cash to speak of. A session of the executives showed that the firm didn't have any cash to speak of, either. It was one of the vicepresidents who figured out what to do. He took off a diamond ring worth three thousand dollars, a memento of his twenty years' service with the company, and solemnly placed it on the table. With very few words, the other gentlemen gravely deposited beside it watches, pins, rings, and other valuables. One man put up his wife's pearl
necklace, which he had brought into town that morning to be repaired. One of the number put these in a satchel and sallied forth. He found Simpson's, the lender's, open and raised several thousand dollars on the gauds. This was divided up so that everybody got ten dollars, including the executives.

One of the householders who decided that the thing to do was lay in a supply of canned goods gave his wife a hundred dollars for this purpose. He was in his office (explaining what was going to happen in the crisis) when his wife phoned. She was at the store buying groceries. "How many bottles of anchovies do you think I should get?" she asked him.

We also liked the story of the advertising agency which was all ready to start publishing far and wide a series of ads for a travel bureau. Somebody had thought up a swell slogan, which was to stand out in bold type: "The Holiday You Have Been Dreaming Of." It had to be abandoned, with considerable fuss and expense.

And on the Monday following the big Saturday, a Scarsdale wife phoned her husband (who was at his office explaining what he thought was going to happen in the crisis). "Let me know if there is a panic," she said. "I want to come in and see it."

The nicest little anecdote, for wellrounded confusion, however, came out of the offices of Harbeck \& Pell, on Wall Street. A young man who was recently taken in there to learn the business was assigned to the switchboard during one of the exciting afternoons (when everybody was explaining what was going to happen in the crisis). He had never worked a switchboard before, but he was getting along fine until two longdistance calls came simultaneously. Cincinnati wanted to speak to Mr. Pell, and Mr. Harbeck wanted to be put through to Rochester. The young man had a feverish minute or two, and then finally succeeded in completing the connections in such a way that Cincinnati talked directly with Rochester and Mr. Harbeck with Mr. Pell.

Then, too, there was the story of the despondent armored car. Early Saturday morning, it set out from the

"The Chin Lees had to sell their Buick and move back to Mott Street."
and beer were forgotten; the representatives of the people were to meet to make checks cashable. In their care rested our security. Our representative obtained a pass to the Senate Chamber and there, with his stomach pressed tight against the brass guard rail by the crush of spectators behind, waited breathlessly for drama.

The Senate had been called to meet at eight-thirty. At that hour, the galleries were packed and ten ample senators and thirty clerks were on the floor. The senators walked about greeting each other:
"Hi, Larry, how are yuh? Read any of these bills?"
"Fine, Jim. [Resounding handclasp, broad grin.] Say, yuh take a helluva good picture. Saw it in the Sunday paper . . ."

At nine-thirty, quite a few more ample figures had appeared. With spats, carnations, diamond rings, our saviors were about prepared to meet the crisis. One of them jingled a handful of coins, showed them to several of his colleagues, and laughed contentedly. They were gold pieces.

Excitement at one door. The Majority Leader entered. Now things would begin. He had been in direct communication with the Governor, probably. The presiding officer called the momentous session to order. The cool, smooth voice of the clergyman at his side implored the Almighty to grant this assembly wisdom. The Senate clerk thereupon got up and read seven-ty-two reports of committees, rapidly, in a loud voice. This took thirty minutes, during which the senators mostly walked around chatting. Then one senator arose and made a brief announcement. Four of his associates were unable to be present on account of illness and begged to be excused. Next, the Senate acted upon the following bills:

No. 44: An act to amend the penal law in relation to equipping automobiles with short-wave-length radio sets. Passed.

No. 102: An act to amend the penal law in relation to operating on the tails of horses. Laid aside.
No. 111: An act to amend the New York City gradecrossing elimination act in relation to claims for damages to real property. Passed.


No. 139: An act to amend the conservation law in relation to the sale of muskellunge. Struck out.

No. 140: An act to amend the conservation law in relation to the sale of cottontail rabbits and varying hares. Laid aside.

The Senate then adjourned. Outside, the fifty state troopers still were on duty, alert and stern. Our reporter learned this guard was to be increased next day to one hundred.

## Wrong Number

OUR item about King Levinsky, the fighter, and the eclipse reminded a gentleman of what happened when Kid Norfolk, the colored fighter, encountered a radio for the first time. It was back in the early days of radio, and in the old Madison Square Garden. The Kid had just won his fight and was escorted to the microphone. Sorely puzzled, he stared at it a moment and then shouted, "Hel-
lo!" After an attentive pause he demanded, "Who dar?"

## No Admittance

THIS story about Secretary Woodin has nothing to do with the present fix, which pleases us just as well. It's about what happened to him way last fall, shortly after the Democrats had taken up their headquarters in the Biltmore. Mr. Ruosevelt and Mr. Farley had kind of made appointments with everybody in town; that is, they would say to people they shook hands with, "Drop in any time." As a result, hundreds of people kept coming to the main door of the headquarters and the buck of getting rid of them fell upon the official guardian of the door, Senator Wild Bill ("Two-Gun") Lyons. At the beginning, money was pretty tight, and one week nobody knew just where the salaries for the workers were going to come from. Mr. Woodin,
hearing of this, sent word that he would contribute ten thousand dollars, and an appointment was made for him to see the chairman of the finance committee on a certain Wednesday at the Biltmore headquarters. Wednesday waned and died and no Woodin; so did Thursday and Friday. On Saturday, a telegram arrived at headquarters from Mr. Woodin, saying that he had been to the Biltmore four times and that the doorman wouldn't let him in, so could he please have a pass? They must have sent him one; anyway, he finally got in.

## Amateur Jockey

PDete Bostwick's great ambition is to win the Grand National, which he hopes to do next week, in his twentythird year, either upon Kellsboro' Jack, which belongs to his aunt, Mrs. Ambrose Clark, or upon John Hay Whitney's Dusty Foot. At this writing, it seems more likely that he will ride the latter. The Aintree race is the most dangerous in the world, and just his meat. He has been in England several months, getting acquainted with the course, the climate, the people, and everything else.

Bostwick is one of the few young men left in this country who can devote all their time to horses. A bit of airplaning, a natural but secondary interest in parties, girls, and social lifeand the rest is horses. He has been pretty much that way since he was seven. He began riding then. Later, he was at St. Paul's School, but he put that foolishness pretty well out of his mind. He has spent much more time in the stables of his Uncle Ambrose than in classrooms. He practically grew up in them. He's been steeplechasing since he was sixteen, when he rode in the United Hunts. He did so well then that he was allowed an amateur rider's certificate the next year by the National Steeplechase \& Hunt Association, although he was a year under the age limit. He's popular with the professionals, because when he's around the tracks, he's one of them and speaks the race-track vernacular, which features verbs in the present tense. He's approximately
their size too, 115 pounds, and he doesn't come the rich young man on them, although his grandfather made many millions in oil as an associate of the eldest Rockefeller. He's built for riding: long arms, short legs, and jockey's hands, which are very special hands. His model of a jockey is Laverne Fator, whom he resembles except that Fator is poker-faced. Pete is nearly always smiling, even during a race.

When Pete is on Long Island or at Saratoga, a typical day will begin at five-thirty. He gets out on the track then to gallop some horses. After breakfast, he plays probably eighteen holes of golf. Then lunch, and in the afternoon one or two or three races. Dinner at eight, and afterward a party until it breaks up. His whole family is horsy. The Lord knows his Uncle Ambrose is. His older brother, Albert, holds a licence as a trainer, being the only member of The Jockey Club who has one. He and another brother, Dunbar, and Pete all play polo. In polo, Pete has played with Whitney's Greentree four in the Open and been a substitute on the International squad. Devereux Milburn says he can hit a ball harder and straighter than any but a few stars. Andrada once said of him: "Leetle man, big bump!" He's rated a fivegoal man. Recently, Pete has gone in for flat racing. He hasn't quite got the hang of it yet, but expects to. He outrode Mack Garner, who is a top-notch professional, a while back, and that set him up.

## Tam-ma-ny

PROBABLY nobody who took part in the inaugural ceremonies at Washington was more upset than Lieutenant Francis W. Sutherland, of the Seventh Regiment band. He had a really bad day. We've just heard about it from a member of the band, who also had a bad day. That band was hired by Mr. John Curry, the Tammany leader, to head the National Democratic Club's contingent in the parade. Lieutenant Sutherland drilled his men for hours in the Seventh Regiment Armory before they went to the capital. They were going to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The band is a very proud band and it wasn't satisfied until it had got its march song down perfectly.

The parade started, and the musicians, playing "Onward, Christian


Soldiers," had got as far as the Treasury Building when word came down the line that Curry wanted the band to play "Tammany" as it marched past the President's stand. Lieutenant Sutherland was indignant, and sent back word that it couldn't be done. Inside of a few moments, a messenger drove up on a motorcycle with instructions to play "Tammany." Sutherland sent him roaring back to wherever Mr. Curry was with word that he was going to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The motorcycle rider was back in a few moments with firm and final orders to play "Tammany." The Lieutenant told him to report to Mr. Curry that the band couldn't play "Tammany." Mr. Curry sent the messenger back to ask why. "Tell him we haven't got the music with us," said the Lieutenant. The motorcycle man, a little dizzy and disgruntled now, returned shortly to say that Mr. Curry insisted on "Tammany"-if the band didn't have the music, they could fake it.
So when the Seventh Regiment band
marched past the President's stand, it played "Tammany"-well enough, but not with all the gusto the piece demands. A block past the reviewing stand, the band broke into "Onward, Christian Soldiers" again, but the whole day had been ruined.

## Hello, Pop

ON a promise of long standing made to a parrot enthusiast, we went up into the Bronx the other evening, to the home of Mr. Benjamin Kazemier, to be shown something pretty rare in the parrot world, something apparently unprecedented, in fact. We made a call on the Man o' War of parrots, or perhaps it would be better to say the Huey P. Long, a gray bird named Tom, property of Mr. Kazemier, who has a vocabulary of two hundred and twenty-four words, including such advanced accomplishments as "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; all good children go to Heaven." The previous world's record for parrots, according to our enthusiast and Mr.

Kazemier, was seventy-five words. As Tom is only eighteen months old, and parrots are long-lived (though not so long as legend has it), he is expected to do much better.

Mr. Kazemier is a retired fireman of fifty-some. During the day he is a guard at the Lawyers Trust Company, and in the evenings he sits at home in a deep chair and talks to Tom and other birds. The others are mostly minas, which have a more natural speaking voice than parrots. Mr. Kazemier has always kept minas; Tom is his first parrot. Minas are large blackbirds from India which squawk like cloak-andsuiters until they learn English, when they acquire a voice which seemed to us to be about that of the late Bert Savoy. There is one at the Bronx Zoo who says "Five o'clock; all out. Goodbye." He says it at any hour to people whose looks he doesn't like. His rendition of "Hello, Pop" is also much admired.

Tom has one fault. He is a snob and will not talk to everybody. Mr. Kazemier had to explain that to us because when we arrived Tom was silent. "Why, he was chattering like a magpie when you came in," said Mr. Kazemier, and added: "But a magpie isn't much of a talker, as a matter of fact." Mr. Kazemier opened Tom's cage and brought the bird out on his finger. "One, two, three," said Mr. Kazemier deliberately. Tom swung head down, performed a giant swing, and nipped his owner's finger.
"No acrobatics," said Mr. Kazemier. "One, two, three-"
"Come home, Papa," said Tom. "Tommy wants to see you, ha, ha,
ha." The ha, ha, ha sounded ironic. "One, two, three-" said Mr. Kazemier. "Five-six-seven-"
"All good children go to Heaven," said Tom. "Ha, ha, ha."
"He's a big punk," said a voice behind us, distinctly. Mr. Kazemier explained that it was one of the minas, who doesn't like Tom.

Mr. Kazemier has a house full of birds - minas, starlings, bullfinches, and canaries. He gave birds up when his wife died, he said, but found he was lonely and got more than ever. He sells them, and has a cute trick to help out. He teaches a bird to greet a prospective customer by name. For instance, a Mr. Jasper Bayne came from Long Island to buy a mina and was greeted by a bird that said, "Hello, Jasper. Hello, Mr. Bayne."

During the rest of our visit, Tom said "One, two, three, shoot" and "Nice coffee, nice and sweet." There was no coffee in sight and nothing had been said about it. That gave him a total of but twenty-two words for the evening, but his owner said he was sleepy.
Mr. Kazemier once bought a mina
for $\$ 20$ and sold him back to the same dealer after two years for $\$ 350$. He is asking $\$ 2,000$ for Tom but says part of it is sentimental valuation. Five hundred dollars is about the top price for a parrot. Last fall, Tom was the sensation of the Pet Show. He lives on unhulled rice and Indian nuts, and when eating these he looks almost exactly like Hugh O'Connell.

## Not Smart

ASLENDER and pretty young lady took a taxicab the other day and said, in clear and lovely tones, that she wished to go to the corner of Fifty-first Street and Park Avenue. When next she looked up, she beheld herself being driven past Fif-ty-first, well on toward Fifty-second. She spoke to the driver sharply. "Why are you going to Fifty-second Street?" she demanded. "I said Fif-ty-first." He shrugged, and then unhappily explained how it was possible for such mistakes to be made. "If I was brilliant, lady, I wouldn't be driving this cab," he said.
-The New Yorkers
"Why, hello, Otto. They told me you were getting an inferiority complex."


"Well, well, darling. Charades again?"

## WHAT PRICE A FAREWELL TO DESIGNS?

TEN years ago, when I was just a little shaver (shaving every other day, instead of simply letting the whole thing go, as I do now), almost every other article that appeared in any periodical you might pick up, from the New York Times Sunday Magazine to Gentlemen's Needlework, was entitled What Price This or What Price That: "What Price Peace?" "What Price Farm Relief?" "What Price Naval Oil Reserves?" "What Price Prohibition in Norway?" "What Price Preservation of President Monroe's Old Prince Street House?" "What Price U.S. Senator Grisbaum, the Man and the Public Servant?"

This went on for several years. Then came the "A Farewell to" epoch: "A Farewell to Prosperity," "A Farewell to Religion," "A Farewell to Happiness," "A Farewell to Romance," "A Farewell to Love," "A Farewell to Peace," "A Farewell to Security," "A Farewell to Loyalty," "A Farewell to Honor," "A Farewell to Happy Days," "A Farewell to President Monroe's Old Prince Street House," "A Farewell to Senator Grisbaum, the Man and the Public Servant." (During this melancholy period there was some slight vogue for "A Preface to" titles, but this never really took hold for the reason that people were much more interested in kissing things goodbye than in being introduced to things.)

This went on for several years. Then, this winter, came (and if it were a snake, it would bite you) the "Design for" era. This will go on for several years: "Design for Leaving," "Design for Loving," "Design for Luring," "Design for Laughing," "Design for Lifting," "Design for Lowering," "Design for Lying," "Design for Looping," "Design for Loafing," "Design for Loping," "Design for Leaping," "Design for Limping," "Design for Preserving President Monroe's Old Prince Street House," etc.

EACH of these title patterns could be shown to express the public temper of its time. A graph, indeed, could be worked out representing the mental attitude of the nation during the periods involved, but it would probably be left lying around and get thrown out by the cook. Suffice it, then, simply to point out that in the "What Price" days people were interested in what was going to come of everything; in the "Farewell to" days, they were
apathetic about what became of anything; in the present "Design for" days, they are evincing a slight revival of interest in planning for the future. This set of conclusions, admittedly specious, is not, however, the main point I wish to make. What has interested me mostly in my researches (which involved going back over the files of everything, from 1880 to 1923) is that I found no title patterns at all comparable to the "What Price," "A Farewell to," and "Design for" phenomena. The only conclusion I could come to is that, although there were popular and famous titles of books and plays in the old days, they didn't seem to lend themselves to paraphrase. Take, for example, "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush." An article on the strategy of Lord Nelson could hardly have been entitled "Beside the Bonny Strategy of Lord Nelson." It would have lacked ease. The same problem seems to have come up in the case of Clyde Fitch's well-known play, "The Girl with the Green Eyes." I encountered an article, printed at the time of that play's popularity, called "Rabbit Trapping in the Western Reserve." There had apparently been no effort to call it "The Girl with Rabbit Trapping in the Western Reserve" (although, of course, there was no way of being sure that there hadn't been some effort). Similarly, "Little Lord Fauntle-


SMALL FRY
"Shh, you'll wake the kid."
roy" failed to leave its imprint on the pages of forgotten periodicals; there was no "Little Lord Tariff Problems of Today," no "Little Lord Alarming Increase of Scorching on the Public Highways." This unadaptability held true also for "The Memoirs of U. S. Grant," "Sherlock Holmes," "Secret Service," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (a specially notable instance), "Lucile," "The Squaw Man," etc.

IDID not, it is only fair to admit, check all titles of books and plays with all titles of articles in the years between 1880 and 1923. If I had, this would have been a comprehensive and important article, maybe even a standard source article. The trouble was that I got to a point in my researches where I not only forgot what I was trying to prove but also what I was looking up. As a result, I spent one whole afternoon at the Public Library clipping pictures of navy officers and show girls out of back copies of Munsey's. They do not fit anywhere into my design for grieving over a farewell to old-fashioned titles. But I found one swell Dewey. -James Thurber

## VISITANT

## And have you seen Persephone

 (No maiden, yet not woman quite), Wrested from hell but yesterday, Restored to earth, restored to light, Lissom, lovely, young, and freeFree to rejoice, as well she mayAh, have you seen Persephone?So strange she is, so wan and slight.
She plucks a flower, she flings a ball; Peers, curious, when the blackbirds call;
Curious, pores on blossoming grassRescued from horror and dark alarms, Torn last night from Pluto's arms-
Have you watched that lady pass?
Persephone among the flowers, Persephone beneath the sun,
Moves pensively through honeyed hours,
Moves absently, as one aware
Of life's reality otherwhere.
Fleeing the hill, she haunts the glade
(So bright the sun, so keen the air);
Persephone seeks cedar-shade
As one too wearied of much sun-
Any would have sworn she said,
"When will these dragging months be done!" -Muna Lee

## SALON

IT'S a salon in the grand manner," said Mr. Beckett, "like Madame de Staël's, Madame du Def-fand's-"
"Sort of a French crowd?" inquired Mr. Staats, who ran down to New York from upstate very seldom. When he came to New York, he was more likely to go to a beer place on Third Avenue than to private gatherings.
"No, no," said Mr. Beckett. "I mean it has the grand manner of the eighteenth century. You know, conversation, wit, culture. Cocktails, of course, too. I've been going there a lot this year. Sunday afternoons. I used to know Mrs. Shelby when she was Mamie Slack in Worcester. My, she's got to be quite a person! Very unusual woman. Handsome, too. It will do you good. Give you something to talk about up there in Coeymans."

Conversation in Coeymans had been running a bit slow this winter and Mr. Staats realized his duty. Something, too, in Mr. Beckett's tone indicated that it was an honor to go to this salon, something not to be dismissed, a feature of New York life too exalted for the common throng. Also, Mr. Staats had a great respect for Art. Coeymans had its little group of serious thinkers, and he might pick up some new item of information which would give him fresh prestige.

ENTRANCE to the salon was easier than he had anticipated. There were many people in the large room and nobody turned and stared at him, nor did his arrival cause any buzz of whispering and conjecturing, which would have been the case had a stranger appeared at any gathering of Coeymans folk. He liked his hostess. He thought she was charming, and she seemed pleased to see him, welcoming him cordially and placing him at once on a sofa between a large elderly lady and a bearded gentleman. Mr. Staats felt very eighteenth-century, very much in the grand manner.
"Miss Kibbee, Mr. Staats," Mrs. Shelby introduced them. "Mr. Staats, Dr. Blazer."

Dr. Blazer, who was sipping a glass of water and talking over his shoulder to someone beyond, bowed and resumed his conversation. Miss Kibbee took charge of Mr. Staats.
"I don't seem to remember your face," she said, "but then my memory is failing fast. There is nothing to do
 It's a comfort to meet someone you've entirely forgotten. It's like meeting someone new. It makes me feel young."

The lady appeared to assume that she had met everybody on earth, and Mr. Staats was distracted from his reflection on the social career she must have had by the arrival of a cocktail. A little gentleman was standing in front of him with a glass and a shaker, and Mr. Staats was alarmed to note that he seemed very agitated. His hand was actually trembling. Under a thin mask, he was obviously a terrified little person, on the verge of panic, even. Mr. Staats felt sorry for him. He accepted the cocktail in as reassuring a fashion as he could. The little man vanished in the throng.
"That's your host," said Miss Kibbee. "Sweet! Every Sunday he goes through this. Every single Sunday of his life. Mamie's New England, and you know what that means. I like New England, really. I believe everything Eugene O'Neill has ever said
about it, though. Every single word. Now there was Angie Hazzard-"
"Is she here?" inquired Mr. Staats politely, lighting a cigarette.
"Here?" Miss Kibbee gave a scream of laughter. "Imagine Angie here! My dear child, she's been dead ten years! And just as well, just as well, believe me. You can imagine the state her hair got in after twenty years. You've heard the story? Her mother used to brush her hair. Angie had this beautiful hair. She could sit on it, and often did. Every night her mother would brush it. One night she died, the mother did, fell over-pouf! dead! An awful shock to Angie. She never let anyone else touch her hair. She never did herself. She had a hat on at the time of the tragedy because she was just going down to the drugstore, and she never even took that hat off. Slept in it. Years and years. Till she died. Her hair grew up through that hat, and then she put another hat on top of it. It finally got to be quite a
structure. She was a walking monument. . . . That's New England."

Right at this climax, Mr. Staats became aware of an intense young woman across the room, who was lecturing a group of young men.
"Rembrandt?" she cried, her voice icy with contempt, delighting Mr . Staats, for here was Art at last. "Rembrandt? But he is so vaporish!"

Well, well, thought Mr. Staats, that was something to know.

Mrs. Shelby appeared with another cocktail. There was no sign of Mr. Shelby, but in the crowded room it was impossible to keep track of everybody. In fact, it proved difficult as time went on even to keep track of one's own mind, so electric and shifting were the topics of talk all about. Mr. Staats was a little sorry not to hear more about Art. The item on Rembrandt was actually the one definite, usable fact he had picked up. Someone of artistic importance, apparently, was now interested in the camera and was photographing all his
friends. It was arduous to pose, though, Mr. Staats gathered, as the heat from the lamps was so intense and one perspired so violently. A lady had taken an apartment for twenty-five dollars a month and done it in pink. A large, capable girl gave a brief dissertation on the decline of gallantry.
"I deprecate the change in manners," she announced. "I may be Victorian; I still respect the courtesies. When a lady is insulted, her escort should do something about it."
"How is he to know when she is insulted?" inquired Dr. Blazer.
"How did men ever know?" retorted the capable girl.

IT had all been rather surprising and yet attractive, Mr. Staats decided, when at last he was out on the street with nothing more exciting about than mere traffic. He had finally sneaked out alone, Mr. Beckett being absorbed in a far corner. He had no doubt that he had learned a great deal about the world of culture, and he was now ready
for a little dinner at the Third Avenue beer place.

In the beer place, there was just one table left for Mr. Staats. 'The din was terrible. Some college boys were singing "Far Above Cayuga's Waters" and a couple, doubtless a gunman and his moll, were having a shouting row in a corner, and the air was heavy with smoke and the fumes of beer. Mr. Staats always thought that there might be gunfire in the place some time, but he liked the food and it was lively.

It was after he had given his order that he saw Mr. Shelby. Mr. Shelby was also alone and was busy with some pig's knuckles. It was quite a different Mr. Shelby. He didn't seem agitated or in a panic. Quite the contrary. In fact, Mr. Staats was rather startled to hear him berate the waiter, a big bruiser of a waiter who was doubtless a bouncer on occasion. "Get a move on," Mr. Staats heard Mr. Shelby say.
"Well, well," thought Mr. Staats. "Vaporish, very vaporish."
-John Mosher

## JUST OFF THE CONCRETE

Now by the crossroads, in the filling station, The boys assemble. Out of the winter night Salting the stubbled face, peppering the lungs, They enter the hot smell of burning wood, And thawing wool, and heady gasoline. The radio, the household imbecile, Slavers and crows unheeded. Pop flows free, And the old tales are told, born of the earth, Ripened like grain, and harvested for winter.

It seems the village veterinarian Suggested to the village constable
A little expedition after rabbits.
The constable, he likes a little shooting, And so they met up at the doctor's house. Well, Doc he had some prime old applejack, And just in case they should get struck by lightning Or something, why they hit it pretty hard.
Well, they were feeling good when they got started, And when they got down by the Weaver place, The Doc he says: "You see that cow in the pasture? Bet you five dollars I could hit that cow, Setting right here." "Well, bet you couldn't!" The constable he says. And just like that, The Doc he reaches back and grabs a rifle Out of the back seat, and he draws a bead, And drops that cow as dead as butcher meat!
"By gosh, I guess I did kill Weaver's cow!" The Doc says. And "By gosh, I guess you did, You gol-durn fool!" the cop says. Well, they turned Around, and bust all records back to town, And had a couple, quick. The constable Went to the drugstore, and he bought some gum, And hung around the rest of the afternoon,


Establishing, you know, an alibi.
It wasn't hardly evening when the sheriff Went to the drugstore. All the boys were there. And he goes right up to the constable, And says to him: "Say, Alfred, where was you
At three o'clock this afternoon?" The cop
Says: "I was out to my garage, I guess.
My carburetor, she don't work so good."
"Then you ain't seen the vet?" the sheriff says.
"No, I ain't seen him, not since yesterday."
"You don't know who went hunting with the vet?"
"Gosh, no. I only know it wasn't me."
"Must have been someone looked a lot like you."
"Well, Judas priest, they's plenty looks like me."
"Well, I got witnesses to say 'twas you.
You ain't heard nothing, then, of Weaver's cow?"
"My gosh, I didn't know he had a cow!
I ain't been near the Weaver place today!
I swear I didn't touch his gol-durn cow!
If the vet says I did, I say he lies!
What happened to the durn cow, anyhow?"
"Why," says the sheriff, "Arthur Weaver says
He had to have her killed, she was so old,
And don't give down no more. And so the vet,
He went and shot her there this afternoon!"
Well, up to town the boys are laughing still.
Drowsiness gathers in the filling station.
Stirring their courage in the warmth and laughter, The boys turn homeward. On the frozen ruts Of the hill roads the little cars are shaken.
All the lights cease. The pond ice cracks with cold.
-Morris Bishop

## A SINGLE ROSE

John Ford felt that he was about to have another one of his love affairs. He had not had them too frequently in the past two or three years, because of an incomprehensible dearth of his sort of women. Ten or fifteen years ago, it seemed to him, the world had been full of interesting, intelligent women to whom one could write enigmatic little notes and to whom one could send two or three yellow roses with real Japanese restraint. But recently-well, Mr. Ford didn't attempt to understand anything.
Last night, at the Johnsons', he had met Helen Paynter. She had worn a soft, brown dress; bronze, beaded slippers; and a large gold locket on a heavy gold chain. Mr. Ford always felt that there must be something to a woman who preferred gold. So he had gone over to where she sat apart from the rest and had drawn up a chair facing her. For a minute he looked at her without speaking. Then he said: "If I were a clever man, I should put on my coat, get my hat, and run from this house."

Mrs. Paynter fingered her locket and said nothing. "But as I am not," he went on, "I am afraid that I shall sit right where I am and expose myself to your very dangerous charm." It had been a long time since Mr. Ford had had the opportunity to say anything like that.

After that they had talked together for almost an hour and Mr. Ford had been at his best. He had a delicious sense of humor. Mr. Paynter was acting happy and a little boisterous across the room. It was odd, Mr. Ford thought, how the husbands of the women who had interested him resembled one another. Later in the evening, when a Mr. Dillon, who was double - jointed, suggested that they all see if they could pick up a handkerchief with their teeth without touching their hands to the floor, Mrs. Paynter had left. Mr. Ford noticed that she left alone. Mr. Paynter had entered into the spirit of the evening and didn't feel a bit sleepy.

Of course, Mr. Ford didn't suggest seeing her home and he felt that she understood that, too, by the way she had smiled at him when she told him good night.

THE next day he did what he had always done. He sent her a really magnificent Claudius Pernet rose and a note. It said: "Could you have luncheon, tea, dinner with me today, tomorrow, or any time? I hardly understand this amazing impatience of mine, but find that I must own up to it. Luncheon, today, would be almost too perfect to hope for, but- Will
you?" And he had simply signed his name. The note had no beginning. The first ones never did. Afterwards he might say: "Helen, my dear," but not just yet.

She telephoned that she would love to have lunch with him and now Mr. Ford was waiting in a discreet little restaurant in the East Sixties, where he felt they would not be seen. Mr. Ford protected his women.

He thought she looked very charming when she met him. But she was not wearing his rose. "That was a lovely flower you sent me," she said, pulling off her gloves. "Goodness, I don't know when anyone has sent me any flowers." She laughed embarrassed-

"Was there something Moddom wished?"
ly. "Well, flower, then. Of course, nobody wants dozens and dozens of flowers. It isn't a question of how many flowers you get, is it? Just that someone thought of it."

Mr. Ford thought of Mary Parmelee, who had worn her rose. That was ten, or twelve, years ago. She hadn't said a word about it, but she touched it lightly with her fingers as she talked, which was quite enough.

After they had ordered, Mr. Ford leaned across the table toward Helen Paynter. She was prettier than he had thought last night, prettier and smarter. For a minute, he felt something lacking, but remembering the gold locket, he rallied. "I wonder if you know," he said, "that I thought you were one of the loveliest things last night that I had ever seen."
"Oh," Mrs. Paynter said, looking pleased.
"So few women now know how to -well, what shall I say?" He gestured helplessly with his hands.
"I wonder," Mrs. Paynter said, "if you noticed that very thin girl in black. Her name is Mildred something."

Mr. Ford said that he hadn't. "I left almost as early as you did," he told her. "There didn't seem to be anything to stay for."
"She's very, very thin," Mrs. Paynter said. "Too thin."

DURING lunch, Mr. Ford talked to her in his most disarming manner. He would send her a book, he said, something that hadn't been published here yet. She could have his copy. Of course, he had marked some passages that had particularly delighted him, but she must ignore his comments, because he was terribly anxious to know what she thought.

With the coffee he mentioned her husband for the first time. Mr. Ford was wonderful about people's husbands. Wild horses couldn't have dragged an adverse criticism from him. It was one thing to become interested in a married woman, but it was another thing to make comparisons. It was not playing the game.
"Of course, your husband is utterly mad about you," he said.

Mrs. Paynter looked up at him quickly. "Harry?" she asked. "Harry is a pig. A perfect pig."

Mr. Ford was profoundly shocked. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before.
"Did you ever see anyone act like
such a clown as he did last night?" she went on. "Rolling around on the floor like a great, awkward moose. I told him so, too. I said: 'Harry, if you knew what you looked like rolling around on the floor that way, like a great, clumsy moose, you wouldn't do it.' " She sipped her coffec. "But if I act like that, does he like it? I should say not. He gets perfectly furious. Why, lots of times when I've been feeling rather silly, I could just feel Harry's eyes boring through me like steel.
"And I was really embarrassed for him the way he acted with that Mildred something. She must have thought he'd lost his mind, although I suppose she's used to that sort of thing. Didn't you think he made a perfect fool of himself, frankly?"

Mr. Ford said he hadn't noticed.
"If I did anything like that, he'd be wild." She leaned across the table, her eyes sparkling excitedly. "Well, do you know what I did? I left that note you sent me open right on the living-room table and I put the rose in a vase beside it. I suppose he thinks no one ever pays any attention to me."
"He may not read it," Mr. Ford said.
"Oh, he'll read it, all right," Mrs. Paynter told him. "He's the most peculiar man you ever saw. And he'll be wild, too. Simply wild." She laughed happily. "Do you know what I wish you'd do? Just for fun. Telephone me about seven this evening and I'll talk to you about our lunch together. Acting the way he does, rolling on the floor and everything. Will you? Promise?"


Mr. Ford promised.
Walking across town to his hotel, he felt the wind terribly. It was odd, he thought, that women no longer seemed to care for flowers or knew how to play the game.
-Sally Benson

## MR. NORTH, DEFENDER

Mr. North was not a little surprised, when the bank holiday began, to find that it felt to him exactly like a holiday. He tried to have inner fears and forebodings and to realize that he, along with everybody else, faced a crisis which might make or break. Break, Mr. North suspected. At such moments, Mr. North thought, one should face the future calmly, with the face set in grim lines. It marked him as one of the incurably frivolous, he feared, that his emotion toward the whole business was one of bubbling enthusiasm, like a small boy's on the verge of a picnic.

He tried to make his voice solemn as he read the first accounts of the crisis to Mrs. North from his late edition of the morning paper. Mrs. North's paper, not being quite so late an edition, didn't have anything about it. "It looks pretty bad," Mr. North remarked, shaking his head. Mrs. North, being beyond inhibitions, said gaily that it looked like fun to her.
"Something different," said Mrs. North, happily. "I get so tired of the same old things." Mr. North shook his head, trying to hide from her that he felt much the same. She smiled at him.
"Well," said Mr. North, "it is pretty serious, anyway." He wasn't, he noted, fooling Mrs. North much.

Mr. North felt a craving for more newspapers. It was time, he was pleased to discover, for the evening ones. His suggestion that he go out and get some was enthusiastically greeted by Mrs. North, who thought something new might have happened. Mr. North hurried out, looking about the streets for symptoms of exciting unrest. The streets seemed calm, but that was because the news hadn't got around thoroughly. He went to a newsstand which took him near his bank, wanting to see whether there were placards and crowds, and possibly policemen.

He was a little shocked to discover that the bank was, as far as he could see, open as usual. A few people were standing around inside, chatting, and one or two were waiting in line at the windows. Mr. North was saddened at this apparent indifference to the crisis and, although he had not planned to, poked his head in. His

friend, the guard, nodded to him cordially. Mr. North said he had thought they would be closed.
"Just payroll checks," the guard said. Then he drew Mr. North aside. "We can probably fix you up for a little something if you want it," he said.

Mr. North already had a few dollars and hadn't been worrying much. "Well," he said. He didn't know precisely what he meant by that. The guard lowered his voice.
"We're trying to take care of the regulars for small amounts," he said. "Carfare, you know. I think I can fix you up."

Mr. North began to feel conspiratorial, which he enjoys. An insider, that was Mr. North. He found himself whispering a request for a blank check. As he wrote it, he stood so nobody could look over his shoulder. He made it ten dollars. The guard took it, concealing it in his hand, to one of the windows. Then he brought it back. He led Mr. North aside. "Ask Mr. Sullivan to O.K. it," he said. Mr. Sullivan, to whom the guard pointed, was at the moment waving away another man with a check. "Try it, anyway," the guard urged. Mr. North went to Mr. Sullivan. He slipped the check forward, rather with the gesture of a French postcard-vendor.
"Could you manage it?" Mr. North inquired, in a low, tense voice. He had quite forgotten he didn't really want the ten. Mr. Sullivan looked at it and at Mr. North.
"We're not cashing personal checks," he whispered. "Just checks for payrolls. We can't make an exception, I'm afraid. You see how it is." Mr. North whispered that he saw.
"I need it pretty bad, though," he heard himself murmuring, hoarsely. "Carfare, you know." Mr. Sullivan looked sorry.
"We really can't make exceptions," he said. Mr. North also looked sorry.
"Of course," he said. "If you can't, you can't. I see how it is." He looked very disappointed.
"Well," said Mr. Sullivan, "you see how it is. I'm sorry." Mr. North just nodded. Mr. Sullivan still held the check. They looked at each other a moment.
"I'll get you two fives," said Mr. Sullivan, quickly and surprisingly.

Mr . North suddenly felt embarrassed. He had so evidently touched Mr. Sullivan under false pretences. The only thing was, he hadn't been able to help it. He was caught, he perceived, by deep-lying instincts. He blushed a little when Mr. Sullivan came back and slipped him two fives. Mr. North murmured something. "It's all right," said Mr. Sullivan. "Glad to help you out."

Mr. North went out, looking guiltily at others in the room. It was people like himself, he thought, who caused panics. Grabbing what they could get and running, with no social conscience. Still, he was glad he had the ten. In point of fact, he'd probably need it pretty bad. He bought newspapers and the blackness of the headlines made him feel better about it. Things were bad, all right. All those headlines. He turned home and, as he approached, a feeling of triumph filled him. He felt he was going back to the family cave with a fat deer on his shoulders.

He gave Mrs. North the papers and tried to be calm. "By the way," he said, "I got ten dollars out of the bank." Mrs. North was gratifyingly surprised. She thought they were all closed. Mr. North said they were. "Still," said Mr. North, significantly. He told Mrs. North part of the story. "I suppose it isn't quite fair," he said. "But in times like these . . ." Mr. North hoped the light in his wife's eyes was one of admiration. After all, without being dramatic about it, he had done rather well by the North rooftree. He was a defender.
-Richard Luckridge

## LET THERE BE NO MORE TALK

Let there be no more talk
Till this new love can walk. When he is grown a manly child
There may be many words, and wild.
There may be silences as sore
As he was murdered with, and more.
Now he is born again,
Let us remember then.
Nor warn him as we pass,
This weanling of the grass.
He still is ignorant of the snow
Through which his naked heels must go.
Let him learn, and disappear
Down many a road for many a year.
Though it be overlong,
Then is he old and strong.
-Mark Van Doren


Don't shout over the phone

"DON'TS" FOR THE INFLATION


Don't lie down


Don't keep saying "Hark!"


Don't scream


Don't offer money your printed yourself

## ** ${ }^{*}$ PROFILES ${ }^{*}{ }_{x}{ }^{*}$

THE MYSTERIES OF RUDOLFO

IN 1921, Herr Rudolf Kommer, a stout, Mittel-Europa journalist without portfolio, received word through Max Reinhardt's brother that the great impresario wished to confer with him. As a cosmopolite who had translated many English plays for the German stage and who had spent three wartime years modestly serving the cause of old Franz Josef in the United States, he was somewhat optimistically regarded in Berlin as an authority on the vagaries of the American playgoer. Professor Reinhardt was minded to venture a season in New York and it was his idea that the best production for him to make here would be "Das Welt Theater," by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. What did Herr Kommer think of that idea? With great patience and particularity, Herr Kommer explained that he thought the idea was entirely without merit. Whereupon the mighty Reinhardt smiled vaguely and the conference was over.

Six months later Herr Kommer was summoned again to the august presence. It seems that this time the Professor was meditating on the idea of launching an American season with his production of "Das Welt Theater" of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. What did Herr Kommer think of that project? Suppressing an impulse to shriek, Herr Kommer repeated his grave conviction that it was a terrible idea. Again the vague, dismissive smile, and, out on the street once more, the unheeded expert began to suspect that great impresari never really hear unwelcome advice, and are therefore unhampered by the misgivings which stay the hands of lesser men. It was in the hope of verifying this thesis that he responded with alacrity to a third summons some months later. But this time Reinhardt was full of a notion to produce "The Miracle" in New York. What did Herr Kommer think of the idea? Herr Kommer replied with the German equivalent of "That's more like it" and was soon agreeing to all the clauses in a tentative contract by the terms of which he was to precede the other incomparable Max to America and pave the financial way for him. All the clauses save one. That one made the whole contract depend on the collapse of certain negotiations even then under


Herr Rudolf Kommer

way. It seems there was already another agent in the field and Kommer was being retained merely as a card up the Reinhardt sleeve.

At this discovery, he was preparing to depart in a huff when curiosity prompted him to ask who this agent might be. It was, they told him, a powerful American theatrical magnate named Colonel von Singer. They had been profoundly impressed by him when he visited Vienna in 1920. Hadn't he bought three motorcars there, and given dinners for at least sixty guests every evening? Even so, Kommer swore he had never heard of him. The Reinhardt office smiled pityingly as who should say that Kommer evidently didn't get around much. But by that time his huff had arrived and he departed in it.

$A^{T}$T intervals thereafter he was taunted by telephone with news of the dazzling progress the mysterious von Singer was reporting in his American negotiations. But apparently none of this superb field work bore fruit, for finally it was Kommer, after all, who arrived in New York empowered as sole agent for Professor Reinhardt.

Inevitably he thought of his doleful arrival at the same port almost ten years before. Then he had been a fugitive from a prospective internment in England, where the declaration of war caught him red-handed in the act of serving the Frankfurter Zeitung as its London correspondent. Landing in our town, he was first depressed by the huge news bulletins with which the façade of the Herald Building announced the capture of his native city by the Russians and still another inglorious German retreat. He did not
know then that it was the late Mr . Bennett's policy to announce German retreats with such magnificent élan that, had they all actually taken place, the first contingent of the A.E.F. would have found the Prussian Guard fighting with their backs to the Great Wall of China.

Young Kommer first cheered himself up by buying a gallery seat for Master Irving Berlin's "Watch Your Step," and further restored his spirits by spending a month in the Public Library, placidly reading the accumulated files of Berlin newspapers, access to which had been denied him in England since the outbreak of the war. Then he went to work on a local Germanophile weekly, loyally toiling for some modest wage and never dreaming until long afterwards that other, more vociferous advocates of the German cause in our town were making ein schöner Pfennig out of their ardor.

Well, ten years had gone by since those stressful days, and this time he would not walk humbly. Instead, he drove to the Ritz, engaged a suite, and sat him down to compose a fateful note on the hotel stationery. It was addressed to Otto Kahn. Professor Reinhardt was planning a season in New York. Would Mr. Kahn care to finance it? Mr. Kahn replied that he would be simply delighted. It was as easy as that. Of course there remained some subsequent details requiring Kommer's supervision. For instance, it was his function to keep a zone of quiet around the engrossed Professor, and this involved constant suppression of minor outbreaks from Morris Gest, the Princess Matchabelli, Jake Shubert, and such. This police work occupied a large part of his days, and it was only after "The Miracle" had been launched in triumph at the Century that he found time to look up and identify his evaporated rival, Colonel von Singer. It turned out to be Leo Singer of Singer's Midgets.

EVER since then Kommer has always piloted the Reinhardt craft in foreign waters. But there has been no Reinhardt season in New York for the past six years. Yet each year, for no visible reason, Kommer arrives in the late fall and deposits his duffle at
the Ambassador. Every day in the week except Wednesday-when he has to give Mrs. Vincent Astor her German lesson-you will find him ensconced at the Colony Restaurant, playing host to a group invariably graced by one or more of the loveliest ladies of our time. And, except in the summer, when he must direct the social life of the Salzburg Festival from his personal eyrie in Schloss Leopoldskron, Kommer's table at the Colony is vacant only because he is ruling over a similar table at the Ritz in London or at Peltzer's in Berlin.

And always these, his friends and guests, are united in a common wonder. When his back is turned, they clutch at one another, each employing a stage whisper for the single question: "What does Kommer do for a living?" Since he seems to have unlimited leisure
for bridge and backgammon, careless observers have ventured to suggest that he lives on his winnings from the celebrated financiers with whom he has friendly jousts. This theory, however, is untenable by anyone at all familiar with his rating as a bridgeplayer. And to anyone who has ever watched him helpless in the toils of Harrison Williams, or any other firstrate backgammon-player, the mystery of his ways and means only deepens. Then, of course, it was long a favorite and widely held explanation that, even in seasons when Professor Reinhardt was not venturing abroad, Kommer performed invisible and highly remunerative services for him. But this theory collapsed utterly a year ago when Professor Reinhardt himself awoke from one of his trances, buttonholed a New York editor astray in


[^0]Salzburg, and, taking him aside, whispered to him as follows: "Perhaps you can clear up one thing that has always puzzled me. What does Kommer use for money?"

Of course some of those who, in the carefree times of yesteryear, asked this same question in idle curiosity are asking it now with an eagerness born of a real desire to employ his formula for their own purposes. It is hereby predicted that that formula, when discovered, will be found to be only part of a larger and more important secret. This is set down in all seriousness and with profound respect by one who looks upon Rudolf Kommer as a master of a way of life, and who would gladly follow him to the ends of the earth, as Kim followed the Lama, on the mere chance of learning something of the gracious and tranquilizing philosophy that must be his.

IWOULD not seem to suggest that Kommer does no work at all. In addition to teaching Mrs. Astor German, he is at present engaged, for instance, in preparing for the stages of Central Europe a sardonic comedy by Herr Kaufman and Fräulein Ferber, to be called, I suppose, "Abendessen um Acht." And only a year ago he was involved in an internecine struggle which he called writing a movie scenario with Edmund Goulding. But "Dinner at Eight" is the first American play he has adapted since "Rain," and the greatest conceivable return from such intermediary effort could not account for the lavishness of his hospitality or the carefree bearing of his ambling gait across the face of the world.

Maybe he is an alchemist. Or perhaps, although it seems improbable, he may have succeeded in saving some genuine pre-war money. There was a period, I know, when he worked furiously. That period did not include the six years when he was ein verbummelter Student at the University of Vienna, or the two years he then spent in the coffee houses of Berlin, when his entire published works consisted of one article which appeared in a woman's magazine and for which he
was paid ten marks. Even Kommer, with his genius for getting along somehow, could not make this sustain him for two years. Therefore, as a sideline, he worked as companion to a Swedish invalid whom he would call for three times a week and escort to the Adlon in order that the poor fellow might revive his drooping spirits by sipping weak tea and looking at the cocottes who used to display their wares at what they called the Adlon "fife-o'glocks." Even so, young Kommer was at least planning to write this and this and this. Finally, a famous author, to whom he was confiding these fine intentions, removed his pipe from his mouth long enough to phrase an utterance which made a profound impression on our hero. That utterance was: "Essays that aren't written are never printed." These luminous words danced before him as he moved on to England in the train of the fragile Scandinavian aforesaid. Essays that aren't written are never printed. So! Immediately he began posting from London a weekly feuilleton of three thousand words. For a time these all came fluttering back to him like homing pigeons and he was almost at the end of his rope (that Swede had gone back to Stockholm) when a friend suggested that he might try sending his London notes to some journal which did not already employ a London correspondent. This same friend also intimated that Kommer was heroic but unwise in doggedly submitting his poetry to magazines which did not by any chance ever print verse. All of this may move you to suspect that, if he needed such rudimentary instruction, the youthful Rudolf could not have been what one would call real bright. You would be surprised to know how many local Miltons remain not only inglorious but indefinitely mute for lack of just that modicum of shrewdness. One can at least say of Kommer that he did take a hint when one was offered him, and turned overnight into a prolific success. In addition to publishing a weekly letter in the Frankfurter Zeitung, he also translated English plays in batches. He did six of Galsworthy's. He did Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure" and Chesterton's "Magic." But certainly his biggest
popular success-"Potash and Perlmut-ter"-made no provision for these, his middle years. It did heap up a very mountain of marks awaiting his pleasure, but before he got around to collecting them, the value of the mark had fallen to almost nothing at all, so that his greatest triumph yielded him, when the inflation was over, $\$ 1.98$.

THERE remain two details of his calling card for me to clear up. That card announces, to the thinly veiled distaste of all butlers, that he is Rudolf K. Kommer of Czernowitz. Why "Czernowitz"? And why "K"? Well, in 1887 he was born of Jewish stock in Czernowitz in the Duchy of Bukowina, and, after the Treaty of St.Germain was ratified, he woke up with considerable irritation to find himself a Roumanian. He has already taken out his first papers as a would-be American, for he does find it irksome to be dependent upon consulates where the attachés speak a language which he cannot even understand. He himself is so little a Roumanian in background that he had never so much as clapped eyes on the man who was long his new sovereign's minister to our country until Anita Loos introduced them to each other in Stamford, Connecticut. Thus strangely do Roumanians meet. That was Antoine Bibesco, the Roumanian

prince who is famous for having married Elizabeth Asquith and for having, by his Balkan guile at poker, provoked Herbert Bayard Swope on one occasion to the immortal outcry, "Boy, the Prince's hat and cuff!!"

But why should Kommer name his native city on his card? Well, it seems that on the Continent the very name Czernowitz has comic overtones. Like Yonkers or Kalamazoo. It is also a good setting for Jewish jokes. In the music-hall humor of Mittel-Europa, it blends the functions of Oshkosh and Arverne. Wherefore when, in 1917, the haughty Catholic Hapsburgs sent our Rudolf on a gumshoeing expedition through the neutral countries, the irritated Socialist press made a point of referring to him always as "Herr Rudolf Kommer aus Czernowitz." Nothing daunted, he immediately accepted it as a professional title and has used it ever since.
Czernowitz not only cradled the infant Rudolf but more recently has achieved another fame. A few years ago it sprang into the headlines when the League of Nations committee which was investigating white slavery announced that the European headquarters of the traffic was good old Czernowitz. With an implied "Ah, there, Rudolf!" scores of those headlines were promptly clipped out and mailed to Kommer by dear friends


> "Go wash your face and hands. I want you to deliver a telegram to Rockefeller Center."
seeking to suggest that the mystery about him had been cleared up at last.

THEN there is the "K." It stands for Kätchen. It seems there is in London a Viennese café of which the familiar is a singularly surly cat. Daily, the fat Austrian proprietor would seek to appease it. "Ah, Kätchen, Kätchen," he would say (that being his curious Viennese way of saying "Kitty, Kitty"), "it iss useless for you to park and crowl." And one afternoon it befell at a rehearsal of "The Miracle," when Kommer was scolding everyone in the cast, that the Madonna shook her finger at him and said, "Ah, Kätchen, Kätchen, it iss useless for you to park and crowl." So he stopped parking and crowling, the rehearsal broke up in disorder, and he has been Kätchen ever since. Kätchen to Lady Diana, to Iris Tree, to Tilly Losch, to Grace Moore, to Ina Claire, to Rosamond Pinchot, to Ruth Draper, to Lillian Gish, to Alice Obolensky, to Elizabeth Bergner, to Eleanora von Mendelssohn-indeed, to all the fair ladies whom he, in appalling Tyrolean costume, has ever welcomed on the platform of the Salzburg Bahnhof.

Kätchen to all the friends there and here whom he has deftly assisted with their elopements and their divorces, whom he has helped into jobs and solvency or out of jail and hock.

But these are his avocations. What, you ask me, does he do for a living? Well, I wouldn't know about that.
-Alexander Woollcott

## OF ALL THINGS

DURING his visit to New York Citizen Hoover enjoyed earlymorning walks about the streets. If he saw any grass growing in same, he was too good a sport to say so.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has no pocket money, movie actors' salaries are cut in half, and Babe Ruth may have to scrape through the summer on $\$ 50,000$. If we have to bear misfortunes with patience and good humor, we choose those.

Where the new currency is concerned, there is a widespread willing-
ness to take the cash and let the credit go to Roosevelt.

All parties are agreed upon one thing: Whatever else we do, we must never permit the return of the old-fashioned bank.

Republican leaders in Congress have changed their minds and decided not to kick out the Hoover bolters. They have made the astonishing discovery that the party needs multiplication rather than division.

Herriot thinks that this would be a good time for France to pay Uncle Sam that overdue bill. The old gentleman, he says, was a good fellow when he had it.

As we understand the currency question, the United States is not off the gold standard, it expects to get back on very soon, and besides it doesn't matter as much as you might think.

Herr Hitler's young men are making nuisances of themselves by making raids upon their enemies. The Nazi chieftain is distressed, embarrassed, chagrined, vexed, and mortified by their conduct, but not quite enough to tell them to stop.

The National City Bank has taken steps to drop its troublesome affiliate. Many of our best people are doing that this season, including Mrs. James J. Walker.

The new city subway is cutting into the Interborough's trade. What hurts most, however, is our widespread practice of staying at home and minding our own business.

The hitherto unruffled brow of James A. Farley is furrowed with lines of suffering and care. Job-hunters, he finds, do not shoot each other to any helpful extent.

In our broad-minded town we do not penalize people for their lack of education. Those who cannot read, write, or figure may always get positions as election inspectors.
-Howard Brubaker


## GOOD PLAYS FOR HARD TIMES

ALTHOUGH there was a distinct sound of revelry by night at the opening of "Strike Me Pink," and although Broadway
had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men
there was, nevertheless, the ominous booming of cannon in the direction of Waterloo. For something had gone wrong that day up at the Bank, something that nobody quite understood, and underneath the ermine and white waistcoats of the assembled gentry there was considerable irregularity of systole and diastole. (Take that, Mr. Jimmy Durante!)

But, as far as this particular unit of the capitalistic system was concerned, all clouds were dispelled early in the show when a group of young ladies, who had been bemoaning in song the fact that the World Chaos had re-
sulted in an embargo on their income of diamonds and mink, suddenly raised their arms high in the air and burst into a pæan of hope and confidence beginning with a shrill: "We depend on Rose-a-velt! We depend on him!"

This marked the end of the Depression. It was so staggering, even shocking, in its brashness in the face of a national emergency unequaled since the firing on Fort Sumter that the Forces of Darkness collapsed then and there out of sheer chagrin. No people so lacking in a sense of proportion could he worth pestering for long. Even the man who had carried his heavy burden into the White House on that day would have been impressed by the epic impudence of the thing, and will, I am sure, when it is called to his attention, make it one of his first concerns to force a measure through Congress bringing diamonds and mink back to

"ALIEN CORN," AT THE BELASCO
Here are James Rennie, Katharine Cornell, and Siegfried Rumann in a huddle deciding what is going to happen about Miss Cornell's craving for Vienna.
the beautiful ladies of the "Strike Me Pink" company.

The whole show at the Majestic is a good tonic for the times. Lew Brown and Ray Henderson have thrown into it tons of national resources the existence of which have never been suspected by the statisticians. Even the lighting, which is exceptionally fine, helps contribute to the feeling that Everything Is All Right Again. Once more Kiviette and Charles LeMaire have delved into their imaginations for costumes which are original and yet are costumes, and with such prodigality that one of the most charming sets, a black fur arrangement on tall girls (that may not be the way the order slips read, but it is the effect given to a layman), is seen for a tantalizingly few seconds and then whisked off for the wardrobe mistress to look at, although she won't have much mending to do on them for some time yet. There should also be a special word for the dance numbers which Seymour Felix has devised with nothing but legs and hands to work with, as well as for President Roosevelt's protégées who execute them. It is all very bright and gay and pretty.

$A^{s}$S for the show itself, if you happen to be, with this department, a charter member of the Jimmy Durante Benevolent Association, nothing else matters. Jimmy is there in abundance, constantly "humiliated," constantly racked by that fever of activity which permits him no rest even when there is no known goal in sight. With "Didja ever have the feelin' that yer wanted ter go-and still ter have the feelin' that yer wanted ter stay?" he sums up the restlessness of the age, so vividly depicted in the barbaric finale to the first act of his own show. "'Ignore him,' my Pride whispered," he says of a heckler, but Jimmy cannot ignore, he cannot steer a middle course. It is all or nothing with him. "Everywhere I went I discovered Chaos!" he barks as he strides across the stage. I am afraid that it will always be thus with Jimmy. Chaos on every side, even where no Chaos exists. But so long as he can alternate in mood between wildeyed fury and uncontrollable laughter, he ought to be able to keep his balance and remain the same old Jimmy. Which, to those of us who choked up slightly during his sentimental journey through the past ten years, he will always be.

Teamed with Mr. Durante in carry-

## As Madonna more stirringly Beautiful

than mine years ago.. Lady Diana Manners says



In 1924
Lady Diana Manners, when she first appeared in "The Miracle"-the most beautiful woman of English aristocracy-said: "Every woman can accomplish loveliness by using Pond's Creams."


Today
Loving audiences are again spellbound by the still beauty, more enchanting than ever, of Lady Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, as she plays Madonna in the recent London revival of "The Miracle."
"Contrary to common belief, women on the stage seek the simplest methods to care for the skin." Lady Diana Duff-Cooper speaks with disarming British candor.
"After all," she declares, "good care of your skin consists only in cleansing it thoroughly with a pure cream, and always protecting it."

That surprises you. As you look at the exquisite loveliness of Lady Diana's complexion, you imagine that she uses many secret and expensive formulas for beauty

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"It was in America, when I first opened in 'The Miracle,' that I discovered Pond's Two Creams. From that time on I have been positively devoted to them.
"I use Pond's Cold Cream constantly (day and night and after exposure) to cleanse my skin thoroughly-and it removes make-up perfectly! Also when one's
face feels tired a generous patting of Pond's Cold Cream revives and stimulates it.
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Lady Diana Manners adds: "Pond's new Face Powder is so exquisite a powder at so moderate a price!"
Lady Diana Manners uses Pond's Cold Cream -"To cleanse the skin thoroughly of all foreign particles after every exposure.


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"To remove all traces of cosmetics."
She uses Pond's Vanishing Cream: "Always as a foundation for make-up. It holds powder like nothing else.
"Before every sport and every exposure.
"To smooth chapped and roughened skin.
"Almost every day to keep my hands and arms soft and white."
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Address

ing the show we find Miss Hope Williams again, and Miss Lupe Velez for the first time. Miss Williams is still an ideal receiving set for the short Durante waves, but she has been given some very unfortunate material (of which there is plenty in "Strike Me Pink") and the very patrician quality which makes her so fine a foil for the peasant onslaughts of Mr. Durante only accentuates her unsuitability for some of her present assignment. Miss Velez has plenty of the unfortunate material as well, but somehow it seems more her milieu. And one or two of her imitations are really startling to the eye.

And, speaking of imitations, Mr . Eddie Garr revives one of my favorite branches of dramatic art with a series which, although a bit elementary in its presentation ("and so the next I happened to meet was Ed Wynn and he talked something like this"), is good enough to make you wish he would do a lot more. In fact, so good were some of his impersonations that they brought out what must be the all-time low in stupidity in applause. This department has long waged an absolutely fruitless warfare on applauders who drown out the important sound of tap-dancing in their fever to show that they know what is what in that art, but they are farseeing and lethargic when compared to the people who, in beating their palms together in appreciation of the facial similarity between Mr. Garr and his subject, made it impossible to hear what he was saying. There must be something going on in such minds, but for the moment it eludes me.

Then, to fill out a complete bill of entertainment in "Strike Me Pink," there are the boyishly nimble feet of Mr. Hal LeRoy and the ministrations of Mr. Roy Atwell, with a fine Harlem number sung by Mr. George Dewey Washington, and the before-mentioned "Restless" finale to the first act. Altogether, with the exception of some pretty bad sketches, a rousing, spectacular show for one long act and not so hot for the second act. But as there was about half an hour too much material on the opening night, it ought not to be hard to cut. By now it is probably entirely worth your while, if your while is worth anything at all by now.

IN "Both Your Houses," Maxwell Anderson has managed to create a resentment and preach a sermon against government chicanery which Elmer

Rice, with much more material at hand, was unable to do in "We, the People." He has done it by the simple use of humor and understatement. By the time you have watched the members of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives play penny-ante with two hundred million of your dollars, you are much more in the mood for revolution than after all of Mr. Rice's bitter attacks on everything in general.

For Mr. Anderson's villains are not all jet-black and some of them are even likeable, especially Mr. Walter C. Kelly, who has, as the Virginia Judge in vaudeville, told some of the country's best stories to generations of the country's best audiences. And Mr. Anderson's hero, so well played by young Mr. Shepperd Strudwick, is not entirely without flaw, as his efforts at reform ended up in a tidy two-milliondollar appropriation for his own constituency. But the main problem of what we are going to do with a government of little men is placed squarely and without flinching, and, while you are listening to its statement, you may derive some good, hearty laughs, even though the laughs are at your own expense ( $\$ 200,000,000$ net $)$.

Worthington Miner has directed this story of a House bill as if it were the story of a real character, and, working with such good Theatre Guild employees as Robert Strange, Mary Philips, Morris Carnovsky, and J. Edward Bromberg (there are lots of others), has turned out a smooth and even exciting performance. It is too bad that Mr. Anderson had to introduce the human note into the proceedings, for what was supposed to be the Big Conflict in the third act (the possibility of sending a fairly honest legislator to jail for a fairly crooked transaction when that legislator happened to be the father of a young lady of whom the hero was only fairly fond) did not, somehow, shape up as a tremendously important point to decide.

However, "Both Your Houses" is as convincing and entertaining a piece of important propaganda as the theatre could manage to stomach, and you had better see it, you easy-going, lazy old voter, you. As Mr. Kelly says: "The natural resources of this country in political apathy and indifference have hardly been touched," but plays like Mr. Anderson's might help a little over a period of years.
-Robert Benchley


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## HERE'S HOW TO CONQUER CHAPPING

WINDS.. BIRTHDAYS... ITY SOOT...ITS


Just about this time of year the most superficial glance into your mirror is pretty apt to be discouraging. Your hands are guarded by gloves against soil and weather; your precious face can only smile and greet cutting winds, or sooty breezes, unprotected.

What you do about it depends on how bright you are. You can scrub the surface and join the dirt and weather forces in stealing some more of the skin's lovely youth, or you can

buy yourself a jar of Marie Earle Essential Cream and use it as a twofold foil against all beauty bandits!
With this one jar, your technique of facial care becomes enchantingly simple. First, you dip into this fluffy, verbenascented cream and spread it on your face and neck. It melts on contact with the warmth of your skin and goes directly about its business - loosening soil, lubricating chapped skin! With Marie Earle soft tissues,
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Here's the one jar with the fwo-purpose Essential Cream. Sold at better shops at no advance in its prices - despite tax.


OR HUEY, OR AL, OR ANY OTHER STATESMAN YOU CARE TO NAME
[SUGGESTED BY "MY BOY FRANKLIN," AS TOLD BY MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT (RAY LONG, \$1.50), AND, IN FACT, COMPOSED OF VERBATIM QUOTATIONS THEREFROM ]

Athe very outset he was plump, pink, and nice.

He used to get up at seven and have his breakfast at about eight.

His diversions varied with the season of the year and with his age.

He had shortcomings, as many as other youngsters of his age, I am certain, but errors of judgment just did not happen to be among them.

His economies were always bound up in consideration of one kind or another.

Gradually he put his affairs into such shape that he was able to take on outside interests as they came along when they had a particular appeal for one reason or another.

He recalls for instance the many anonymous little gifts of wood, strawberries, honey and other local delicacies that were left mysteriously on his doorstep and the many who brought him not only bits of their handiwork but the tribute of their frequent visits and their confidences.

During one of his stops he was greeted by the Mayor of the town and a reception of some two hundred citizens.

Of course he was right. -D. W.

## THE MENACE OF MOVING YOUR BED

Now, should I waken in the night, Since I have turned my bed around, I'll stare and stare in dreadful fright At some bewitched yet common sight;

My heart will stop, my pulses pound,
To find the door has moved around Quite opposite from what was right When first I went to bed tonight;

And something furtive, something sly,
Will probably go flitting by Where every day at half-past one My rug gets faded by the sun.

[^1]
## NEW PRICES

Throughout the business cycles of more than a century, Brooks Brothers' prices have moved up -and down-in close conformity with changes in material and manufacturing costs. But we have always felt that though prices might-and should-change, Brooks Brothers' quality should never, under any circumstances, be altered. Consequently our announcement of a new schedule of lower prices this Spring has, we think, a certain real importance. It means, for instance, that you can now buy a Brooks Brothers' suit-made in our own workrooms, of the same type of materials as always-for forty dollars...a Brooks Brothers' hat for five dollars...a Brooks Brothers' shirt-cut on our own patterns, as always - for two dollars and seventy-five cents. There is no change-except in the price you pay.

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## fooled...it's more fun to know

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. It is a routine process of manufacture. The first Camel cigarette ever made was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, call for only a
moderate application of heat. Heat treatment never can make cheap, inferior tobaccos good.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE
tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is the most important statement ever made in a cigarette advertisement. Weigh its words. Consider what it means. Then try Camels.

Camels are fresh... in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.


SHOUTS AND MURMURS

## THE BLUEBEARD SERIES

THE most beautiful thing ever fashioned by the hand of man on this continent marks the nameless grave of a woman who is not mentioned in her husband's autobiography. It is the ineffably tranquil bronze-the hypnotically tranquil bronze-which you will find in an evergreen thicket of cypress, holly, and pine on a slope in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. I have often encountered a popular disposition to call it "Grief," but if there be one thing indisputably certain about the utter composure of that passionless figure, it is that it is beyond grief, as it is beyond pain and all the hurt the world can do. In the more than forty years of its standing there, it has become a recognized node in the increasing vibration of American life. Scurrying little pilgrims-Soames Forsyte, Louis Calhern, your correspondent, the editor of Babies: Just Babies, and all the ragtag and bobtail of latter-day America-go to it, stay a while, and come away again. The oblivious figure challenges each and every one. Motionless, it reaches out and draws a holy circle around its bit of fragrant earth, saying with such an imperious force as no mere prelate ever commanded, "Here, here is sanctuary." This is the statue of mystical contemplation which Henry Adams commissioned his old friend, Augustus St. Gaudens, to make when Marian Hooper Adams died. Now it marks his grave, too-his, and the grave of the unknown woman.

IT was characteristic of one who always moved about upon this earth with something of the shrinking gait of a professional violet crossing a ballroom floor that he should have omitted from "The Education of Henry Adams" all reference to the more than twenty years of his marriage, thus unfortunately implying, at the very least, that he had learned nothing from his wife. But that honored, if somewhat trying, book was written and published under such circumstances as hedged it 'round with privilege. I cannot
think that the same privilege extends to the new and attenuated monograph about him written and recently published by James Truslow Adams for reasons which, after an attentive and puzzled reading, still escape me. This time there are a few pages devoted to Mrs. Adams, painting the marriage as an uncommonly happy one and investing her with considerable charm. But when he comes to her death, the new biographer lapses abruptly into an owlish, ostentatious silence and tiptoes past that locked door. Beyond speaking of the night in December, 1885, when the thread of Henry Adams's life was snapped "by the death of his wife under peculiarly tragic circumstances," the present chronicler contents himself with saying, in a funereal manner worthy of the late Mr. Wopsle, "We shall not here lift the veil which Adams himself always held over his grief." This eruption of reticence, whether dictated by the aforesaid chronicler's own instincts, or enforced upon him by the families affected, will, I am sure, be described by certain temperaments as an exercise in good taste. I do not myself so regard it. I say it's spinach.

TO be sure, this is the viewpoint of one whose blood is watered and darkened with printer's ink, but surely even those in whose confused thinking reticence is somehow bound up with the eternal verities must admit that there is a statute of limitations on privacy. The only dispute, then, could turn on the question as to when that statute runs its course. Some who might reluctantly admit that the once private life of Nero now lay wholly within the public domain may still have been considerably taken aback when, only a century after Lord Byron's death, one of his descendants honored by publication and supported by documents the old rumor that the poet had had a child by his own sister.

Then others who might share my own brisk feeling that it was high time such incestuous sheets were aired would still not be as maddened as I am by the overexercise of discretion which sees to it that even today, more than sixty
years after Charles Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey, the young woman who was the first person mentioned in his will is not yet mentioned in his biography.

But without attempting here to seek any agreement as to just when a biographer may properly go through the ceremony which the present one describes as "lifting the veil," I may still question the wisdom of James Truslow Adams in pointing to the veil at all. For it seems to me that such huggermugger is an affront not only to the reader but to the memory it professes to serve. At least let me point out the sheer nonsense of any suggestion that her privacy is respected by such a finger-on-lip gesture. For, of course, his sedulous averting of the gaze as though there had been some deep damnation about her taking off, his broad hint that there was such a mystery about the death of Mrs. Adams as might not be gone into even fifty years later, does unleash the wildest surmises. And such surmises howl in the night, as the master of the Kremlin discovered a few months ago when he somewhat enigmatically interred his own good lady.

THOSE responsible in the present case must not complain if they soon encounter a rumor that Marian Adams was hanged by the neighbors as a practitioner of lycanthropy. This untoward result would seem all the more ironic to those knowing that behind this particular veil is only the quiet fact that on an evening in December, 1885, the poor lady merely exercised her inalienable privilege of taking her own life. I would like, on some other page and day, to discuss the smug arrogance of those busybodies who always speak as if self-slaughter were, ipso facto, a shameful thing. But here I wish to make only the one point-that when, like the burglars Harold told about in "The Golden Age," James Truslow Adams vanishes into the shrubbery with horrid implications, he is committing himself, consciously or unconsciously, to the dubious policy of introducing into biography the closet of Bluebeard.
-Alexander Woollcott


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The automatic clutch makes it unnecessary to use the clutch pedal. Even the most inexperienced drivers can shift now without causing the car to jerk or jump.

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Safety is a vital necessity under modern driving conditions. You-and your family-are well protected against the hazards of town or country driving in a new Dodge " 8 ". It's safe! Mono-piece steel body. Hydraulic brakes, with centrifusedrums, are weather-proof, quick actingand they are always in adjustment. Double-drop X bridge-type frame. Low center of gravity. Duplate Safety Plate glass-non-glare, shatterproof -in windshield.
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$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { NE } \mathrm{W} \text { N T H FLOAT I N G P O W E R } \\
& \text { An Aristocrat from bumper to bumper }
\end{aligned}
$$

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# MUSICAL EVENTS 

Mme. Olszerwska, Various Gruenberg, and Mr. Gardner



NE of the most
satisfactory rules for concert attendance is to leave before anyone can sing the ditty that is known as "Handel's Largo," but Mme. Maria Olszewska, throwing her first New York recital, made it difficult to observe this suggestion by starting her program with the well-worn "Ombra Mai Fu." She left it about where she found it, did a little warming up with three Italian airs from the Conventional Contralto's Concert Compendium, and then began a succession of songs by Brahms and Wolf that earned her a diploma for entertainment and charm.

It's no trouble to jab away at Mme. Olszewska's uneven tone production, her frequently muffled enunciation, her peculiar trick of making a soft tone sound like a loud one that had been suppressed. It's even less trouble to admire the many colors of her voice, her sure sense of climax, her presentation of every song as a completely developed dramatic concept; and her vivacity makes even a sequence of slow Lieder pick up the illusion of pace.

Mme. Olszewska, as smart an actress as the Metropolitan ever has harbored, doesn't use her stage tricks to sell non-operatic material. Occasionally, her enthusiasm becomes physical, and I observed one graceful pivot that only Bobby Jones could have excelled, but the drama is in her voice and she refrains from assisting it with clutchings, heavings, and smirkings.

There is no impression of an opera singer demonstrating that she has proper respect for the solemnities of the Lied when Mme. Olszewska goes into action. She takes each song for its own merits and marks each off as clearly as she differentiates Brangäne and Klytemnestra. Put Mme. Olszewska down on your limited list of people whose recitals are fun.

Mr. Koussevitzky, a conductor who not only has heard of American music but also isn't afraid to

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## BOSTON



OnE of the earmarks of civilized living is the new attitude toward time and space; one can cover so much of the latter in so little of the former.

In the regularly scheduled planes operated by American Airways, Inc., busy people are traveling coast-to-coast with the loss of only one business day. New York is only 2 hours flying-time from Boston. $31 / 2$ hours from Montreal. 3 hours from Syracuse. 4 hours from Buffalo. $71 / 2$ hours from Detroit.

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play it, brought to town with him the first symphony of Louis Gruenberg, who composed "The Emperor Jones." The symphony was written fourteen years ago, revised in 1929, and is, according to the composer, "different in feeling, technique, and subject matter to what I do today." Consequently, there are two Gruenbergs represented in this plaid of a symphony. One is slightly sentimental and lingering; the other, who wrote the third movement, is restrained and concise. The whole effect couldn't be too satisfactory, but Mr. Gruenberg's music never is dull, and there is enough of the later Gruenberg in it (especially in the scoring) to make it worth hearing.
Some conductor might find it worth while to investigate a more characteristic sample of Gruenberg: "Nine Moods," which I heard Mr. Stokowski perform in an all-American radio concert last season.

A
VIOLIN recital without one of the stock concerti (which always sound idiotic with piano accompaniment), without the business of sawing a fiddle in half that passes for the playing of unaccompanied Bach, without Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Paganini, or even Corelli, is an achievement, and Samuel Gardner, returning to Town Hall after too long an absence, proved that it was possible. His concerto was the rarely played Chausson composition for violin, piano, and string quartet (four handsome young women, by the way); his a cappella offering was an attractive Recitativo and Scherzo-Caprice by Kreisler, and the shorter bits didn't stem too directly from the chestnut tree.

Mr . Gardner retains his facility, his unruffled tone, and his excellent musicianship, and it's a pleasure to have him back with us. For good measure, in addition to the chamber-music sorority, there was Clarence Adler, who collaborated expertly in the concerto and the third sonata of Brahms.
-Robert A. Simon

From the time the automobile or train first climbs into the trees of the New Mexico mountains the spell of the Land of Cibola spreads over the visitor. -Hotel booklet.

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

## PARIS LETTER



Paris, March 8 Albert Lebrun, President of the French Republic, is pretty nearly a prisoner. Parisians seem not to know this, but the American Library, just across the street from the official palace, cannot help being well informed. Three times a day its employees, or, indeed, any bookworm who happens to be reading on the second floor, can see the unfortunate inheritor of the late President Doumer's honors solemnly taking his constitutional behind the high walls of the beautiful, lonely garden. In such moments of exercise, the President wears a derby hat and nice dark clothes, and walks fast but always dignified.

Investigation elicits the fact that the Republic, since it lost its last chief by assassination, decided not to let Lebrun -on whom otherwise it candidly sets no great value-risk his life except on state occasions such as cornerstonelayings, openings of agricultural fairs, the wedding of his daughter, or the like. As a result, the attendance at the horse races and the daily drives in the Bois, which were always part of the Presidential duties, have been suppressed. On the rare afternoons when the President is allowed out, the police are increased on his line of march, which he cannot change and over which he must not dawdle, and the Horse Guards are at his head or heel. He is never left alone except in the garden, and then he is watched.

IN official circles, Lebrun is regarded as a living warning to all democracies inclined to think that it won't make much difference who is elected vicepresident. Upon taking over the Presidency, he turned out to be an unfortunate little provincial, eager, talkative, surprised (though no more so than everyone else), with a tendency to wear brown shoes at the wrong times (which the protocol has since corrected), to look comic in his photographs, and to go to church three times on Sunday when in his home town, which, considering the anticlericalism of modern France, is courageous of him.

His favorite Presidential snapshot of


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Taste-blind folks may put up with the ordinary tomato juices that flood the marketpity their unhappy lot. But let us be thankful that College Inn has elevated the tomato appetizer to its rightful, tasty heritage, and glory in its flavor unsurpassed.

## (ollege lnn

THE ORIGINAL TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
College Inn Food Products Co. Hotel Sherman, Chicago - 415 Greenwich St., New York
himself shows him on the front porch of his native homestead in a frock coat and a straw hat (such as no one in France ever saw except on the head of Maurice Chevalier), and with his little granddaughter on his knees.

THOUGH ten theatrical openings were offered in one week, the only novelty of peculiar merit in the past fortnight was Marcel Herrand's Rideau troupe's presentation for three nights only of Gide's little literary gem, "The Return of the Prodigal Son." The piece would be unrecognizable to Bible readers, since it goes much farther than the Scriptures. What it describes, indeed, is the drama of the second son, the calf-fattener, who in turn becomes the second prodigal boy on being excited by the typical Gidian exhortations of his returned brother to go out and see the world. From which he, in turn, probably returns only to encourage the third son to leave the farm. It is a fine, restless piece of modern psychology which demands only an infinite supply of sons and fatted calves to go on forever.

Further roiling of old waters is promised by Cocteau's new play about Edipus, in which the Sphinx doubles as a fur rug by the nuptial couch. Jocaste is to be played by Yvonne de Bray, or a similar typical boulevard comédienne, and the rôle of the hero will be taken every other night by Cocteau himself. The play is now in manuscript and is supposed to make its appearance as one of the first smart signs of spring. This is the kind of news which should set the crocuses hustling.

PARIs got the news of technocracy after Howard Scott was, if not out of the picture, at any rate out of Co lumbia. In its honor, André Maurois



RED LODGE, CAL., March 18-Abner Zwill, retired farmer and Civil War Veteran, competing in the pole vault at the Granger's Picnic here today, landed in a nearby tree and was disqualified. "Guess I jumped too high", said Abner.
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This secret of freshness is Cushman's smart, new "Westchester" Roll, already a Park Avenue dinner and luncheon favorite.
For the fresh, delicious canapés you love to crunch, cut "Westchesters" crosswise into quarterinch slices. Toast in a hot oven, and spread with your favorite ap-petizers-caviar, anchovy paste, chopped meats, pickles, etc.

Versatile, these "Westchesters", a Cushman creation. For a quick, smart midnight bite try this favorite "Westchester" recipe of

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## ZIPPY "WESTCHESTERS"

To serve 6 persons. Mix $1 / 2$ cup old English, or any other soft yellow cheese, with $1 / 4$ cup chopped pickle relish. Unfold the "Westchesters" carefully and spread the inside folds with the mixture. Fold back and bake till brown.

Put "Westchesters" on your list for tomorrow's shopping. They're featured at all our stores-there's one in your neighborhood.
translated the much-discussed Harpers article, to which he added his own sentiment: "May the immortal gods save us from it." And Marianne, newest N.R.F. weekly, furnished a photo of those standard stovepipe men who in the old days used to figure as Robots, as Men from Mars, or as Huns in the Next War, but who this year pose as Technocrats at a Conference Table.

As a matter of fact, technocracy is no news to the French. Since 1924, it has been working in the village of Cizely, in the Nièvre, under the title of république fédériste, an invention of the town's mayor, who also invented the light infantry gun and introduced tanks into the army, and so is not to be sneezed at as an innovator. As a result, the town hall issues its own little trading chits, grandly called Bons Europa, with which the Cizelites do their thriving business-one Europa being exchangeable for thirty minutes' work, ten kilowatt hours of electricity, two hundred grams of cotton, or two kilos of wheat; a quarter Europa doubtless being good for an apéritif; and a half one for a pack of fine cheroots, and so on. Works fine, apparently, but don't tell Mr. Scott.

$A^{\circ}$ddenda: Henri Duparc, the composer of "l'Invitation au Voyage" and other still popular soprano songs, is finally dead. For fifty years he had been mad, living in poverty in a country house stuffed with unfinished manuscripts. . . . "Wuthering Heights" will be made into a movie by Bunuel, the brilliant young Spanish director who made "I'Âge d'Or" for the Surréalistes. . . . Contrary to reports, Lady Abdy will make only one film. . . . Madame Eloui Bey, fashionable Parisian beauty, daughter of a Circassian and a Turkish noble, and wife of an Egyptian functionary, is Lubitsch's latest discovery and will be starred in his next picture. . . . The best French detective story of 1931, Simenon's "La Tête d'un Homme," built around a chance remark of the late Harry Crosby at a Montparnasse bar, has been made into the best French detective movie of 1933.
-Genêt

Man, 36, eleven years' legislative experience in Wash. Also handy with tools, exp. painter, hardwood finisher, des. position. Albert Scolnick, 5710 N. Marvine St.-Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

If you can make the nation's repairs, you don't care who makes its laws. Is that it?


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| SAT. | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Championship Polo - Squadron A } \\ & \text { Armory, 8:30. } \end{aligned}$ |
| SUN. | Don Cossack, Russian Male ChorusCarnegie Hall, 8:30. |
| MON. | Robert O'Conner, Pianist - Town Hall, 8:30. |
| TUES. | Musicians' Symphony, Metropolitan Opera House, 8:30. |
| WED. | Fencing-Ladies' National Team Championship-320 East 53rd St., 8:00. |
| THURS. | Hockey-Rangers Vs. CanadiensMadison Square Garden, 8:30. |

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## A REPORTER AT LARGE

T${ }^{\top}$ HE parade went marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, flags in the wind, and drums, and the General on a fine white horse. The most expensive seats in the wooden reviewing stands cost seven dollars each, and all those seats were filled. Bands went by, and citizen soldiers wearing glorious uniforms with white plumes, red plumes; and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the colored Elks looking mighty smart with their gold-and-purple capes, their yellow canes flashing as they walked along.

Then the parade was over, and Mr. Hoover was weeping as his train drew out of the station toward obscurity. And up at the White House crowds hung like birds along the iron fences, trying to catch a glimpse of the statesmen who were hurrying there to struggle with catastrophe. There were many lights in the White House, and sometimes a vague, enviable shadow crossed a window. Motorcars swept into the long, curving driveway and paused a moment before the white pillars of the doorway and swept out again. Down at the entrance to the Executive Offices in the west wing of the White House a hundred newspapermen, all very tired, stood waiting for news as horses wait for oats.

WE knew about the New York banks, of course. It had happened that morning. About the Illinois banks and about Michigan, where they already had had three weeks' experience of this business. The more dra-matic-minded of the newspapermen were full of glee.
"'Gentlemen, it's revolution. I'm telling you. Finee for the grand and glorious old American institutions. I can see 'em now, howling up Fifth Avenue with blood in their eye, howling up Market Street and Beacon Street and Michigan Avenue."

## "Who?"

"Why, the birds that get hungry, that's who. And I've already picked my side. I'm going to join me a good Communist club."
"Ain't we got fun!"
The lights burned in the White House, and the

## W ASHINGTON WEEKEND

newspaper reporters were almost unanimous in their happy predictions of calamity, and downtown Amos ' $n$ ' Andy (in person) put out the S.R.O. sign. The other moving-picture houses, having no such compelling attraction, did a boom business, nevertheless. The hotels posted notices that "owing to the confused banking situation" they would be unable to cash checks or money orders. In the lobbies of those hotels there were many senators and representatives. About each there congregated a little crowd of listeners, and voices boomed along:
"In my sober opinion, there is not the least cause for worry. Mr. Roosevelt's speech this morning indicated clearly enough that he has the courage and the ability to command the situation. We face a test of the American people, their resourcefulness and wis-dom-and who of us can doubt for a moment . . ."

Ten thousand people paid five dollars each to stand in a solid crowd at the Inaugural Ball. Nobody could possibly dance. The President was not there. Yet the ball was very gay. The guests accepted its colossal discomforts, its confusion and violent noise, precisely as they accepted the impending crisis in affairs. They laughed. They talked
a little feverishly. They had, at the last, no earthly idea of their reason for being there or their reason for not leaving, but they lingered-talking, talking, talking, and applauding loudly the distinguished figure of Mr. Vice-President Garner when he bowed to them from a box.

Quiet did not settle upon the city until long after dawn. Even then, with the sun coming up, you could hear the tramp of feet on the pavements and the quavering harmonies of "Sweet Adeline" drifting against the gray columns of the Treasury Building. In the White House, the lights were never extinguished.

SUnday wore through. The city came awake slowly and then waited, for there was no word at all from the White House. All day long a press of cars moved past the mansion and their occupants stared at the lovely, uncommunicative façade. Occasionally, across the lawn beyond the great elms, there was the flash of a silk hat in the sunlight, the flutter of a gaily colored dress. In the hotel lobbies, a sharp, nervous voice would exclaim now and then, "But listen! I've got to get home, I tell you! You'll just have to cash this check, I tell you! It's a matter of absolute necessity." And, in reply, "I will let you speak to the manager, but

"Look, I told you he could do it!"

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SALON MANICURE PREPARATIONS

[^2]| I don't think we can do anything."
Almost imperceptibly a certain tension began to appear. In the more popular hotels, where the good, honest sightseers were gathered, the tension manifested itself in a new readiness to giggle, in wheezes like "Well, brother, I've got nine U. S. Cigar Store certificates. Ought to get a ham sandwich for 'em, eh?" In the suave teaparties that they gave in homes out Georgetown way, and in Wardman Park, the change was naturally more subtle.

It was visible first in the women. You could see the curious brightness in their eyes, the half-hidden pleasure at trouble in a man's world-the same mystic delight that women find in days when war is coming on. They might even (you could feel them nurturing this), they might even have the chance to endure, to suffer, to display all the finer nobilities, if the men would only let things get into a slightly worse mess. They urged their servants to hasten the trays of cocktails. They almost lost their ability to conceal their amusement as the men leaned over them with grave, polite assurances that matters would adjust themselves, that the greatest and richest nation on earth certainly could not and would not . . .

In the evening there were magnificent receptions. The foreign diplomats wore their handsome uniforms and their medals, and managed to hide behind a schooled politeness their inescapable glow of satisfaction.

Champagne and caviar, and music from a group of opera singers gathered in the city for a concert.

A girl's voice: "Lordy, I feel like a kid when the schoolhouse has burned down."

A man's voice: "It will turn out to be a fine thing for the country. May I have your glass filled?"
Another girl's voice: "I'm so lucky! Ever since I was a little girl, my father has given me the gold pieces he gets for attending directors' meetings. My deposit box is almost full of them."

The butler spoke to a senator, who bent politely over a girl celebrated for her horses, and the senator left quickly, saying, "They have sent for me and I must get to the White House. Please explain to our hostess."

TOWARD midnight, I telephoned to a newspaperman, the Washington correspondent for a New York paper. I asked, "What is the news?"
"You'd better come on down and see it happen."

In his office a few people were sitting


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-men and women in evening clothes. They were all silent, listening to the newspaperman's voice as he spoke to New York over the telephone.
". . . nothing at all from the White House except the proclamation itself. No other statement. . . . Oh, certainly. They are still there. Still with the President. Suppose they will be, all night."

He hung up. Other telephones were ringing, and every minute or two a reporter would come in with word from somebody, news from somebody.
"Here's a statement from Huey Long."
"Well, what's the Kingfish got to say?"
"Same thing he said last week."
"Throw it away."
The reporters were disheveled and tired, but full of automatic energy. We felt a little silly, leaning back in our chairs and watching them work at the business of closing all the banks in America; for the reporters were really closing the banks-they were telling the banks not to open their doors in the morning.

That brilliant reception out in Wardman Park, the diplomats and the ravishing girls and the opera singers and the champagne, seemed far away and long ago.

We sat in the newspaperman's office until about four o'clock. The telegraph instruments clucked away, spelling "All banks will be closed tomorrow" with the same idiotic chatter they would use to spell "The first lady wore black and carried a black fan."

It was very dark and very cold when we started home. We went through the empty streets. We went past the White House. The windows in the Executive Offices were all bright, and upstairs in the White House the lights were burning in four or five rooms. The radiance they cast fell across the lawn, through the bare trees, and struck wanly against the great wooden stands built for the parade. The stands cost forty thousand dollars, and nobody had had the time, yet, to wreck them.

Monday was not a gloomy day. Was not the Congress called for Thursday? The air was charged with the excitement of action. Things were being done. What things? Nobody bothered much about that, for it


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other to a complete chest of drawers for your small things.
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talian Line
would be the wildest guesswork anyway. Just as long as something was being done, anything, that would suffice to keep spirits up. But they had stopped giggling. Even the senators and the representatives were stilled-hoping to be called into conference at the White House; for once unready with glib solutions.

The lucky few who were called to the conferences came out with an air of mystery. They confined themselves to a single set speech: "Everything will be all right."

They were shocked into a strange reticence at the novel experience of being taken seriously by the country.

They were, perhaps, more deeply shocked at their own competence when, the Congress having met at last, they passed bills, accomplished the President's will, with so little of their accustomed absurdity.

$\mathrm{S}^{\circ}$O the dark Inaugural. So the queer, impersonal confusion of men against events-like the queer, impersonal confusion of troops wandering over a battlefield, fighting when they can find somebody to fight against, shunting human lives about in whatever way seems possible amidst so many bleak impossibilities.
-Morris Markey

## EL COMANDANTE

EVERYONE expected El Comandante de Marina to make a good impression when the English fleet came to anchor in our Spanish bay of Pollensa at the tip end of Majorca. It was up to him to counteract the unfortunate business that had occurred when El Presidente de la República passed through his simple jurisdiction. The Commanding One had received President Zamora in grand fashion, in good fashion-certainly well enough. But how was he to know that those animals, the contrabandistas, would choose that same day to bring in a boatload of contraband tobacco? How was he to know that three of those automobiles so magnificently following the car of the President of Spain were loaded down with it?

That incident, which had reached ears in Madrid, made us watch El Comandante when the English fleet arrived. Even before the ships appeared, he stood ready by the side of the battered little fishing craft which he had arranged to have row him out. And he

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was pretty impressive in his full-dress uniform with its gold braid, brilliant epaulettes, glittering sword, and shiny medal. Topping all was a proud cocked hat underneath which, like a bird from below the eaves, The Commanding One's small brown face peered anxiously.

In the ships came majestically, four tremendous battleships, half a dozen cruisers, and a large brood of destroyers. They anchored leisurely and gracefully in their formation and from the flagship, which flew an admiral's ensign, there came a booming salute. At that The Commanding One jumped into his boat so frantically that he saved himself only by a narrow margin from falling into the sea he commanded. He managed to get off all right, however, sitting importantly in the stern with the fisherman rowing.

When he stood on the deck and was received by stiff, white-clad officers, everyone commented about what a fine figure he was cutting. He was ushered out of sight and all watching on shore had hopes. So far we had been very well represented indeed.

Everything went smoothly when The Commanding One appeared again. He saluted, descended to his boat, and the row back was begun. The group of smart officers on the deck were still watching him, but he seemed oblivious of them. It was evident that he felt glad it was over. For he took off his cocked hat with a grimace of relief and wiped his forehead. Next he unbuckled his sword and laid it down. Then he took off his magnificent coat and was revealed in a faded blue shirt and vivid suspenders. Finally, still not thirty yards from the flagship, he spit on his hands and took an oar.
-Theodore Pratt

The Renfros, who operate a grocery store at corner of Jefferson and Grant streets, had a fire the same as the one on Sunday night a year ago last May. The first fire aroused the neighbors from their slumbers, many of the populace going to the fire in their night clothes, and of course, the last one happening on Sunday evening, found the folks in their Sunday dress.-Knightstown (Ind.) Banner.

Shall we get on to the actual blaze itself now?

[^3]
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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE 

FEMININE FASHIONS



WELL, you'd be sour, too, if you had tottered around in your two-year-old Chanel (thank Heaven, a good Chanel will look right for five years) and seen hundreds of clothes from Paris stalking around on the slim gals who make you want to catch up on your dieting. This will have to be a series of slapdash impressions gleaned from de-luxe emporiums like Hattie Carnegie, Bergdorf Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, Bendel, and Saks' Salon Moderne. They are the subjects of my sermon this morning; more august conclusions will be drawn when I get over my envy, rancor, and bewilderment.

SOME grand dresses are around which you will see everywhere, but they are so good that the repetition won't annoy you. You won't tire of Mainbocher's crêpe evening dress, for instance: slick through the body, having a gob of flowers on the chest, and adorned with a scarf that has pleated, pointed ends and is narrow in the middle. You drape the scarf around your neck and let the ends fall over your shoulders, down your back, wherever you like. Lucille Paray has a black crêpe evening dress with white organdie flaring up around the neck and outlining the shoulder-straps. A gaga organdie cape, fastened on the chest and hugging the shoulders, turns it into a dinner dress whenever you want. (Saks-Fifth Avenue have a similar affair by Worth that's very good, too: just a simple black dress with a tiered white cape and very wide white bands making the shoulder-straps and outlining the décolletage.) Our important shops all went for a swagger evening coat by Augustabernard. This is kneelength, is cut very full and circular, and has an Ascot turnover at the throat and fur on the elbow-length sleeves. You get it in that funny eel color they are all yelling about. I can't think it's so special, but who am I to contradict people who know their business? Lanvin's evening dress of black-and-white-zigzag printed mousseline is around, too. Full skirt, black ciré sash, horizontal tucks flattening the
bosom, and pleated ruffles flaring out from the straight armholes.

IMIGHT as well concentrate on the evening things; they're always fun. It's grand to see the filmy, comehither fabrics like tulle and net and chiffon and lace around again. Chanel, who can't be beaten for simplicity in the daytime, lets herself go gaily froufrou with these. Drop in at Bendel to oh and to ah. She also has made the most breath-taking black lace dress I have seen in years and years. Just a simple thing, with little ruffles around
the hem, armholes, and shoulderstraps in back, with tulle and lace making a flippant little business across the shoulders that is to die. Saks harbors this jealously, defying Hattie Carnegie, who swears that her Patou was the best lace dress in Paris. La Carnegie's is more peek-a-boo, what with a short slip, "V"s down the back over your rosy self, and the like. . . . It's the slut in me, I have no doubt, but I adore fringe. (I also like monkey fur, which is sinister.) You'll like fringe, too, when you glimpse Augustabernard's dress of white crêpe Elizabeth, draped

"Before you look in the mirror, sir, would you mind just removing your hat?"


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over the bosom and hugging the figure closely to the top of the hips. A fourinch band occurs there which looks like beading until you examine it and find it to be crochet. From that point, fringe drips to the ground. Saks shows this dress with a grand swagger coat of white upholsterer's satin, very tailored. . . . You'll find stripes all around, but the giddiest are by Mainbocher: green, red, black, and white stripes, and wide ones, put diagonally and straight across and every which way on a very simple, swish dress. Mainbocher is no slouch about plaids, either. Witness a simple little thing in a gigantic green, pink, and white plaid that is still startling the Bergdorf personnel. It's got a washerwoman fold from hip to hip in front.

VIonNet has new tricks about the shoulders. She apparently has a hundred ways of twisting a dress around so that there is a fold over the top of the shoulders, giving you a wrapped, huddled look. She also likes that drawn-up-on-a-string effect around her décolletages. Her skirts are still too full and circular for me, but you will like a dress of crêpe Elizabeth with a novelty zipper from armpit to hip. Also the lovely dress with a red top and a purple, flowing skirt joined to it in "V"s (at Bender). And you may like the Neapolitan-ice-cream riumph: a white crêpe-Elizabeth top, turned over at the throat, pink crepe through the waist, and black chiffon for the skirt. . . . The Mainbocher printed evening things couldn't be more enchanting, particularly for the way the jackets are cut: very full and circular in the back, so that they swish around. The dresses themselves are difficult to describe; smart clothes that are also ladylike always are. Mainbocher doesn't go for crisscross décolletages or tricks in general; just suave, slick fitting. . . . Molyneux has made the grandest evening dress of an orange-beige crêpe. Speckled brown and orange cop feathers adorn the wrap-around jacket, but Herr Molyneux has been nice and stingy with the feathers, so that they make a flat, jagged design instead of a bunchy one. The dress beneath is so simple, with an absolute straight-up-and-down cut from armpit to the ground that is good to see. In a more abandoned mood, he made a rumba dress, very Zuloaga. It is fitted slick to the figure, and great petals of crinkled cire chiffon start at the knees in front and swirl downward to a train in back. There is a cape of


All this


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## JOHNSON'S

SHINUP tor silence
the petals to hurl around your shoulders, too. Both of these are at JayThorpe. . . . Two spectacular evening capes are around for people who adore to make entrances. Molyneux's is just a huge semicircle of sapphire-blue velvet. You hang it on your shoulders and then, dramatic as anything, take one end and toss it up around your neck (Bergdorf). Vionnet offers one of dark blue crêpe lined with bright red that is a honey. You slip this over your head (it opens casually part way down the back), and in front it is just a band across your chest, high at the throat and extending only about fifteen inches down. It then crosses the upper arm and extends to the floor in back. You feel darn military with the red lining making a background for your divine figure. Hattie Carnegie has this. . . . In every gathering, you will run into controversies about the Schiaparelli evening things. They are making people turn on their best friends, and all. There is no argument, however, about a red crêpe evening dress with two poufs dangling below the décolletage in back; in front, it is high across the throat, and the only relief from its utter simplicity is in little wrapped ends that come around across the chest in an Empress Josephine manner. Hattie Carnegie, who clutches Schiaparelli to her with a passion, also loves more controversial dresses of silk jersey or of satin, plain as possible around the neckline, cut for an Empire waistline, and going straight as a die to their hems. Yes, I said hems. Three inches deep, and taffeta is beneath them to keep them solid. These models have a funny, quaint look (the ostrich feathers which shoot out from the waist in back of one of them aren't exactly quaint, but the cut of the dress is), and I think it is high time, anyhow, that fashion paid some attention to petite women. Carnegie has also snatched the little jacket from a day suit by Schiaparelli and done it


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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
in velvet for the evening. It is bolerolength, and lots of cartridge pleats go up the arm from shoulder to elbow. It looks like a square box cape, but you slip your arms through dinguses inside to anchor it. . . . I like Mainbocher's trademark this year: wide, box-pleated panels, usually in the back of the dress, sometimes at intervals all around. . . . Look at Chanel's dress of sheer, natural-color linen at Carnegie. There are little silver bits woven inside the material, and little ruffles on the shoulder-straps and such for trimming. Strange but chic.

So many notes left over. So many swell Chanel day clothes, and gay Schiaparelli day clothes, and olderwoman Patous. . . And there's Worth's comeback. This will have to be continued.
-L. L.

## REFLECTIONS (IN ALL SENSES) ON MY FRIENDS

When I see the awkward mating Of my friends, I feel a grating

In my mind, a sort of blinking At the most unpleasant linking

Of the charming and uncharming, Of the witty and alarming

Types of mind that, bound together, Go on biting at the tether.

How much better in our dining Do we manage our combining!

With what sense the conk decrees
That the lamb must walk with peas;
That roast beef shall ever go
With the shapeless potato;
That the horrid, watery bean Upon the heavy pork shall lean!

Unions these of art and plan, Most unlike the work of man,

Where a mind of fresh green peas Strives a roast-beef soul to please;

And mashed potatoes, fat and dread, March gay lambkins home to bed;

While leering beans leap from the dish,
Forget the pork, and wink at fish.
Truly we must get a book
Entitled "Marriage," by the cook!
-Hortense Flexner


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# OVER THE WAVES 

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䠋T HESE lines are being written in the middle of a desert whose violet rays are so ultra that if you try to use your receiving set between dawn and the hour when the sun goes over the mountain, you can't get anything but mad. Of course that's about all you can get in the New York district during the day, but the fact that it's usually three hours later there than here makes a disastrous difference. It means I must miss nearly a half-hour of Eddie Cantor and the same amount of Rudy, and in each case a monologue by Dr. R. E. Lee, who compels admiration by never waiting for his laughs. "You will have to be ultra amusing between five and five-thirty every Thursday and Sunday," I said to my wife (a former "Follies" girl) the other evening. "Oh, yeah?" she said.

Fortunately, the first Thursday we were here, the rays stopped interfering in time to permit us to listen to Mr . Vallée's own light-opera company sing its abbreviated "Tales of Hoffman," and to Mr. Vallée himself vocalize the familiar Barcarolle. As a result, I hasten to apologize for anything I ever wrote of him that may have seemed captious and I hereby vote him the Olympic and All-American, Intercollegiate and A.A.U. medals for Nerve.

RADIO, I must admit, is hard to do without when a person is too old to work, too shallow-brained to read much, and too timid to try the only outdoor sport the place has to of-fer-horseback-riding. The proprietor swears that the horses are all desertminded, but the undersigned, when only eleven, fell off a Michigan-minded horse of twice that age, landed on everything but his feet, and cried so hard that his sister (a former "Follies" girl) is still ashamed of him. He has never been on a horse since, except financially, and the ones he has been on that-a-way have made him cry, too. So the daylight hours occasionally drag and I feel like saying Golly darn the violet rays for coming between me and Breen and De Rose, Ann Leaf at the Organ, The Singing Lady, and the


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## CUST©MEDESEEES

 576 Madison Ave. (at 56th St.) N. Y.Road Report of the Motor League of South Texas.
After eight P.M. Pacific Time, I am dependent on Coast, near-Coast, and Mexican stations, and they provide a little good dance music and any quantity of after-dinner speeches, sermons, and prayers. This section of Van Loon's Geography must be largely populated by heathen and bums. There is scarcely a minute any evening when you aren't having your soul saved or at least prayed for by someone in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, or Dallas, and if you don't go to bed shriven, it's because you can't be shrove.

Anyway, I have had a chance to catch up with my pan mail, as Miss Graham (a former "Follies" girl) used to call it. Of the five letters received since New Year's, three want to know why I don't, etc. A Mr. Howell Rickman, Jr., of the Asheville Rickmans, is a bit upset because I haven't mentioned Fred Hufsmith, "the best tenor on the air." Well, Junior, I have been too busy with the worst tenors on the air, and when I think of all the performers (very few of them tenors) whom I have intended to mention and haven't had time or space for, why I could just break down. Please consider Mr. Hufsmith mentioned and let me say, before it gets any later, that I like Gus Van, Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Chico and Groucho Marx, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (nearly all former "Follies" girls), the last-named pair especially when they have Irvin Cobb of the Parducar Cobbs as guest or when Frank sings songs my age, such as "Lamb, Lamb, Lamb"which reminds me that he is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

$I^{\text {N }}$N my humble opinion (this is one of M. Vallée's favorite expressions and I am just as sincere as he with the adjective), old Gus Van is as versatile and valuable a guy as can be got under two or five thousand dollars a week, and I hope that my admiration for him doesn't put him in bad with the desertminded sponsors. As for Fred Allen, I claim credit for a bit of acumen in his case. He went on the air at a time when I was trying to keep up-to-date. I was going to review his first performance, but after hearing it, decided to lay off. And I postponed comment after Performance No. 2. He simply hadn't got started, and why make a sap of myself by riding him when I was sure that his originality and good comedy sense would bring him

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ATLANTIC CITY

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through? Was I correct? As always.
But it's three or four months now since he began clicking and I will throw caution to the winds, predicting that he is up there to stay and revealing, while he is being discussed, that his name at birth was Sullivan and he was christened Florence (possibly a former "Follies" girl). Roy Atwell is a big help to Fred's program, and if I hadn't heard him, and you were to tell me that his funniness consisted in garbling words and phrases, I would say oh, shut up. But I have heard him and it's true and I won't say shut up or scram or anything else risqué.

WHICH brings us to another why-don't-you letter. This one is signed by a fellow who has forgotten his name. He says, "If you are so opposed to suggestive songs, why don't you quit listening to them?" Well, old Poison Pen, I bet you think that'll make me toss in a towel. It does kind of stagger me because it's so novel, like a comic kidding an orchestra leader or something. But I pack a mean surprise or two myself. For instance, I listen to them because they have a way of popping up on programs that are otherwise entertaining though clean, and for instance, the announcer hardly ever prefaces these programs with a warning not to listen at first, but to wait four and a half minutes till a couple of smutty new numbers have been sung, and for instance, just recently I recommended Gracie Allen to two friends, as I seem to be always doing; the two friends are of Miss Allen's sex, but as prudish as I; Miss Allen is certainly the funniest girl on the air (Miss Brice may give her some competition) and besides is the best evidence I know of that a real comic can make you laugh without making you blush. The musical part of the program (sponsored by Robert Burns Cigars) is generally harmless if you don't mind saxophonists who live in a state of doubt. But harken:

The program following this particular recommendation opened with the saxophonists (Guy Lombardo's) doing their stuff; then suddenly a singer as anonymous as my correspondent was in the midst of a refrain which that Great Genius Noel Coward wouldn't have written, though maybe he did. The title, I think, was "I'm Young and Healthy." That's all I will tell you about it and it ought to be enough.

What, three letters still unanswered? To H— with them.-Ring Lardner


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## STRAUSS

 r. Caldwaller, a calm, wise soul, and his wife dropped in for a cup of tea. After talking about this and that for a while, he suddenly remarked: "By the way, did you read in the paper about Johann Strauss, the old Waltz King, directing a concert in Paris? They gave the 'Blue Danube.'""Johann Strauss?" I exclaimed. "Why, he's dead. He's been dead for ages."
"A mistake, then, no doubt," said Mr. Caldwaller. "Fhose reporters . . ." He sighed.
"No, I don't think it's a mistake," said his wife. "I read it in a magazine somewhere: 'Johann Strauss, the old Waltz King, directed with fire and dignity.'"
"Evidently he isn't dead then, after all," I said. "Funny! I always thought he was. Wasn't he Johann the second? The son of the first Johann?"
"I think so," answered Mr. Caldwaller. "The first Johann wrote 'Die Fledermaus.' "
"Didn't Richard write that?" asked his wife.
"Richard? No, it was Oscar. Oscar Straus wrote 'Die Fledermaus,'" I said.
"Oscar?"
"Yes. He's still alive. I think he lives in Hollywood. He's very fat."
"I don't think it was Oscar who wrote 'Die Fledermaus.' I think it was Richard," said Mrs. Caldwaller again, decisively.
"Richard wrote "The Chocolate Soldier,'" said her husband.
"No," I said, "I am sure Johann wrote that. The second Johann. He wrote one opera, I believe. . . . No, I don't think it was Johann, after all. I think it was Joseph."
"Joseph?"
"Yes, Joseph. Joseph was the brother of Johann-the first Johann. Maybe he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier.'"
"No," said Mr. Caldwaller, "I think Richard wrote that."
"I think Johann did," said Mrs. Caldwaller.
"No! No! Johann wrote 'Salomé.' Don't you remember? We saw that



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together. What's-her-name sang in it."
"Well, then, who wrote 'The Chocolate Soldier'? Maybe it was the first Johann."
"I don't think the first Johann wrote operas or operettas."
"I really think it was Joseph."
"I never heard of Joseph. Are you sure there was a Joseph?"
"Oh, absolutely."
"Let's look it up in the encyclopedia," suggested Mr. Caldwaller.

WTE looked it up in an encyclopedia. Only one musician called Strauss was mentioned: Johann, 18041849. He composed waltzes. We then took up a biographical dictionary. There, too, only one musical Strauss was mentioned: Johann, 1825-1899. He, too, composed waltzes.
"Dead. Both of them. Father and son. I knew it," I said.

We then took up a book on operas. It said: "Strauss, Johann (son), 18251899. . . . Composed the operas: Die Fledermaus and Der Zigeunerbaron. Strauss, Richard, 1864- . . . . Composed, among other operas: Salomé, Elektra, Der Rosenkavalier. Straus, Oscar, 1870- . . . . The Chocolate Soldier, A Waltz Dream, and similar operettas."
"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Caldwaller. "So the second Johann wrote 'IDie Fledermaus'!"
"And Richard wrote 'Salomé'!"
"And the first Johann wrote nothing but waltzes!"
"And Oscar wrote 'The Chocolate Soldier'!"
"And Joseph isn't mentioned at all!"
"Perhaps he wasn't very good."
"Perhaps he wasn't."
"Well, we know all about it now."
We had another cup of tea. Peace was with us. For once and for all, we had all the Strausses right. Suddenly Mr. Caldwaller remarked: "By the way, we don't know yet who this Johann, this Waltz King, in Paris is." -Maddy Vegtel

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## THE RACE TRACK

Faltering Favorites To Earth at Tropical Park-Holes for Devils

IF form worked out correctly every time, I daresay racing would be a pretty dull business. Always winning, just laying it down and picking it up, as my friend, Benny the Hustler, says. Still, if things go on the way they did at Hialeah Park last Saturday, there will be no more backers this season. For most of them, the close of the meeting was perfectly horrible. The defeat of seven favoritesamong the slaughtered were Slapdash and Jungle King-precipitated a number of departures from Miami.

Nevertheless, it was a gay day. The fifty scarlet flamingos Joe Widener sent for arrived in time to decorate the lake in the infield; and the band of Seminole Indians, in coats and Mother Hubbards of many colors, encamped on the islands with canoes and sound effects, to the annoyance of the black swans, the ducks, and the blue heron, who looks the way the Honourable George feels. The crowd was the largest of the meet-ing-there wasn't even elbow room in either the clubhouse or the stand-and there were squeals of delight (someone must have won) when the pay-off prices were posted in telephone numbers after every race.

Well, racing carried on rather well Bank Holiday Week; but after all, the Miami Jockey Club's meeting was the most important held in America this winter. (Incidentally, more than eight million dollars were bet in the tote, and it's money that makes the mare go.)

Charley O. brought off a 10 -to-1 victory in the Florida Derby, and did it rather easily. He is a plain-looking, rangy colt and a full brother to Mike Hall, who has been alternately a selling plater and a stake horse for seven seasons. He was well ridden by Gilbert, who kept him out of trouble (and, incidentally, got Jungle King into some) for six furlongs, and then pegged back Ebony Lady to win by three lengths. I shall not pick him to win the Kentucky Derby.

Slapdash has left me guessing. Somehow, no one gave a thought to the possibility of Mrs. Phipps' filly being beat-


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en, she had won her three starts so well. But she seemed to lack the dash at the start that marked her other races. She may have trained off.

Tropical Park brought us to earth with a distinct thud after the Continental elegance of Hialeah. Even the race cards are clumsy. The same horses that ran at Hialeah have moved over, joined by a number from Havana and New Orleans. To stimulate betting, quinellas are being used in addition to the daily double. They were introduced at the dog track, and the idea of the things is simple: you pick the first two horses in a race. For example, Try It and Solace in the sixth race. If Try It wins and Solace is second, or if Solace wins and Try It is second, you win. Otherwise, you tear up your tickets.

DO you cut the corners of your race card round? It's a popular racing superstition to believe that bad luck alights on square corners. So the regulars carefully trim the edges after folding their programs. They'll tell you this makes the cards easier to handle, for the ones at Tropical Park are wide sheets of paper, almost as voluminous as the kind you get in France. Some horse-players also cut little holes in them. (Isn't there an old Chinese theory that the bad-luck devils fall to destruction through the holes in paper?)

Colonel Tantivy Martingale, who feels the spell of the tropics, says the ideal job is to be cashier of the fifty-dollar mutuel tickets.

Oh, yes; I saw Ed Bradley counting the house, and smiling. . . . Barclay Warburton taking a last look around. . . . Henry L. Doherty's white suit. . . . The movie actor from Palm Beach in yachting kit. . . . Big Bill Dwyer inspecting things. . . . Mrs. Phipps wondering what kept Slapdash. . . . The Honourable George asking for road maps. -Audax Minor

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
Third, push back the cuticle with an orange stick dipped in liquid cuticle remover or just oil. While you do one hand, soak the other.-Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

The Province of Jehol, with an area of 90,000 square miles, is twice the size of Philadelphia.-The American.

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## THE CURRENT CINEMA

Broadway Fantasy


$I^{P}$F anyone in town happens to feel that something cheerful would not be amiss at the moment, he may find what he wants in "42nd Street." This is a bright movie with gay tunes, active, a bit rowdy, about backstage life. Toward the end, too, when we are supposed to be looking at the musical show which we have been seeing in rehearsal, the whole piece expands into as pretty a little fantasy of Broadway as you may hope to see.

I must add that the plot is the most conventional one to be found in such doings. It's that one about the novice in the chorus who is suddenly rushed into the star's rôle, saves the show, and wins her laurels and her lover. This young heroine is played by Ruby Keeler prettily enough, and Bebe Daniels is the star who sprains her ankle the night before the opening and must resign. Warner Baxter is the director of the show in the picture, and I thought his performance one of the best he has given us. Those scenes of the chorus rehearsals he is directing are replete with all the agonies the dancing boys and girls must feel. Here I am getting around to agonies when I began by calling the film cheerful. Well, cheerful it is, agonies included. After all, they are other people's agonies!

T${ }^{1} \mathrm{HE}$ major disappointment-to me, anyhow - was Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong." I suppose we are expecting more of Miss Hepburn than we are of any other newcomer in the movies today. There is a vitality, a special kind of beauty, in her appearance and her behavior on the screen; or, rather, there was in "A Bill of Divorcement." In that picture, she stepped forward to the front rank and just seemed to nestle down there. She appeared to be a woman of good lonks and character, and we were prepared to adjust our lives to a new enthusiasm. I must add at once that I am still prepared to, that I am not by any means giving up

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hope simply because of "Christopher Strong." I trust that I shall soon forget "Christopher." I shall only vaguely recall, I trust, that once Miss Hepburn played a lady aviator, a round-the-world flier, who became involved in romance with an elderly married gentleman. In jodhpurs, or slacks, or pajamas, she fascinates the paterfamilias. Her voice is not fortunate, raised as it is always as though she were talking above the noise of the motors, even when she is supposed to be in her own drawing-room. Some of the fault, to my mind, lies in the story itself, for, as a quaint old fogy, I can't get very much interested, I find, in the sentimental adventures of lady champions. I expect them to have records, not lovers.

$\mathrm{O}^{\mathrm{F}}$some other pictures, some few words may be ventured, I guess. "The Woman Accused" is remarkable in its way, certainly, as a commentary on the wonderful minds of those people who write books for us. "The Woman Accused" is the product of ten authors. Ten! And here they are: Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, Viña Delmar, Ir$\operatorname{vin}$ S. Cobb, Gertrude Atherton, J. P. McEvoy, Ursula Parrott, Polan Banks, and Sophie Kerr. I can sec them conferring, advising, being inspired together. And the outcome? The story of the pretty woman who kills a man but isn't brought to trial, because the district attorney can see that she really had lots of provocation. Incidentally, the play-within-aplay idea is used, which reminds students like myself of something by Shakespeare, Author No. 11.
"Men Must Fight" takes us into the future, as though there were going to be any future. It's laid in 1940 and is largely concerned with clumsy renderings, distressingly maltreated, of all the pacifist and anti-war talk of 1916. Diana Wynyard plays a mother again, a woman who suffers and survives, but in this Cavalcade her distinction and her grace cannot survive.
-J. C. M.

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# READING AND WRITING 

Not Even Funny

WHEN one had put sex carefully away on the highest cup-board-shelf, in a box marked "Winter Hats-1916," it is somewhat melancholy to read a book by Tiffany Thayer-melancholy, that is, in that no wistful memories whatever are thus evoked. Mr. Thayer, it is deplorably unnecessary to explain, has achieved great prominence in that school of American authors which may be described as the boys who ought to go regularly to a gym. He is beyond question a writer of power; and his power lies in his ability to make sex so thoroughly, graphically, and aggressively unattractive that one is fairly shaken to ponder how little one has been missing. Bewildered is the fox who lives to find that grapes beyond reach can be really sour.

Mr. Thayer's latest work is called, with that simplicity which is the gaudiest flower of pretentiousness, "An American Girl." I am at a loss to comprehend why this was the selected title, since the book displays any number of American girls, all alike in seeming to be, as Henry James said of George Sand, highly accessible. Perhaps it was felt that the name established an excellent base for a superstructure of sequels -"An American Girl at Yale," "An American Girl on a Gunboat," and so forth. Or perhaps Mr. Thayer, too, sometimes nods, and simply couldn't think of another thing to call the blamed book. Only in the friendliest spirit is it suggested that for later editions he might care to change his present rather pastel title to the possibly more provocative "I Am a Fugitive from a Daisy Chain Gang."

"A"American Girl," from what I have been able to assimilate of it, is the combination of a tale of the wilder side of Hollywood life with a romance of revolution in a mythical mountain kingdom. It is, of course, neither any of my business nor any concern of Mr. Thayer's that he has wedded, in one volume, the two forms of fiction that are to me the most profoundly unreadable; his choice of plot may be instantly set down under the heading of my hard luck. And it may be that something other than a boredom encroaching on nausea prompts me to complain of the author's monotone
iteration of the barnyard motif. There is ever a flickering possibility that an uglier thing than ennui is present when a writer of vast financial success is heckled by one whose last royalty cheque looked as if it had been tendered as payment for washing somebody's car. It may be that I am envious of Mr. Thayer's message and his manner, rather than critical of them. It may be. But come out on the street when you say it is!

However, disinterest is above cavil and the right to squawk is absolute when Mr. Thayer, as he does in "An American Girl," sweats out an entirely inexplicable idiom, and one that irritates me more acutely than anything I have encountered in letters since Mr. A. A. Milne minted the phrase "a hummy hum." In the opening sentence of the Thayer book-and you don't have typographical errors in the very first sentence-appear the words "an hollow square;" later there is a reference to "an Hapsburg," and, later still, to "an hill." "An hill," for God's sake! That he also writes of "a hotel," now, is no way infuriatingit is even a little touching. It could happen to anybody who had no ear and had never got beyond the fourth grade.

They tell me-who, I promise you before God, had never asked themthat Tiffany Thayer is no real name. They say it was compiled to cloak, as with matted, curly wool, one who is presumably invited out to dinner and is taken to look at little children asleep in their cribs. I have no guess, even, as to the author's identity; he could be, so far as I know, almost anybodywell, nearly almost anybody. It would be funny, wouldn't it, if all this time he were really Nicholas Murray Butler. (Listen, I only said it would be funny, that was all I said.) The pseudonym and what it stands for are enough for me. To me, as to his myriad-I'm afraid-other readers, he is always Tiffany Thayer; what time, that is, I can keep from getting him confused with that other bit of rare lace, Mr. Donald ("Uncle Don") Henderson Clarke. For in the work of keeping chaste the youth of America by presenting the whirl of sex as something as glamorous, appealing, and ecstatic as a hog-wheel in a Chicago abattoir, these two tireless young men stand as


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awaiting the health that did not come. Apparently, she wrote him about her work, and she wrote him about it, and she wrote him about it, and finally she sent him the manuscript. Lawrence told her to publish her memoirs in the United States, but to substitute invented names for real; he told her to distribute them by private subscription; he told her to try having them published in Germany; he told her to have them printed in Paris on her own money; he told her to lock them in a safe-deposit vault for fifty years; he told her to give them, sealed, to the French Academy, to be opened after her death; he all but told her, in all but words, to tie them around her neck and go jump in the lake. So the first volume of them is now out, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company at three dollars the throw.

This book takes the author only as far as her presentation to the society of her native city of Buffalo, but it does it with unflagging attention to dusty detail. Mrs. Luhan is a woman of relentless memory, and no littlest scroll in the woodwork of any room she ever entered in her girlhood eludes her recall or her description. It may be in her forthcoming volumes, when


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In "Lorenzo in Taos," Mrs. Luhan includes Lawrence's letters to her on the subject of her "Intimate Memories," which work she had in progress during those last hopeful, heart-breaking months when he was in Italy work, and she wrote him about it, and United to publish her memoirs in the in Value. Costs are cut to the
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GUEST CRUISES

she gets into her stride of marrying people, things will liven up a bit. But "Background" is to me as dull, and with that same stuffy, oppressive, plushthick dullness, as an album of old snapshots of somebody else's family group. -Constant Reader

## BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

IT may seem a little odd to compare so distinguished a veteran in the field of literature as Maurice Baring to a young whippersnapper like Evelyn Waugh. And yet I couldn't help being struck by such a resemblance all through my reading of Mr. Baring's latest novel, "Friday's Business," just published by Knopf.

There's the same slightly Surréaliste effect about it that one finds in all Mr. Waugh's writings, a mixture of the monstrous and the more-than-human in the motivation of the characters which gives a curious bizarrerie to their doings. There's the same sense of a blind but imperturbable fate behind them which just as likely as not may strike the wrong person instead of the right one. And, finally, the plot itself is one that Mr. Waugh might well have enjoyed working on, though happily, of course, he has not done so.

I think, too (since we're on the subject), that if Mr. Waugh had had the writing of the book, he might in some respects have made a better job of it. For one thing, he'd have stressed more heavily the bizarre and the fantastic, and made the whole thing more vivid and more startling-and yet, in that strange, paradoxical way of his, more plausible as well. But if in Mr. Baring's hands the story is made to move at a slower and more even pace, it gains from the superb simplicity of his style an effect of effortlessness and limpidity, an almost classic charm, that it would not otherwise have had.

$\mathrm{A}^{\mathrm{T}}$T any rate, it was Mr. Baring who wrote the book, and we might as well make up our minds to it. The story has to do with the adventures of a young Englishman named Patrick Croome in the mythical kingdom of Kossovia. Kossovia is located somewhere in Middle Europe, and the predominant characteristics of its natives are those of the extravagant Slav. People eat hugely and drink even more abundantly. Politics and love are equal and interchangeable subjects of intrigue. Dancing and plotting go on every night, and nobody goes to bed till dawn.

Patrick, who'd come out to this


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entertaining country in pursuit of a young lady he'd fallen in love with back in Ireland, arrives to find the capital at a particularly high pitch of excitement. Cabals and liaisons are being formed on every hand, and he soon becomes involved in both. And, to add to the general nonsensicalness of things, he discovers that the secret ruler of the nation, the man who controls even the king's actions and against whom most of the conspiracies are directed, is a former French instructor named Ducros whose life Patrick had helped make miserable in his Eton days. (The title of the book, by the way, is a phrase in use among Etonians to describe the doubled classwork done on a Thursday preceding a Friday holiday.)

It is, in the end, on this early relationship between Patrick and Ducros that the whole plot turns. For a dictator, to keep his power, must be a man of mystery, and no schoolteacher has ever succeeded in hiding anything from the vigilant eyes of the pupils under him. Above all else, Patrick knows the precise methods which the boys once used to reduce Ducros to a state of raging impotence when they wanted to "rag" him, and it is these same methods, adopted by the conspirators, that deliver the poor man, equally helpless as dictator, into their hands.

The book, I must confess, has its moments of disappointment. The plot has a disturbing way at times of flying off into the utterly incredible, just when it's being most plausible, and you're left at the end with a curious feeling of inconclusiveness, owing perhaps to the fact that here again fate strikes down the wrong person, and does so rather unexpectedly. But in general, the picture it offers of palace intrigue, in all its intricate irrelevance, is delightful, and there's a quiet irony in its little parable of the schoolboy system of revolution-in its setting out to prove that battles can be won in the classrooms as well as on the



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playing fields of Eton-that I thought charming.

Scribner has issued, under the title N "Three Novels of Love," a onevolume edition of three of John Galsworthy's earlier novels, "The Dark Flower," "Saint's Progress," and "Beyond." Of course, they have to do with love only in the Galsworthian sense -that is, with its side issues-but they were all written before the Forsyte saga really got under way, and have a freshness that those more portentous volumes lack. But maybe you've already read them, anyway.
Then there are several others I'd like to mention. Duffield \& Green and the Dragon Press publish "The Water Wheel," a first novel by Julian L. Shapiro about the struggles of a young man against love and his own subconscious. I mention the fact that it is a first novel particularly because it has the faults and virtues of one: on the one hand, a tendency to rant, to pump the pages too full of all sorts of things; and on the other, a genuineness of feeling, with occasional flashes of clear, swift writing, that lifts the story quite out of itself. It's worth looking into, particularly if you're keeping up with the younger people.
"Damned If They Do," by Helena Huntington Smith, published by Morrow, is a study of the trials, physical and otherwise, of childbirth and the effect they can have on marriage. It has a little too much of the persistence of a tract to make it quite effective as a novel, but is written with evident sincerity and passion. Zona Gale's "Papa Le Fleur," published by Appleton, is the story of a father faced with the problem of his daughters' revolt which has the sunny otherworldliness of a nursery fable, and a little of the fable's triteness, too.
-R. M. C.
"Do you know," remarked Mrs. Lynch, "one of the coldest days this winter a sparrow came to our window. I took the poor, cold little fellow in where it was warm and, do you know, he stayed half an hour and he only made one tiny mistake."-Minneapolis Audubon Club News.

Forgot to take his hat off?

He said his wife wanted more to live in Virginia than she did with him, so in order to let her have her own way, he wanted a separation. boats, and 27 fighting aircraft.Lowell (Mass.) Sun.

Better make it 28.

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- The purchase of a new car is being seriously considered today in countless family living rooms. ITo those family councils, Nash now presents the five series of Nash cars for 1933. (I Whether it be the lowest priced Nash, with a four-door sedan priced at $\$ 695$ f. o. b. factory, (illustrated above), or the supremely fine, 125-horsepower, Nash Ambassador Eight Limousine at $\$ 2055$, the Nash motor car is a quality car. © Nash
prices are substantially lower than in 1932, but the quality has not suffered. The contrary is true. As an example, the Nash Big Six, priced $\$ 130$ under 1932, is a finer car than its predeces-sor-one of the best performers on the road today-engineered for longer


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[^0]:    "I wouldn't mind her reading gloomy stories, but she does gloomy things."

[^1]:    Familiar things will threaten me, Not being where they ought to be!

[^2]:    PHONE PLAZA for appointment at 3-9011 Miss Sage's Salon
    Peggy Sage, 50 East 57 th Street, New York

[^3]:    "Parsifal" was presented at the Paris Opéra several weeks ago, and no one was admitted to the auditorium at any time excepting between the acts.-The Times.

    Sounds almost like an American bank.

