

May 1, 1937

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NEW YORKER





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THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Well, this doctor has a slight kleptomania, which he excuses on the ground of scientific experiment. From there on, it gets better. Sir Cedric Hardwicke heads the cast. (Hudson, 44, E. BRYant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

BOY MEETS GIRL—Second year of the amusing Hollywood comedy. (Cort, 48, E. BRYant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

BROTHER RAT—Pranks at a rather mature military school, showing that life there is not all sin and suffering. Frank Albertson, Jose Ferrer, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CANDIDA—Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, with Robert Harris, Kent Smith, and Mildred Natwick. (Empire, B'way at 40. PENnsylvania 6-9541. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 30, for the Stage Relief Fund. Closes Sat., May 8.)

DEAD END—Second year. Popular prices. (Belasco, 44, E. BRYant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

THE ETERNAL ROAD—A most ambitious, and successful, attempt to make the theatre visually magnificent. Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes have put the Old Testament into a pageant of great beauty. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WISCONSIN 7-4294. Extra performances Sun. Aft. and Eve.; no performance Mon. Eve.)

EXCURSION—An agreeable fantasy about a Coney Island steamer that put out to sea with all its passengers on board. Whitford Kane, Frances Fuller, Shirley Booth, Jennie Moscovitz, James R. Waters, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRYant 9-0134.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Love among the vacationists at a Jewish camp in the Berkshires. A delightfully humorous comedy, with Katherine Locke and Jules Garfield. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRYant 9-0546.)

HIGH TOR—Maxwell Anderson goes mad with fantasy, slapstick, poetry, and gunplay, all taking place on a mountain. The New York Drama Critics' prize play. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PENnsylvania 6-6100.)

KING RICHARD II—Maurice Evans in a grand performance. (St. James, 44, W. LACKawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Power," a fast-moving story, believe it or not, about electric light and power and their misuse. (Ritz, 48, W. MEDallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) ... Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) ... "Professor Mamlock," an anti-Nazi melodrama translated from the German of Friedrich Wolf. (Daly's, B'way at 63. Circle 7-5852. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.) ... "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. Circle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.) ... Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." Sat. Eve., May 1, at 8:30. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LACKawanna 4-6890.)

TOVARICH—A good French farce, about some Russian nobles out of a job who find that they can wash dishes. John Halliday and Marta Abba. (Plymouth, 45, W. LACKawanna 4-6720.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Second year. Helen Hayes as Queen Victoria, with Vincent Price as Prince Albert. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LACKawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

THE WOMEN—Spitfire and venom, pretty amusing as delivered by a cast of good actresses in a comedy of New York, Reno, and sore points West. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—One of the best comedies of the year, dealing with an old-time Emancipated Spirit who finds her daughter chipping off the old block. Really intelligent entertainment. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRYant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 2, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—There is a plot in this, something about a young couple trying to get married, but the main point is that everyone in it is crazy and very funny. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—An excellent Rodgers and Hart score entirely surrounded by young people who can sing and dance. (Shubert, 44, W. LACKawanna 4-7175.)

FREDERIKA—Pretty music by Lehár, pretty costumes, and only pretty exciting. Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360.)

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—Murder on the Old Yale Fence, or something like that. Anyway, a good time at tables. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

THE SHOW IS ON—Here we have Beatrice Lillie

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

in the full bloom of her career, and Bert Lahr equally at home. We have Reginald Gardiner helping everybody at all times, and we have, all in all, a good show. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Circle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

DANCE RECITALS

TRUDI SCHOOP—And her comic ballet in a dance-comedy, "Blonde Marie": Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Apr. 29-May 2, at 8:40; Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 1 and 2, at 2:40. (Longacre, 48, W. LACKawanna 4-8686.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—And her dance group in their final recital of the season: Sun. Eve., May 2, at 8:40. (Guild, 52, W. COLUMBUS 5-8229.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Raphael and his concertina, and dancing by the Vernons. Dress preferred.

BALI, 161 E. 54 (Wickersham 2-6480)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Joe Moss's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MURray Hill 2-7920)—Carl Hoff and his orchestra provide the dance music in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Horacio Zito's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Starting Fri., Apr. 30, Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra, singing by Frances Maddux, and dancing by Al Vente and Anita. Dress preferred.

MERRY-GO-ROUND AND MAISONNETTE RUSSE DE PARIS, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Tony Sarg

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THE NEW YORKER
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has decorated the bar, and, in the main room, there's music by Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Marion Pierce and Lawrence White.

MONTMARNASSE, 50 E. 79 (BUTterfield 8-2345)—Hal Sanders' orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Opens for the summer Wed. Eve., May 5, with Basil Fomeen's orchestra; songs by Anne Heath, and dances by Peppino and Camille. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Jack Holland and June Hart, dancers. Ruby Newman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress... Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Carl and Leone Bonner.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra, and dancing by Edmond Pierce and Dorothy Roland.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by Sunny Forbes, Ramon and Renita, and Boy-Foy. Must dress... The Maissonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and "Neapolitan Nights" entertainment. Dress preferred.

SAPPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, with Barry Winton's and Don Alfredo's orchestras. Songs by Vernon Rickard. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOLunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Sheila Barrett entertains at midnight.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Mitzi Green, Rosita and Fontana, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, Eve Symington, Georges and Jalna, and Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist. Must dress... The Starlight Roof will open for the season Thurs. Eve., May 6. Must dress.

ZELLI'S ROYAL BOX, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-7932)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (ASHland 4-4000)... Benny Goodman (Apr. 29) and Bunny Berrigan (starting Apr. 30): Pennsylvania Manhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PENnsylvania 6-5000)... Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VANDerbilt 3-9200)... Lennie Hayton, through May 3; Gus Arnheim, starting May 4: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEDallion 3-1000)... Eddie Elkins: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRYant 9-2100)... Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34... Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44... Tommy Dorsey: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (closes Sat., May 1)... Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

NOTES—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; "Naughty-Naught" Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, the Yanyego Voodoo Dancers and others.

Barney's attractive place, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), offers entertainment by the Three Rogues, Luan Craig and Meri and Miriam. The new Raleigh Room in the Warwick, 65 W. 54, has music by Jack Kerr's orchestra.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (Columbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies." Rudolf Friml, Jr.'s and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing... Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572)... Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6666), offers supper music by Gus Steck's orchestra... The Frolics, B'way at 50, opened recently, with Ralph Watkins' orchestra and entertainment by Joe Lewis, Terry Lawler, Fox and Ames, and others... Jack White heads the

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crazy entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858)... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-0897), has Red McKenzie and his orchestra, and a fast show featuring Jacqueline Joyce, Alma Bray, Vic Hyde, and others. The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (Lackawanna 4-7300), has Duke Ellington's orchestra and a revue featuring Ethel Waters, the Nicholas Brothers, and others... The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (Circle 7-4074), has a lively black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his Bama State Collegians... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (Circle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans. GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Vincent Sorey's orchestra, starting Sat., May 1... Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 3-9417), has a lively show... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show... Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley... You can watch the dancing and hear Teddy Hill's and Willie Bryant's orchestras at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271)... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tillinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644)... Russian: The Russian Kretschma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072)... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251)... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a colorful show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

THE GOOD EARTH—A beautiful film of China, its farmlands, plagues, and famines. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

LOST HORIZON—Stupendous Tibetan landscape and a moderne lamasery. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES—Workmanlike screening of H. G. Wells' parable about social reform. Roland Young heads an all-English cast. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 29 and 30; continuous from 1 P.M.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 1-3; continuous from 11:30 A.M.... Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Wed. and Thurs., May 5 and 6; continuous from 9 A.M.)

MAYTIME—Rich, handsome, gay, and still young, though it's the old operetta dressed up again. With Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 29-May 5; continuous from noon.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Apr. 30-May 4; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

QUALITY STREET—For the barouche trade, with a number of estimable ladies of position, including Katharine Hepburn. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., May 5-7; continuous from 12:30 P.M.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Fri., May 7; continuous from 1 P.M.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore—you've probably heard that they're in it. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., May 3 and 4; continuous from 8:30 A.M.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., May 4-6; continuous from 1 P.M.)

SEVENTH HEAVEN—Sugary romance, but with its starry-eyed moments. With Simone Simon and James Stewart. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., May 1-3; continuous from 1 P.M.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., May 5 and 6; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

A STAR IS BORN—Hollywood lives in a well-turned and lively story. Janet Gaynor and Fredric March are both found here at their best. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 5; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE WAVE—The Gulf of Mexico and its beauty. Fish, fishermen, water, and villages finely photographed. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; continuous from 1 P.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"Desire" and "As You Like It," Thurs., Apr. 29; "Camille" and "On the Avenue," Fri. and Sat., Apr. 30 and May 1; continuous from noon... At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sat. through Tues., May 1-4; continuous from 12:30 P.M.... At the Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14—"Of Human Bondage," Mon. and Tues., May 3 and 4; continuous from 9 A.M.... At the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78—"Carnival in Flanders" ("La

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kermesse Héroïque), Fri. through Sun., Apr. 30-May 2; 2:40, 4:35, 6:30, 8:25 and 10:20 P.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Elephant Boy," a Robert Flaherty film of India, from Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants"; "Fire Over England," Queen Elizabeth, the Armada, and Philip of Spain, romance and adventure, with Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier; "Kimiko," a Japanese production, with touches of odd humor to surprise Occidentals; "Love from a Stranger," Basil Rathbone and Ann Harding in a thriller that specialists in mystery stories and criminology will appreciate; "Waikiki Wedding," ridiculous and funny piece about the absurdities of the Hawaiian legend, with Bing Crosby.

ART

AN AMERICAN GROUP—Lively group show by an excellent assortment of painters and sculptors: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

AMERICANA—Art by early American children; paintings of them, including two recently discovered Vanderlyn's; and also a collection of early toys. Admission twenty-five cents, for the benefit of the Little Red School House Scholarship Fund: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

ARTISTS' CONGRESS—Excellent show by artists who favor peace, democracy, and cultural progress—and more often than not good art: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Apr. 29.

CAVE PAINTINGS—Reproductions of some famous primitive art by ancestral moderns: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DRAWINGS—First annual exhibition of drawings



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, who has just been elected to The Jockey Club and is, at twenty-four, its youngest member. His colors are cerise and white diamonds, and his racing stable, at the moment, numbers fifty-seven horses. Occasionally goes to night clubs, but isn't really interested in much besides horses. His friends call him Alfred, not having thought of anything else.

by contemporary Americans: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

FANTIN-LATOUR—Lithographs woven around ideal poetic and musical themes by a nineteenth-century master. Pure Beauty: Room 316, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Pastels, water colors, and drawings by modern masters: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

HARTLEY—Recent paintings by a modern who celebrates the glories of Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

KOLLWITZ—Prints and drawings by a poignant German artist: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

LACHAISE—Important retrospective exhibition of exquisite drawings and fine small sculptures. Don't miss: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 7.

MEXICO—Water colors by Eugenie Schein: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., May 4... Water colors by H. O. Hofmann: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Fri., Apr. 30.

PRINTS—One hundred prints of the past one hundred years: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

REINDEL—Recent paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

REPRODUCTIONS—Forty-eight American contemporary paintings, carefully transcribed in color: Living American Art, 55 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8... Reproductions of drawings and water colors by nineteenth-century French masters: Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RURAL—Ducks and geese in sculpture and painting through the ages: Karl Freund, 50 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

STRECKER—New paintings: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 5.

THE TEN—New paintings: Georgette Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

VAN DONGEN—Paintings by a well-known European modern: Gimpel, 2 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 5.

WATER COLORS—Recent work by John Whorf, one of the most brilliant technicians: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8... Water colors by Baylinson, Meyrowitz, Rosenthal, and others: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 7.

WECHSLER—Sculpture with anti-war themes: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 4.

WPA—New show of black-and-whites by WPA artists: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through Tues., May 4... Sculpture of all schools: 6 E. 39. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Italian Primitives, from the collection of R. M. Hurd: Newhouse, 5 E. 57... Gouaches by Constantin Guys: Valentine, 16 E. 57... Paintings by A. Muller-Ury: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64; through May 4... Paintings by Lyonel Feininger: Nierendorf, 20 W. 53; through May 8... Oils, water colors, and drawings by Lovis Corinth: Westermann, 24 W. 48... Sculpture and drawings by Barlach, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, and others: Buchholz, 3 W. 46; through Apr. 30... Cape Cod paintings by Harold Brett: Kimbel, 15 E. 60; through May 1... Animal studies by Domenico Mortellito: English Book Shop, 64 E. 55; through Apr. 30... Paintings by Charles Baskerville: Paul Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave.; through May 7... Second New York Amateur Photograph Exhibition: Squibb Art Galleries, 745 5 Ave.; through May 1... N.B.C. Photographic Exhibition: Gallery 3, Mezzanine, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center; through May 1 (open 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.)... Paintings by Irene Raczy: Tricker, 19-21 W. 57; through Apr. 30... Pastels and water colors by Americans: Babcock, 38 E. 57... Etchings and drawings by Andrew Butler: Keppel, 71 E. 57; through May 8... Paintings by Frederick Thomte: Progressive Arts, 428 W. 57... Small paintings at small prices by Liberte, Dirk, de Martini, and others: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57; through May 8... Exhibition and sale of work by American artists, for the benefit of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; May 2-8... Rooms designed around pictures by American artists: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison... Bookbindings by Marguerite Duprez Lahey: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 (open weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.); through May 8.

MUSIC

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

GENIA ROBINOR AND LOUIS BAILLY—Postponed concert of music for piano and viola: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 30.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., May 3. EVA GAUTHIER—Coronation program of songs by English composers: Ballroom, Hotel Gotham, Wed. Eve., May 5, at 8:45. GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 7. (By invitation.) WPA Music—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Chamber Orchestra Series, Gardner conducting, Fri. Eve., Apr. 30; Gordon conducting, Fri. Eve., May 7. Federal Symphony, Clifton and James conducting: Sun. Eve., May 2. Chamber-music concert, Mon. Eve., May 3. Composers' Forum-Laboratory, music by Hunter Johnson, Wed. Eve., May 5. Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting, Thurs. Eve., May 6. (For WPA Opera, see below.)

OPERA

HIPPODROME—"Aida," Fri. Eve., Apr. 30, at 8:15; "Rigoletto," Sun. Aft., May 2, at 2:30; "La Forza del Destino," Sun. Eve., May 2, at 8:15. METROPOLITAN—Opening of the popular-priced spring season: "Faust," Mon. Eve., May 3, at 8:15; "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., May 5; "Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., May 7; "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Aft., May 8, at 2. VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers": Bayes Theatre, 44, W. of B'way, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 30 and May 1. NEW YORK LIGHT OPERA GUILD—Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste": Venice Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59, Tues. and Wed. Eves., May 4 and 5. WPA OPERA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—"The Romance of Robot," by Frederic Hart, and an English adaptation of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona": Thurs., Sat., Tues., and Sat. Eves., Apr. 29, May 1, 4, and 8.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 29 and 30; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tues. through Thurs., May 4-6; Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 7 and 8. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) ... At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun., May 1 and 2. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.) BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Tony Canzoneri vs. Lou Ambers, lightweight championship, Fri. Eve., May 7; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M. CREW—Columbia-Pennsylvania-Yale, Harlem River, New York City, Sat., May 1; 150-lb. race at 11:30 A.M.; freshman at 12 noon; junior varsity at 12:30 P.M.; varsity (Blackwell Cup) at 1 P.M. (Special buses will follow the races along the Speedway, leaving Dyckman St. at 11 A.M. Take B'way subway to Dyckman St.) ... Princeton-Navy-Syracuse, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J., Sat. Aft., May 1; junior varsity race at 5:30; varsity at 6. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. for Princeton at 3:10 P.M.) ... Harvard-Columbia-M.I.T., Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 8; freshman race at 3; 150-lb. at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30. DOG SHOW—Boston Terrier Club of Westchester, County Center, White Plains, N.Y., Sun., May 2. HORSE SHOWS—Newark (Essex Troop) Horse Show: Armory, 120 Roseville Ave., Newark (adjoining Roseville Ave. Sta., Lackawanna R.R.), Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Eves., Apr. 29, 30, and May 1; and Sat. Aft., May 1. ... New Haven Horse Show, New Haven, Conn., Wed. through Sat., May 5-8. HUNT RACES—Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va., Sat. Aft., May 1, at 2. ... Rockaway Steeplechase Association, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sat. Aft., May 8, at 2:30. RACING—Jamaica, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8 (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.) ... The Pennsylvania R. R. is running a special train to the Kentucky Derby (which takes place Sat. Aft., May 8), from Penn. Sta., Thurs., May 6, 4:35 P.M.; arriving Louisville Fri., May 7, 10:45 A.M.; returning leave Louisville Sat., 8:45 P.M. You can also leave Penn. Sta. by regular train Fri., May 7, 4:45 P.M.; arriving Louisville Sat., 10:45 A.M.) RUGBY FOOTBALL—At Randall's Island Stadium: Harvard University vs. New York Rugby Club, Sun. Aft., May 2, at 3; Yale University vs.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

New York Rugby Club, Sat. Aft., May 8, at 3. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125 St.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—Last three days of the Ringling, Barnum & Bailey big show: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49; 2 and 8 P.M.; through Sat., May 1. ARCHITECTURAL SHOW—Annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York: American Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL—Annual show by the English Folk Dance Society of America: 7th Regt. Armory, Park at 66, Sat. Aft., May 1, at 2:30. BENEFIT—"Wandering Windjammer," lecture and movies by Capt. Alan Villiers; for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Sat. Aft., May 1, at 3. SILVER EXHIBITION—Silver of contemporary American design: Gallery E-15, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The library of the late Joseph J. McCann: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 29, at 8:15; and Fri. Aft., Apr. 30, at 2. ... Degas bronzes; paintings by Cézanne, Seurat, Modigliani, and others; American furniture, and objects of art; property of the estate of Cornelius J. Sullivan: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Apr. 29 and 30, at 8:15; and Sat. Aft., May 1, at 2. ... Royal robes of 1863-1907, a collection formed by Her Late Majesty Queen Alexandra of England: Wed. Aft., May 5, at 2:15. ... Paintings from various owners: Thurs. Eve., May 6, at 8:15. BICYCLE TRAIN—The New Haven R.R.'s Bicycle Train will make its first trip to Canaan, Conn., Sun., May 2, leaving Grand Central at 7:45 A.M.; returning, arrives Grand Central at 9:35 P.M. You may rent bicycles on the train or bring your own.

ON THE AIR

KREINER STRING QUARTET—Presenting a complete cycle of Mozart's string quartets: Fri. Afts. (starting Apr. 30) at 3, WABC. SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY—Monteux conducting: Fri. Eve., Apr. 30, at 10, WABC. RACING—Bryan Field describes the Jamaica Handicap and the Wood Memorial: Sat. Aft., May 1, at 3:30, WOR. LAWRENCE TIBBETT AND HELEN JEPSON—Soloists with the General Motors Symphony, Rapee conducting: Sun. Eve., May 2, at 8, WJZ. AMERICAN MUSIC—First performances of three works by American composers, by the Roth Quartet and others: Wed. Aft., May 5, at 3:45, WABC. SOME WEEKLY FEATURES (Listing is chronological)—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2, WEAF, Tues. at 2:30, WJZ. ... Westminster Choir: Thurs. at 4, WABC. ... Alexander Woollcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC. ... Rudy Vallee's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. ... Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. ... Irving Deakin's "Music and Ballet": Thurs. at 9, WQXR. ... America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. ... Bing Crosby's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. ... March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. ... Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. ... Deems Taylor: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. ... Babe Ruth: Fri. and Wed. at 10:30, WABC. ... Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. ... E. Robert Schmitz: Sat. at 6, WABC. ... Richard Bonelli: Sat. at 7:30, WABC. ... Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. ... Grace Moore: Sat. at 9, WABC. ... Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. ... Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. ... Oxford String Quartet: Sun. at 7, WQXR. ... Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. ... Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. ... Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Sun. at 8, WABC. ... Paul Whiteman: Sun. at 8:30, WOR. ... Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. ... Bert Lahr: Sun. at 9, WEAF. ... Burns and Allen:

Mon. at 8, WEAF. ... Richard Crooks and Alfred Wallenstein: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. ... Radio Theatre: Mon. at 9, WABC. ... Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. ... Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. ... Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt: Wed. at 7:15, WJZ. ... Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ. ... "Music and You" program, Wallenstein conducting: Wed. at 8, WOR. ... Helen Menken: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. ... Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. ... Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

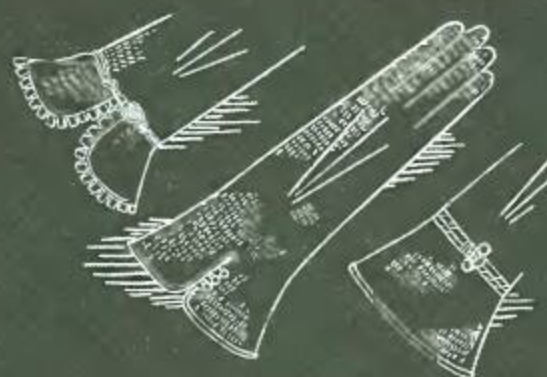
COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia, June 1; N.Y.U., June 9; West Point, June 12; Princeton, June 22; Yale, June 23; Harvard, June 24. CREW—Childs Cup, Pennsylvania-Columbia-Princeton, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, May 15. ... Harvard-M.I.T.-Cornell-Syracuse, Charles River, Cambridge, May 15. ... American Henley, lightweight championships, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, May 15. ... Carnegie Cup, Yale-Cornell-Princeton, Derby, Conn., May 22. ... Adams Cup, Pennsylvania-Navy-Harvard, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, May 29. ... Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 22. ... Yale-Harvard, New London, Conn., June 25. DOG SHOWS—Orange Kennel Club, South Orange, N. J., May 15. ... Long Island Kennel Association, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L. I., May 23. ... Morris & Essex Kennel Club, Madison, N. J., May 29. GOLF—British Amateur, Royal St. George's Sandwick, Eng., May 24-28. ... Metropolitan Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N. J., May 27-29. ... National Open, Oakland Hills C. C., Birmingham, Mich., June 10-12. ... Metropolitan Amateur, Metropolitan C. C., White Plains, N. Y., June 17-19. ... National Intercollegiate, Oakmont C. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28-July 3. HORSE SHOWS—Atlantic City, N. J., May 11-15. ... Wilmington, Del., May 20-22. ... Devon, Pa., May 25-31. ... Tuxedo Park, N. Y., June 4-5. ... West Point, N. Y., June 7-8. ... Westchester County, Port Chester, N. Y., June 10-12. ... Sands Point, L. I., June 13. ... International Horse Show, Olympia, London, Eng., June 17-26. ... Bronxville, N. Y., June 19. ... Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., June 25-26. HUNT RACES—Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, Rye, N. Y., May 31. ... United Hunts Racing Association, Roslyn, L. I., June 12. MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera Spring Season, May 3-29. ... Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," Cathedral of St. John the Divine, May 11. ... Marian Anderson, Carnegie Hall, May 12. ... Goldman Band, Central Park Mall, starting June 16. ... Stadium Concerts, Lewisohn Stadium, starting June 23. RACING—Belmont Park, L. I., May 10-June 5. ... The Derby, Epsom, Eng., June 2. ... Aqueduct, L. I., June 7-30. ... Royal Ascot Meeting, Ascot, Eng., June 15-18. TENNIS—French Championships, Stade Roland Garros, Paris, start May 17. ... Davis Cup: North American Zone Final, Forest Hills, L. I., May 29-31. ... All-England Championships, Wimbledon, Eng., June 21-July 3. TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Championships, Randall's Island Stadium, May 28-29. YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Riverside Y. C., May 29; Harlem Y. C., May 31; Knickerbocker Y. C., June 5; Manhasset Bay Y. C., June 12; Larchmont Y. C., June 19. ... America's Cup defense trials, off Newport, R. I., starting May 29. OTHER DATES—North American Homes Exposition, Madison Square Garden, May 12. ... British Empire Coronation Ball, 7th Regt. Armory, May 12. ... Annual Tulip Show, Museum of Natural History, May 14-16. ... Albany-New York Speedboat Marathon, May 16. ... New York motor drivers' licences expire May 31.



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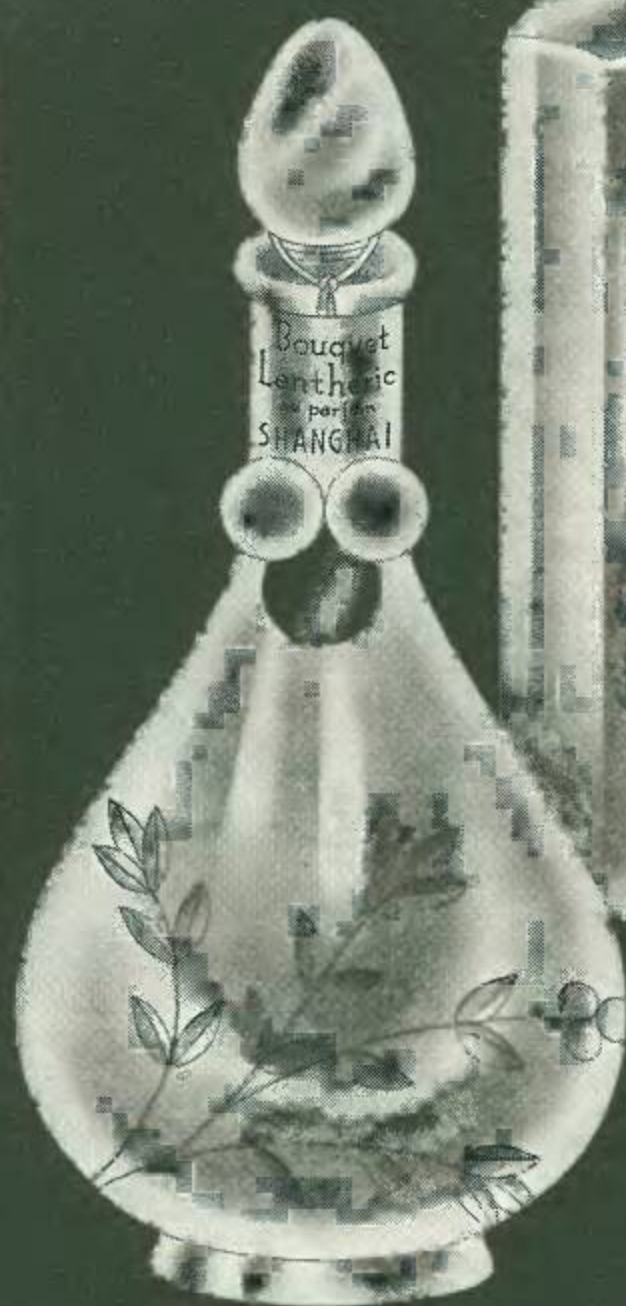
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quiet, but with a strange persistence

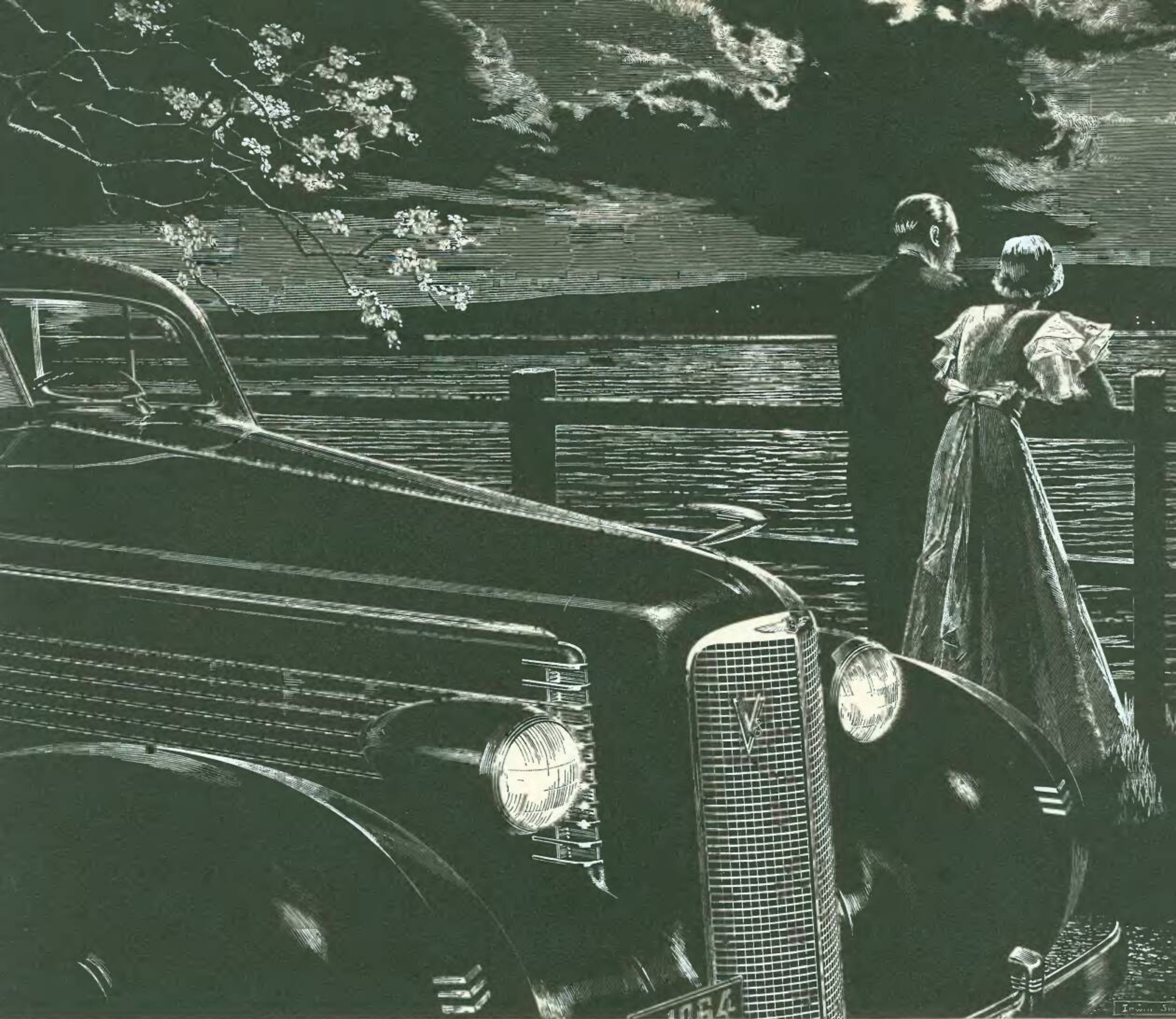
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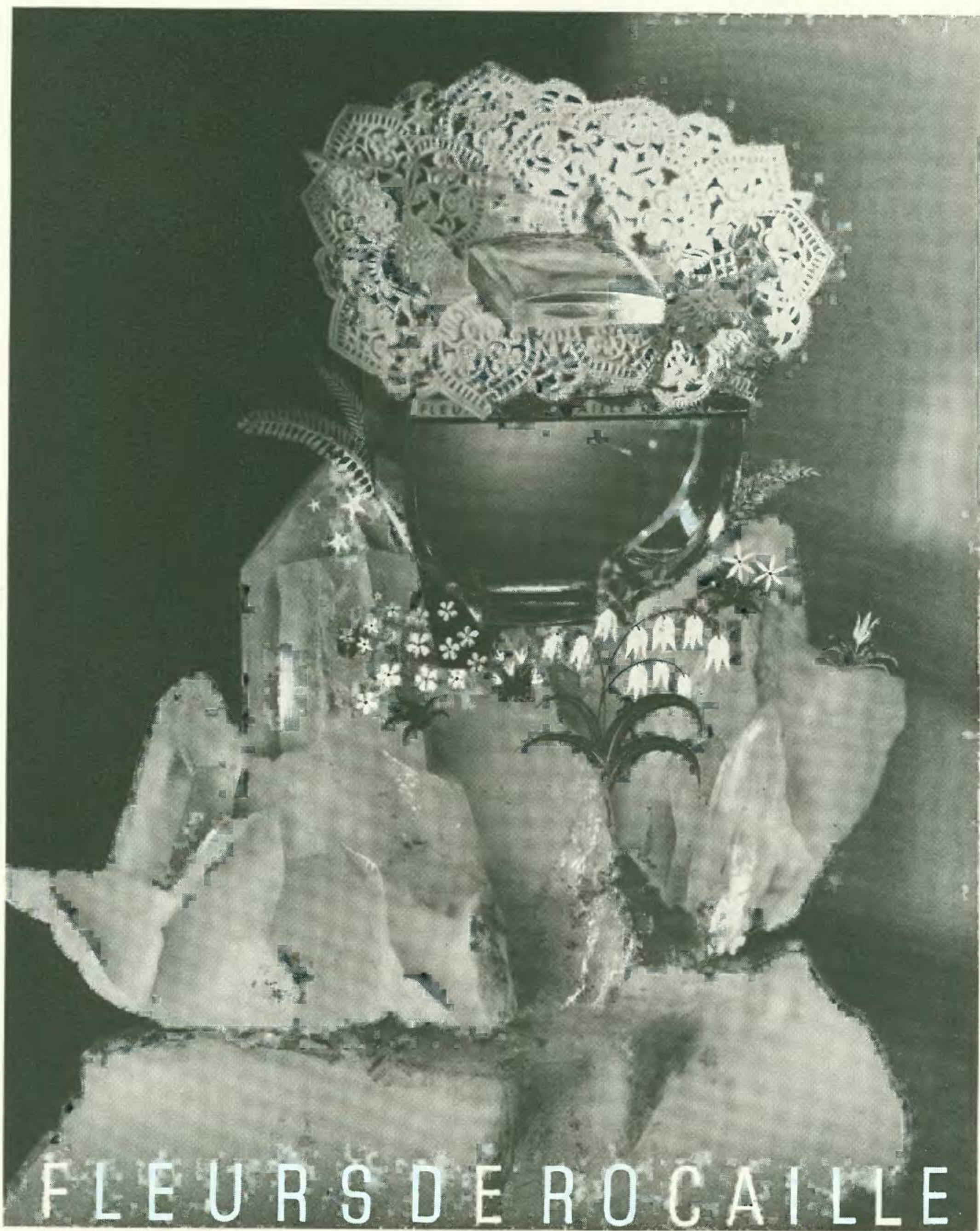
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROGRESS OF SPRING: Bock beer has disappeared, also colored eggs from the depths of the davenport. Strawberries and asparagus are cheaper. Park Avenue grass plots have been reseeded. The chameleon which the office boy got at the circus has made good his escape. Macy is selling rose bushes and English seeds. Large houseflies appear at noon on sunny walls. Our garage says it's time the anti-freeze mixture came out, it's beginning to smell. Songbirds are paying brief calls in city back yards and complaining about the food. Moths have finished up the loose ends on last summer's flannel pants. Our laundress has a new permanent. President



Roosevelt says the deficit may be bigger than he expected. Two of the cow buffaloes at the zoo have freshened. This morning, looking out of the window, we don't give a hoot whether school keeps or not.

THE Henry Goddard Leaches, who hide microphones in centre-pieces and conduct their dinner-table conversation within earshot of all America, have set a new pace for hostesses and have altered the character of guests. We had a guest at our house the other night, and when he found that the dinner was not sanctioned by N.B.C. and that his utterances were to be hopelessly caught in the meshes of a single residence, he refused food and went into a sulk for the rest of the evening.

WE are wondering how the broadcasts are working out for the Leaches. Mrs. Leach, for one, must be

up against wholly new and stimulating household problems. What kind of flowers goes well with microphones? How much wine must be served to arrive at animated conversation without alcoholic collapse? What is the pro-



cedure when a guest pours himself a double brandy during the dessert course and begins telling what happened in El Morocco last night?

There's one thing we're sure of—the Leaches' house must be graced by servants who are without ideas on anything. In our noisy little dining room, when a direct question is asked, it's always a gamble whether it is going to be answered by us or by the help. The truth is, the most interesting dinner-table discussions we have had in the last ten years have been with the paid hands, not with the guests.

THE National Revolutionary Party in Mexico has us on its press list. This morning's dispatch began: "Bits about town—Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and wife arrived from the U.S.A. loaded with books which they hope to read while vacationing in Mexico."

A BIRD sitting on eggs is all eye and tail, a miracle of plastic radiation and patience. It is almost impossible to meet, squarely, the accusing gaze of a broody bird, however unjust the accusation may seem. Perhaps this is because the bird's dedication is pure—untainted by expectations of a hatch. (Nobody is more surprised than a hen bird when a shell opens and a chick comes out.) This classic pose of a bird is the despair of creative people: we have never seen a broody artist sitting

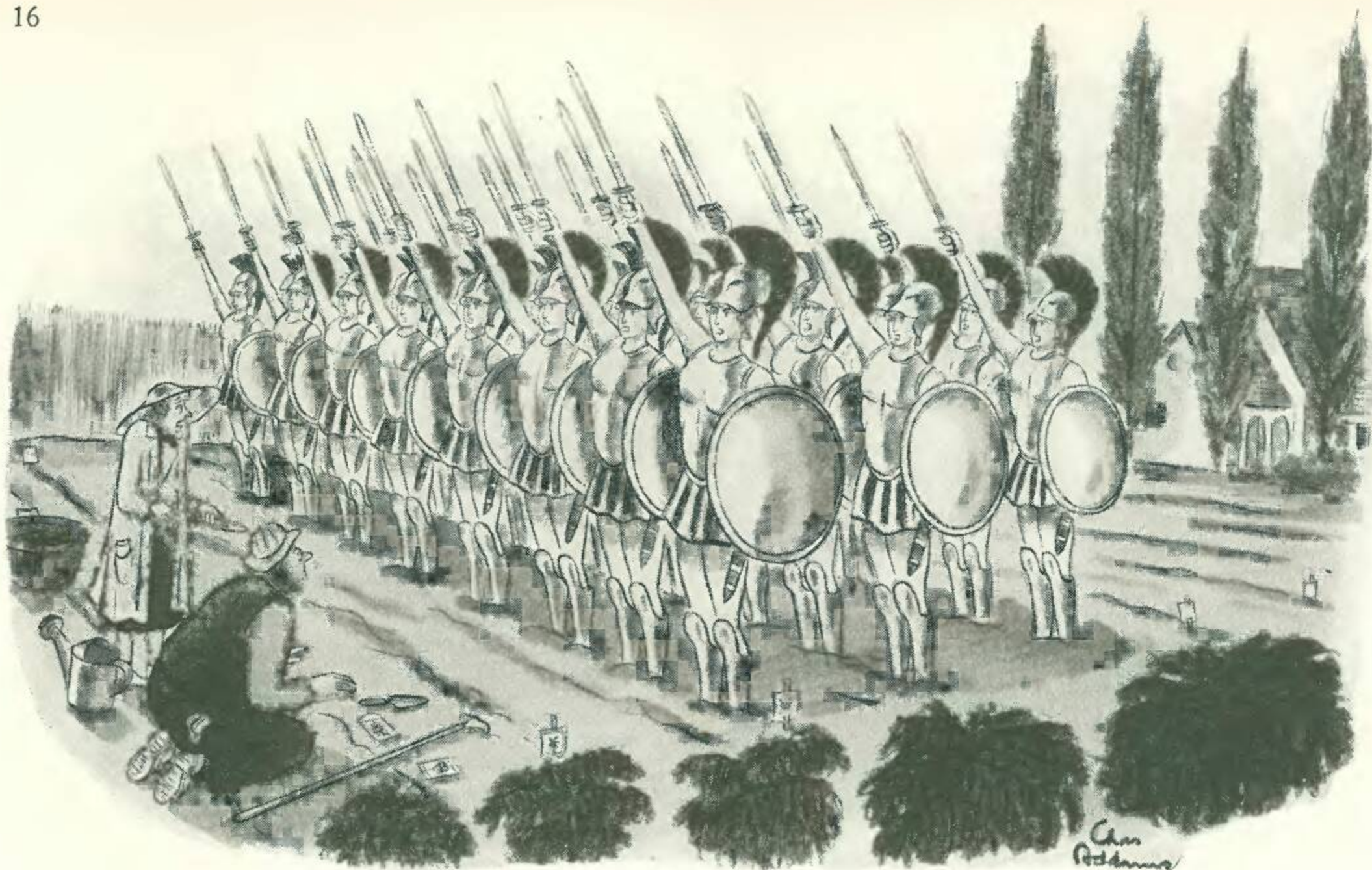
on an egg except knowingly, in an attitude of sly expectancy.

THE firm of J. P. Morgan & Company has an office boy named J. P. Morgan. His whole name is John Peter Morgan. The firm is a trifle edgy about this remarkable coincidence, and was edgy to us when one of our investigators called, hat in hand, to make inquiries. The boy remarked hastily that he "couldn't possibly talk to a journalist." He said he'd have to have permission from the Personnel Manager. So our investigator talked to the Personnel Manager, who was cold, and who said that any publicity about young Morgan, no matter how harmless, would displease J. P. Morgan proper; and that if a story got out, the boy would be dismissed summarily. The publicity man said the same thing. What the heck is this, anyway? Times are changing; you can't dismiss an employee just because he has a funny name. The Wagner Act probably covers that. If the Wagner Act doesn't cover it, we'll cover it ourselves. We can always find room for J. P. Morgan in this shop.

A NEW sky-lounge service begins May 1st. You can leave Newark at 6:55 P.M. on a United Air



Lines plane, relax, and arrive on the west coast in time for breakfast. The line makes a point of the "lounging" facilities of its new ships—passengers may wander up and down the spacious aisle, play bridge, doze, sleep. It seems odd to us that in a transcontinental night plane, which is as adventurous and exciting a vehicle as ever came into the world, people should wish to relax. Per-



"For heaven's sake, Albert, call up Henderson's quick!"

haps it is a pose. If we ever took a sky ride across America under cover of darkness, we would resent the dulcet ministrations of sleep: we'd prefer to have Gene Krupa aboard, beating his wild drum all the long night, to remind us of the orgiastic nature of our journey.

Comparison

STANDING in line to buy our ticket to the Greatest Show on Earth, we noticed ahead of us an excited little boy of seven or eight, with his father and mother. It was evidently his first visit to the circus; he kept asking questions, trying to get an advance idea of what it was like. "Is it like the radio?" he wanted to know. They said no, it wasn't. "Is it like the movies?" No, they told him, it was much better than the movies. "Well, then," he said, finally, "is it like a floor show?"

Inisfada

WE paid a visit last week to Inisfada, the Long Island estate of the former Mrs. Nicholas Brady, which, since her marriage to William J. Babington Macaulay, has been turned over to the Jesuits. Things were pretty confused when we were there, with the

auctioneer's men cataloguing and numbering the collection of furniture and art treasures, valued at around three million dollars, which is to be auctioned off in May. Admitted with the first batch of journalists ever allowed to see the place, we wandered about and picked up some staggering statistics, as well as a few glimpses of how the Bradys had lived. Inisfada, Gaelic for "Long Island," has eighty-seven rooms. In the largest room, the Great Hall, which is eighty feet long and fifty feet high, there is an Aeolian organ, which carries music to almost every room. We were told that the Bradys always had an organist on hand in the evening, to play for any guests that might come in. In the kitchen we saw a thirty-foot row of coal, gas, and electric ranges, kitchen tables of German silver, and shelves of copper pots and kettles stamped "N. F. Brady, Inisfada." Directly off the kitchen is a room with great butchers' blocks. "The cows and pigs were slaughtered there," somebody told us. Once, at the debut of Mr. Brady's niece, fifteen hundred guests were fed. However, no more than forty-five guests were ever put up overnight at the same time.

We looked at the telephone switchboard, which has eighty-nine extensions, and at the private chapel on the sec-

ond floor, which, by special dispensation from Rome, is one of the few in the country where Masses may be celebrated. A further reminder of the Bradys' devotion to the Church is the presence in each of the bedrooms of a *prie-dieu* and crucifix, and a holy-water font. In the master's suite, occupied, until his death in 1930, by Mr. Brady, we looked at the Spanish Renaissance bed, eight feet square, with iron leafing on the bedposts and canopy, a velvet counterpane, and a Simmons Beauty-Rest mattress. Somebody in the bedroom told us that the Bradys always rose at 6:45, no matter how late they had stayed up the night before, and did setting-up exercises. We went up to the third floor to see the storerooms and servants' quarters—the latter pretty extensive, as the normal operating staff of the place numbered about twenty-five. In the cellar are rooms for additional servants, when they were needed for large parties, as well as an ice plant, a boiler room, a woodshed, a generator, and wine cellars. The wine cellars, stretching endlessly out under the lawns, are barred by iron doors and combination locks; the entire collection of fine wines and liquors is to be left for the Jesuits.

After the auction is concluded, al-

terations will be made, and Inisfada will be turned into a "house of studies," where the younger members of the Jesuit order will pursue the study of philosophy, sociology, and economics. For the past few weeks the grounds have been sprinkled with Jesuits and nuns, looking over the estate's two hundred and twenty-five acres. For a while, they knocked on the wrought-iron doors and were shown through the house, but they began coming in such numbers that the auctioneers asked them to stay outside until the sale was over. If everything goes well, the Jesuits will move in on the first of July.

Two Stores

A COUPLE we know were recently presented with a large bull terrier, which proved to be not quite housebroken. After trying gentle reproof, the lady decided that stern measures were called for, so she rang up Lord & Taylor's and asked them to send over a small dog whip. The Lord & Taylor young lady was horrified. "Lord & Taylor do not believe in dog whips, Madam," she said, coldly. "We consider them outmoded. May I suggest our Bow Wow Bon Bones, which can be given to dogs as a reward for good behavior?" Feeling like a cruel, outmoded cad, our lady decided to try once more, and called Bloomingdale's. The salesman there made her feel better right away; said he'd send around a nice selection of whips for her to choose from, and added, "Be sure and get one that's big enough. That breed can stand a good walloping."

Richard Mansfield's Widow

WE thought it only fitting, in the twilight of what has been probably the most successful Shakespearean season in years, to bid goodbye to it with a visit to one of the Shakespeare readings given every Monday evening at the Christodora House by Mrs. Richard Mansfield, widow of the actor. The evening we arrived, twenty-two select souls were gathered in the Jacobean room called the Poets' Guild—all of them propelled there by a pure admiration for the bard. It was a middle-aged audience, principally, with cherished memories of the art of Richard Mansfield, dead thirty years. The play of the evening was "King Henry V." Mrs. Mansfield, an erect lady in a floor-length white silk dress, read from a script of her husband's last performance

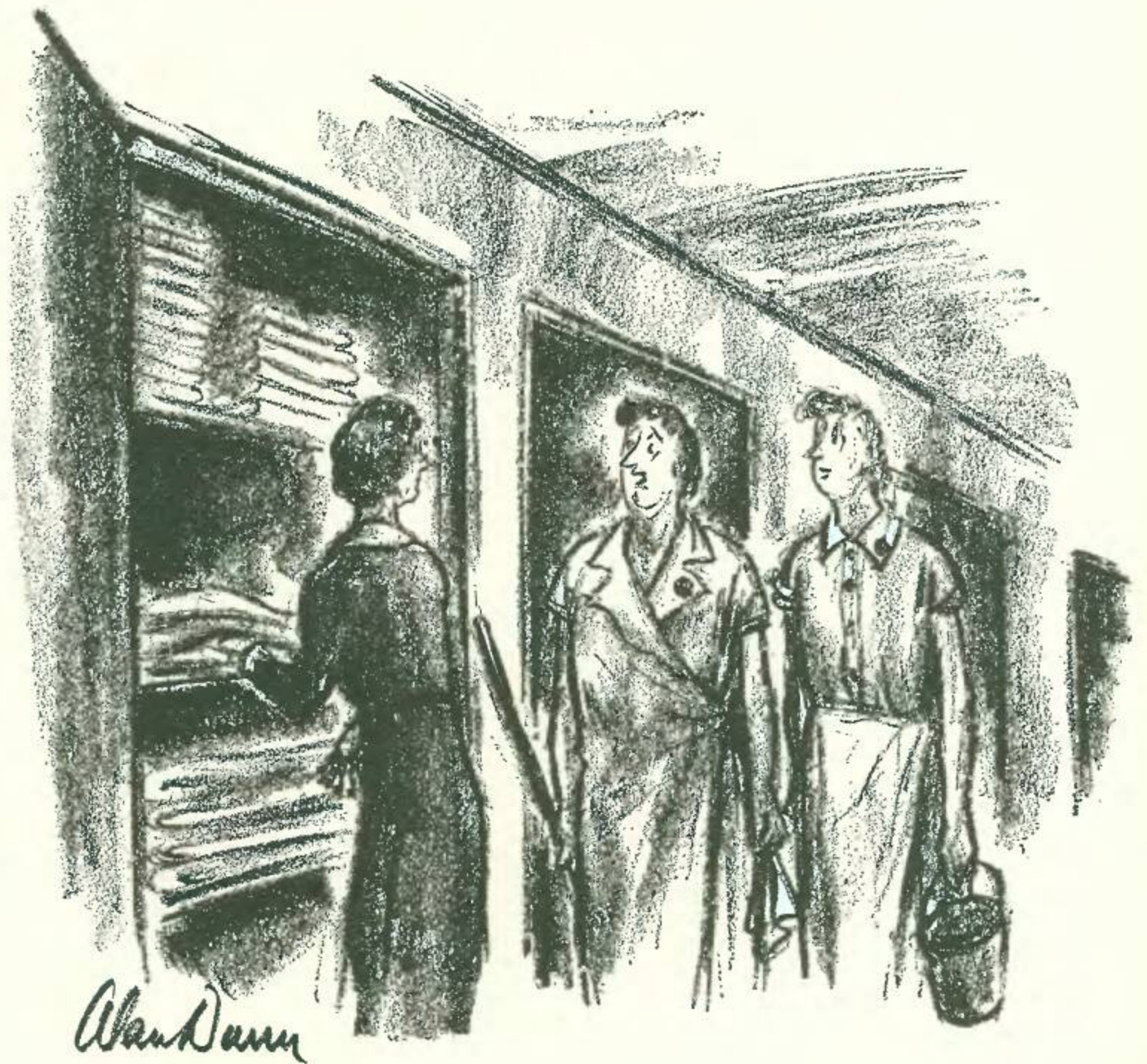
of that play. Among the names of the actors in that far-off production were A. G. Andrews, who played Fluellen, and Augustin Duncan, who played Jamy. Today Mr. Andrews is the gardener in Maurice Evans' "King Richard II," and Mr. Duncan is that production's John of Gaunt.

Mrs. Mansfield, now sixty-nine years old, lives quietly there at the settlement house, with its commanding view of the pavement of Tompkins Square. In June, she leaves for The Grange, the old Mansfield home in New London, Connecticut, returning to town in the middle of September. Every Monday evening at 8:30, while she is in town, Mrs. Mansfield gives readings of Shakespeare in the Christodora House's Poets' Guild. The theatre is still her great absorption, and she taxis uptown to Broadway regularly during the winter to see the shows. She has seen Maurice Evans in "King Richard II" five times. "He is breathless in the part, simply breathless," she said. The last time she was in the Mansfield Theatre, named for her husband, was seven years ago, to see the late Richard B. Harrison in "The Green Pastures."

In 1918, after the death of her only

son, in the Army air service, she went into war relief. In 1920, with a unit of the Near East Relief, she was marooned in Urfa, Turkey, by warring Turks and French. To identify themselves, the unit flew an American flag made by Mrs. Mansfield from unbleached muslin, blue denim, and red cotton quilting. In recognition of her war-relief efforts, Mrs. Mansfield was given the Médaille des Epidémies by France. The costumes of Mr. Mansfield, rich and tailored, Mrs. Mansfield has given to the Smithsonian Institution; his books she keeps to help her in her readings.

The reading—the first two acts of "King Henry V"—we enjoyed. Mrs. Mansfield declaimed beautifully, we thought. After it was over, we stayed a few minutes, leafing through souvenir books of the great actor, whose eightieth birthday would have been this May 24th. He is constantly being recalled to her, Mrs. Mansfield said. The last time she was in London she was at a *matinée* with Dame May Webster (seen here this season as the victim in the thriller "Night Must Fall"), and an American clergyman stopped her in the lobby during the intermission and introduced



"The lady in 912 wants her bed moved so she'll be in line with the earth's magnetic field."

himself. It seems he was one of a band of small boys that used to haunt Fernbank, a Cincinnati suburb, when the Mansfields' private car was parked on a siding there during performances in Cincinnati. He said Mrs. Mansfield had given him a cookie, and he wanted to thank her.

All Out

AN artistic friend of ours who gets around to museums a good deal, and frequently stays right up to closing time, tells us that there's a world of difference in the way various places get rid of late stayers. At the Museum of Natural History, they blow a whistle. The Metropolitan sounds a nice, refined gong in each department. At the Museum of Modern Art, they go outside and ring their own doorbell, impatiently. The Museum of the City of New York has a new electric bell, of which they're inclined to boast a little bit. "It's not like a bell or a gong—more like a jingle" was the way a guard described it to our friend. The Morgan Library, as you'd expect, is the most refined of all—no whistles, no doorbells, nothing mechanical. At closing time a suave young man circulates among the visitors, saying, in a soft, mellow voice, "I fear we'll have to leave now, please."

Jottings

IN the past week we have happened upon or heard about three rather striking instances of writings in public places. To lead off, there's the phrase we saw printed, in red pencil, on the wall of the Forty-ninth Street B.-M.T. station, downtown side: "Today I am a man." And a Sutton Place matron reports that on Second Avenue she came upon a little boy of eight or nine who had just chalked on the sidewalk the pregnant two words, "Pipe Dreams." And a gentleman who can't resist the impulse to peek over people's shoulders tells us that one morning, in front of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, there was a young man with a notebook braced up against the wall, carefully, and perhaps enviously, writing, "Feingold bought his suit at Tripler's."

Free Ad

ANY number of newspaper and magazine readers have been fascinated by the current Chesterfield advertisement—the one showing a pretty girl, radiant with country air and nicotine,

going along a road on a contraption that looks a little bit like a scooter and a little bit like a motorcycle. The advertisement has been appearing since the first of April, and has resulted in hundreds of letters of inquiry, addressed to the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, the Newell Emmet advertising company, or the publications that have printed the advertisement. (Some people wrote to us, which is the reason we started an investigation of the matter.) There's a good deal of curiosity about the vehicle in the picture. People want to know if there really is such a thing, why it's in a cigarette ad, whether it's for sale, what it's called. As the result of a call on the Newell Emmet folk, we're in a position to tell you all about it.

Moto-Scoot is the trade name of the contraption, and it may be described briefly as a sort of bicycle with a three-fourths-horsepower gasoline motor. It will run a hundred and twenty miles on a gallon of gasoline, has a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour, and is sold by its lone New York distributor, Abercrombie & Fitch, for \$99.75. To operate one in this state, you have to have a motorcycle licence, which, as a Moto-Scoot weighs just seventy-five pounds, would cost \$2. As to its appearance in a cigarette advertisement—well, the advertising people asked us, why not? The theory seems to be that it's striking, causes readers to study the advertisement, and so, indirectly, is good for the Chesterfield business. We asked if the Moto-Scoot manufacturers were involved in any way, but the agency folk said there was no tieup or sharing of expenses. "We never do anything like that," they exclaimed, shocked. They said that they thought Moto-Scoots were made by a firm in Chicago, but that they never had communicated. "We don't even know that they have learned

about the advertisement," they told us.

Completing our investigation, we looked in on Abercrombie & Fitch, where we were told that the advertisement has resulted in lots of inquiries about Moto-Scoots, but no appreciable increase in sales. They have been in stock since just before Christmas, and have been selling at the rate of two a week. Maybe there will be a boom later on, Abercrombie & Fitch said; too early to tell now. Couple of weeks ago they sold two to some girls who were going on a European tour. Probably the most exalted Moto-Scoot purchaser is the Duchess of Marlborough, who bought one to take back to her child.

Errant

ONE balmy evening of last week, a certain Mr. Richards arrived at his home in Chappaqua and found that his wife had not returned from a shopping trip to the city. "Mrs. Richards phoned to say she wouldn't be home till late tonight," the colored maid said. Then, obviously distressed at being the bearer of bad news, she added, "She say to tell you she going to see Mr. Richards the second."

Bar Man

VERNON MACFARLANE, a plump and cheerful man from New Zealand, is one of the city's leading decorators of bars, if that can be called leading. An impressive number of night clubs in the East Fifties have blossomed under his touch—El Morocco, Le Mirage, Café de la Ville, L'Avion, the Monkey Bar, the Bali, and, for all we know, dozens more. His most recent job is Chez Burlesque, a Fifty-second Street night club which, Mr. MacFarlane says, he is making "as unhealthy-looking as possible." Like lots of other folk, we have sometimes wondered fitfully how the bars we were in came to be the way they were. A visit to Mr. MacFarlane, who received us in his apartment on Fifty-fourth Street, cleared matters up right away. The name of a place comes first, and the decorations carry out the atmosphere suggested by the name: hence the airplanes at L'Avion, the mirrors at Le Mirage, and the thatched roof and bamboo trimmings of the Bali. Mr. MacFarlane further told us that he, personally, prefers to eliminate booths and to use long benches instead of chairs. And of course, like all other decorators,





"She played in 'Elephant Boy' and she can't seem to get used to a workaday world again."

he takes care to have the lighting scheme as flattering as possible.

Mr. MacFarlane was born thirty-nine years ago in New Zealand, where his parents still live, brooding somewhat about his participation in New York's night life. His activities before the World War were, he says, nothing but "knocking around." Early in the unpleasantness, he received a bullet in the shoulder, which put him out of active service. He then joined a troupe of wounded soldiers who put on enter-

tainments at the front. Being in a thinner phase than now, and rather pretty, he played the leading lady in all the plays. After the war, he continued acting, in England, and then became a theatrical producer. He came to this country in 1929, nicely timing his arrival to coincide with the stock-market crash. During the next four years, he decorated a number of speakeasies, getting a good deal of experience, he says, but not much money. Once, for example, he was commissioned to dec-

orate a bar for some prosperous gangsters. When he had finished, they paid him off in cash; then, just as soon as he was out in the street, planning a modest celebration with his earnings, a couple of thugs nudged him into an areaway and took them all away. It was very discouraging.

Even now, MacFarlane told us, prosperity is pretty elusive. He laughs bitterly at the great sums which nightclub proprietors would have people think they spend on the decoration of their places. "Forty thousand dollars!" he said scornfully, mentioning one fellow's claim. "It's closer to forty thousand pennies!" He thinks wistfully, now and then, of all the money he might get in Hollywood, and all the fun he might have. Trouble is, he doesn't like to have to work on schedule, and he doesn't make plans. Likes to sit and look at a wall, then just dash at it with a paint brush. "I'm not afraid of a big jar of paint," he says. "If I think it ought to be splashed on, I splash." He has two claims to distinction in the interior-decorating world. One is that he was the first man to think of hiding a bar behind a Venetian blind. The other is the invention of El Morocco's zebra-striped upholstery, which has resulted in a good deal of free publicity for Mr. Perona's place. Every time you see a picture of a couple sitting on zebra-striped upholstery, you know, even if the caption doesn't say so, that the scene is El Morocco.

Ordeal

ON our way out to lunch the other day, we heard a man in the elevator saying to his friend, a little desperately, "I'm not going to eat any lunch. I'm going somewhere and have a double brandy—two double brandies." "What's the matter?" the other fellow asked. "I'm going to get a haircut," the first man said. "I've been going to the same barbershop for three years, and I've always had the same barber. He knows my name, and he knows where I work, and he knows what college I went to, and he's always pleased to death to see me. For the last two years I've been watching the barber at the next chair. He does much better work, and I've been wanting to change over to him, but I've never had the guts to do it. I'm going to do it today, though. I'm going to have those two double brandies, and I'll walk right into that place, and I'll say, 'Tony ...'"

ANSWER TO PRAYER

THE Archbishop was perplexed by his own state of mind. Maybe the shadow of age was falling upon him, he thought, maybe he had been overworking, maybe the situation had been too complex for him and he was feeling the reality of a failure without seeing it plainly as a definable fact. But his nerve, which had never failed him hitherto, was failing him now. In small things, as in important matters, he no longer showed the quick decisiveness that had hitherto been the envy of his fellow ecclesiastics and the admiration of his friends. He doubted now before he went upstairs or downstairs, with a curious feeling that he might find something unexpected on the landing. He hesitated before he rang a bell, with a vague uncertainty of who or what might appear. Before he took up the letters his secretary had opened for him he had a faint twinge of apprehension.

Had he after all done something wrong or acted in a mistaken spirit?

People who had always been nice to him showed a certain coolness, people from whom he would have least expected it. His secretaries, he knew, were keeping back "open letters" and grossly abusive comments. The reassurances and encouragements that flowed in to him were anything but reassuring, because their volume and their tone reflected what was hidden from him on the other side. Had he, at the end of his long, tortuous, and hitherto quite dignified career, made a howler?

There was no one on earth to whom he could confide his trouble. He had always been a man who kept his own counsel. But now, if only he could find understanding, sympathy, endorsement! If he could really put things as he saw them, if he could simplify the whole confused affair down to essentials and make his stand plain and clear—

Prayer?

If anyone else had come to him in this sort of quandary, he would have told him at once to pray. If it was a woman he would have patted the shoulder gently, as an elderly man may do, and he would have said very softly in that rich, kind voice of his, "Try Prayer, my dear. Try Prayer."

Physician, heal thyself. Why not try prayer?

He stood hesitating between his apartments and his little private oratory. He stood in what was his habitual chil-

dren's-service attitude with his hands together in front of him, his head a little on one side, and something faintly bland and whimsical about him. It came to him that he himself had not made a personal and particular appeal to God for many years. It had seemed unnecessary. It had indeed been unnecessary. He had of course said his prayers with the utmost regularity, not only in the presence of others, but, being essentially an honest man, even when he was alone. He had never cheated about prayer. He had felt it was a purifying and beneficial process, no more to be missed than cleaning his teeth, but his sense of a definite hearer, listening at the other end of the telephone, so to speak, behind the veil, had always been a faint one. The reception away there was in the Absolute, in Eternity, beyond the stars. Which indeed left the church conveniently free to take an unembarrassed course of action....

But in this particular tangle, the Archbishop wanted something more definite. If, for once, he did not trouble about style and manner...

If he put the case simply, quite simply, just as he saw it, and remained very still on his knees, wouldn't he presently find this neuralgic fretting of his mind abating, and that assurance, that clear self-assurance that had hitherto been

his strength, returning to him? He must not be in the least oily—they had actually been calling him oily—he must be perfectly direct and simple and fearless. He must pray straightforwardly to the silence as one mind to another.

It was a little like the practice of some Dissenters and Quakers, but maybe it would be none the less effective on that account.

Yes, he would pray.

Slowly he sank to his knees and put his hands together. He was touched by a sort of childish trustfulness in his own attitude. "Oh God," he began, and paused.

He paused, and a sense of awful imminence, a monstrous awe, gripped him. And then he heard a voice.

It was not a harsh voice, but it was a clear, strong voice. There was nothing about it still or small. It was neither friendly nor hostile; it was brisk.

"Yes," said the voice. "What is it?"

THEY found His Grace in the morning. He had slipped off the steps on which he had been kneeling, and lay sprawling on the crimson carpet. Plainly his death had been instantaneous.

But instead of the serenity, the almost fatuous serenity, that was his habitual expression, his countenance, by some strange freak of nature, displayed an extremity of terror and dismay.

—H. G. WELLS

THE GOOD LONG LETTER

Write me a good long letter, he said,
And I nodded—supposing
Nothing so rich and easy as opening words;
Then wind, and a far-off closing.

Difficult, though, and winter thin,
The words "dear brother."
They have not flicked these leaves that droop all day—
One dead tongue by another.

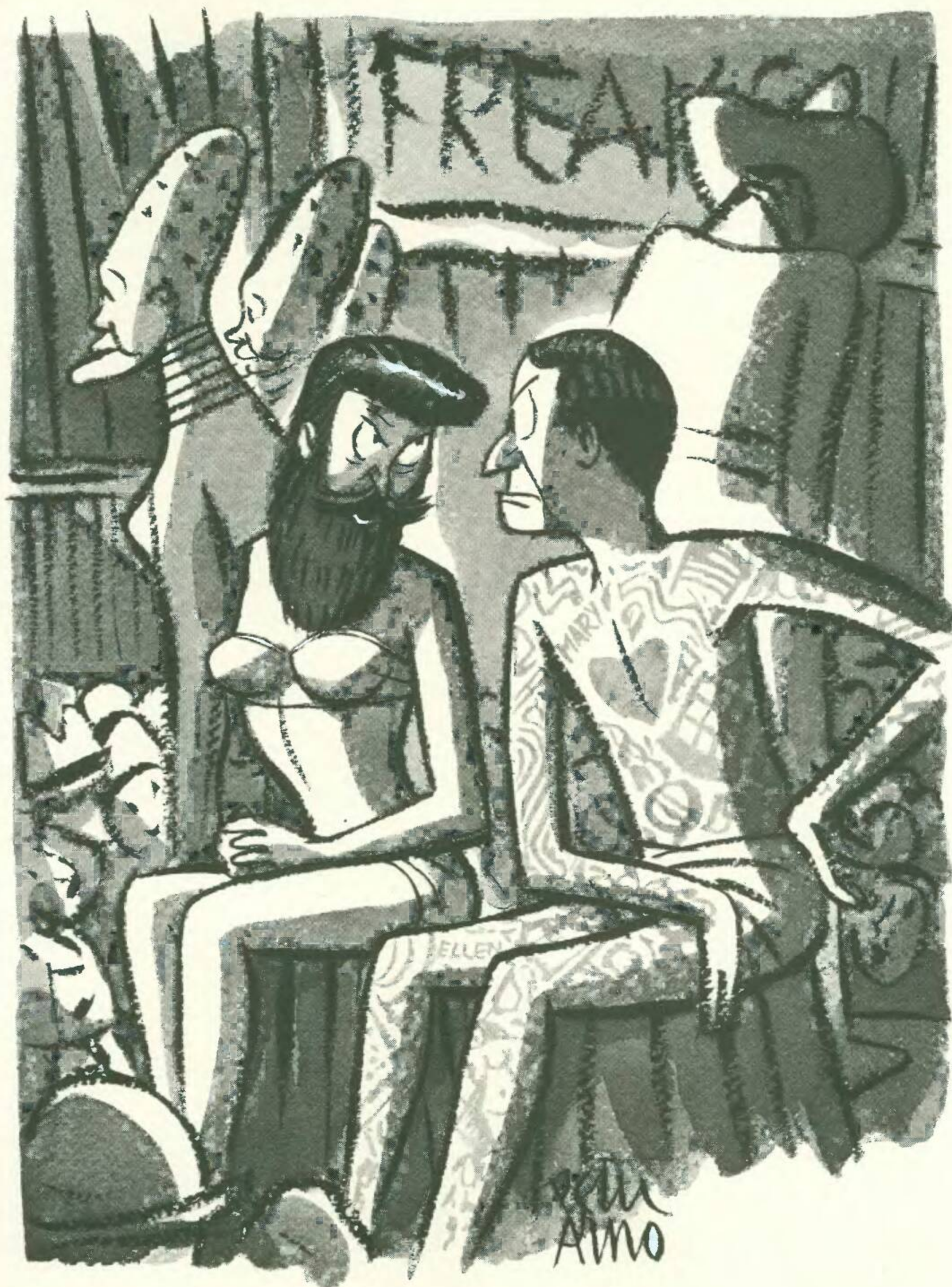
Nothing I may begin with bends
The slumbrous grasses.
A great bird, unopposed in upper air,
Floats on and never passes.

There is a wind between two walls—
Of glass, and narrow.
Then why not break and enter, and thus be blown
Land-endward like a sparrow?

And so I would. But where to explore,
And when start tapping?
Half round a darkened world he sits and waits
Meanwhile, and news is napping.

—MARK VAN DOREN





"I'm afraid you've gotten the wrong impression of me, Mr. McCarthy."

LET YOUR MIND ALONE!

IX. MISCELLANEOUS MENTATION

IN going back over the well-thumbed pages of my library of recent books on mental technique, I have come upon a number of provocative passages which I marked with a pencil but, for one reason or another, was unable to fit into any of my preceding articles. I have decided to take up this group of miscellaneous matters here, treating the various passages in the order in which I come to them. First, then, there is a paragraph from Dr. Louis E. ("Be Glad You're Neurotic") Bisch, on Overcompensation. He writes, "To overcome a handicap and overcompensate is much the same as consciously and deliberately setting out to overcome a superstition. We will say that you are afraid to pass under a ladder. But suppose you defy the superstition and do it anyway? You may feel uneasy for a few hours or a few days. To your surprise, perhaps, nothing dreadful happens to you. This gives you courage. You try the ladder stunt again. Still you find yourself unharmed. After a while you look for ladders; you delight in walking under them; your ego has been pepped up and you defy all the demons that may be!"

Of course, the most obvious comment to be made here is that if you keep looking for and walking under ladders long enough, something is going to happen to you, in the very nature of things. Then, since your defiance of "all the demons that may be" proves you still believe in them, you will be right back where you were, afraid to walk under a ladder again. But what interests me most in Dr. Bisch's study of how to "pep up the ego" is its intensification of the very kind of superstition which the person in this case sets out to defy and destroy. To substitute walking under ladders for not walking under ladders is a distinction without a difference. For here we have, in effect, a person who was afraid to walk under ladders, and is now afraid not to. In the first place he avoided ladders because he feared the very fear that that would put into him. This the psychologists call phobophobia (they really do). But now he is afraid of the very

fear he had of being afraid and hence is a victim of what I can only call phobophobia, and is in even deeper than he was before. Let us leave him in this perfectly frightful mess and turn to our old authority, Mr. David Seabury, and a quite different kind of problem.

"A young woman," writes Mr. Seabury, "remarked recently that she had not continued her literary career because she found her work commonplace. 'And,' she went on, 'I don't want to fill the world with more mediocre writing.' 'What sort of finished product do you expect a girl of twenty-two to produce?' I asked. 'You are judging what you can be in the future by what you are doing in the present. Would you have a little elm tree a year old compare itself with a giant tree and get an inferiority feeling? An elm tree of one year is a measly little thing, but given time it shades a whole house.'" Mr. Seabury does not take into consideration that, given time, a lady writer shades a whole house, too, and that whereas a little elm tree is bound to grow up to be a giant elm tree, a lady writer who at twenty-two is commonplace and mediocre is bound to grow to be a giant of commonplaceness and mediocrity. I think that his young woman is the only young woman writer in the history of the United States who thought that she ought not to go on with her writing because it was mediocre. If ever a psychologist had it in his power to pluck a brand from the burning, Mr. Seabury had it here. But what did he do? He made the young

writer of commonplace things believe she would grow to be a veritable elm in the literary world. I hope she didn't listen to him, but I am afraid she probably did. Still, she sounds like a smart girl, and maybe she saw the weakness in Mr. Seabury's "You are judging what you can be in the future by what you are doing in the present." I can think of no sounder judgment to make.

LET us now look at something from Dr. James L. ("Streamline Your Mind") Mursell. In a chapter on "Mastering and Using Language," he brings out that most people do not know how to read. Dr. Mursell would have them get a precise and dogmatic meaning out of everything they read, thus leaving nothing to the fantasy and the imagination. This is particularly unfortunate, it seems to me, when applied to poetry, as Dr. Mursell applies it. He writes, "A large group of persons seemed to read the celebrated stanza beginning

The Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
and gold,

and ending

Where the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

"But when a suspicious-minded investigator tested them, quite a number turned out to suppose that the Assyrian's cohorts were an article of wearing apparel and that the last line referred to the astronomical discoveries of Galileo. Is this reading?"

Well, yes. What the second line means is simply that the cohorts' articles of wearing apparel were gleaming in purple and gold, so nothing much is distorted except the number of people who came down like the wolf on the fold. The readers who got it wrong had, it seems to me, as deep a poetic feeling (which is the main thing) as those who knew that a cohort was originally one of the ten divisions of a Roman legion and had, to begin with, three hundred soldiers, later five hundred to six hundred. Furthermore, those who got it wrong had a fine flaring image of one Assyrian coming down valiantly all alone, instead



of with a couple of thousand soldiers to help him, the big coward. As for "Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee," the reading into this of some vague association with the far, lonely figure of Galileo lends it a misty poetic enchantment which, to my way of thinking, the line can very well put up with. Dr. Mursell should be glad that some of the readers didn't think "the blue wave" meant the Yale football team. And even if they had, it would be all right with me. There is no person whose spirit hasn't at one time or another been enriched by some cherished transfiguring of meanings. Everybody is familiar with the youngster who thought the first line of the Lord's Prayer was "Our Father, who art in heaven, Halloween be thy name." There must have been for

him, in that reading, a thrill, a delight, and an exaltation that the exact sense of the line could not possibly have created. I once knew of a high-school teacher in a small town in Ohio who for years had read to his classes a line that actually went "She was playing croquet in the garden below" as if it were "She was playing coquette in the garden below." When, one day, a bright young scholar raised his hand and pointed out the mistake, the teacher said, grimly, "I have read that line my way for seventeen years and I intend to go on reading it my way." I am all for this point of view. I remember that, as a boy of eight, I thought "Post No Bills" meant that the walls on which it appeared belonged to one Post No Bill, a man of the same heroic proportions as Buffalo Bill. Some suspicious-minded investigator cleared this up for me, and a part of the glamour of life was gone.

WE will now look at a couple of items from the very latest big-selling inspirational volume, no less a volume than Mr. Dale Carnegie's



"And think of it—pure gold! Not six, not eight, not ten, but twelve carats!"

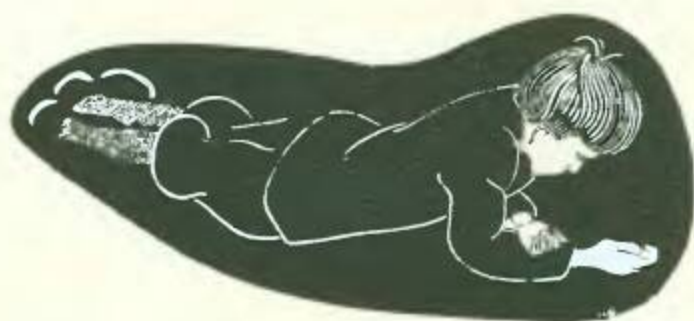
"How to Win Friends and Influence People." Writes Mr. Carnegie, "The New York Telephone Company conducts a school to train its operators to say 'Number please' in a tone that means 'Good morning, I am happy to be of service to you.' Let's remember that when we answer the telephone tomorrow." Now it seems to me that if this is something we have deliberately to remember, something we have to be told about, then obviously the operators aren't getting their message over. And I don't think they are. What I have always detected in the voices of telephone operators is a note of peremptory willingness. Their tone always conveys to me "What number do you want? And don't mumble!" If it is true, however, that the operator's tone really means "Good morning, I am happy to be of service to you," then it is up to the subscriber to say, unless he is a curmudgeon, "Thank you. How are you this morning?" If Mr. Carnegie doesn't know what the operator would say to that, I can tell him. She would say, "I am sorry, sir, but we are not allowed to give out that information."

And the subscriber and the operator would be right back where they are supposed to be, on a crisp, businesslike basis, with no genuine "good morning" and no real happiness in it at all.

I also want to examine one of Mr. Carnegie's rules for behavior in a restaurant. He writes, "You don't have to wait until you are Ambassador to France or chairman of the Clambake Committee of the Elks' Club before you use this philosophy of appreciation. You can work magic with it every day. If, for example, the waitress brings us mashed potatoes when we ordered French fried, let's say 'I'm sorry to trouble you, but I prefer French fried.' She'll reply, 'No trouble at all,' and will be glad to do it because you have shown respect for her." Now, it is my belief that if we said to the waitress, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I prefer French fried," she would say, "Well, make up ya mind." The thing to say to her is simply, "I asked for French fried potatoes, not mashed potatoes." To which, of course, she might reply, under her breath, "Well, take the marbles outa ya mouth when ya talk-

in'." There is no way to make a waitress really glad to do anything. Service is all a matter of business with her, as it is with the phone operators, and Mr. Carnegie might as well face the fact. Anyway, I do not see any "philosophy of appreciation" in saying to a waitress, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I prefer French fried." Philosophy and appreciation are both capable of higher flights than that. "How are you, Beautiful?" is a higher form of appreciation than what Mr. Carnegie recommends, and it is not very high. But at least it isn't stuffy, and "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I prefer French fried" is; waitresses hate men who hand them that line.

FOR a final example of mistaken observation of life and analysis of people, I must turn again to the prolific Mr. Seabury. He writes that once, at a dinner, he sat opposite "a tall, lanky man with restless fingers" who was telling the lady on his right about his two dogs and their four puppies. "It was obvious," says Mr. Seabury, "that he had identified himself with the mother dog and was accustomed to spend a good deal of his time in conversation with her about the welfare of her young." Having been a dog man myself for a great many years, I feel that I am on sounder ground here than Mr. Seabury. I know that no dog man ever identifies himself with the mother dog. There is a type of dog man who sometimes wistfully identifies himself with the father dog, or would like to, at any rate, because of the comparative freedom, lack of responsibility, and general carefree attitude that mark the family life of all father dogs. But no dog man, as I have said, ever identifies himself with the mother dog. He may, to be sure, spend a good deal of his time in conversation with her, but this conversation is never about the welfare of her young. Every dog man knows that there is nothing he can say to any mother dog about the welfare of her young that will make the slightest impression on her. This is partly because she does not know enough English to carry on a conversation that would get very far, and partly because, even if she did, she would not let any suggestions or com-



LINES UPON LOOKING THROUGH A PILE OF OLD CHECKS

*Time is a guest at no man's house,
Gone ere it full appears;
Soft as the velvet-footed mouse
Speed the relentless years. . . .
But first they write on the Golden Scroll,
And wrap it around our necks—
Jeevers, hand me my pipe and bowl,
And give me those cancelled checks.*

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five
(Hardly a man is now alive)—
Sixteen hundred and fifty bucks,
A sheer caprice of Lady Luck's.
"Aces full," said I, with hope;
"Four of a kind," said Herbert Swope.

There are also grounds for thinking
That my bridge was pretty stinking.
Schenken, Culbertson, and Fry
Always took my good right eye.
Lightner, Zedtwitz, or Jacoby—
Didn't matter who my foe be.
Baby took it on the chin—
Cripes, didn't I ever win?

And now sing ho! the jolly stores
That deal in hats and pinafores. . . .
It sort of seems that Mrs. K.
Had nothing much to do all day:

Black and Starr and Frost and Gorham—
God, what haven't I done for 'em?
Yamanaka, Cartier, Marcus,
Everyone but Parkyakarkus.
Checks to Udall & Ballou,
Checks to you, and you, and you.
Checks to Mr. Tiffany,
To your uncle, if any.

Bloomingdale's did blooming well,
And Sterns were never sterner;
Slater, Bonwit . . . who the hell
Was Jessie Franklin Turner?

mands, coaxings or wheedlings, influence her in the least.

Every dog man, when his mother dog has had her first pups, has spent a long time fixing up a warm bed in a nice, airy corner for the mother dog to have her pups in, only to discover that she prefers to have them under the barn, in a hollow log, or in the dark and inaccessible reaches of a storeroom amidst a lot of overshoes, ice skates, crokinole boards, and ball bats. Every dog man has, at the risk of his temper and his limbs, grimly and resolutely dug the mother dog and her pups out from among the litter of debris that she pre-

Lord & Taylor, Altman's, Saks,
None of them ever missed. . . .
But why did I give eighty smacks
To Efrem Zimbalist?

When Dolly Trymlym trimmed a
limb,
She lost but very little;
And Hicks were right up in the swim
At charging for a victual.
Sheets by McCutcheon monogrammed,
And Sherry's rich collation. . . .
Suppose we say the whole god-damned
Fifth Avenue Association.

Pay to the order of Maison Cohn's,
Sulka, Finchley, Brooks,
Holliday Bookshop, twenty bones
(I never read any books).
Telephone, gas, and electric light,
Unholy amounts of kale—
This check? . . . I heard a speech
one night
(But Mooney is still in jail).

And now, descending like an axe,
That little sweet, the Income Tax.
Hello! Another payment due—
"Pay to Internal Revenue."
Where are the aeroplanes they buy?
I never see them in the sky.
It's time some other poor schlemiel
Began to pay for the New Deal.

*Time is a guest at no man's house,
Gone ere it full appears;
Soft as the velvet-footed mouse
Speed the relentless years. . . .
All right, Jeevers, hand 'em here;
They come to a pretty figure—
And I'm writing the same old
checks THIS year,
Only just a trifle bigger.*

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

fers, stepping on the ball bats, kneeling on the ice skates, and put her firmly into the bassinet he has prepared for her, only to have her carry the pups back to the nest among the overshoes and the crokinole boards during the night. In the end, every dog man has let the mother dog have her way, having discovered that there is nothing he can do, much less say, that will win her over to his viewpoint in the matter. She refuses to identify herself with him and he becomes too smart to try to identify himself with her. It would wear him to a frazzle in a week.

—JAMES THURBER



"Forsythe must of been looking at those pictures in Fortune again."

* * PROFILES * *

685 VOICES

WHEN Channing Lefebvre, who has been organist and choirmaster of Trinity Church since 1922, received the degree of Doctor of Music from Columbia University, President Nicholas Murray Butler read this citation: "Native of Virginia. Born to love of music and early seeking a musical career; successively choirboy, organist, and now choirmaster and organist of Trinity Church, that ancient foundation to which this University is bound by ties that go back to its very birth, there making such music 'that God's own ear listens delighted.'"

Academic citations aren't intended to be inclusive chronicles of their recipients, although sometimes they tell the whole history. If, however, Dr. Butler had made no reference to any of Dr. Lefebvre's activities at Trinity Church, he still would have had available enough material for another citation. He might have alluded to the former school-paper editor, sailor, and dance pianist who now is musical director of four eminent singing societies, two of which he organized.

Channing Lefebvre's schedule at Trinity calls for choir rehearsals on Tuesday; a service and noon organ recital on Wednesday; choir rehearsals on Thursday; rehearsal, service, and organ recital on Friday; and morning and afternoon services on Sunday, as well as another rehearsal. Add to this regimen the hours required to prepare or compose special music, and you have a routine which ought to be sufficiently full for any musician. It isn't, however, full enough for Channing Lefebvre.

Choral groups are his hobby, and he is the leader of four such organizations as well as the director of the fifty vocalists in the Trinity Church choir. He has assembled and conducts the Down Town Glee Club, whose members are two hundred men working in or about the financial district, and the Golden Hill Chorus, a feminine counterpart of the Glee Club. Most of the one hundred and seventy-five Golden Hillers are downtown business women. Mr. Lefebvre also is director of the University Glee Club, in which one hundred and sixty college graduates sing the music of Bach, Handel, and other masters, and he makes regular pilgrimages to Orange, New Jersey, where a hundred local ladies troll point and counterpoint

as he commands. Cast up the account, and it seems that six hundred and eighty-five men, women, and boys are singing—and liking it—under Mr. Lefebvre's generalship.

This maestro of large ensembles is a tall, slender, brown-haired, blue-eyed, debonair, and equable gentleman of forty-one who, like most people with incredibly much to do, never seems to be in a hurry to do anything. He smokes a pipe most of the time, and so long as his supply of Blue Boar tobacco holds out, he'll discuss anything, from Columbia's football prospects to Beethoven's writing for the soprano voice, without even a suggestive glance at the clock. When it's time for him to move along to a rehearsal, he ends the conversation so casually that it seems as if he were only wandering off for a chat with a friend at another table.

Lefebvre's chorus rehearsals are a shrewd blend of bonhomie and business. He doesn't lecture his groups. He starts them singing, and lets them continue until somebody makes a mistake. Then he stops his choristers, and says, "Now we'll sing it in English," which doesn't refer especially to the problem of language or enunciation, but is Lefebvresque for doing anything the right way. If the dinner table isn't set properly, he may ask that it be "set in English."

Temperament doesn't break out at Lefebvre's rehearsals, for he hasn't time to stage artistic explosions for his choruses. Some conductors are virtuosi in expletive, but Lefebvre contents himself with such comparatively gentle reproofs as "I could get a group of five-year-old girls to learn that quicker." This may seem pale and inoffensive in type, but when it is spoken in Lefebvre's most gelid monotone, it affects the Golden Hill Chorus as Signor Toscanini's habit of breaking batons used to affect the members of his orchestras.

Lefebvre's rehearsals begin on the minute and end the same way, even if the singers are only halfway through a quarter note. Lefebvre figures that if his singers can count on him to excuse them promptly, they'll reciprocate by arriving on schedule, and the system works. There is some assistance from a scale of small fines which absentees without convincing excuses pay to the club treasury, but there aren't many guilty absentees.



Channing Lefebvre

There weren't any absentees in the first glee club Lefebvre conducted. This was in 1916, when he was assistant to Dr. Miles Farrow as organist at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Lefebvre received and accepted a somewhat bewildering invitation to become visiting director of a male chorus upstate. He was asked by Thomas Mott Osborne to take charge of community singing in Sing Sing prison. The Sing Sing *Sangverein* was remarkable for only one choral virtue: punctuality. The entrance requirements were on the democratic side, for the Warden declined to discriminate against any resident on purely musical grounds. It wasn't a promising assignment for a young musician, but Lefebvre always had wanted to be conductor of a chorus, and this was the only choir which had honored him with a request to lead it. The group never got around to a public concert, for after half a dozen rehearsals, it seemed that perhaps the matter never should have come up. Lefebvre sometimes wonders what became of some of his first singers, but he's never heard from any of them.

IN spite of this adventure, Lefebvre retained his ambition to conduct choruses, but before he could do much about it, it was 1917, and he enlisted in the Naval Reserve. His wartime career included eighteen trips across the Atlantic in the transport service, promotion to the rank of ensign, a little orchestral conducting, and Arthur Schwartz. It turned out that Mr. Schwartz, who was Lefebvre's instructor in navigation, became Lefebvre's most important war-

time event, for Mr. Schwartz ten years later helped him to found the Down Town Glee Club. This Mr. Schwartz, of course, is not the composer; he is the publisher of a law directory.

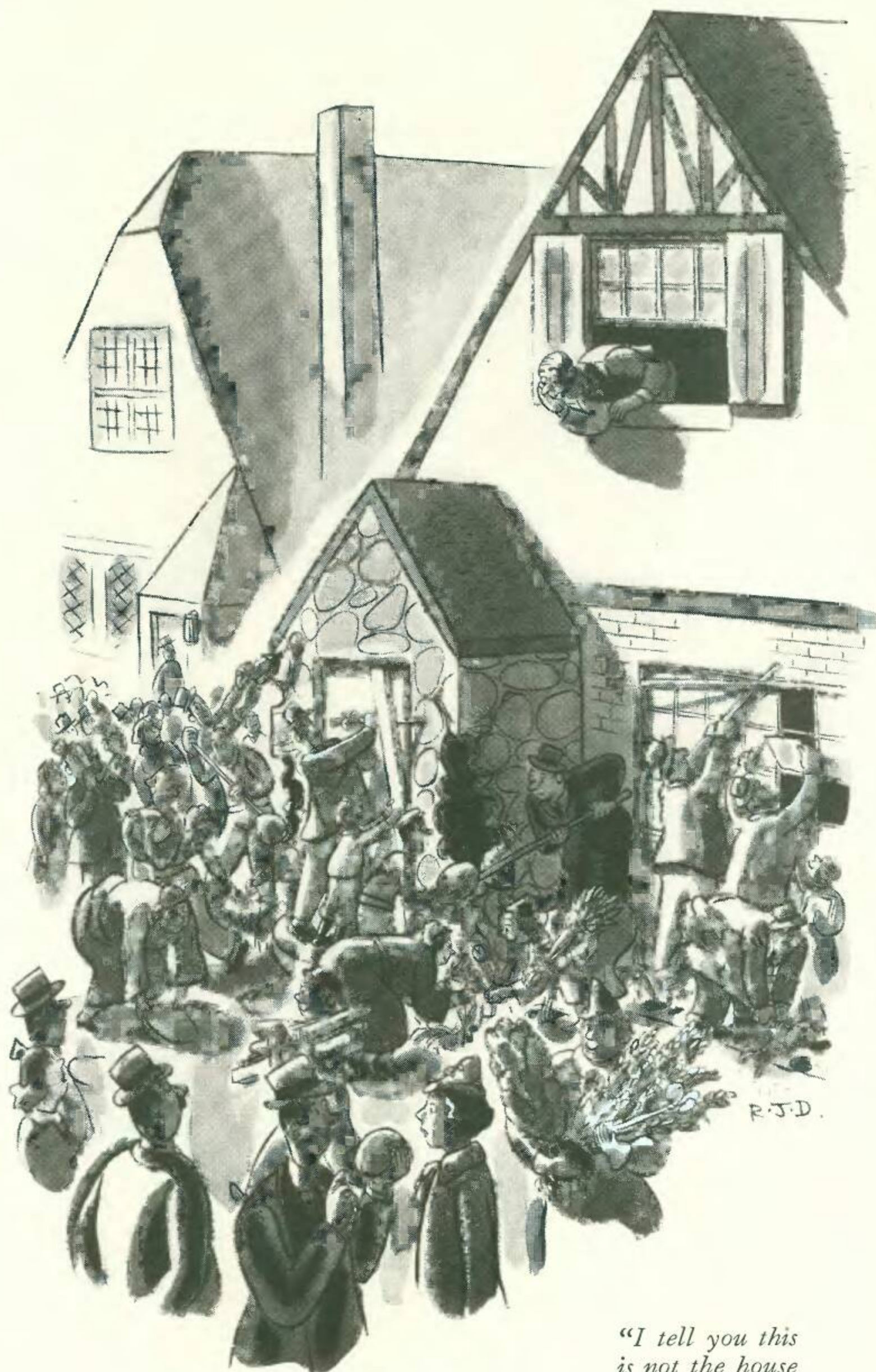
After the war, Lefebvre was appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Luke's Church in Montclair, New Jersey; married Miss Annette Farish of Montclair; and in May, 1922, returned to New York as organist and choirmaster of Trinity Church. He still wanted to be director of a large chorus. He looked for a chorus that needed a leader, but choruses that needed leaders weren't then looking for Lefebvre. The conjunction of a large chorus and Lefebvre was finally brought about with the assistance of Mr. Schwartz, who has many contacts in the Wall Street district. Mr. Schwartz worked out plans for the Down Town Glee Club, of which he became the first member and the first president.

Bulletin boards in Wall Street business houses recruited the Down Town Glee Club. Lefebvre, introduced to hospitable office managers by Mr. Schwartz, posted invitations for any men interested in singing to communicate with him. When more than two hundred letters had arrived, Lefebvre assembled his volunteers in the choir room of Trinity Church and set them to singing—and the Down Town Glee Club has been singing ever since. Nowadays, applicants must pass voice trials and go through a three months' probationary stretch before they can become accredited Down Towners, but there were no such rigors in the first two years of the club, lest some loyal yet possibly untuneful fellow disqualify himself.

Glee clubs need money for such things as music, rental of rehearsal and concert halls, accompanists, and soloists. The Down Town Glee Club had no patron of music to back it, hasn't one now, and isn't looking for one. The members pay annual dues, which are supplemented by somewhat larger dues from associate members, who receive for their payments four tickets to every concert and the privilege of buying a box. These box seats

are the only ones on sale for the two annual Carnegie Hall concerts of the Down Town Glee Club or for the performances of the Golden Hill Chorus, which has the same financial setup as the Down Town. There are no reserved seats. Active members each receive four admission tickets, associate members get four, and the rest are issued to various musical and social personalities.

In May, 1927, the Down Town Glee Club made its public debut in the Hotel Roosevelt ballroom, with Florence Easton of the Metropolitan as soloist. The concert was a success. So was Lefebvre, who was invited the following September to become director of the University Glee Club of New York, which had been founded in 1894. Three years later, he was appointed



*"I tell you this
is not the house
the body was found in!"*

conductor of the Musical Art Society of Orange, New Jersey.

With three choruses and the music of Trinity Church under his supervision, Lefebvre decided that he might take on one more group. This turned out to be the Golden Hill Chorus, organized, like the Down Town Glee Club, in Wall Street, but this time without the aid of bulletin boards. The Down Towners spread the word that Lefebvre was getting up a women's chorus. Evidently, the Glee Club's sphere of influence was extensive, for Lefebvre received applications for membership from four hundred women. The Golden Hill Chorus derives its title not from any playful allusion to the financial district but from the name applied in the eighteenth century to the elevation on John Street, near William Street. There is a tablet commemorating the Revolutionary battle of Golden Hill, but none to recall the vocal battle of 1934, when four hundred sopranos and contraltos competed for one hundred and seventy-five places as active members of the Golden Hill Chorus.

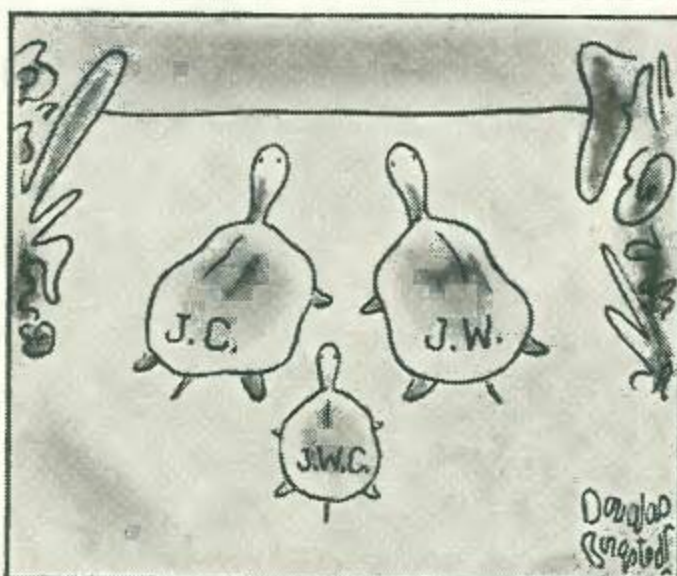
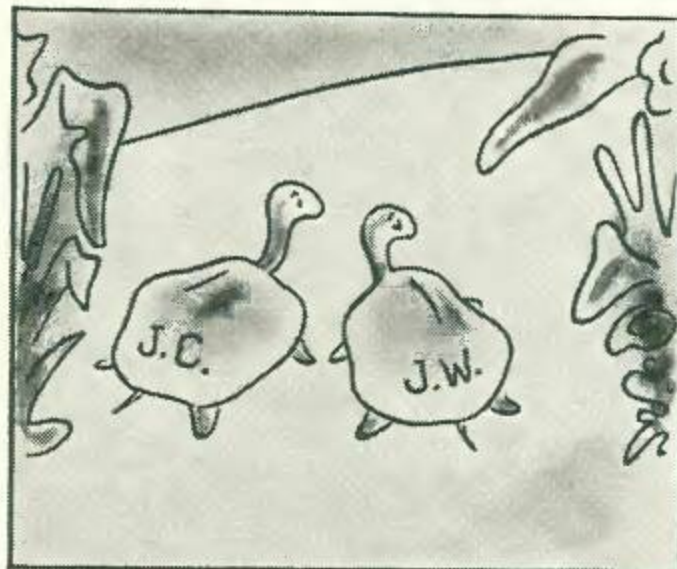
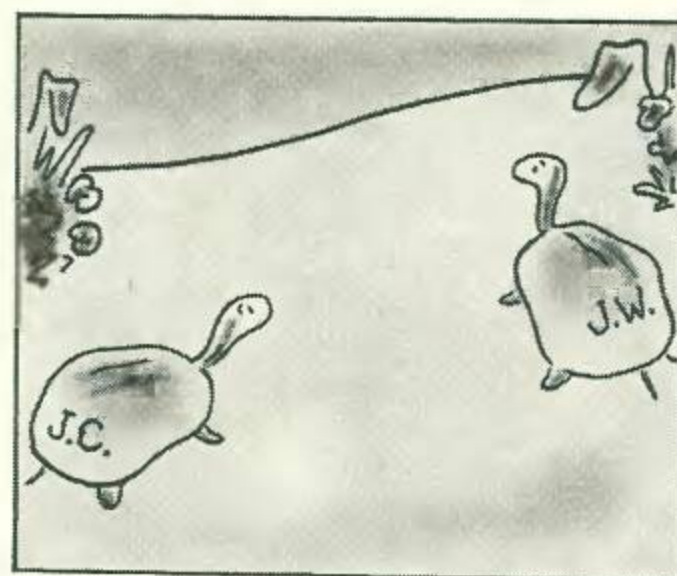
CHANNING LEFEBVRE is the first Virginia Lefebvre to make a profession of music, although there were at least four French Lefebvres who were good enough at it to acquire the immortality of mention in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Of Lefebvre's five brothers and sisters, three are fair whistlers, but the two others can't whistle or hum an identifiable tune. Although the family had no especial prejudice against music and its practitioners, nobody seemed to care much for the youthful Channing's efforts on the piano. Somebody discovered that the piano could be locked, and this might have put an end to Channing's musical career in 1903 if it hadn't been for the Bishop of Japan.

This Bishop of Japan was Channing Moore Williams, Lefebvre's great-uncle. The Bishop, who lived in Japan for more than forty years, spent his furloughs in Richmond with the Lefebvres. He was the great man of the family, as he was the great man of the Episcopal Church in Japan. Although he was capable of such scholarly feats as reciting the entire New Testament from memory (he had translated it into both Chinese and Japanese), he also had a sympathetic interest in such questions as whether or not his eight-year-old namesake should be encouraged in his ambition to take piano lessons. This question wasn't settled when the Bishop returned

to Japan that year, but when Channing wrote to him, a little later on, the Bishop replied that if Channing promised to work hard at music, he would subsidize the piano lessons. Since that day, Channing Lefebvre has worked hard at music.

The piano lessons were so successful that the family decided to have Channing extend his musical horizon by attending St. Paul's choir school in Baltimore, where his grandmother conducted a famous academy for girls. At St. Paul's, he started an intramural newspaper, appointed himself editor, and wrote the whole publication, advertisements included. The first and only issue was devoted mostly to a thoughtful and wholly eulogistic essay about the winner of the Latin prize. The Latin prize that year had been won by Channing Lefebvre.

Like Haydn, Rossini, Sullivan, and many other eminent musicos, Lefebvre began his public career as a boy soprano.

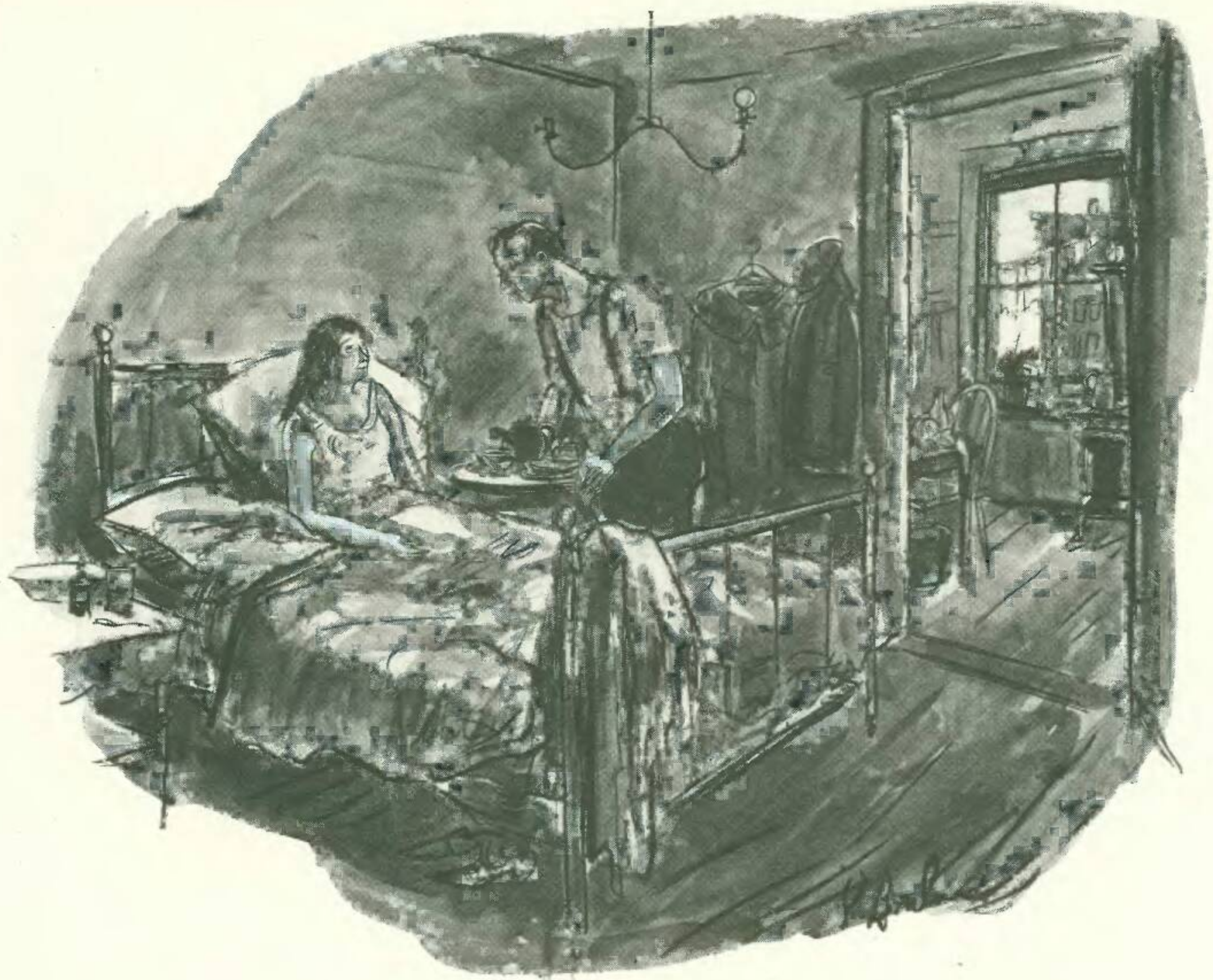


His voice changed when he was thirteen, but he stayed on at the choir school as librarian. He took over this humble sinecure because it gave him access to the church organ at any time when the regular organist wasn't seated at it. It didn't take Lefebvre long to decide that playing the organ was the job he wanted, and after two years of music study at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, he turned professional, serving as organist at St. Stephen's Church in Washington, D.C. That gave Lefebvre three hundred dollars a year for two years, which sum he augmented by doing odd bits of teaching and music copying, until he was invited to become assistant organist at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

In New York, Lefebvre happened on a side line which might have astonished some of the worshippers who admired his soulful offertories in the Cathedral. For two summers, he played mean handfuls of jazz for private dancing lessons at Reisenweber's, the famous café on Columbus Circle. Earnest students of the one-step, the fox trot, and the Valse Boston struggled with these art forms under the critical guidance of expert instructors while Lefebvre sat at an upright piano and rattled off "Too Much Mustard," "The Darktown Strutters' Ball," "Nights of Gladness," and the rest of the dance repertoire then prevalent. For his artistic collaboration at these sessions, Lefebvre received fifty cents an hour and a bonus in the form of all the ice cream he wanted. After he went to Trinity, he gave up jazz as a side line, but he still likes to play it sometimes, and he still likes ice cream.

LEFEBVRE has maintained Trinity's tradition of good music, and has made events of the noonday organ recitals there. The previous organist used to play a few pieces after the Wednesday midday service—to almost no audience. Lefebvre converted this postlude into a half-hour concert, with printed programs. Now there are two such recitals every week, on Wednesday and Friday, starting at twelve-thirty. The attendance is large, and includes a representative lot of downtown listeners. Some are millionaires and some are truckmen. Lefebvre has had chatty letters about the recitals from both divisions.

When he isn't playing the organ, rehearsing, conducting some of his six hundred and eighty-five singers, or supervising examinations for prospective



"I've dreamt of this for years, Ed."

members of the American Guild of Organists (this activity involves him in the writing of three to four thousand letters a year), Lefebvre gets in a little bridge, listens to the radio, or reads biographies and adventure books. He composes music for other than church purposes, but he doesn't take it seriously. His most popular non-ecclesiastical work is a satirical set of variations called "Seven Caricatures." The theme is "The voice with the smile wins; ask the man who owns one!" The music spoofs Bach, Handel, Stravinsky, Tin Pan Alley (of the late Reisenweber period), and other musical landmarks.

Time, which governs his professional life, also has had its effect on his career as a clubman. He has been a member of the Army and Navy Club, the Machinery Club, the Governors Island Golf Club, the St. Wilfrid Club (for organists only), and the Columbia

Club. As he couldn't find time to look in on them, he resigned from all except the Columbia Club, which is a sort of uptown headquarters for him. The telephone book lists him with a "b," meaning business address, after his name. If you ring the number, you'll get the choir room of Trinity Church. He lives in an apartment overlooking upper Central Park West, and his home phone number is unlisted, so that he won't be tracked down by singers demanding immediate auditions for one thing or another. He makes a comfortable living out of his varied activities and doesn't have any great desire to be better off than he is.

The Lefebvres have a summer house at Digby, Nova Scotia. It is called Unda Maris, which means only "wave of the sea" to most people but recalls the name of an organ stop to those who know about such things. He has a twenty-

three-foot sailboat, and when he isn't sailing it, may be at the piano in Unda Maris, playing new ditties by Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, or Irving Berlin.

Along about September, he leaves the boat, the popular tunes, and a couple of ancient pipes at Unda Maris, and returns to Trinity Church and his four choruses. His seasonal battle with time then begins again, but it never worries him. For one thing, he is New York's most efficient shopper. When he wants a pair of shoes, he tells the clerk to give him a pair like the ones he's wearing, and takes them away without trying them on. He never tries on anything except his suits, but that doesn't take much time, as he happens to be a perfect 40 long. If he can save a little more time somewhere, he'll probably start a fifth chorus one of these days.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

AVOCADO, OR THE FUTURE OF EATING

(NOTE FOUND IN AN EMPTY STOMACH OFF SANTA BARBARA)

ONE day not long ago in Los Angeles I found myself, banderillas in hand, facing the horns of a dilemma. I had gone into a Corn Exchange bank to exchange some corn and had fallen into conversation with the manager. He was very affable and insisted I inspect the assets of the branch, which included, among other things, the teeth Roy D'Arcy had used in his film career. Issuing into the hot sunlight of the street, I was dismayed to find that it was time for lunch, and since I had forgotten to bring along a bag of pemmican, I would have to eat in Los Angeles—a fairly exact definition of the term "the kiss of death." I looked around me. On my left I could obtain a nutburger (hamburger with chopped walnuts, double ball of vanilla on the side) and a Giant Malted Milk Too

Thick For a Straw; on my right the feature was barbecued pork fritters and orangeade. Unnerved, I stopped a passing street Arab and courteously inquired where I might find a cheap but clean eating house. Phil the Fiddler (for it was he) directed my steps to a pharmacy bearing the legend "Best Drug Stores, Inc." Merely for the record, I dined off an avocado sandwich on whole wheat and a lime rickey, and flunked my basal-metabolism test later that afternoon. I don't pretend to blame the management for my physical shortcomings; all I want them to do is laugh off their menu, a copy of which I seem to have before me.

In general, "Soda Fountain Suggestions" (Best Drug Stores, Inc.) is an attractively printed job in two colors (three if you count the gravy), and

though it can hardly hope to rival the success of "Gone With the Wind," I suppose there is an audience which will welcome it. The salads and three-decker sandwiches are treated with a certain gaiety and quaint charm which recall "Alice of Old Vincennes." The banana splits and hot-and-cold Ovaltines are handled with a glib humor in the text, which is more than I can say for the way they are handled behind the fountain. The day I was there, a simply appalling oath escaped the lips of one of the dispensers when he dropped some fudge on his shoe. The authors have included a very disarming foreword short enough to quote in its entirety: "It is our earnest desire to fulfill the name that we have chosen for our chain, THE BEST. We can only accomplish this by serving you best. Any criticisms or suggestions will be appreciated by the management." Only a churl would decline so graceful a gambit. *Messieurs, en garde!*

Specifically, gentlemen of the management, my criticism concerns that cocky little summary of yours at the bottom of the menu. "BEST Soda Fountains," you proclaim flatly, "Are BEST Because: The ice creams contain no 'fillers' (starch, albumen, etc.); the syrups are made from cane sugar and real fruits; the coffee is a special blend made the modern Silex way with a specially filtered water," and so forth. Lest some of the younger boys in the troop think the millennium has come to the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, what are the facts?

In the first place, you needn't think you can woo me with any such tinsel as "The ice creams contain no 'fillers' (starch, albumen, etc.)." One thing I'll have in my ice cream or it's no dice—and that's fillers. I don't even insist on ice cream as long as I can stuff myself with fillers. You heap my plate with albumen and starch (any kind, even laundry starch) and stand clear. Call me a piggy if you want to, but I just can't get *enough* of that starch.

Quite honestly, your statement that the syrups "are made from cane sugar and real fruits" surprised me. If that's a boast, I must say it's a pretty hollow one. It might interest you to know that back in 1917 the Allied High Command specified *beet* sugar and *false* fruits in all syrups purchased by its commissary departments. Didn't know that, did you? Probably too busy evading the draft at the time. Well, you just ask any biochemist his recommen-



"Do you find curtain rods confusing?"



"Today Mr. Chatfield is going to show us a little—but not too much—of the horror in Spain."

dation on sugars, as I did recently; you'll get the same terse answer: beet sugar and false fruits. I have this cousin of mine who is a perfect wiz at chemistry—really astonishing marks for a boy of nineteen in high school—and no matter what you ask him, he'll give you the same answer: beet sugar and false fruits. Frankly, the family's getting a little worried about it; they have to keep Benny chained to a ring in the floor most of the time.

Furthermore, it's useless to try to creep into my heart with any blandishments like "the coffee is a special blend made the modern Silex way with a specially filtered water." Filtering Los Angeles water robs it of its many nourishing ingredients, not the least of which is chow mein. It is an interesting fact, known to anybody who has ever been interned in that city or its suburbs, that the water possesses a rich content of subgum almond chow mein, Cantonese style, and one or two cases have even been reported where traces of peanut candy and lichee nuts were found. The assertion of a friend of mine that he

once saw a Filipino houseboy come out of a water faucet, of course, must be regarded as apocryphal. The Filipinos are a wiry little people, but they are not as wiry as all that. Nor are they ready as yet for the self-government which my distinguished opponents, the gentlemen of the affirmative, claim they should have. And so, honorable judges

and ladies and gentlemen, we of the negative conclude that the Filipinos should not be given their independence because (1) we need them for a coal-ing station, (2) there is a high percentage of illiteracy, and (3) if we do, Japan will soon be snatching up Guam—or "chewing Guam," so to speak. I thank you. —S. J. PERELMAN

QUEENS, UP~TO~DATE

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear;
Tomorrow will begin the round that lasts through all the year;
Through all the glad new year, Mother, with many a merry day,
When I'll be queen and ten times queen, beside the Queen of May—
A Class Queen, a Convention Queen, a June Queen of the Rose,
A Beauty Queen, a Bathing Queen in many a diving pose,
A Cherry Queen, a Harvest Queen, a Queen of Apple Day.
Full many a madding queen I'll be beside the Queen of May.
And when the nation's hills and vales are solid with a freeze,
I'll be a Queen of Skates, Mother, I'll be a Queen of Skis.
And I'll sign a contract, Mother, ere next the cherry blows,
To model sweaters, bathing suits, and shoes and hats and hose,
And rouges, creams, astringents—for others' transformation.
Ah, how I pity yon poor land, with but one coronation!

—EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT



THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

LAST week the drama, lingering beyond its time, brought us two plays of no consequence whatever, although there were moments in each to please the collector of odd theatrical bric-a-brac. "Penny Wise," which dropped in hopefully at the Morosco, is, I suppose, the better of the two, although how I came to any such decision is something I wouldn't care to have to explain to my God.

It is the story of a moderately successful playwright—at any rate he has a pretty little house in Connecticut, which on the stage is usually a guarantee of solvency—and here he gets up at six o'clock in the morning to annoy his guests by chopping wood under their windows, or else to bicker aimlessly with the local Water Commission. Many people would probably conclude that only a very dull man could devote his leisure to these pursuits, but strangely enough, at one time or another this playwright has been irresistible to four women, all of whom wander around the Morosco, talking in what the management must feel is a bright and worldly

manner. Two of these ladies, who cannot be imagined resisting any reasonable proposition, are his ex-mistresses, and they are trying to save him from the machinations of a third, for the sake of his wife. It is nice to be able to report that in the end the wife, who beneath a veneer of nervous imbecility conceals one of the best minds in that part of Connecticut, wins what seemed to me a fairly empty victory, and it is she who sails away with him for Brittany.

As you can see, there is not much in any of this for the serious student, and I was only really pleased when one of the ladies came back from getting the mail. There was nothing in the box, she reported rather sullenly, except a copy of *The New Yorker*. As a matter of fact, it was even worse than that. From where I sat, I could see the cover quite clearly, and a little research proved it to be the one on the issue of January 4th, 1936. Apparently nobody had written a letter to this sequestered couple for almost a year and a half.

The Misses Linda Watkins and Irene Purcell play two of the warring ladies

with a spirit that is sometimes enough to take your mind off the text. Kenneth MacKenna, however, is obliged to invest the playwright with a boyish bounce that suggests that he would be a somewhat wearing companion on a trip to 125th Street, let alone Brittany.

ON a cold, unhappy night, filled with rain, Ara Gerald and a company of similar unfortunates opened at the John Golden in "Curtain Call," a libel on the memory of Eleonora Duse. This, of course, was a project for which none of them was even remotely responsible, and these notes are made in a spirit of sympathy. The libel, furthermore, had nothing to do with the fact that the play was generously explicit about Duse's relations with d'Annunzio, but would (if the lady were alive and anxious to sue somebody) be based on the circumstance that she was presented as a bore of imposing proportions, whose speech might have come almost verbatim out of a novel by The Duchess. The clichés fluttered around the stage at the Golden like bats in an old barn.

"Words, words, words," said the harried lady to her playwright lover (it is a symptom of the dying season that both the week's plays were about playwrights). "It is *words* you are in love with, not me!"

She also spoke frequently about Truth and Beauty, but contributed nothing new to these old abstractions. Probably the most characteristic touch of all, though, came when the desolate actress sat alone, deserted by her young lover, on New Year's Eve. Just as the clock struck twelve, there was a knock at the door, and a little bellboy put in his head.

"Happy New Year, Signorina!" he cried with fine, unconscious irony.

In addition to Miss Gerald, the cast included Guido Nadzo, Selena Royle, and two dark and identically bearded gentlemen in opera capes, who looked like magicians, and might have been able to ginger things up considerably if they had been.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"EXCURSION"

The captain of the Happiness and three of his passengers, who put out for Coney Island and almost fetched Trinidad. From left to right: Frances Fuller, Whitford Kane, Jennie Moscowitz, and James R. Waters. At the Vanderbilt.

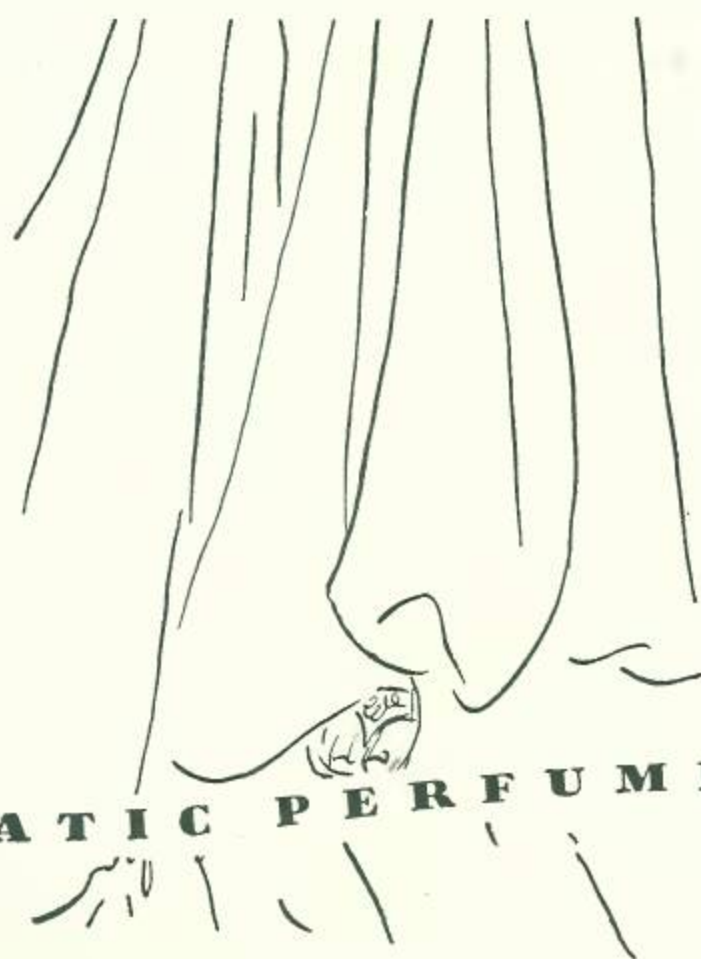


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Emeraude...vivid, dramatic, brilliant...is not for schoolgirls, though they will long for it as passionately as for a black satin evening gown! Emeraude is for you who can rise to the challenge of a richly colorful fragrance.

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DON'T RILE ROYALTY

SERVE UNDERWOOD'S

When only the best will do, start your dinner with Underwood Black Bean Soup. Rich, full-bodied, velvet-smooth... here's a dish, truly, to set before a queen.

Some gourmets hold that a dash of sherry brings out its delicate flavor. (It is delicious that way.) Actually all you need to do to Underwood Black Bean Soup is heat it and add a bit of lemon and a slice of hard-boiled egg to each plateful.

If your grocer can't supply you send 17 cents for a full-sized can.

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OF ALL THINGS

TREASURY officials are embarrassed to discover that the deficit is running much larger than they estimated. Their faces are as red as ink.

The European nations have thrown a cordon around Spain. They feel the Spanish people can abolish each other without further help from the neighbors.

The judge who presided over the evolution trial twelve years ago now doubts that any good came of it. Babies still get descended from Adam or the ape, as they think best.

Madison Square Garden makes the ugly charge that Braddock is animated by a spirit of greed. The first thing we know, prizefighting will be tainted with sordid commercialism.

How to be unpopular at parties: Charles P. Taft told the D.A.R. congress that they would get nowhere "by painting red networks of Communism across every evening sky."

At their meetings here the publishers worried about the increased cost of paper. As an economy measure, we suggest that they reduce the acreage devoted to Mr. Gerard's pants.

Nicaraguans expect the United States to pay \$15,000,000 as compensation for not building the canal. It makes us wonder what Florida would settle for.

The Metropolitan will produce an opera based upon Edward Everett Hale's famous story, with improvements. The man is still without a country but he has acquired a nice girl friend.

Samuel Fassler, Commissioner of Buildings, wants us to call plumbers "sanitary engineers." Would we have to stop laughing at that old joke about forgetting the tools?

Vandenberg claims that the Democrats have reduced the number of unemployed to less than three million, but the Administration indignantly denies it. A Republican can't even say it's a nice day. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

HOW TO HAVE FUN AT THE DINNER TABLE



Satisfy each guest's cocktail preference with HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS

Each guest at this dinner sparkles. Each has had his favorite variety of cocktail. A considerate host and Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS, ready-mixed in the bottle, make this easy.

Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS come in as many as nine varieties, ready-mixed of finest ingredients by experts. To serve, all you do is ice. With a few bottles, how easy to delight all your guests' tastes! Each bottle yields seventeen or eighteen liberal cocktails, properly iced. What is not used at one serving keeps perfectly. And the cost is less than half what you would pay at leading bars.



HEUBLEIN'S THE CLUB COCKTAILS

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THE ART GALLERIES

A Congress of Americans

ABOUT a year ago there was a much-advertised exhibition of American art in the International Building at Rockefeller Center. Almost the only impression I carried away from it was that the gray sea-grass blocks that served as a background should be incinerated immediately. It was about the dingiest and dirtiest surface to show pictures against that any enemy of art had yet devised. Well, nothing has been done about the background yet, but the foreground has been improved. The American Artists' Congress's first exhibition, confined to the work of members in the neighborhood of New York, is good enough to make one muffle one's curses over the slummy-looking walls.

You may have a little difficulty in separating in your mind the American Artists' Congress from the American Art Association, the Artists' Union, and the Association of American Artists, to say nothing of An American Group. Picking your way through them is a little like trying to find the right set of initials in the new government office buildings in the Triangle at Washington. One might define the general position of the Congress by saying that its membership basis is geographically as broad as that of the National Academy of Design, that it is more rigorous in its selection of members than the Society of Independent Artists, and that it contains almost everybody who is aware of the dangers that confront the artist—along with other decent people—in a war-mongering civilization. In short, the Artists' Congress consists of "men of good will." This lets in conservative artists as well as radicals, abstract painters and sculptors as well as those who stick to some form of representation; and one might anticipate, offhand, that the result would be a pretty messy one. Certainly there is no unity of theme in the art on view, but there is an underlying vigor of attack, an individual confidence growing out of a sense of comradeship, working into shapes and designs that have an emotional impact. I don't know of any other society that is capable of bringing together such an important and representative group of contemporaries.

As usual in such group shows, it is



hard to single out particular pieces without being unfair to equally good or better examples that are left unnoticed. But I liked the abstractions by Stuart Davis and Francis Criss; I found Ernest Fiene's pigeon-fancier better than most of the paintings he has shown recently; I welcomed H. Glintenkamp's painting of a Cuban workers' club, because it brought back an artist whose woodcuts have unfairly dwarfed his reputation as a painter; I felt that Stefan Hirsch's abstract interpretation of Spain, 1936, was a more adequate commentary than some of the more literal representations of the scene; and it seemed to me that Harry Gottlieb's "Six O'Clock" was one of the best paintings in the show. As for the new examples of sculpture, the work of the women is especially worthy of mention: Marion Walton's "Girl," for instance; Gwen Lux's "Female Torso;" and, for depth of feeling, no less than for monumental modeling in small dimensions, Alice Decker's "Subway Revery," a man and a girl in that state of drooping exhaustion which might express either a return from Coney Island or what Shelley called "love's sad satiety."

At the Montross Gallery, still another group, smaller than the American Artists' Congress, and with a longer history, has put on its seventh annual exhibition. This is An American Group. Since giving up their own galleries, these painters and sculptors have added new members, and, aesthetically speaking, they are now a very strong organization. Artists like Gropper, Harriton, Julian Levi, the Soyars, and John Loneragan have joined the strong original nucleus. Group exhibitions give nightmares to critics—to one critic, at least—but they are often more interesting to the spectator than one-man shows, and the multiplication of these groups in recent years perhaps proves that van Gogh's dream of founding a working fellowship among artists is not as fantastic as it seemed two generations ago. Then the artist was against any manner of organization or coöperative effort—even his own. Today he has learned that as a mere atom he cannot survive. This group, too, has a political cast: the artists have leftward leanings. But it happens, at this moment of history, that most of the force and vigor

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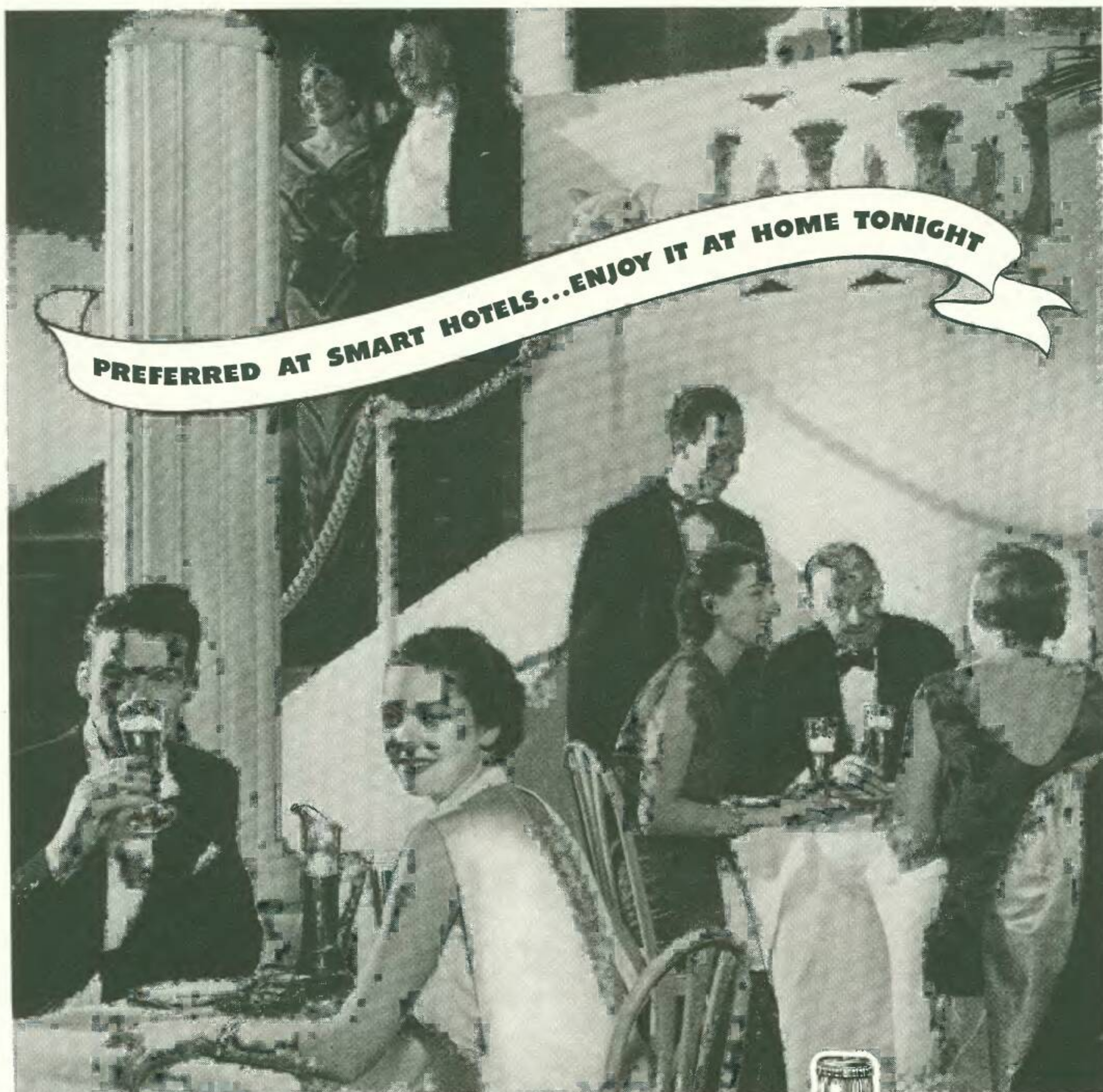
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and confidence, and a better share of the talent, lies with those who are in active opposition to war, regimentation, and an irresponsible and morally callous economic system. This may or may not agree with your social theories, but the evidence of the eyes is plain.

THE Whitney Museum has gathered together a very useful supplement to the retrospective show of Lachaise's work which the Museum of Modern Art showed a little while before the sculptor's death. The Museum has put on view a hundred of Lachaise's drawings, a number of small statues that have been in private collections, and a few heretofore unexhibited pieces that represent Lachaise's latest work. Two things impress one deeply: Lachaise's early maturity of line, and his almost aboriginal gift of expressing himself in highly formalized rhythms. The perfection of some of these drawings is a little disconcerting; one wonders if it was not perhaps bought, especially in the case of the male figures, by some too drastic displacement of life. In a man who could do realistic portraiture in sculpture as well as Lachaise did, the absence of any equivalent interest in these drawings presents something of a mystery. Even in the early drawings, one notes the beginning of Lachaise's almost obsessive interest in the secondary expressions of sex—billowing buttocks and immense breasts. In his final sculptures, these forms became gigantic, gigantic and autonomous, absorbing for their own life every other aspect of the body's vitality, causing what remained of the body to be shrunken and distorted. There is something magnificent in this obsession, but it went beyond his search for formal beauty—which reached its highest expression in the great Lachaise woman, now in the big gallery at the Museum. Or, rather, it went backward into those more primal layers of feeling where beauty is perhaps ultimately rooted. Lachaise's sculptures in his last days seemed like fragmentary symbols from some more primitive earth religion, to be carried in a phallic procession and worshipped in the name of fertility. One cannot apply to such works of art a merely aesthetic standard. In addition to asking "Does it give delight?" one must also perhaps ask "Does it work?" —LEWIS MUMFORD

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"WELL, darling," young Mrs. Laney asked, "what did you learn this week?"

She recalled that her grandfather had always asked her this on Saturdays, and how, for all it was the unnatural kind of question a grownup would ask, she had enjoyed producing her weekly knowledge.

"Shampooing." Jessie Ann took a swig of milk. "Shampooing," she repeated, quite clearly. "The care of the hair."

"Oh," said Mrs. Laney. Modern education still surprised her.

"I'll do yours this afternoon," Jessie Ann went on calmly. "Right after lunch will be the best time. So Janey and I can still go to the movies."

Mrs. Laney protested. "I always have my hair done at Louise's," she said.

"That's just it. Think of the money that's wasted on shampooing while there are children going hungry."

"Hairdressers have children, too," said Mrs. Laney. "And besides, you don't know anything about shampooing."

"I certainly do. We had demonstrations. A lady came—a trained nurse—and washed everybody that had problem hair. In the public school, they have better problems, of course. With lice, you use kerosene. The worst we had was dandruff." Jessie Ann's hazel eyes appraised her mother candidly. "A little stringy," she said.

"It's this damp weather," Mrs. Laney countered. "And you shouldn't speak that way about anyone's appearance."

"But this is serious. It's nothing to treat lightly." Jessie Ann selected her cookie with care. "Or show false shame about."

Mrs. Laney had read that the rôle of the parent is one of coöperation. Modern parents, that meant, bow to education as the Greeks did to Destiny. Even so, she had misgivings.

"Don't worry, Mummy," Jessie Ann encouraged her. "I'll fix you up."

"I have some prepared liquid soap," said Mrs. Laney, plunging into the event for better or for worse.

"Liquid Castile soap?" Jessie Ann insisted, suspiciously.

"Castile."

Rarely had Mrs. Laney told so resolute a falsehood. Twenty minutes later, crouched at a torturing angle, the inadequate joints of her neck strained over



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the rim of the basin, she wondered if Jessie Ann's influence on her character was for the best. At all events, she told herself, it was a good soap.

Jessie Ann directed a stream of boiling water upon her mother's head. "Now stay that way," she said, "while I go to the icebox."

The word "icebox" floated ambiguously about in Mrs. Laney's mind. "Jessie Ann," she demanded, through the bath towel into which her face had been pressed. "Jessie Ann! What did you want from the icebox?"

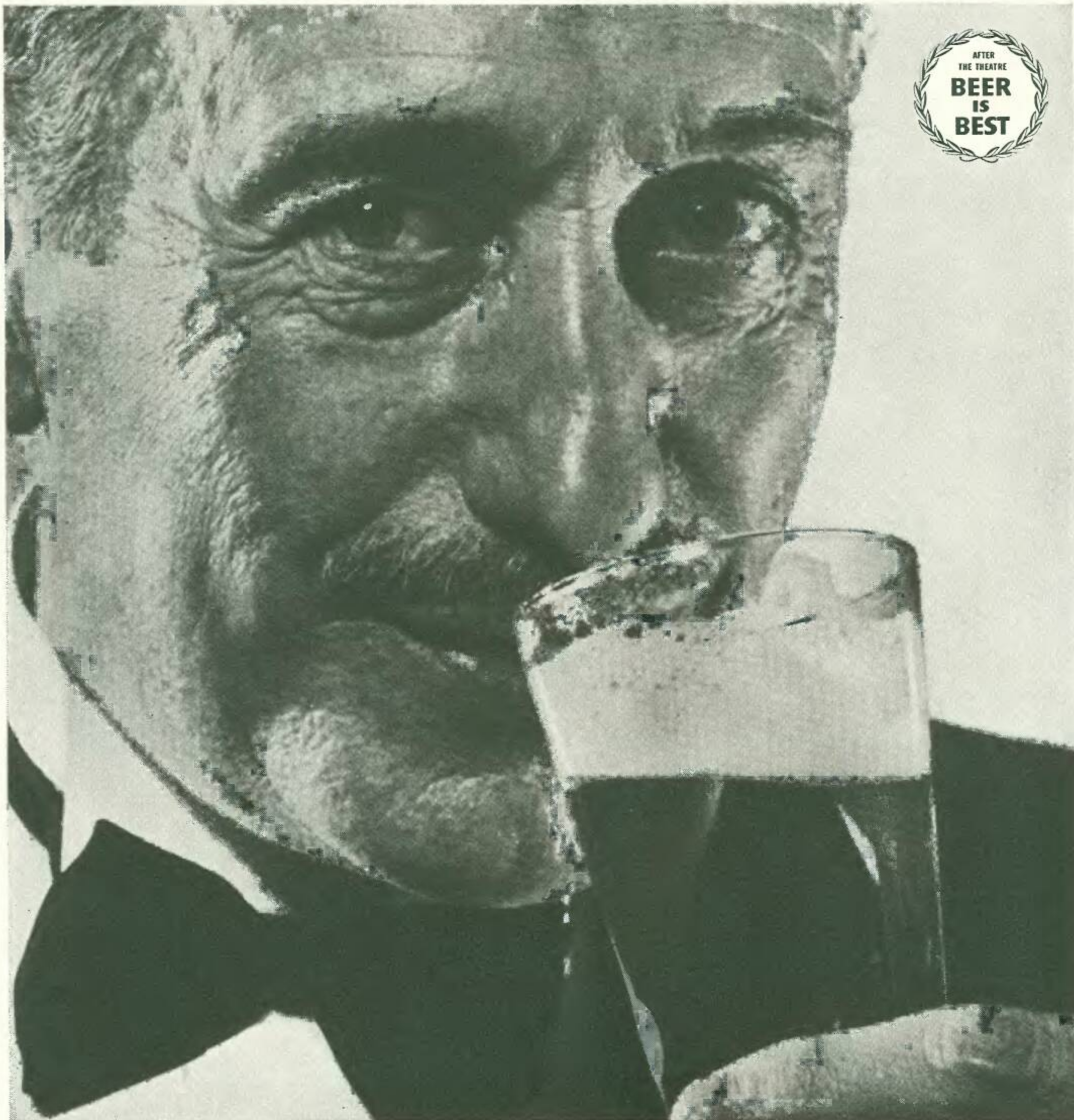
"You better not try to talk," her child advised kindly. "You'll just get soap in your eyes."

Jessie Ann was right; Mrs. Laney got soap and water everywhere they shouldn't be. Her instinct was to cry wildly for help. Despairing, she gave herself up to sudden violent deluges of cold and heat, pummellings and pullings that seemed to soften and distort her skull.

"This is the massage."

The massage carried Mrs. Laney back to those uncompromising Saturdays of her childhood when Bertha, like a high priestess, led the nursery through its ritual of purification. In due time she had been raised, half-blind (as from some violent baptism), and led back, turbaned in a steaming towel, to her sisters on the hearth. There the flat smell of wet hair had mingled with the sickish odor of the gas log. If only the preparations had been for something pleasant—but it all culminated in their sitting next morning, pale with cleanliness, in a cold pew. Mrs. Laney had never cared for the sterner virtues. Even novels about Maine repelled her. Civilization meant having things easy, and lots of soft bright light, and nev-





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er shivering, as she was now, because a tepid rivulet of water was creeping down her spine.

"There now," the distant voice pronounced, "you've had three good soapings."

The moment of lull which had favored Mrs. Laney's reflections was abruptly terminated by a curious, small, shattering sound. Something strangely cold and amorphous struck her scalp and trickled through her hair. She reared under it like a colt.

"Oh, do be still!" Jessie Ann's clear little voice remonstrated with her. "It's only your egg shampoo for stringiness. We'll soon be through." And she turned the boiling spray on her mother's head. After a moment the stream seemed to falter. It grew tepid, and then chill. Mrs. Laney rallied. The crisis had come.

"Jessie Ann," she demanded. "How does my hair look now?"

"Well—" There was a curious little pause, during which the descriptive artist in Jessie Ann triumphed over the shampooer. "It looks," she said, "rather like scrambled egg."

Mrs. Laney lifted her head. "Isn't it getting late?" she said firmly. "If you're going to the movies with Janey—"

"But Mummy!"

"Oh, that's all right, darling. Annie will finish me off. Now that you've done so much—"

AT the end of the afternoon, as she lay on the chaise longue waiting for Jessie Ann, Mrs. Laney wondered if it hadn't all been worth while. She was restored miraculously to herself, dry and warm and free again. Except for a certain tenderness of scalp, she was practically as good as ever, and she had gained a dim understanding of the delights of martyrdom.

She looked up affectionately as Jessie Ann came in, a square little figure in a plaid skirt.

"Your hair looks pretty good," Jessie Ann said, with the objectivity of the artist. "Maybe it should have been fluffed a little more in drying." At the door she turned, smiling beautifully. "Next week we study the care of the hands and feet," she said.

—ELIZABETH WILDER

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EVERY Sunday the right transept of the college chapel was roped off for the families of the professors, while the left was at the disposal of any weekend guests who happened to feel in need of spiritual guidance. The pews in the nave were reserved for the undergraduates, a gesture prompted by hope rather than by necessity. A few years before, the Administration had abolished compulsory attendance at Sunday chapel, and as a result most of the students had no difficulty in finding other matters to absorb their attention on Sunday mornings. Distinguished out-of-town clergymen preached from the pulpit less frequently than in the old days, and Dr. Humphrey, for whom the portfolios of chaplain and professor of religion had been conveniently merged, was now the regular incumbent. His sermons, while moderately liberal, were never impassioned, and conveyed an impression that they might have been inspired by articles in the ranking monthly reviews. Since the faculty nearly always agreed with everything Dr. Humphrey said, and since this element constituted the major part of the congregation, the *status quo* of Sunday chapel, except for the regrettable defection of the undergraduates, was considered satisfactory.

One pleasant Sunday in spring, when the air was sweet with the scent of earth and the new, spreading foliage, the glass-covered announcement board standing on its post in the chapel yard advertised: "Sunday, 11 A.M. 'A Healthy Skepticism.' Charles Adamson Humphrey, D.D., Ph.D." Between twenty and thirty young men—the usual representation—had taken places in the nave by the time Mr. Burton, the organist, was ready to pass from a mildly secular Voluntary into the purposeful measures of the Doxology. "A Healthy Skepticism" proved to be an able sermon, which sensibly proposed that students would do well to question the ideas they encountered in their classrooms and in the general realm of literature, and adopt them only after mature reflection, instead of accepting them with the light docility of youth. Although this theme had frequently been heard before, nobody thought less of Dr.

Humphrey for appropriating it. He dressed it in admirable language, and reached his nicely phrased concluding sentence, a sentence no more dramatic or pontifical than the first had been, at five minutes to twelve. After the final hymn, he delivered a soft benediction, and by two minutes past twelve, the professors' families were chatting in the vestibule. They told each other that it was a beautiful morning, that the sermon had been extremely good, and that it was a shame so few students came to chapel. Then they conscientiously repeated this trio of announcements to Dr. Humphrey himself as they shook hands with him. Presently Mr. Rowse, Director of Public Relations (which the college considered an inoffensive synonym for "press-agent"), went up to the chaplain and greeted him heartily.

"A fine sermon, Dr. Humphrey, a fine sermon!" he said, wringing the vicarial hand. Dr. Humphrey was pleased, but a little mystified, by this display of enthusiasm, in view of the fact that his admirer rarely came to Sunday chapel.

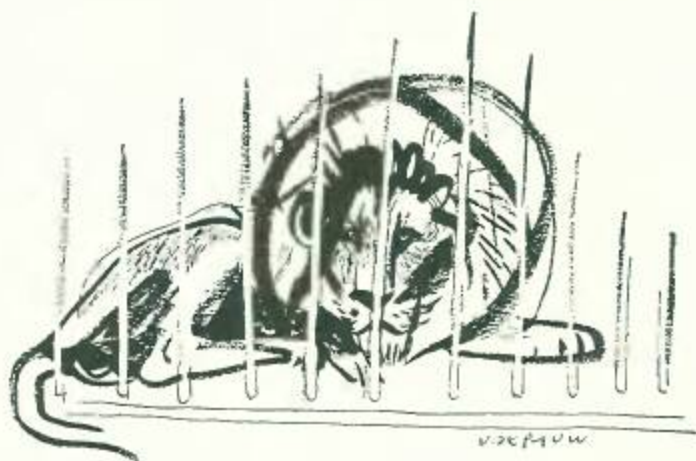
Having spent an uneventful Saturday night, Mr. Rowse had found himself up and about in ample time for the service, and had consequently attended it, not so much to appear virtuous as to provide himself with an hour's worth of something to do. This hustling, well-groomed little man was never so acutely miserable as when he lacked an opportunity to be hustling and well-groomed. A college campus at eleven o'clock on a spring Sunday offers only one place where persons can display themselves with any degree of success, and Mr. Rowse had inevitably gravitated there. Elsewhere on the campus,

the members of the community were too sleepy, or too deeply engrossed in the Sunday papers, to appreciate him.

"It hit the nail on the head," Mr. Rowse assured Dr. Humphrey, "and that part about stu-

dents defying the ideas that are handed out to them in the classroom was swell. You made a striking point there, I thought. Pretty radical, but beautifully handled. It had a really fresh slant."

"I'm not sure that I intended 'healthy skepticism' to be interpreted as 'defiance,'" said Dr. Humphrey doubtfully. "I should be inclined to dis-



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tinguish between the two." Then he brightened, and touched Mr. Rowse's arm gently. "It's very reassuring to know that you enjoyed the sermon. I wish we might have you with us more often."

Mr. Rowse responded with a smile that was appropriate to the occasion, and departed. After the roast-chicken-mashed-potatoes-peas-and-ice-cream interval at the Faculty Club, he crossed the campus to the building that housed his publicity office. Taking off his coat, he sat down to tackle a job that seemed to show a good deal of promise. The task proved so congenial that he worked until after six o'clock, doing much of his typing on telegraph blanks and the rest on regular release sheets.

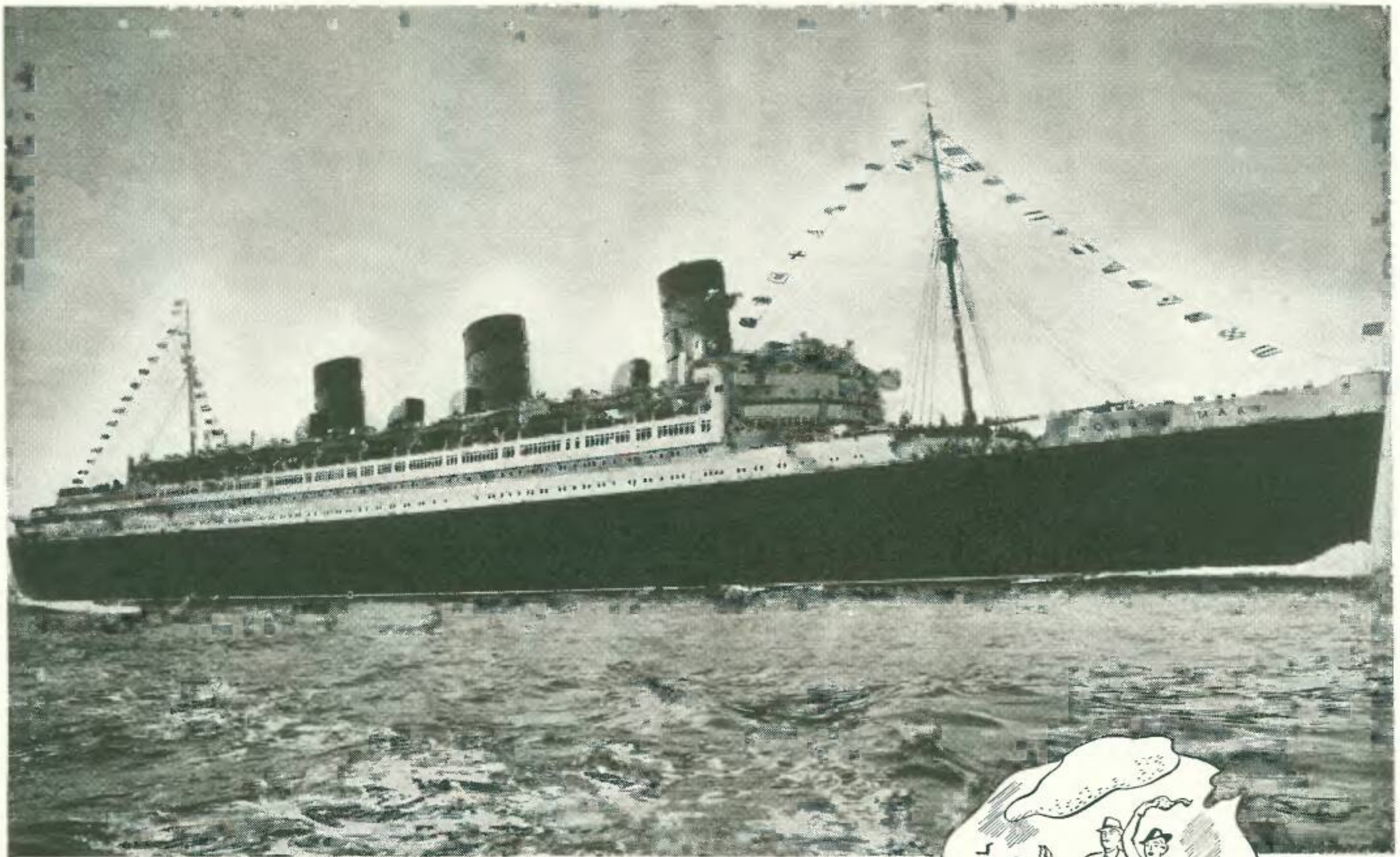
THE Monday papers justified his zeal. From the conservative proclamation "Healthy Skepticism Advocated by Dr. Humphrey" to the unexpected shrillness of "Chaplain Hurls Defi; Warns Students to Challenge Classroom Propaganda" and "Dr. C. A. Humphrey Flays U. S. Colleges In Surprise Sermon," the outcome was extremely gratifying to Mr. Rowse, who sent an envelope of clippings to President Galbraith with a little memorandum: "Here are a few reactions to some promotion I'm doing on Dr. Humphrey. More to follow, I hope. It looks a good thing to play with, if any comment is aroused. Am arranging to have Dr. H. follow up with speech at N. Y. Alumni Dinner, which ought to pulmotor further press talk."

Then Mr. Rowse picked up the press-record book, in which his secretary had pasted a duplicate set of clippings, and hurried off to see Dr. Humphrey about speaking to the New York alumni. He found the chaplain in the Department of Religion in the Fine Arts Building.

"A most unfortunate thing has happened, Mr. Rowse," said Dr. Humphrey at once. "I trust that you were not responsible for the very incorrect article I read in my newspaper this morning. As I told Mrs. Humphrey at breakfast, no doubt you were kind enough to send them an account of my sermon on Sunday, whereupon they deliberately proceeded to distort my meaning. Have you seen this?"

He held up the paper in which the most conservative of the stories had appeared, and Mr. Rowse looked a trifle hurt.

"Why, Dr. Humphrey!" he said. "That was a crackerjack story. One



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Off to the Coronation



BUT WHERE WILL THEY LIVE THIS FALL?

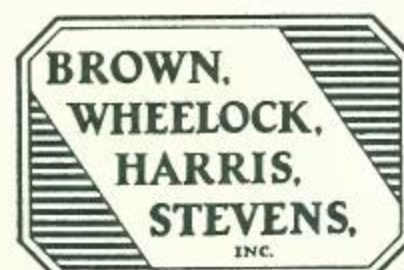
People who go away for the summer without taking an apartment before they leave may find themselves faced this fall with a real apartment shortage. Business is on the upswing. More people have more money to spend. Hence, they are again seeking the larger and more spacious living accommodations they enjoyed before the depression.

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of the best things we've ever been able to wangle. It's wonderful how the sermon seemed to catch on everywhere. I brought a bunch of other clippings to show you, and the New York alumni want you to speak on 'Healthy Skepticism' at a dinner the week after next. I'm contacting the press to have some good men there, too. Take my word for it, when the New York alumni—er—wire us to get a certain speaker for them without fail, there's a lot of very active interest behind the scenes in the man they have in mind."

"But Mr. Rowse," said the chaplain, really bewildered, "there are things in this article that I'm sure I never said at all. I have been very much misquoted."

Mr. Rowse opened the press-record book to the latest entries. "There isn't anything here you wouldn't have said if you'd had more time," he pointed out reasonably, "and if you had been talking outside the pulpit to a group of broad-minded men, like the New York Alumni Club. Look at these, Dr. Humphrey. I hope a lot more will be coming in later on from the clipping bureau. You can see the way you clicked right and left. Now that I think of it, I've never even been able to get as much space as this for Dr. Galbraith, at least not in certain papers."

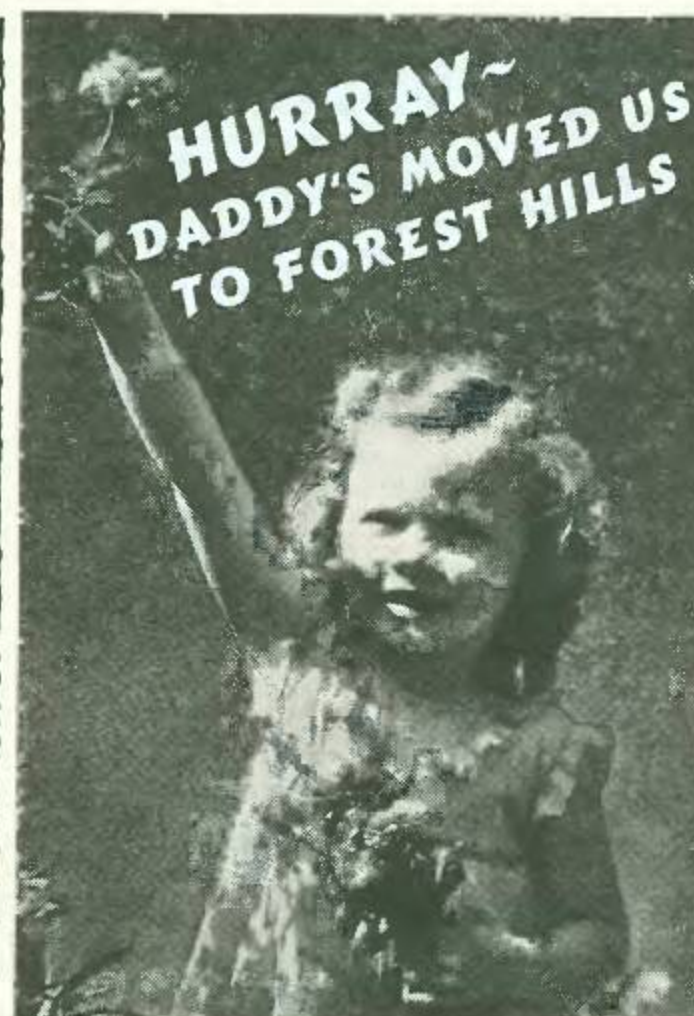
Dr. Humphrey had put his finger on "Chaplain Hurls Defi," and was looking at Mr. Rowse reproachfully. "Isn't this from one of the tabloids?" he asked.

"Nothing can match the tabloids for vigor," said Mr. Rowse briskly. "This one caught the flavor of the sermon, and added a certain zest that carried the message to thousands of unacademic readers. Bricklayers, streetcar conductors, stenographers, and readers of every imaginable kind have been reading this article. It brings people like that in touch with ideas, and all the vital points you wanted to make about youth in revolt."

Dr. Humphrey remained stubbornly unconvinced. "But the situation in the colleges isn't as—well—isn't as picturesque as these clippings suggest. Don't you feel that they strike rather a false note, Mr. Rowse?"

The Director of Public Relations stared at Dr. Humphrey in wholehearted astonishment. "A false note?" he cried. "Why, they say things that people everywhere are waiting to hear."

The chaplain seemed equally unimpressed by this argument, too. He bent over the press-record book, and read for several minutes. Presently he turned back a page, and put his finger on one



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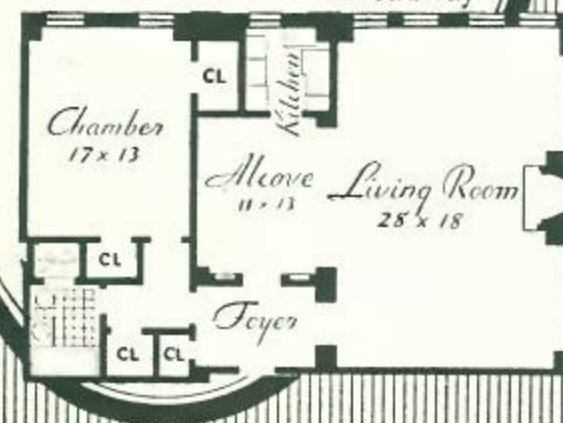
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of the clippings. "Perhaps I should tell you," he said, "that this paper sent me a telegram this morning, asking me to write a Sunday article on propaganda in college classrooms. They illustrated what they wanted by giving me a sample opening sentence."

Mr. Rowse glanced over the chaplain's shoulder to see which paper it was. "They sent it?" he asked in great delight. "Say, that's a real break!" His face clouded briefly as he added, "They ought to have queried me first on a thing like that," but he cheered up almost at once. "It'll go in the magazine section, probably, and that's a mighty hard place to crash. Did they refer to the magazine section specifically? I'd like to see the telegram."

Dr. Humphrey made no reply. Instead, he remained absorbed in the press book, which he continued to read for some time. When the chaplain had digested the results of Mr. Rowse's labors in his behalf, he looked up thoughtfully.

"What an extraordinary misconception," he murmured.

"I was wondering whether you'd mind letting me see the telegram," Mr. Rowse suggested again.

"I tore it up," said the chaplain, "after sending what I trust was a vigorous answer."

"You mean you refused to write the article?" asked Mr. Rowse, evidently reluctant to believe this distressing news.

"Certainly," said Dr. Humphrey. He glanced at the Director of Public Relations in some surprise, as if there had been no possible alternative. "And now we must clarify matters for the New York alumni. You'll write to them, won't you, Mr. Rowse, and make everything clear?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Rowse grudgingly, "if you've definitely made up your mind about it."

The chaplain's own experience with healthy skepticism, as it is employed by most persons, had been limited. For example, he was utterly unaware that Mr. Rowse was beginning to consider him a very tough customer.

"I have," he said amiably, but with great decision. "Oh, I have, indeed!"

—JAMES REID PARKER

Radio has suddenly gone on a hunt for antique instruments. Wagner's piano was played on WABC last night and next Sunday WEFB will borrow the Guarnerius violin once used by Paganini for a 1:30 P.M. broadcast.—*The World-Telegram*.

You mean when he was a guest star on Martha Dean's program?

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OUT OF TOWN

Around the World



AS lately as last fall, when the three newspaper reporters made their competitive dashes, it wasn't possible, you may remember, to circle the globe completely by means of commercial lines with regular schedules. It is now possible to fly the whole way. Furthermore, United Air Lines and Pan American Airways have developed a new wrinkle whereby you can walk into their offices, anywhere in the country, plunk down your money, and buy your complete ticket without fuss. If you don't care how long the trip takes, you can leave New York on any day, but if time is an element, you have to worry over the fact that the Clippers leave San Francisco only once a week, and the Hindenburg (which is in commission again, and by which you come back across the Atlantic) leaves Frankfort only about every ten days. Suppose you had started out this week; a specimen route would go something like this: Say you left New York Monday evening for San Francisco. At three o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28th, you would have begun the hop across the Pacific, reaching Hong Kong just a week later, on May 5th. On Saturday you'd be in Penang, where you'd stay until Sunday. By the next Saturday you'd be at Athens. Thence, on Tuesday, to Rome. Four days later, in Frankfort, you'd catch the Hindenburg for the flight home. In case your itinerary does not happen to make a close connection with the Hindenburg, the air people have thought up a discretionary filler-in, whereby you'd visit, by air, Marseilles, Paris, London, and Amsterdam before the final hop to Frankfort to catch the dirigible. Without the side junket, the airplane fare is in the neighborhood of \$2,250. From Hong Kong to Athens, this includes hotel rooms and meals. Visas are just as necessary as if you stepped onto a dock instead of dropping from the sky, but remember that a blanket visa can be had that's good for all parts of the British Empire.

IN the little village of Mittersill, Austria, about an hour and a half by car from Salzburg, Baron Kurt Pantz, the painter, with several associates, has acquired an ancient castle and turned

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it into a very special sort of country club. Little of the exterior has been changed since the early fifteen-hundreds, although Baron Pantz has modernized the interior and begun to build a swimming pool. On the premises, or within easy motoring distance, are facilities for tennis, golf, riding, and mountain-climbing, and the district is said to be one of the best in Austria for brook trout. Along about the middle of August, the hunting season starts—chamois, roebuck, and deer. Membership in the club is to be strictly limited to fifty; there is still room for about twenty. The entrance fee of \$1,000 entitles you to go to Mittersill at any time, winter or summer, and stay as long as you want at a flat rate of \$10 a day, inclusive of everything, even wines and liquors. Outsiders, on the recommendation of one of the members, may go at the same rate, plus a \$7 daily "membership" fee, for a maximum stay of two weeks, distributed as the guest sees fit.

SUDDEN rumors, spread by frightened people, that it was already impossible to find first-class ship accommodations back from Europe in September sent this department scurrying to get at the truth. The general situation seems to be this: Bookings are remarkably heavy, especially for this time of year, and space is going rapidly. It's still possible, though difficult if you have your heart set on a certain ship, to arrange for an early-September return, but you mustn't delay. In a few weeks it may be impossible.

YOU might keep your eye out for a little publication called "Intimate Travel Guide for Twenty Cities of Europe." You can find it at travel agencies or get it direct from Miss Florence M. Yeoman, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th). It's the work of Captain John Manby, a much-travelled Englishman, and its chief virtue is that it gives the names and addresses of the Captain's



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associates in each city it covers. These people stand ready to help you gratis, either before you get there or after you have arrived, to solve practically any problem that arises, from finding out-of-the-ordinary living quarters to getting permission to fish or shoot on private estates or to golf on restricted courses.

IF the fishing season at Montauk can ever be said to have an official opening date, it's probably May 1st this year, when the first Fishermen's Special of the spring is sent out by the Long Island Railroad. This is the train which, running only on specified days, leaves the Pennsylvania Station at the angler's hour of 5:45 A.M. It's complete; even has a refrigerator car for the safe return of your catch, which can be tuna, marlin, striped bass, bluefish, swordfish, white pollack, sea bass, blackfish, porgies, cod, or flounder. Later in the year, a Sunday special will be put on, leaving at the somewhat more civilized hour of 8:30. The big hotel, Montauk Manor, won't open until June 20th, but there are bungalows at Fort Pond Beach, Montauk, which were built last year by the railroad. For a party of four, they cost \$5 a night. At the railroad company's dock you can hire one of a fleet of thirty-eight fishing boats for from \$30 to \$50 a day. For any fishing information about Long Island—and, by the way, the flounders in Peconic Bay are said to weigh as much as six pounds—call the Long Island Railroad's Fishing Information Bureau, Pennsylvania 6-6000, Extension 2718; ask for Captain Willis or Mr. Schaaf.

LA GUARDIA TRIUMPH NOTE: American Airlines' late-afternoon flight to Boston now stops at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, at 5:45 P.M. All New York and Long Island passengers embark there, and for that flight the limousines have stopped running to Newark. Coming the other way, the plane that leaves Boston at 1 P.M. stops at Floyd Bennett at 2:23 before going on to Newark for the benefit of Jerseyites. If the scheme works well—and it's working so far—more planes will make the Brooklyn stop. —S. W. R.

Oliver Goldsmith, if you remember, once wrote: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."—*The Evening Journal*.

Thomas Gray might remember. We don't.

MR. ABBOT AND THE FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PERSONALITY

FROM the way Mr. Abbot was watching Mrs. Abbot, the girl in blue knew that to interest him she'd better talk about her. "That charming creature with Dick Fresham is your wife, isn't she?"

"She is," said Mr. Abbot thoughtfully.

"One can't help noticing her, can one? She's such a unique personality!"

"Did you say unique personality?" asked Mr. Abbot.

"Decidedly so," said the girl in blue.

"My wife's personality, all in all, costs me about five hundred a month." Mr. Abbot spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

The girl in blue wondered if she had heard right. "I beg your pardon?"

Mr. Abbot took out a silver case and offered her a cigarette firmly. "You mentioned Lucy's personality. Exactly what did you mean by that term?"

"Why—"

"Personality—that which constitutes individuality. In Lucy's case, you will find that it boils down to her hair and fingernails and her dress and shoes and her skin. You noticed her skin?"

"Your wife has a little-girl skin. Positively *infantile*!"

"That's about it." Mr. Abbot took a deep breath. He announced gravely, "Lucy was not a unique personality before we came to New York. She didn't have the facilities at hand."

"You're from out of town then?"

"Ohio. No, no facilities at all. I believe Lucy had to rely on movie magazines in Ohio. For one issue she would think she was the Lupe Velez type, and for the next, Joan Crawford. Lucy was rather good as Janet Gaynor."

"My word!" The girl in blue stared incredulously at Mrs. Abbot.

"Quite so. But then we moved to New York and Lucy's personality came into being, step by step. If I remember the order correctly, it started with Auguste."

"With Auguste?"

"Yes. Auguste the hairdresser. When we first moved here, Lucy didn't have

much of anything to do, so she used to run into Auguste's for a shampoo whenever she was lonely. What are your views on Lucy's hair?"

The girl in blue took a long look. "Well, it's blond, very silky, and quite extraordinarily straight."

Mr. Abbot shook his head. "Lucy's hair isn't blond. It's honey and ash, honey and ash." He sighed. "And it's so fine that if you drew a comb through it... Well, Auguste says Madame might as well run a lawnmower through her hair as a comb! She brushes it. And to put any wave in at all would be sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege?"

Mr. Abbot nodded.

"Of course Lucy hadn't the faintest suspicion of all this until she discovered Auguste. She didn't even realize that the only possible coiffure for her was that medieval-page business!" Mr. Abbot waited for this revelation to take effect. "Auguste was just a starter. Her skin came next. The person in Monsieur Auguste's establishment who gave facials tried very hard to understand Lucy's skin, but he failed miserably. It took five months to find Miss Sutton, but Lucy says it was worth waiting five centuries. Miss Sutton is English. She

comes into your home to do her work. Lucy said Miss Sutton was horrified when she saw the creams and unguents Lucy'd been rubbing into her face. For ordinary skins, yes; for Lucy, no! She threw the creams into the garbage pail. I believe Miss Sutton makes up the soap herself. Anyway, Lucy uses some special soap and a kind of miniature scrubbing brush, and Miss Sutton massages her four times a week."

"She actually does glow!" said the girl in blue.

"No," contradicted Mr. Abbot. "I don't believe I ever heard her say she glows. She did mention, however, that her skin continually *beams* in gratitude. It's so thankful to be able to breathe at last. She'd been smothering it."

"I see," said the girl in blue.

Mr. Abbot leaned toward her. "Wouldn't you think that with such



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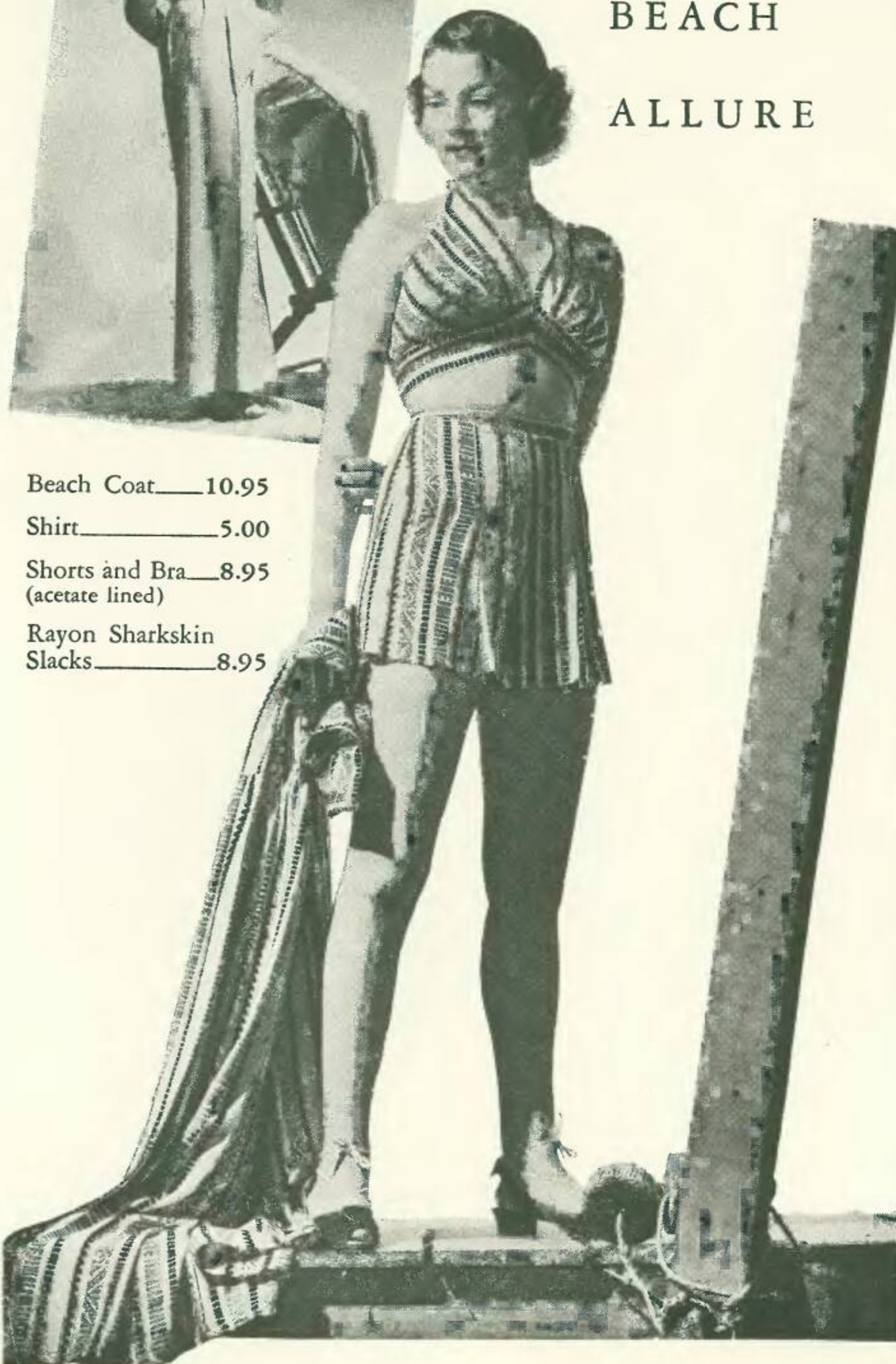
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An Inca princess never wore anything like this beach costume, but she would have liked to, we believe. Her bead-work trimming inspired this striped pattern done in gay native colors on white Canvassari, cotton and rayon. Sizes 12 to 18. From a collection of South American inspired Summer fashions, designed and made exclusively for Bloomingdale's — modern trail-blazer into a new fashion frontier.

Bloomingdale NEW...YORK

delicate skin she'd be able to wear only the finest silks? That isn't the way it works out. She has to wear linen with monograms!"

"How refreshingly different," remarked the girl, and quoted, "She walks in beauty, eh?"

Mr. Abbot assured her that with Lucy's arch, it was a miracle that she could walk at all. "Lucy's arch is Greek to ordinary lasts! Notice her shoes?"

"*Moyen âge*, aren't they?"

"Quite so. Lucy's shoemaker has models of her feet in wood. Lucy made me go up and look at them once. Left foot and right foot. It's terribly complicated, but Lucy doesn't have to give it a second thought any more. She just brings him samples of her clothes and he fits her shoes on the wooden feet. Her name is carved into the ankles, both of them!"

The two sat in awed silence. Suddenly Mr. Abbot raised his head, and there was hope in his eyes.

"Of course, it's spring now, and we'll soon be going away. We always go away in June. Lucy's personality isn't nearly so unique when she's away from Auguste and Miss Sutton and all the rest of them. Who knows?"—Mr. Abbot suddenly looked quite cheerful—"I ought to save at least five hundred dollars." —MERRIAM MODELL

"The Mayor's recent tactics," Mr. Brewster told the members of the Republican Women of Pennsylvania, "may succeed in aligning the Jewish vote in New York City in his behalf in the coming mayoralty fight, but he does a serious disservice to America in making a great race the pawn of the catspaw of politics."

—*The Times*.

Ah, but when the catspaw's away, the Mayor will play!

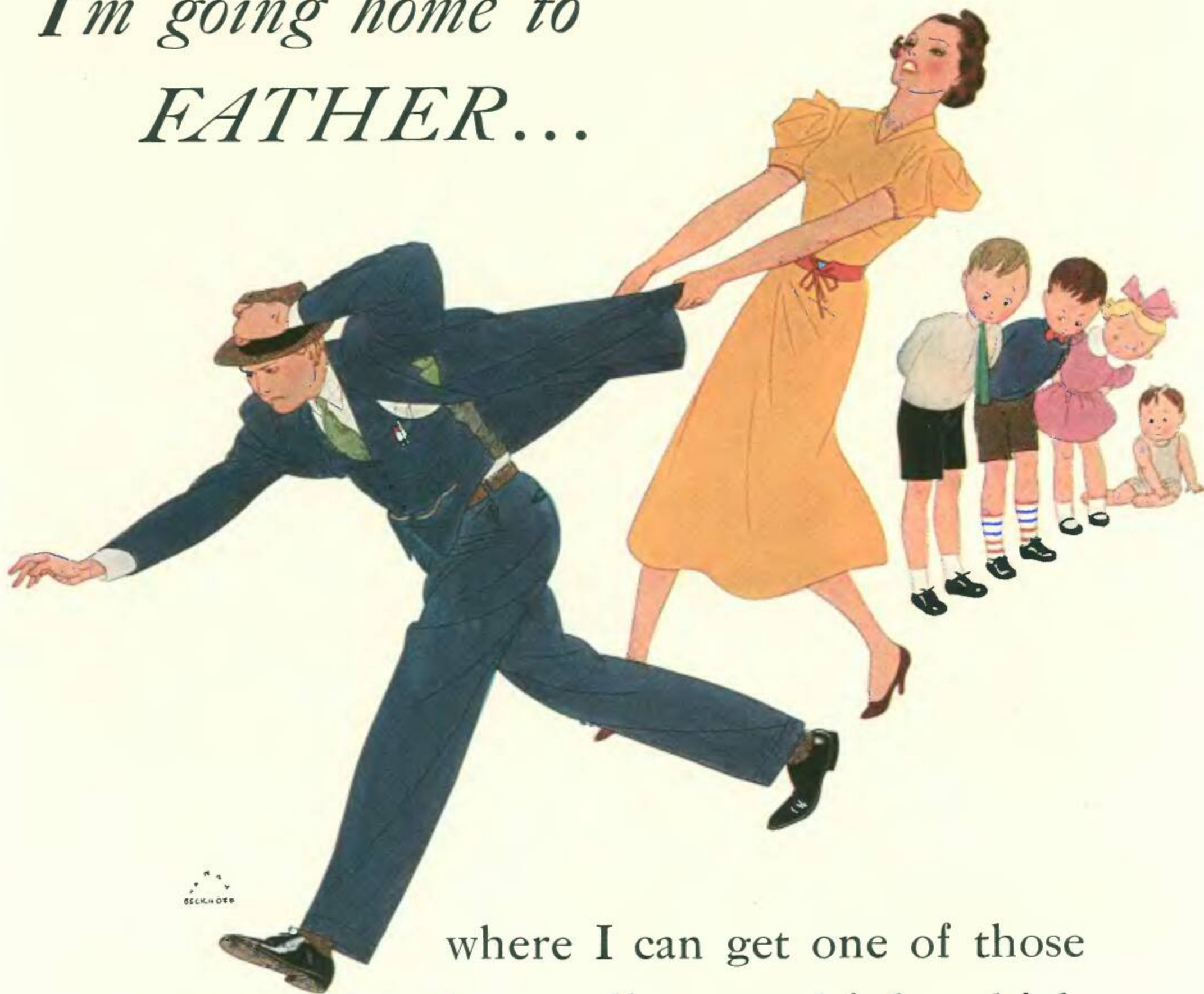
HOW'S THAT AGAIN DEPARTMENT?

[From *Poetry*, a Magazine of Verse]

This frugally unified opulence; epitomized by the "green vine angering for life"—in *Owl's Clover* by the thought of plundered harassed Africa, "the greenest continent" where "memory moves on leopard's feet"—has been perfected stroke by stroke, since the period of "the magenta Judas-tree," "the indigo glass in the grass," "oceans in obsidian," the white of "frogs," of "clays," and in "withered reeds;" until now, tropic pinks and yellows, avacado and Kuniyoshi cabouchon emerald-green, the blent but violent excellence of ailanthus silk-moths and metallic breast-feathers—as open and unpretending as Rosseau's Snake-Charmer and Sleeping Gypsy—combine in an impression of incandescence like that of the night-blooming cereus.

—MARIANNE MOORE

*"I'm going home to
FATHER....*



where I can get one of those
long, tall, *tangy* drinks which
he mixes over on the alkaline
side with **White Rock**"

A WORD TO THE WIVES . . . Husbands' insistence on
this *mineral* water mixer in the home is no mere
whim. A man's private stock deserves the respect
of the keen mineral tang found only under this cap.





SPODE'S GAINSBOROUGH • From one of a series of direct mail pieces designed and printed by Tri-Arts Press, Inc., New York typographers and printers. Courtesy of Copeland & Thompson, Inc., New York, sole agents for and wholesale distributors of Spode.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY...

GAINSBOROUGH is one of Spode's early important floral groupings which was revived some years ago and entirely re-engraved, at great expense, as most of the early engravings had been destroyed. The groups are richly shaded and painted under the glaze in yellow, rose, green, blue, and pink, over a sepia print which adds to the subject much dignity and reserve.

A POWERS' direct color reproduction has made it possible to put everything the camera saw right into the illustration.

It is the skill *behind* the camera that knows how to transform a mere photographic study into an illustration that holds all of the original detail — that has *life* and *sparkle* to it! It is for this that Powers' reproductions have won a still-widening reputation among advertisers and agencies.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 21

IT would be nice to send news from France these days without mentioning stay-in strikes, the Blum Deal, Right and Left political squabbles, and the trouble with the Exposition. It would be nice to hear news from America that didn't mention sit-down strikes, the New Deal, Democratic and Jeffersonian party tiffs, and the trouble with the Supreme Court. It would also be nice to go straight to heaven, from either country.

The latest development here involved all the customary and often-mentioned abrasive ingredients, plus a distinctive new element—a couple of queer French flags the like of which no Frenchman had ever seen before. For a week, these flags floated over the twin pillars at the Exposition's principal gate, on the Place de l'Alma. They were regular tricolor French flags; the queer part consisted in their having a hammer and sickle, a Phrygian liberty cap, and three arrows—all ancient or modern French signs of revolution—on the red, white, and blue stripes. For a week incredulous Parisians took buses, the Métro, and even taxis to view this sight. Most of the French were furious; some of the Exposition workers were so maddened (with joy) that they threatened to strike if their flag was prohibited; and poor M. Jouhaux, secretary of the C.G.T. labor federation, was nearly out of his mind. As proof, he interviewed the Exposition workers in order "to invite them to put an end to a manifestation which cannot but rouse prejudice against the working class."

The police were also pretty ruffled. According to them, they could do nothing, because "the Exposition constitutes a private domain put by the City of Paris under the control of the Exposition Commission," without whose request they might not legally "penetrate into the buildings." (The *bourgeoisie* was, of course, enchanted when the police twice penetrated illegally and took the flags away—only to have fresh flags, even more illegally, appear.) As for the Commissioner of the Exposition, he said he couldn't call in the police, since it is the business of the building firms "to assure the presence of the *gendarmérie* on the building sites." Finally, the flags were hauled down by the workmen after the police

had summoned firemen with ladders to remove the flags by force.

According to edicts, some ironically dating from the Revolutionary decrees of 12 Messidor, year VIII, on up through the equally troubled years of 1853 and 1915, "be it on the high-road, be it on edifices or upon places freely open to the public, exhibition of the flag in the national colors without addition of any emblem is alone authorized." Maybe certain French workers were too busy planning the next French Revolution to read up on the rules for the last.

France's flag trouble has been acute since last spring. Only foreign tourists, fresh to the city, are astonished to see what they think is Russia's flag floating in crimson patches here and there. At Eastertide, Paris workmen were requested by their labor leaders to haul down their red flags so as not to alarm the British weekenders, apparently considered hyper-sensitively imperial this spring. Not long ago there was a small boat in the Seine flying the black flag of anarchy. So far, we have seen no craft hoisting the skull and crossbones.

IT seems sad that war in Spain should make the Jeu de Paume's Catalan Art Exposition the chic exhibition of the spring season. Even the fact that Catalonia's art is, as shown, almost exclusively religious and abounding in distorted wooden Christs has not lessened its vogue. The church furnishings, such as the fourteenth-century silver *repoussé*-and-enamelled retable from the Cathedral of Gerona (the retable is a gigantic, intricate affair whose baldachin roof rises as high as the roof of a cottage), are the *clou* of the collection. In the silverwork, superior in most cases to the paintings, the influence of the Northerner van Eyck is visible. He miraculously inspired the metalworkers even more than he did the Iberian painters. There is considerable gossip here about Spain's art treasures in general; there is question whether the Catalan show is not merely a ruse (which every art lover would applaud) to get the objects safely out of—with no idea of sending them back into—the war-stricken land. There is also talk of some mysterious American lady, up from Madrid with an assortment of the finest El Grecos in her luggage. If true, it's the best news that has so



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SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads employ more men than the steel industry and the automobile industry combined?

—that railroads are the nation's largest industry other than agriculture?

—that more than 100,000 men have been added to railroad payrolls within the past year?

—that the "shopping list" of the American railroads contains over 70,000 different items?

—that during the last ten years the railroads have spent nearly one billion dollars annually for materials and supplies for use in their every-day operation, thus providing employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women?

—that more than half of every dollar spent by the railroads goes for the wages of railroad men?

—that the railroads pay approximately one million dollars a day in taxes — taxes which send 1,600,000 children to school, and contribute substantial support to public institutions, highway construction, and general government expense?

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—serves America's shippers: big industries, growers of berries and other perishable products, and individuals through 23,000 offices located along 213,000 miles of railroads from coast to coast... 57,000 Railway Express employees pick up, forward and deliver America's perishable goods and general merchandise... Every day 10,009 trains carry these goods to great centers and remote villages

in all parts of America... A fleet of over 10,000 Railway Express motor vehicles delivers shipments to and from these trains in all cities and principal towns, without extra charge... Shipments of perishables and merchandise by Railway Express travel with the same safety, directness and economy that have made American Railroads the envy of the world.

berries-1200 miles”

WHAT does it mean to you and yours when you read that “the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years”?

—or that “the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile at rates averaging less than a penny”?

Right on your breakfast table you’ll find a part of the answer—in things you take for granted in this day of modern miracles.

Fresh berries, for example, travel by rail an average of 1,200 miles before they’re served.

The butter for your toast averages 927 miles by rail.

The rail mileage of cereals is 627 on the way to the breakfast table—and of eggs it’s 1,353.

Or if you want some really big figures, you can take oranges or grapefruit—they average 2,125 miles by rail.

And the amazing fact is that many of the advancements in railroading which make these comforts

possible were developed during hard times.

Steadily, in tough years as well as good, the railroads have pushed forward—laying heavier rails, developing better brakes and more powerful engines, speeding up the sorting of cars and doing many other things that the public seldom sees, in order to give better service.

No wonder a railroad man is proud of his job—and proud of the enterprise which keeps American railroads in the forefront as *the finest transportation system in the world.*



Cabbage travels 969 miles by rail on the average from the grower to your grocer's counter



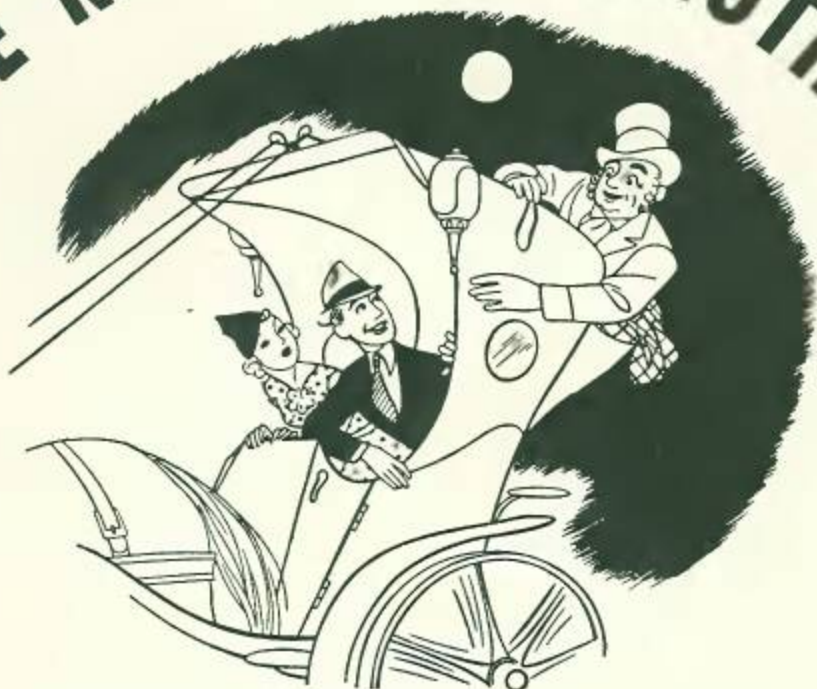
Your share of the total freight hauled each year, if you have an average family, is two tons of agricultural products, one-half ton of live stock and animal products



Flood defied to bring in food! Over the rails came trainloads of food for stricken communities—and homeless refugees by the hundred thousand rode by train to safety

ASSOCIATION OF
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ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER



Ever hear of "word-of-beer-lover" advertising? That is what made Piel's a national success. It rode to greatness on a whispering campaign. But the whispers were praise from the beer-wise. Piel Bros., Brooklyn, N.Y.

PIEL'S is better BEER

Peck & Peck

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● For the crowning glory of your summer wardrobe, add a brace of these famous Scotch sweaters in one of the brilliant new Coronation colors.

There's a rich purple and other royal and regal shades, as well as some lovely new pastels. Every color glows like a jewel in these notable "Scotch Companions"—of finest, softest and purest cashmere.

The cardigan, \$16.75.

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far come from across the Pyrenees.

The Degas exhibition which comprises the current retrospective show at the Orangerie has been as fine as, and less popular than, that of the works of his friend Manet five years ago. Parisians are now a little heartsick of the nineteenth century; it seems to have led so directly to the twentieth. In contradiction to the announcement that the twin modern-art museums replacing the Trocadéro would contain contemporary canvases for the Exposition show, it is now stated that a gigantic retrospective exhibition, tracing the continuity of French art from the Middle Ages down to the twentieth century, will be the feature. Three curious exhibitions of applied museology will also be on view: one showing how to show the public the relation between van Gogh's life and his work, with examples; one a display dealing with the history of the theatre in the Middle Ages; the third a scientific demonstration of "the development and aspect of country dwellings in various lands, according to differences of climate, culture, and requirements." Well, that last ought to fascinate the average little middle-class Parisian, whose real historical problem is how to pay the apartment rent if he goes on paying high taxes for the privilege of paying for increasingly expensive food, brought about by the increased costs of production, for which he must pay. The little middle-class Parisian isn't under glass in a museum yet, but he will be soon, rated as a nearly extinct rarity. Not even then, however, will his problem be data for pedants. It will merely make history, in which, in the making, the individual will be lost. —GENÊT

A short time later I discovered, one evening, that a secondhand typewriter had been delivered to my apartment by mistake. I decided to find out how the thing worked. I fell in love with it, ferreted out the shop it came from, and bought it. It cost ten dollars, and I've never owned another. In the course of the years it wrote all my short stories, articles, the novels "Pattern" and "Twice Born," and the play "Another Language."—Rose Franken in *Redbook*.

And the man who originally ordered the typewriter—what business did he wind up in?

NEATEST TRICK OF THE EON

[From the *Chicago Daily News*]

So, alternately talking and dozing and eating bananas, the sun sank slowly behind the mountains and the air grew fresher.



HOW LONG WILL A SCHICK LAST?

*{ Long after your shaving costs have
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A radio officer on a ship continuously traveling between cold climates and the tropics writes that he has shaved every day for three years with a Schick and never spent a penny for repairs or replacements. *And his shaver does not show the slightest sign of wear.*

Frankly we don't know how long a Schick will shave. Some of the first Schick Shavers, made five years ago, are still running perfectly and shaving as quickly and closely as they did in the beginning.

Many customers write and tell us of from one to four years' perfect shaving service from their Schick Shavers. One man has reported 2000 shaves from his Schick—another 1500.

HOW COULD SHAVING COST LESS?

Even three years of once-a-day shaving with the Schick brings the cost of shaving down to less than a penny-and-a-half a shave—and the shaver is still good.

Contrast this with the cost of buying blades, sharpeners, soap, cream, brush and lotion.

ECONOMY IS A MINOR FACTOR

The best reason for owning a Schick is that it brings more pleasure into a man's life than he can get from any other

personal possession. He cannot cut, scrape nor hurt himself. He can shave twice a day, shave in the dark, read while he shaves, shave with his coat on or while wearing eyeglasses if he desires.

With the Schick, the scar tissue formed by blade-shaving vanishes, and a new, more youthful and flexible skin replaces the dead, scaly skin.

BELIEVE THE MEN WHO USE SCHICKS

Schick users will tell you they would not sell their shavers for \$100 if they could not buy another.

More than a million are in daily use on tough beards, tender skins, on faces that used to have ingrowing hairs, on cheeks that never knew a comfortable moment under the old method of shaving.

SEE A DEALER TODAY

Any of our dealers will show you a Schick Shaver and explain how you should use it. Do not postpone shaving comfort another day.



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SCHICK SHAVER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PEOPLE are wont to say off-hand that we are living in an age of specialization, but when you've peered into the majority of our shops you begin to doubt it. A woman whose designing talent leans toward tulle and pearl beading and lace seemingly cannot sleep a wink if a pet client goes elsewhere for tailored suits. So the glamour-girl-evening-dress specialist insists on trying her hand at tailored suits, which are a headache to women's shops (and usually look it), whereas she could have let her client go peaceably to a man's tailor, such as Dunhill, of 1 West 52nd Street, with her tortuous problem. If a star customer of a smart 57th Street house is amused by the \$19.95 printed chiffon evening dresses at Viola Cohn, the great house writhes to its foundations. You may remember that the big establishments triumphantly solved the problem of how to sell inexpensive evening dresses without loss of prestige by manufacturing a Paris fad of wearing a nightgown out to dinner; and thereupon sold, for \$19.95 or thereabouts, printed chiffon evening dresses that were nightgowns, by golly, because the slip was extra.

THERE are small and elegant designers, however, who do not seem to be tormented by competition in lines other than their own and therefore hold, year after year, a devoted clientele that comes to them for a special type of creation. Maybelle Manning, 443 Park Avenue (56th), has addicts who are feeling romantic this year in her Leonora Hughes evening chiffons, with skirts and skirts and skirts swirling out at the hem. Sometimes she makes these in shaded nasturtium or fuchsia; sometimes layer on layer of other colorings show when you pirouette on a dance floor. I don't see why anyone should look farther. However, your eye is also likely to be taken by a less spectacular dinner dress with a box-pleated black crêpe skirt (two inches from the floor, as most of her evening skirts are), a tailored tuxedo-type jacket, and a white chiffon shirtwaist with long, full sleeves.

Another thing she is doing which suits the taste of her adorers is dresses of silk and linen stuff that are reminiscent of the days when chic women lived during the summer in the Boivin shirt-

waist type of dress, which had nothing to it except cut and exquisite monograms. The Manning monograms are inspired by the lettering on old manuscripts, just to be different. You'll find, too, sophisticated linen dresses with short, swagger jackets made of suède, the seams whipped in Hermès fashion. Everything is custom-made, and the collection is charming and well bred throughout.

A PRINTED dress and jacket, no matter how expensive, have a way of looking as ordinary as they are useful. However, those sleek women who trek regularly to Madame Frances, at 17 West 57th Street, know that her models have a chic and distinction that keep their practicality well disguised. The prints are unusual and the detail is exquisite. Hemlines at Frances are always whimsical. There is a bright-red lining inside the scalloped hem of one printed dress, and in the scallops of the short, full jacket. There are lots of

lingerie collars and shirt fronts; cut-out flowers flutter as decorations on day and evening prints alike; a black-and-white taffeta costume is shirred from the waistline down, with tiny ruffles toward the hem. Other variations of the dress-and-jacket idea include a tailored affair of beige sheer wool with black ciré touches to match the black ciré lining of the short, swagger jacket. A yellow-and-black printed dress with a pleated hem sports a mannish fitted jacket of black satin. Black crêpe dresses have brightly patterned linen coats. Among the tailored suits, my pet, which is made of a linen that looks like a beige whipcord, has dark-brown double-breasted buttons and a dark-brown linen blouse and lining. It's cool, handsome, and has lapels a man would approve of.

The evening clothes here are always designed to bring out all the chichi sex appeal that every woman thinks she already has in abundance. There is a smoky, snaky gown of chartreuse lace on black chiffon over flesh chiffon. A



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595

Left
Sizes 12-20
Right
Sizes 16-46
Seated
Sizes 16-46



QUEEN MAKE uses diaphanous Gilbrae Willow Chiffon voiles with the care befitting one of the season's most important fabrics. Detachable two-toned chiffon sash (seated), fine embroidered organdy and val lace (right), white organdy daisies that look hand applied (left), are surprising in tub frocks. Surprising, too, that these voiles will not shrink. They are Sanforized-shrunk and fit beautifully after many a tubbing. Tahitian flowers or dark prints stabbed with color. Look for the label illustrated at stores listed or write Queen Make, 1350 Broadway, New York City.

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Daniels & Fisher Stores Co. Denver, Colo.	Maison Blanche Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ernst Kern Co. Detroit, Mich.	Kaufmann's Richmond, Va.
W. C. Stripling Co. Ft. Worth, Texas	Miller & Rhoads, Inc. Rockford, Ill.
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BUY YOUR CORRECT SIZE

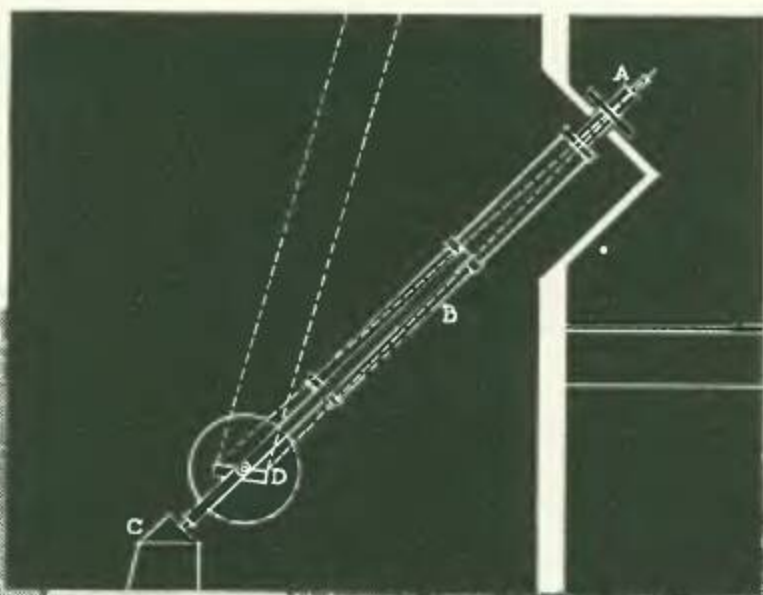
sleek printed dress has colored paillettes emphasizing the pattern here and there in a manner that is a Frances trademark. There is a black evening dress which is square-necked and all saw-toothed edges. For wistful moods, Frances shows a pale-blue crêpe Shirred all the way down the body and released at the knees, and a cowl-necked chiffon with a skirt that is all narrow godets whose edges are emphasized by tiny scallops.

WHEN more triumphant hats are made, Nicole de Paris, 25 East 55th Street, will make them. To her flock women who want Parisian elegance and nonchalance, women who like their allure mature (poem). She is showing some of the loveliest large picture hats that you will behold in many a long day. A big black one with a sweep, and sprays of white wheat in front, is shown with a white crêpe tunic dress that can be worn with the fullness either back or front. Another hat has a pink rose above and a pink rose below a brim that slants rakishly above the head. In fact, roses are shown on many hats, but they are roses in those curious off colors that only the French seem able to manage. There has been a rumor that Nicole doesn't make hats that are youthful, and she has gone to work, very effectively, to destroy this slander. She offers a cap of rose petals with a navy-blue bow on top and a navy-blue veil which, in accordance with the current custom, is longer in front than it is in back. You'll find Salvation Army bonnets, played down to modest dimensions, that can be worn either over the forehead, so you'll look mysterious, or back on the head, so you'll look wide-eyed. They have shaded pink roses at the centre-front. There are hats with curled-up brims that are part ciré and part bambino, with bright *cocardes* in front. Among her dinner hats, which are famous, there are tiny black shiny caps with grosgrain bows or ruching high on top. But the models are not fearfully important in themselves; it's the mood they put you in. They make you believe you are the best Marlene Dietrich in seven adjoining counties. —L. L.

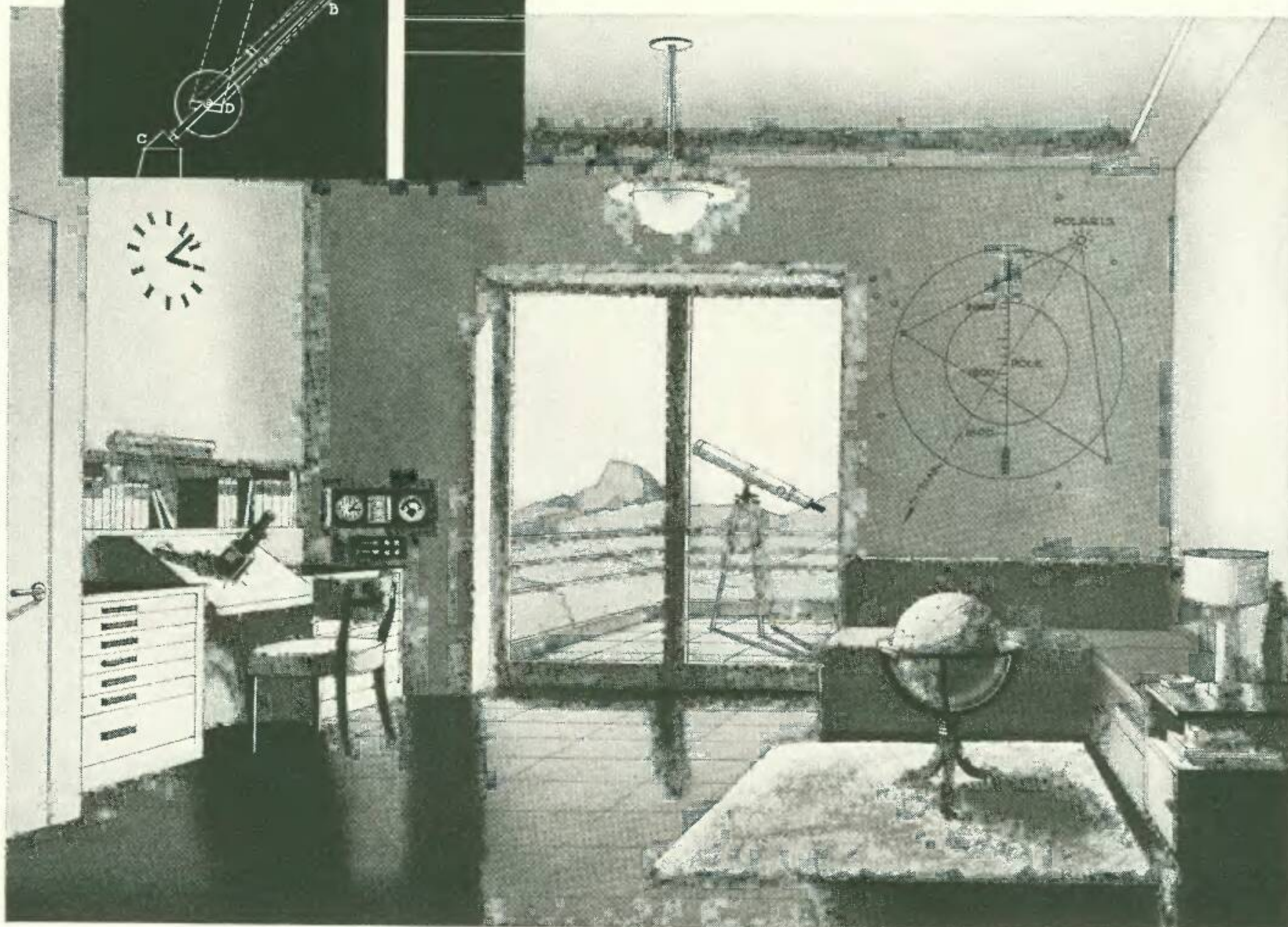
ABOUT THE HOUSE

Walls and Windows

THERE is no logic any more to the way people set about decorating their houses. I can remember when there was (a) a spring decorating season, when you bought paper lamp-



Detail of the exterior plan for a Coudé Mount telescope. (A) Eyepiece mounted within the room. (B) Main tube. (C) Concrete pier supporting tube. (D) Declination mirror.



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT *for Sloane Hobbyists*

The heavens laid on your doorstep . . . that's what you amateur astronomers want in a hobby room! And it's what you get in this sky-sweeping room designed by Sloane's Hobby Decorator. Here are plans that are sound for almost any room in the house...sun porch, attic, extra bedroom. There's space for entrenching the Coudé Mount telescope that every potential Galileo wants; for a celestial globe to guide your gropings; for sky charts, books and clocks to time your watchful waiting for a star to rise. On the adjoining porch, a reflector type telescope can be mounted and swung into any position.

Yet for all this de luxe setting, the cost of this room is well within the scope of a moderate income.

Sloane has ideas on housing probably every hobby from tropical fish to stargazing. Somewhere between these two poles, your particular passion lies. Let Sloane work with you in building a room for it. The Hobby Decorator in the Four Centuries Shop has requirements at his fingertips. His expert ideas will bolster your theories, help to give them tangible expression in a room that measures up to your hobby in interest and pleasure. *Four Centuries Shop, Third Floor.*

W & J

Sloane

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shades, put up flowered chintz and ruffled organdie at your windows, slip-covered the furniture, and packed winter treasures away in moth balls, and (b) a fall decorating season, when serious, basic things like upholstery, carpeting, and changing the color of your walls got done. In between these periods of regular household upheaval you took care of replacements in linens, lamps, housewares, and table trimmings; and even these lesser things had their seasons, all neatly charted according to a kind of unofficial housewife's calendar by which the manufacturers, shops, and decorators laid their plans for the year.

Nothing could be farther removed from the present state of affairs. At this very moment, which under the old system would have been sacred to slipcovers and moth prevention, the one thing which can be depended upon to bring householders scrambling to any store's doorstep is the announcement of something new in wall treatments. Wallpapers, pouring into the market in a steady and apparently unending stream of new patterns, are selling like mad everywhere; Johnson & Faulkner, the fabric people at 45 East 53rd Street, are in the midst of an exhibition showing how their beautiful brocades, mate-lassés, and linens can be used on walls just like paper (this, by the way, is something which everyone with a wall of his own really ought to see); and admirers of the eighteenth-century manner in room decorations are making weekend trips to Colonial Williamsburg and returning to New York to buy from James McCutcheon's store (it made its reputation on fine household linens) gallon cans of ready-mixed interior paints in all the best Williamsburg wall colors (\$6.43 a gallon; approximately three gallons needed for two finishing coats in the average room).

In the meantime, excitement about summer curtains has been considerably less than intense, and I don't see anyone putting on any slipcover shows, either. They'll be coming along, no doubt, toward fall, when manufacturers start bringing out their novelty pre-shrunk cottons for all-year-round, removable covers on upholstered furniture bought, after the modern fashion, in the muslin. It is all enough to make your head swim.

This practice of buying upholstered pieces in an unfinished state achieved the peak of refinement recently when Lord & Taylor brought out a group of chairs and sofas covered not in the

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NEW DIRECTIONS IN NATIVE PAINTING: *by MARTHA DAVIDSON, Critic, The Art News*

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HAVEN'T A FREE
EVENING THIS
WEEK...YOU SEE,
I'M ON
EASY STREET
NOW..."

"SIR!
YOU PRESUME..."



"I JUST MEAN...THE
YOUNG MEN ASK ME OUT
SO MUCH MORE LATELY.
THEY SAY MY HANDS
ARE WONDERFULLY
SOFT AND SMOOTH AND
BEAUTEOUS EVER SINCE
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WABC, 9:15 A. M.
(Except Saturday and Sunday)

plain and traditional foundation muslin but in inexpensive striped cottons of the mattress-ticking type. These attractive makeshifts cost no more than their counterparts in plain muslin, and are quite up to their purpose of furnishing livable temporary rooms for the season's brides and grooms until they get over the initial dither and can make up their minds about color schemes. It is reassuring to learn, anyway, that people are still getting married in June and are apt to be a little nervous about it.

IN a small way, Lewis & Conger, too, are preparing to introduce soothing notes of normal, seasonal interest into this dizzy age. The Garden Shop there has something very appealing in humming-bird lures—trumpet-vine sprays of painted metal, to hang on fences or terrace walls, or mounted on spikes which you plunge into the ground in your garden. Each spray has three bright-red trumpet blossoms nestled among stiff green leaves; you fill the trumpet throats daily with sweetened water, for bait. One spray (\$5) should be enough to keep you in humming birds the whole season through.

Elsewhere in the same store you can find splendid new observation beehives for the home. You don't have to have so much as a window-box garden to own and operate one of these. The only claimed requirements are a location not more than two miles from a small park, and a window into which the glassed-in hive (sixteen inches high, twenty inches wide, and three deep) can be fitted. The hive, complete with bees (which can't get into the room), and four beeswax combs in which they will make honey for you, is \$21. It should pay for itself someday.

Further timely sanity (what am I kicking about, anyway?): Marguerita Mergentime, the darling, has produced another fine group of table linens of native American inspiration, and they are all at Lord & Taylor now, in good time for the outdoor eating season. Mrs. Mergentime went to the Pennsylvania Dutch this time, snatching lovely, naïve floral motifs off dower chests and things and applying them to linen cloths of real dining size—as large, anyway, as fifty-four by seventy-two inches. This last is something a great many people have been screaming for, convinced that the restriction of Mergentime patterns to small lunch and supper cloths—for instance, the election-slogans cloth she did last fall—has been a great shame.

The new patterns range in char-

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While less well-known than the Museum of Natural History and smaller in size than the Metropolitan—in fact just slightly smaller than a phone booth—the museum of B. Harris and Sons, Jewelers, has its compensating advantages. Do you, for example, enjoy poisoning people? Our Lucrezia Borgia ring will interest you. Do you cry on the slightest provocation? See our Chinese Tear Jar. Are you a ladies' man? Try our coral-tipped silver whistle whose blast once summoned the ladies of the harem. We are collectors by instinct, watchmakers by trade, jewelers by tradition. Our talent for fixing up things approaches genius, we have been told. Nearly everything you see here is for sale and sale prices aren't high either. Admission free daily. **B. Harris and Sons, Jewelers, Inc.** 25 East 48th Street, New York.

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acter from stiff little chintzy medallion effects to generous, looping, all-over sprawls, sometimes in as many as three bright colors on white, sometimes in white against deep backgrounds—clear reds and greens, a fine pottery brown, marine blue, all of them marvellous for white table settings. The napkins are good and large throughout, and the sets make impressive presents, although none costs over \$6.95.

GAME OF THE MONTH: "Flash! News," at Macy; \$2.34. This is the front-page game invented by the *Journal's* city editor, who must have been glad to get back to a nice, quiet city desk again. In "Flash! News," the players become rival newspaper editors (drama-romance), draw news stories, pictures, and headlines by casting dice (chance), and make up the most spectacular front page they can with the material at hand (skill). The scoring penalizes editors for laying themselves open to libel suits and being taken in by palpable news fakes, and rewards them on nose-for-news and eye-appeal grounds. Instructions say two to six can play, but it's pretty slow going with only two at the board.

To have a good time with "Flash! News," use the biggest table in the house, or shove back all the furniture and play on the floor. Also allow a good half-hour for putting all the little pieces of paper back in their compartments for the next game, and don't let anyone tell you that having played before doesn't give you a big advantage over new players. Old hands should have a handicap given them.

This game is too fussy for me.

—B. B.

Andrian was the first man arrested after police saw him in his automobile on Centre Street last night. The car had been described as the one in which three men attempted to crowd the paymasters' car against the curb yesterday. Andrian saw the police approaching and attempted flight, but he was halted by a stop light and the police caught up with him.—*Boston Traveler*.

After all, what's the use of risking a morning in traffic court?

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

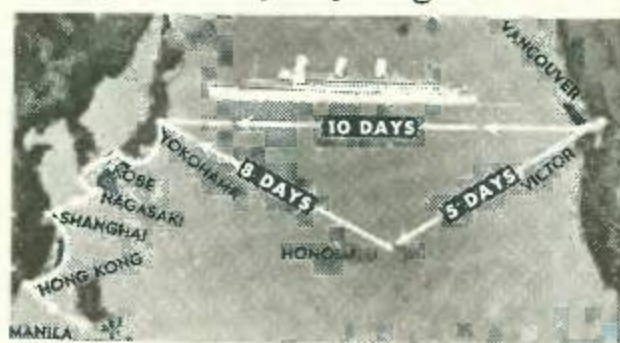
[From the *Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News*]

Until Miss Moore, who became the bride recently of Jefferson Machamer, well-known artist, made her first appearance near the opening of the picture, the small group that comprised her first local movie audience remained much interested.

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MOTORS

Station Wagons



IF the lines of cars one sees waiting for commuters along the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad are any indication, station-wagon makers are having a big year. I've even heard of a man who sold his trailer and started out for California in a station wagon. Accordingly, I ran around to all the showrooms last week to see what the manufacturers have been up to in this line. They've been busy, all right. The most noticeable innovation is the general use of glass windows in the rear ends in place of mica curtains, which makes them a lot trimmer.

Chevrolet has two types of station wagon. One is called the Carryall and has an all-steel body mounted on a half-ton truck chassis. It is excellent if you want something for really rough work; around \$800. The other has a body by Cantrell or Hercules-Campbell—you have your choice—on a de-luxe chassis. It is equipped with "knee-action" and will cost you around \$1,100.

Pontiac also has a station wagon this year—a Hercules-Campbell body on a stock six-cylinder chassis. It came into production quite by accident. It seems that when the new cars were brought out last autumn, Alfred Sloan took a particular fancy to the radiator outlines of the Pontiac. He needed a new station wagon and decided to have the factory make him one. The result was more than satisfactory, and the brass hats in the sales and production departments decided that if it was good enough for Mr. Sloan it was good enough for the public. So now you can buy a Pontiac something like Mr. Sloan's, for around \$1,100 with all the extras. With acetate or mica curtains, instead of glass windows, it costs about \$100 less.

Terraplane is showing a station wagon: a substantial, good-looking wooden body on a 117-inch wheelbase, with room for eight persons. It costs around \$900 delivered in New York. Incidentally, if you're in Hudson-Terraplane's new showroom at Broadway and 55th Street someday, examine the utility coupé. It looks like any other coupé, but the rear deck contains a steel box which will hold considerably more than the luggage compartment of a trailer.

WHEN A CHINESE CHEF

SAYS: 味美

(HE MEANS "YUM-YUM!")



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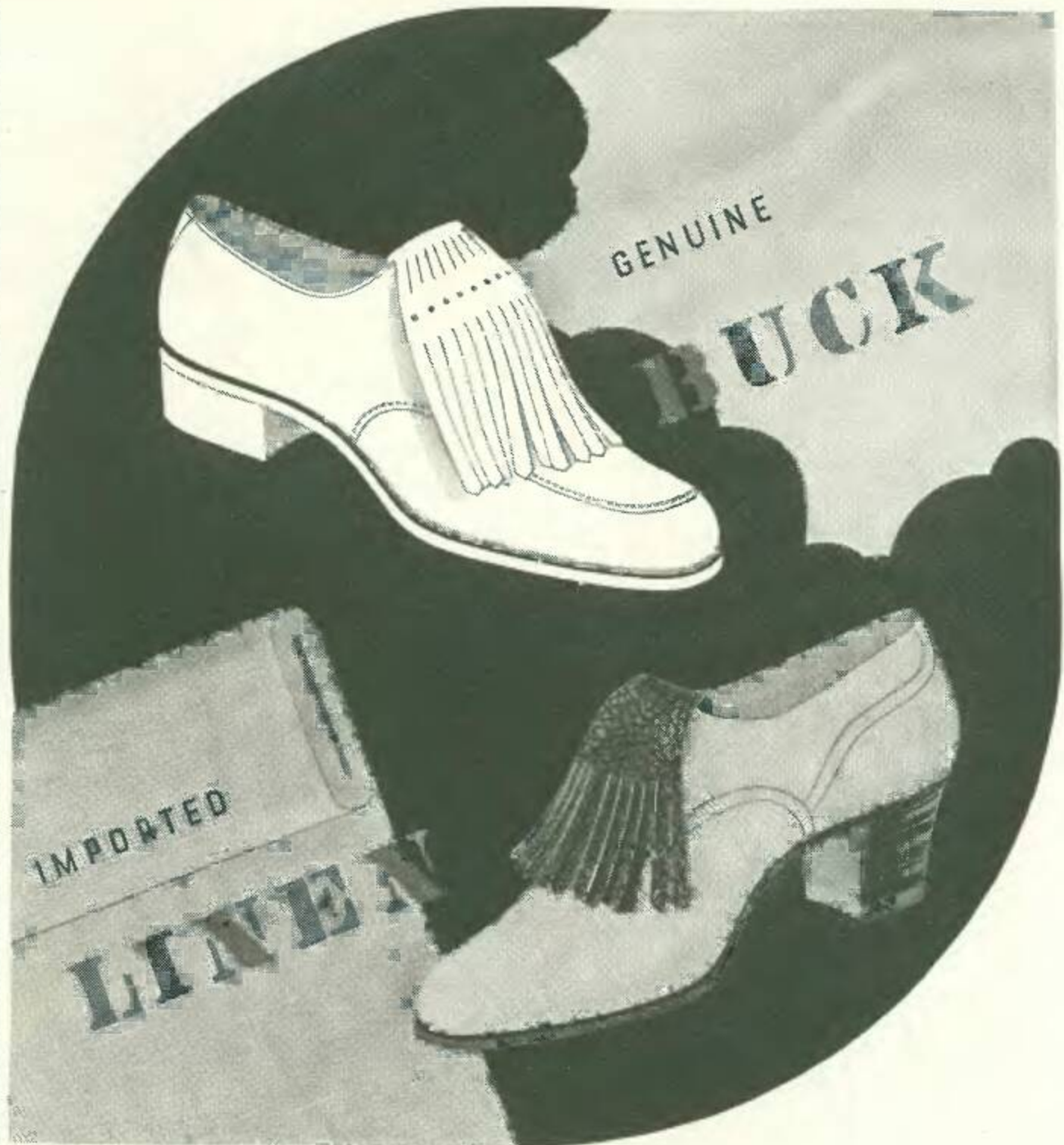
PERFECTO, 2 for 25¢
CABINET OR LONDRES, 10¢
PANETELA, 2 for 15¢

Mr. Chrysler puts out two station wagons—the Plymouth Westchester Suburban and the Dodge Westchester Suburban. The first has the mechanical characteristics of all Plymouths. With curtains it costs around \$800; equipped with glass windows, it's around \$900. The other model, which, of course, is slightly larger, is a bit more. I suggest that you also inspect the Cantrell body on a Plymouth chassis, for around \$1,100, in the showroom in the Chrysler Building. The body is done in a two-tone stain, and the car has lots of extra equipment.

I'm as enthusiastic about the Ford station wagon as I was when it came out last November. Possibly a bit more so, for I drove one recently and it came quite up to expectations. It costs about \$800.

WELL, I've found one convertible with a top that doesn't rattle. The car is a little Mercedes-Benz which has its engine in the rear. The top of this cabrio-limousine, as the model is called, rolls back like a tent flap, and the whole thing looks a lot better than it sounds. They're eager to give demonstrations over at the showroom, 247 Park Avenue (46th).

IF you haven't a cigarette-lighter in your car, or if you want a spare, I can recommend the Casco Automatic lighter, which you will be able to find at most of the automobile-supply shops around town. You just press it a bit farther into its holder until something clicks; when it's hot enough to light



THEIR COLORS ARE

COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON

SOME day soon, when you are in the mood for a real spring change, try on some of the Arnold Authentics that are new this season . . . ARNOLDAIRE, for instance, in natural linen and ARNOLDEAGLE in glove-stitched, spandy white buck. This ARNOLDAIRE has a detachable kiltie tongue of genuine sealskin in a rich brown. They are classics, both of them, and they have what it takes to set off a spring costume to the queen's taste.

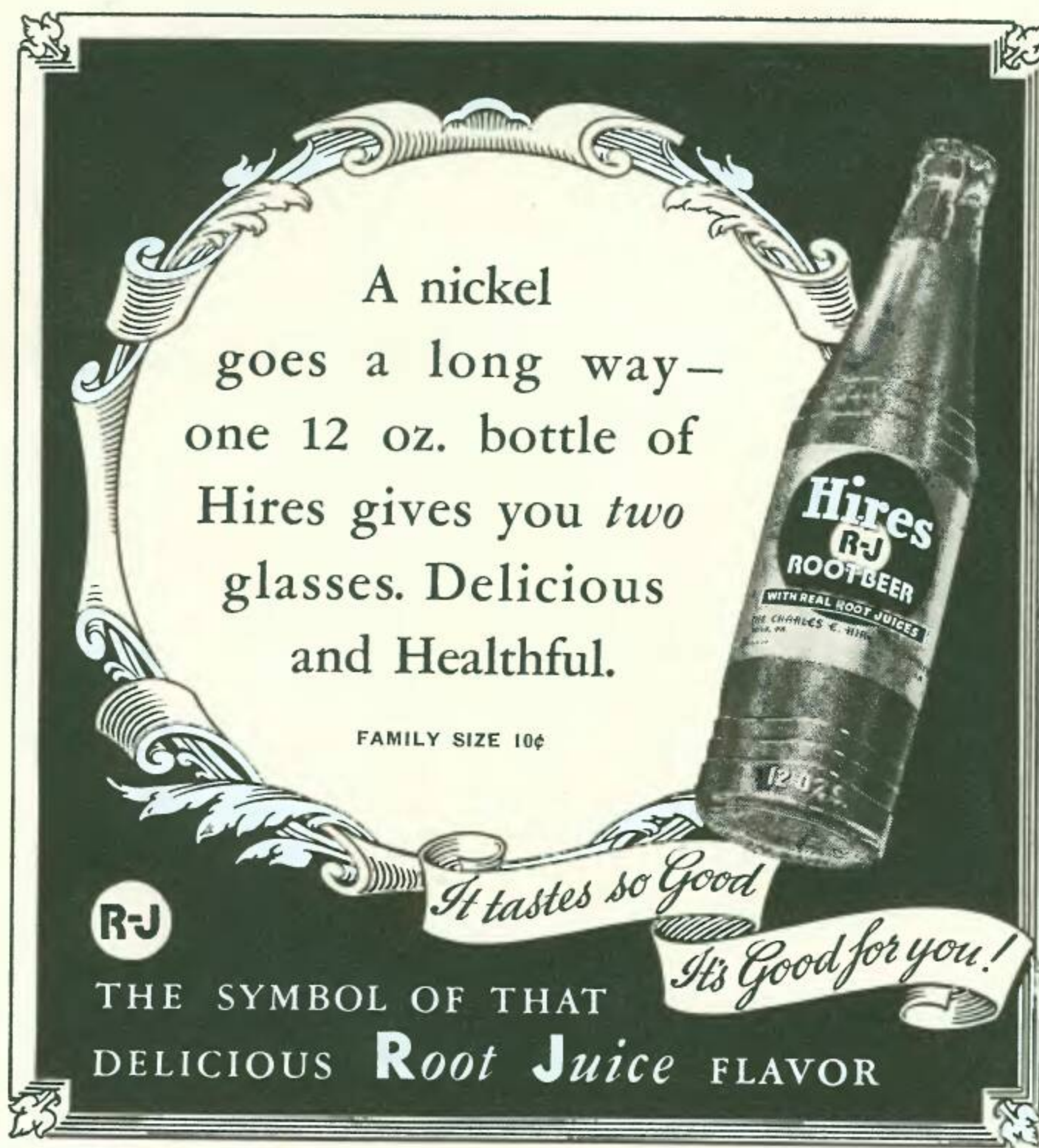
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DELICIOUS **Root Juice** FLAVOR



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Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a $\frac{1}{2}$ shaver. Finish up this way:

1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up...and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.
2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also ... it's swell after the shower.)

finish up with

M E N N E N

a cigarette, a thermostat control shuts off the heater. The contraption has been tested to light twenty thousand times, which is equivalent to lighting it about fourteen times a day for four years.

Nil Melior, the automobile-accessory shop in the Waldorf-Astoria, has imported some of the new Marchal headlights that attracted so much attention at the last Paris Salon. Each lamp is fitted with something called a recuperator, an extra light-condensing prism which throws an intense, but glareless, beam for about four hundred yards. You can also get units which will fit into the shell of the headlamp already on your car. They cost from \$35 a pair upward. Nil Melior is proud, too, of a ring (\$5) that fits on the button of the horn on any steering wheel. You can tap on it easily with your fingertips and sound an alarm without raising a hand from the wheel. If for any conceivable reason you're interested in the gradients of the roads over which you drive, you can get an accurate meter here, to clamp on the steering-wheel column of your car, for \$20. —SPEED

I met Lawrence Tibbett today.

I met a man of charm, graciousness, self-assurance, and absolutely unconceited. A man whose enthusiasm for people, things, and places is apparently unbounded...

Though I am a reporter on a paper, I have never, until now, met a famous person. Always I have liked Lawrence Tibbett. Always I have considered him tops of all singers and always I have liked him still more because he was one of two favorite types, baritones and bassos...

It was so like him when his interviewers expressed surprise that he could be so enthusiastic toward so many people, all the time, for him to say: "It really is very simple. If you think that I give so much to so many people, think how much more these same people give to me."

A magnificent gentleman who makes me feel proud to say: "I met Lawrence Tibbett today."—*Patricia Brownell in the Birmingham News—Age-Herald.*

You're beginning to ramble, aren't you, Patricia?

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[From the Bridgeport Herald]

The town, always seeking better eateries, is flocking to the new Vapo-Broyler on John Street. Ernie Stutz is the young manager and the waitresses are as appetizing as the food, unusually prepared and even sent to your office or room (hot) if you call up.

MUSICAL EVENTS

More New Operas

EAST SIDE, West Side, all around the town, there were opera premières going on last Wednesday night. On the East Side (466 Grand Street, which is the Neighborhood Playhouse), there was the first performance anywhere of Aaron Copland's "The Second Hurricane." On the West Side (130 Claremont Avenue, which is the Juilliard School of Music), Vaughan Williams' "The Poisoned Kiss" was having its American opening. Both operas had further performances last week, so nobody had to risk the taxi fare from the Playhouse to the School (\$2.35, according to an authority on such matters) or double pneumonia (remember last Wednesday?) to catch up with the latest American contribution and the most recent importation from England on the same evening.

MR. COPLAND and his collaborating librettist, Edwin Denby, call "The Second Hurricane" a "play-opera for high-school children." The idea is that youngsters can sing and act it, and the juniors participating in the Neighborhood Playhouse showing, which was under the auspices of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement, seemed to be having themselves a good time with the production.

The scheme is simple and it works out well on the stage. Two choruses, one of high-school and junior-high-school boys and girls, the other of parents (sung by children, with a little grown-up support), were placed in bleachers on either side of the platform. The action, which concerns a group of children who volunteer to assist in rescue work during a "flood hurricane" and who learn the virtues of coöperation as a result of their adventures, went on in the space between the bleachers. A small orchestra was placed on a platform upstage, and the conductor, Lehman Engel, led the proceedings facing the audience.

After the stage School Principal, characterized in a fashion that suggested maybe Mr. Denby doesn't care for principals, had explained things to the audience, the opera got going. In some of his earlier music, such as his "Dance Symphony," the gifted Mr. Copland indicated a tendency to be *moderne*, regardless. His opera proved that he could

do his own stuff with a minimum of advance-guard clichés. There were melodies which made good both on their own and as bright reinforcements of the text, and the vocal writing was technically clever and always in tune with the words. Most of the music was up-to-the-minute and still not beyond the abilities of the kids, and if Mr. Copland wanted to demonstrate that a composer could be both contemporary and practical, he did it. It may be, though, that there still are high schools where the pupils may find the Copland idiom a little tougher than his first cast did.

The production had a convincing style, except for an episode involving chocolate bars. This, however, betrayed previous stage training by the cast, for most of them seemed to be remembering the theatre stricture that you mustn't eat up the props. They were real bars, too—the two-for-a-quarter size.

Incidentally—or not so incidentally—the blue-shirted, cravatless maestro, Mr. Engel, did a magnificent chore, which was no surprise to customers who had heard him conduct his Madrigal Singers at WPA concerts.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' romantic extravaganza—that's what he calls it—has a sometimes entertainingly screwy libretto by Miss Evelyn Sharp. It's about a magician's daughter, with a diet of deadly dishes, and the son of the magician's whilom sweetheart. The son has been brought up on antidotes. When the irresistible poison meets the immovable antidote—that's the book. This sort of opera book usually becomes pretty larky, and this one has its quota of cuteness, but the Juilliard impresari cut it down to its best moments.

The music, composed "for fun," is the product of a fine musician, often charming, and often too olde Engliche for the show. A worse score would have been better, because some of the best moments, musically, didn't team up with the surrounding dialogue.

Albert Stoessel's accomplished orchestra was as good as it always is. The young singers went London with facility, with special honors going to Gean Greenwell, a capital comedian. By the way, "The Poisoned Kiss" is the first opera to include a gag about the Coronation. —ROBERT A. SIMON



Beau Bacchus

SAYS:

I still have to land a world's record tuna, but as long as I can get a supply of world's record champagne, I'll keep right on trying.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Mr. Mellon's Maryland



THREE years ago Jim Ryan brought Welbourne Jake to this country from Ireland, hoping that the horse might

win the Maryland Hunt Cup for Mrs. Randolph Scott. Well, last week he won the race—one of the best Marylands we ever witnessed—but he was carrying the black-and-gold colors of Paul Mellon. He was ridden by John Harrison, the seventeen-year-old Princeton freshman who has been riding in hunt races only two years. Mrs. Scott sold the horse to Mellon last fall for \$2,500.

Welbourne Jake was bred in Mullingar, Westmeath, by Star of Pride and Welbourne, both noted for their ability to produce stayers. When he arrived in this country, he was only four years old. The late Noel Laing trained him for his first timber race last year. With the passing of Laing and the sale of the horse to Mellon, Jack Skinner took up his training, and rode him when he retired the Deep Run Hunt Cup earlier this spring. After winning at Deep Run, Welbourne Jake won the Middleburg Cup. He came up to Maryland marvellously fit. He had to be, to win.

If Skinner hadn't injured his shoulder in a recent fall, he would have ridden Welbourne Jake in the Maryland. However, as he said after the race, no one could have done better than young Harrison. The boy handled his horse beautifully all the way and was able to stave off a very courageous challenge by John Schiff's Indigo in the stretch. Incidentally, we take back all we ever said about Indigo's inability to jump the Maryland course. He ran a fine race, and it was his pace-setting between the twelfth and eighteenth jumps which probably accounts for the winner's good time of 8:59 for the four miles.

ABIG, fine-looking bay, Welbourne Jake jumped the hardest fences with the most ease. He made only two mistakes—he got in a bit close before taking off at two of the smaller fences—and he beat the best field to start in a Maryland Hunt Cup for five years. Seven of the nine starters finished, and up to the twentieth fence it

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was anybody's race. J. W. Y. Martin's Inshore, who won the race last year and was co-favorite with Welbourne Jake last week, ran out at the twentieth fence. Inshore, because of a badly swollen tendon, was a doubtful starter right up to post time. Henry Frost, Jr., who rode him, said that although Inshore rapped the nineteenth fence hard, he actually was holding the horse in as they moved toward the twentieth. He was leading Welbourne Jake by half a length when he swerved to the left and avoided the fence.

With Inshore out of it, Welbourne Jake and Indigo gradually pulled away from the remainder of the field. Mrs. Frank M. Gould's Ostend, who was ridden by Bill Streett, was third, five lengths behind Indigo. Ostend is a game little horse, and he had a hard time holding his position in front of Mrs. F. P. Garvan's Tertius. Justinian II, who finished fifth, was a great disappointment, for he'd been a hot favorite at the Maryland Club's pool dinner the night before. Ben Leslie Behr's Or Else finished sixth. He is a big, sleek, black gelding by Sun Flag-Long Lashes, and was the best-looking steeplechase type in the field. The last horse was Gittings Boyce's Walter K., an animal that at one time was considered so useless he was sold for five dollars. The only horse to fall was Mrs. Read Beard's Blockade, who is by Man o' War.

VALLEY NOTES: Lucrezia Bori, Libby Holman, and Mrs. Buchanan Merryman on the hillside. . . . The crowd looking at Inshore's leg in the paddock. . . . Colonel J. P. Greene figuring the bookmakers' percentages. In England, steeplechase bookies ask no more than 6 per cent. In America, they take 150 per cent. . . . The young man who vaulted the third fence using only one hand. . . . A photographer asking young John Harrison if he was too old to kiss his mother. Harrison looked at his mother, smiled, and said, "Too old to do it for the papers."

—T. O'R.

ENGINEER

This curved parenthesis of steel
First shaped itself within his mind;
And in an arc across ravines
His measured signature, outlined,
Writes in huge shadow on the ground
The map of speed, the shape of
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—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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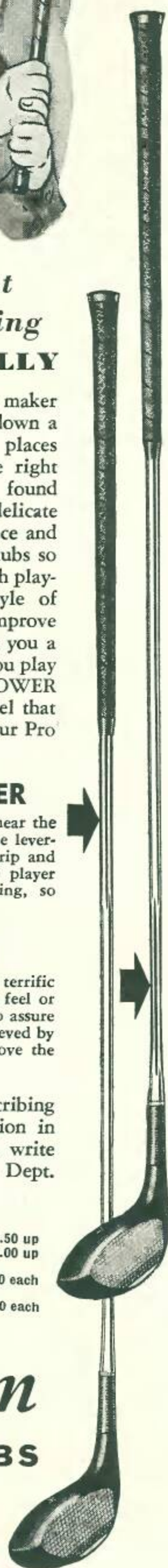
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THE RACE TRACK

War Admiral Under Sail—Disappointments

IT'S just as well not to be too enthusiastic about a horse, for there's usually a slip-up somewhere, but after the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace last weekend almost everyone was confident that Sam Riddle's War Admiral will win the Kentucky Derby.

War Admiral won the Chesapeake Stakes by half a dozen lengths with such ridiculous ease that it left most of us a little breathless. He is a showy, dark-brown colt, with lighter quarters than you'll see on most sons of Man o' War, and has fire in his feet. He will be Sam Riddle's first starter in the Kentucky Derby. Riddle used to be a bit disdainful of the race. Besides, it wasn't his custom to bring out his best three-year-olds so early in the season. This year, however, he feels lucky.

Tedious, who finished fourth in the Chesapeake Stakes, won't run for the Derby; Alfred Vanderbilt says that he'd rather win The Preakness, anyhow. Fairy Hill didn't run so well in the Chesapeake Stakes either. I wouldn't ship him to Kentucky if he were mine, but Willie du Pont, who owns him, may have other ideas.

I expect that the biggest shock of Disappointment Week at Keeneland was the defeat of Ed Bradley's Billionaire and Brooklyn by a 20-1 outsider nobody had heard of before. Sonny Whitney's Flying Cross and Black Look, who ran in other races, and Warren Wright's Galsun and Gosum, who sound like a song-and-dance team, were just as unlucky.

Which brings us to the case of Matey. I'm told that he didn't like the muddy track at Havre de Grace last Wednesday, and that he didn't run for the Chesapeake Stakes because Walter Jeffords, who owns him, thought that two hard races only three days apart might knock the colt off form.

Mrs. Payne Whitney may not have a Derby colt in Chiclorado, but he won two races at Jamaica last week, one of them the Stuyvesant Handicap, so I shall reserve judgment until after the Wood Memorial Stakes on Saturday. Of course Pompoon will be the favorite for the Wood, but I might remind you that the distance of the race, one mile and seventy yards, may be too much for him, and that Clodion can run like anything.

The Hon. George's first nominee

for the Radio Announcers' Handicap is Endymion. You really ought to hear the boys at the lower end of the betting ring toss that name around. Endymion, who won for Jock Whitney at the first pop out of the stall gates the other day, is a nice colt, but not the best in the stable. And speaking of names, there's a two-year-old called Sizzling L. You'd never guess who the owner is. Oh, well, if you give up, it's the Longchamps Stable.

I don't know whether last Wednesday will be remembered longer for the new low in racing weather or as the day George Widener won three races in succession with two-year-olds who had never run before. (One animal was 10-1 and another 12-1.) Winning half the card isn't exactly a novelty to George Widener; he did it at Saratoga some years ago, and once at Havre de Grace. Curiously enough, however, he's never been at the track when it happened. He always arrived the next day, and didn't have a winner that afternoon.

THE monastic calm of The Jockey Club was ruffled for weeks prior to the election of Alfred Vanderbilt to membership, Algy Daingerfield says, by editors telephoning daily and trying to arrange for their reporters' presence at the election. The Jockey Club is a social club, but even the Associated Press wanted to know if there wasn't some special ritual attached to the ceremony that they could play up, and the newsreel men wanted to come right in to the board room and photograph the whole thing, with sound effects.

Colonel Martingale, the ole davil sea lawyer, suggests that if and when dog racing is legalized, the pari-mutuel will be a *fait accompli*. A clause in the bill provides for betting under the option system—that is to say, you can take a two-dollar option on the winning potentialities of a dog. Perhaps we can have both bookmakers and a tote at Belmont Park next season after all.

—AUDAX MINOR

Dear Miss Blake: I love a girl, who every time I talk to her, tries to make me feel small. What should I do about it? LONESOME HENRY.—*The Daily News*.

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THE OARSMEN

The Compton Cup



ROWING opened for the East last Saturday with the Compton Cup Regatta, which was rowed on Lake Carnegie at Princeton.

Harvard for the first time beat Princeton in the varsity race and took the Compton Cup home; M.I.T., the other starter, was never in the race at all. The cup is named for Karl T. Compton, who came to the presidency of M.I.T. from the physics department at Princeton, and it was put up by M.I.T. for triangular competition between the varsity crews of Princeton, Harvard, and M.I.T. Since its donation, in 1933, M.I.T. has never won it. It seems as if the only way M.I.T. will ever get the Compton Cup is to descend some dark night on one of its rivals, disguised as a raiding party from the *Yale Record*, and steal it.

In beating Princeton, Harvard showed itself, at its first appearance under the coaching of Tom Bolles, to be an easy, effortless crew. I banded along the top of the Delaware and Raritan Canal bank in a Chevrolet, and from my position alongside the crews it seemed that you could have put a glass of water on the head of Harvard's Number 3 man and have lost very little of it over the mile and three-quarters. I just happened to keep my eye on him as he sat, stiff-backed and easy, his head moving through a brief arc. The crew uses the short Washington stroke, and with its finished appearance at this date, it looks as though it intends to go out after early-season victories in the short races this year.

There was a triumph for mechanics in the 150-pound race, which must have comforted M.I.T., but probably not greatly. A new type of shell, two feet shorter and fifty pounds lighter than the ordinary boat, was introduced in this race by M.I.T. and rowed to victory. It was designed and built by the Cambridge Boat Works, a Charles River firm, and is noticeably round-bottomed. As it lay in its rack at Princeton last week, people predicted that it would sit unsteadily, but it didn't in the race, and according to our scouts it is the steadiest boat they have at M.I.T. It has all-aluminum rigging, which lightens the weight above water, and the rounded bottom is said to lessen the resistance. The M.I.T. crews fin-



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ished last in every other race, but in this one the M.I.T. 150's pulled their contrivance through the water with none of that lack of stamina which seemed to show in their other crews, and won over a sturdy, fighting Princeton eight by a tenth of a second. The Cambridge Boat Works will be given close attention by oarsmen from now on, I venture to say. Cedric Valentine, who heads the Boat Works, was an oarsman at Tech ten years ago and is the coach of the crew that used the boat. Pretty much set up over the victory, he told me that he is applying to shell design the established principles of naval and yachting engineering; he is very serious about it all.

THE junior varsity race was a nip-and-tuck affair between Harvard and Princeton, with Harvard winning by three-quarters of a length. John Roosevelt, last year's Number 6 in the Harvard junior varsity, has been out this spring with a throat infection. The Princeton freshman crew, a big, strong-looking bunch who train on honey ice cream, could have left the ice cream out of their diet, for they had no trouble with the M.I.T. freshmen. Harvard wasn't present, of course; there is some strange rule that keeps Harvard freshmen from competing outside of New England.

DOWN on the Severn River, against a head wind, a short-stroking Navy crew defeated the Columbia boys, who lie on their backs at the end of each stroke and look at the sky. The sky, in this case, was gray, especially for Columbia, who lost the freshman and junior varsity races as well. There is a theory that lying back in a head wind is a help, but it didn't seem to help Columbia last Saturday.

Navy, with a rugged crew in the varsity event, rows on Lake Carnegie this Saturday against Princeton and Syracuse. I believe that Navy will overcome a strong Princeton crew. With this prediction I join the End-of-the-Limb Association. —Bow

Tibet has granted permission to a British expedition to climb Mount Everest next year, it is announced in London. Major General Sir Percy Cox, of the Mount Everest Committee, said that the expedition members felt confident of conquering the world's highest peak, but added that Tulips originally came from Persia. —Portland (Me.) Press-Herald.

Chin up, Sir Percy! Never mind that!

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JEAN ARTHUR in"HISTORY IS MADE
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Footprints in the Sand (Grauman's)

THERE'S another pleasant movie on the screens now. "A Star Is Born" is about Hollywood, yet quite human. It manages somehow to present the lives of film actors, even those tremendously successful at their profession, without burlesque but with a nice humor, and without lunatic drama but with sufficient activity. Hollywood careers have seldom been treated, even by the faculty and alumni, with such reserve and sense, and doubtless many spectators will find themselves highly enlightened by their experience. Anxious students of Hollywood from a distance may wish to know that the picture includes views of studios, dressing rooms, swimming pools, Grauman's Chinese Theatre (footprints and all), producers' offices, the Trocadero, and what happens at a dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. People who don't like even to think about Hollywood may look upon the screen play that Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson have devised and sun themselves in the contemplation of the indignities, insults, and anguish allotted the idols of popular favor. For this is very simply a little sketch—romantic, too—of success in Hollywood.

Perhaps the romantic element in the film isn't so much the love affair as it is the vision of the kindly old grandma (May Robson) who hands over her savings to the little girl. And perhaps there is romance, too, in the simplicity with which, after a brief interval, the girl (Janet Gaynor) lands her job and slips into stardom. However, as a story, the film really begins when the girl is in the studios. And after all, it's supposed to be about one girl in a hundred thousand. Or is it a million? I suppose the real story is the marriage. It's the story of a marriage of two stars—one on the upgrade, the other sinking fast into oblivion. Such things, I believe, do happen in the Western colony. It has been Fredric March's good fortune to play the husband's rôle, and never has he done anything better. Bitterness is necessary, and a kind of silent defeat, or something of that sort, and he does this so well that even the suicide doesn't seem to require explanation. You can believe in it, which isn't usual in movie suicides. It seems reasonable even in

spite of a Technicolor sunset as a background. Yes, the picture is in Technicolor, for the sake of this sunset, I suppose, and of Miss Janet's hair. Then there's a funeral scene, which should be noted, enriched by a vicious note as the crowding fans break down the self-control of the widowed star. A nice touch. There are many nice touches. And some of them, I might add, are contributed by Adolphe Menjou, as a producer who seems to be always in his right mind.

THREE gentlemen more or less familiar to us have also been occupied lately. Of the three, Wallace Beery has been the most successful, I should say, and his little sketch of a family man with a weakness, in "The Good Old Soak," has its nice touches, which are very unlike Adolphe Menjou's. The Don Marquis story makes a pleasant film of domestic difficulties in a small town. As the hired help in the two establishments involved, Una Merkel and Margaret Hamilton add a considerable flair to the piece.

"A Family Affair" is also, of course, domestic life; and, again, it's in a small town. In this case, we have the privilege of seeing Lionel Barrymore as a local judge who embarrasses his family when he stands for law and order against the best interests of local profiteers. The judge wins, and even the family is made happy.

Poor Mr. Edward G. Robinson has to be good in "Thunder in the City," and there isn't a gunman in sight. In fact, this is comedy, and only Constance Collier seems happy in it. Then, Miss Collier seems always happy everywhere. An English scene and the success of American methods of salesmanship, advertising, and promotion are the picture's ingredients. All lively.

RUSSIA, too, has been occupied as usual, and out of it has come "The Last Night," or "Moscow on the Eve of the October Revolution." Much that is obviously fine in this film is almost obscured by a certain confusion, I feel, in the editing. It's a picture of a mass struggle, with care for incidents, and with many characters, of course. I'd like a little simplification here and there.

—JOHN MOSHER



Curtain

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TO MAIL A LETTER

THE "United States Official Postal Guide" is a volume of 1,284 pages, attractively bound in cloth, which can be bought for a dollar and a half from the Superintendent of Documents, United States Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., who quite possibly rings up the sales himself. The latest edition (Fourth Series, Vol. 16, No. 1) has been out since early September.

The book perhaps fails in its primary purpose, which is to expound the laws, departmental rulings, and general *esprit de corps* which determine what you and I can do under cover of a postage stamp, because the facts are laid bare with a methodical thoroughness that at times makes the mailing of a letter seem hardly worth the trouble it causes. But it makes up for this defect by retailing some of the most brilliantly improbable, hauntingly useless information I have run across in some time. For this reason alone, I think the book should be on every bedside stand and library table in the land.

The opening part of the book is given over to a discussion of the problems involved in handling domestic mail; even this, though but a meagre foretaste of the strong meat to come, contains much of interest to the active-minded. Those persons—and I myself have known many—who lie sleepless wondering what happens to a mail carrier's satchel, shoulder strap, or tie strap when it becomes (I quote from page 96) "worn, ripped, or otherwise in need of repair" can find their answer here.

The defective article is sent, by mail, to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, at the moment a Mr. Smith W. Purdum of Maryland, who inspects it and determines what disposition to make of it. "The accumulation of old satchels and straps in quantities," the same passage continues, "is to be avoided, and as fast as they accumulate they should be forwarded in accordance with the above instructions." Could prudence go further? Could the care of our postmen's equipment be left in better hands?

So it goes, every page a surprise and a revelation. Pathos creeps in too. It has to do with a dream, as yet unrealized, that the department has cherished long, and that has as its aim the beautification of our rural districts. "It is the desire of the department that all rural mail boxes shall be painted white," a note says wistfully. "While

"Very truly yours A TIRED MAN!"



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it is not a requirement that the boxes shall be painted, it is earnestly hoped that patrons will comply with the request in this regard, as being to the advantage of the equipment itself, and adding to the appearance of the separate boxes, and the right of way along which the boxes are erected, and the civic pride of the individuals and the community." A plea so just, so gentle and yet so logical, must surely have its effect, and produce the trim, white-mail-box-bordered, rustic lanes the department loves.

ALL this, however, has to do with domestic mail only (which includes the Virgin Islands, Guam, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone). When we turn to the question of foreign mail, larger issues at once come into play. So long as our letter, or parcel, has its destination somewhere within the confines of the Union, the department—apart from a few reasonable precautions, such as those prohibiting the shipment of live bees, leeches, high explosives, and a few other objects liable to prove uncomfortable to the carrier entrusted with them—puts few limitations on the things it will transmit through the mails. That is one of the advantages of living in a democracy. Once our letter (or parcel) passes to other soils, however, it encounters a host of obstacles, deriving not only from tariffs and customs regulations but from obscure national hostilities as well.

These obstacles take the form of "prohibitions"—that is, objects that for one reason or another the nation in question will not receive through the mails. These prohibitions the "Guide" lists under the heading of each country, and with admirable reticence it refrains from comment. To one who can read between the lines, however, a startling picture of world affairs is presented.

It is understandable, for instance, that under the heading "Irish Free State," one should find potatoes and "peat moss litter" among the prohibited articles. Both, after all, are by way of being exclusively local products. But why should the same state show such extreme concern about the quality of its typewriter carbon paper—admitting none, so the "Guide" says, except that which is certified to be "coated with wax and containing no oxydizable, oily, or fatty substance"? Is a plot suspected?

Ominous, too, is the almost universal cabal against the importation of Jap-



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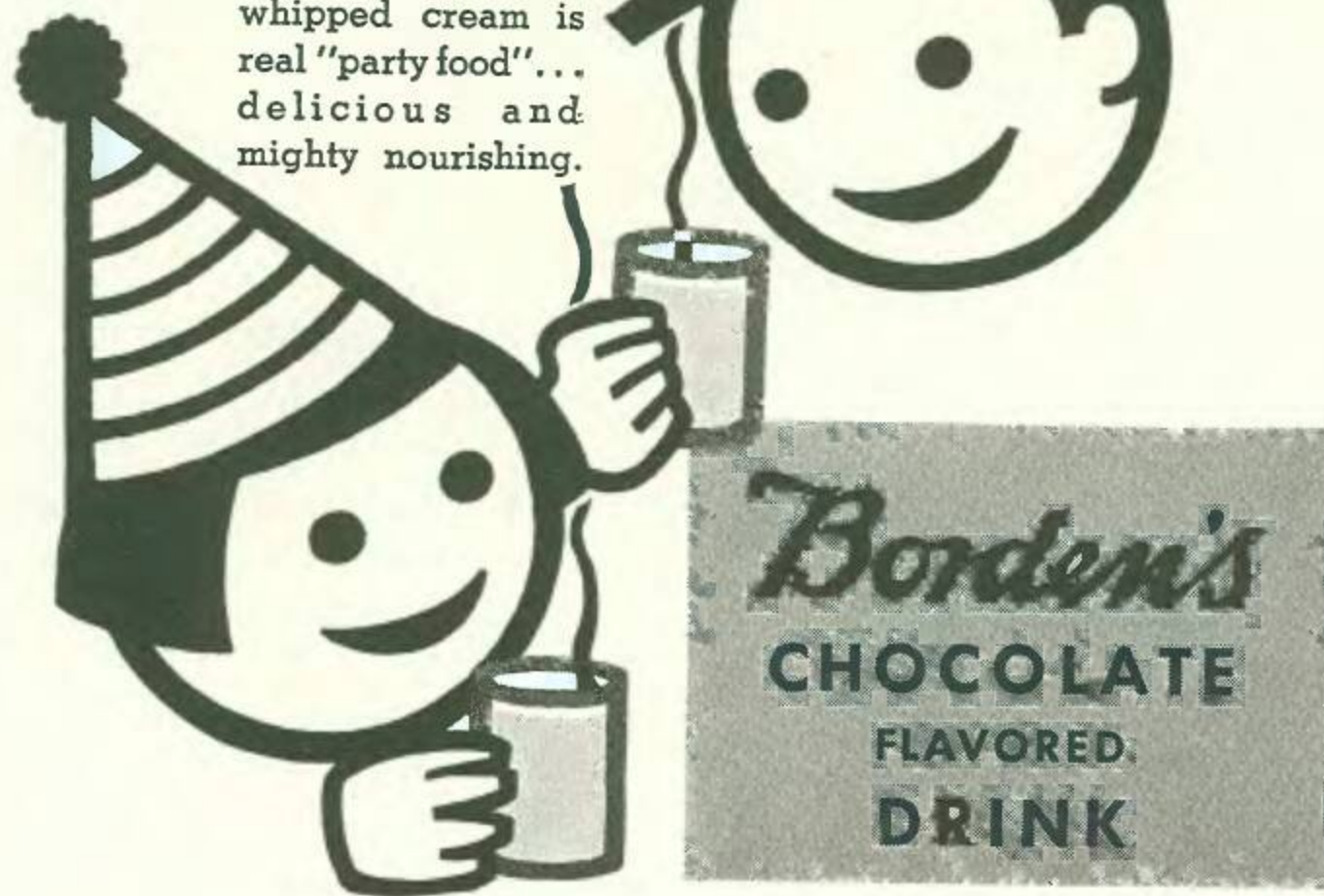
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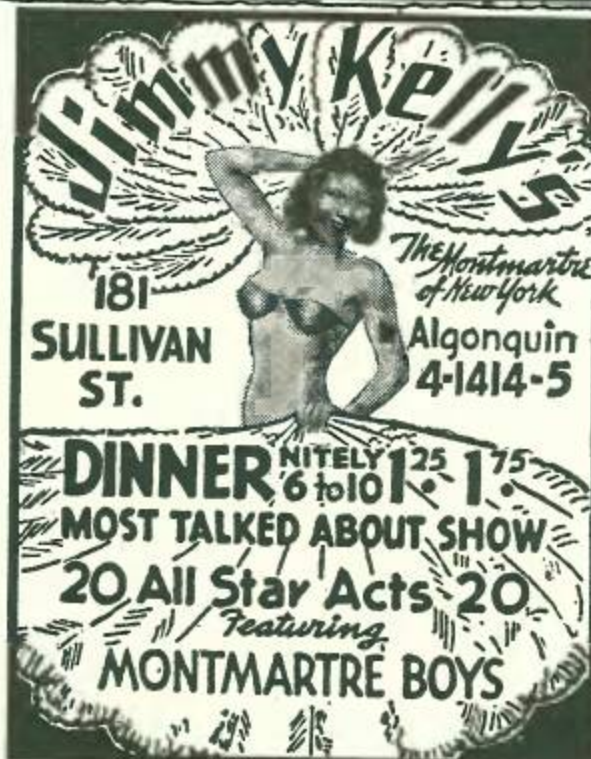
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anese shaving brushes, which are forbidden entry practically everywhere except in Pitcairn Island, which, grateful for all that comes its way, prohibits nothing. If the powerful Japanese shaving-brush trust, which is known to be hand in glove with the military faction, is thus to be thwarted in its search for legitimate trade outlets, where, then, will it turn its energies? One wonders.

Of Czechoslovakia, key state in Middle Europe, one can only say that it is obviously in no mood for fooling. Prohibited there are: "false cigars, i.e., objects having a tobacco wrapper but whose interior serves for the performance of magic tricks;" "toys decorated with ground glass," which seems a sensible enough precaution; and "any copy of the newspaper entitled 'Slovenske Noviny,' published by Slovak News, Inc., Passaic, N.J." What the *Slovenske Noviny* did to inspire such long-distance vengeance is not stated. It must have been something pretty bad.

South American countries, perhaps understandably, betray a marked aversion to having weapons, of the sort suitable for use in brawls, slipped in to their citizens by mail. Thus, Colombia accepts no "umbrellas with concealed swords or sharp points;" Argentina, no "blackjacks, triangular poniards, stiletos and blades therefor, brass knuckles with or without points." Ecuador prohibits all "fans and other articles containing hidden darts." These Latins! Peru barely staves off the threat of a peculiarly gruesome holocaust by refusing admission to "glass bulbs containing perfumed ether for use in carnival games."

You read on, and the things that the nations of the earth have decided to be inadmissible, one from the other, as detailed in the sober pages of the "Postal Guide," become more and more wildly improbable; they resolve into sheer fantasy. Basutoland is a tiny province, high in the Drakenberg Mountains, in the centre of the Boer states of South Africa: "Eau de Cologne may not be imported into Basutoland," says the "Postal Guide."

The Free City of Danzig prohibits "isolated playing cards," among other articles. Cyprus—the Isle of Cyprus, thrice blessed—will admit no bees, honey, unroasted earth nuts, or grasshopper eggs. Bulgaria refuses entry to all "fish nets with meshes less than one-and-a-half centimetres in diameter." Iceland imposes a strict, but perhaps unnecessary, embargo on silkworms. India, with its back to the wall, lists a long

array of books, pamphlets, and papers on the subject of Gandhi, as well as the motion picture "Storm Over Asia," "fuses and sparklers, yellow-fever virus, and quinine, colored pink." The Persians, whatever you may have thought you could put over on them before, will have no truck now with "old clothing and body linens, substitutes for tobacco, and used Gillette razor blades." An awakened land, with new hopes for the future, is Persia.

Of them all, however, the longest and most cryptic list is, oddly enough, reserved for Australia. Whatever Australia has to be afraid of, away out there in mid-Pacific, I can't imagine, but it has hedged itself round with restrictions against some of the most remarkable articles that I've ever heard of. Let me just quote. Prohibited in Australia, then, among dozens of others, are such items as: "Balkan or suffragette bonds, bran bags, cachoo, cowhage, cowitch or juck-pulver, dolichos, dolichos down, dolichos pubes, electric snuff..." Well, there are plenty of others, and I don't know what any of them are, any more than you do, but there's one at least that I think I'll be puzzling over for some time to come: "Exhausted tea."

That's what the "Guide" says—"exhausted tea."

—ROBERT M. COATES

SPRING DRINK

The spring tra-la-la and the spring tira-lira
Can hardly be called the dawn of an era.

The spring-scented air, the air flowers color,

Is the same as the air of a season much duller.

Spring girls with their yellow, spring maids with their blue,

Have nothing but being a woman to do. And men with their swagger and debonair gear

Have no place to go but the end of the year.

Spring's no bright child, though its backers enthuse à la

Débutante. Spring is, in fact, a Methuselah.

Spring is no infant, with laughter and toddle.

Spring's a new paint job, but still an old model.

Spring sells balloons that the summer will flatten.

Heigh-ho. Let's sit down and toss off a Manhattan.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN



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BOOKS

Three Novels



IT'S simpler to come right out with it and tell you at once that Erich Maria Remarque's "Three Comrades," ably translated by A. W. Wheen, is going to remind you a great deal of "A Farewell to Arms." Apparently the two books use the same hero and heroine; they make this hero and heroine talk similarly, and have the same romantophobe-romantophile feelings about life; and the girl dies agonizingly (now of consumption) with the hero tight-lipped and hopeless at her bedside. In both novels the theme is the futility of modern existence, relieved—and then transiently—only by the passion of love, which the characters fear, and succumb to all the more intensely because of their fear. The two books echo each other even in trifling details, such as the incredible amount of liquor the characters consume. (Bobby Lohkamp, Remarque's hero, within a few hours makes away with three large cognacs, an entire bottle of rum, three vermouths; sobers up on a few sidecars; after which he goes and gets drunk properly.)

Now, if you are going to read this very fine and moving novel with Mr. Hemingway's face coming constantly between you and its pages, you will be acting most unfairly to Herr Remarque; and I bet Mr. Hemingway wouldn't like it, either. It should go without saying that the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" does not need to borrow inspiration from anyone, even from the author of "A Farewell to Arms." There is no question of carbon-copying here, for both books are originals, or, rather, independent transcriptions of the same underlying reality. There was a generation which was killed by the war, yet survived it. It developed certain strange qualities. Apparently it behaved identically in Berlin, Paris, Italy, America. Remarque and Hemingway have noted those qualities and that behavior; they turn out to be describing identical phenomena. Hence the similarities between the two men should be interpreted as a tribute to the power of true perception they both possess. And that being about all there is to this Hemingway-Remarque business, what do you say we don't mention it again?

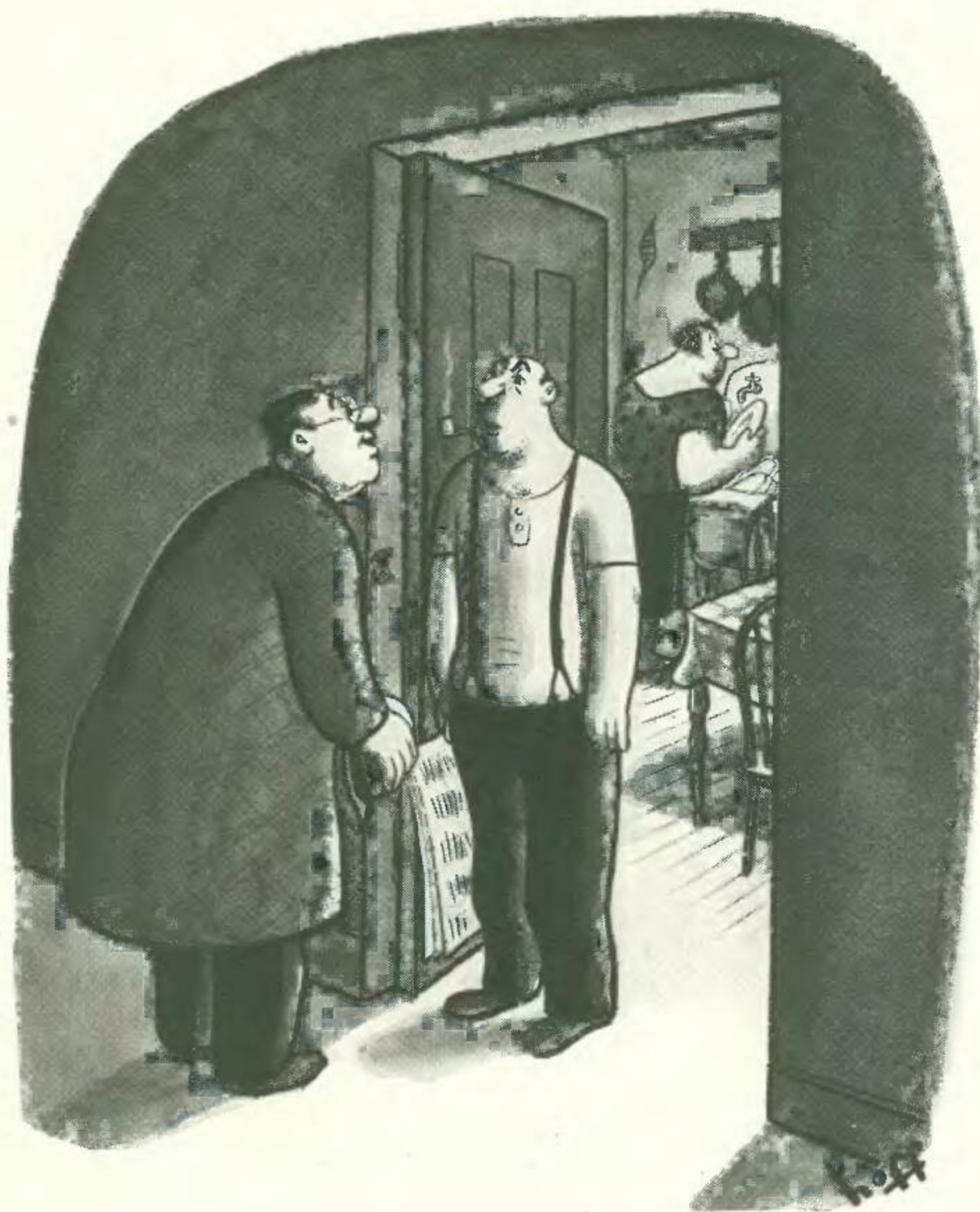
Bobby Lohkamp, Gottfried Lenz,

and Otto Köster are in-between men—deadened by the war, not yet quickened to a false animation by Nazism. They have their work (they run a car-repair shop), their liquor, their hopelessness, and their friendship. On these things they try to live. The love that binds the three men is strengthened, not weakened, by the appearance of Patricia, a good sport, who falls in love with Bobby, and who, you're certain from the outset, is going to die just when you want her to begin living. The background of the almost unbearably distressing story is the Germany of 1928, with its suicides, its miserable opportunism, its faint rumblings of the explosion that was to be Hitler. At the end there's a little politics—Gottfried is murdered by a Storm Trooper—but essentially the tale deals with a few individuals who imagine they are with-

drawn from the general pattern of their times, living on a little psychological island of scorn, bitter humor, and cynicism.

The book isn't all gray and hopeless. There are some first-rate fights, a really thrilling motor race, and some gorgeous humorous characters, very pre-Hitler, one feels. Also, the crazy shifts to which the three comrades are reduced in order to maintain themselves are described with a sound picaresque touch. As a matter of fact, the book is far less grim than either of the preceding Remarque novels. But it's a heart-breaker nonetheless and should be read handkerchief in hand. No "All Quiet," it is still the work of a fine and serious artist.

Sotto voce to the publishers: The jacket makes the comrades look like triplets, which is confusing; and I



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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

SPRING 1937

Dictatorship and Property

Calvin B. Hoover

The Angelic Vices . . . G. R. Elliott

The South's Unbalanced Budget

David Cushman Coyle

High Road to Heaven

James McBride Dabbs

Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson
to Daniel Gregory Mason

Edited by Daniel Gregory Mason

Poetry . . . Robert P. Tristram Coffin,

Robert Francis

Mary Austin, Woman Alone

Dudley Wynn

Prude's Progress . . . Lionel Stevenson

Blake and the New Age Kerker Quinn

Discussions of New Books . . . Julius

W. Friend, R. P. Blackmur, Walter

L. Myers, Ford K. Brown, Charles

Frederick Harrold, J. G. de Roulhac

Hamilton, Thomas Perkins Abernethy,

Eugene M. Kayden

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THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

marked fifteen typographical errors without half trying. Herr Remarque deserves better of us, don't you think?

WILLIAM MAXWELL's second novel, "They Came Like Swallows," is about the Morisons of Logan, Illinois: Elizabeth, her husband, and their two boys—Bunny, eight, and Robert, thirteen. To call so delicate and fragile a story a family novel seems overportentious. Yet this economical book gives you more than many meatier or—shall we say?—thicker family novels do, for it conveys, almost entirely by suggestion and implication, the quality, the bitter-sweet savor, of the quick inner life of a family rather than the mere multitudinous accidents of its existence. Mr. Maxwell is a kind of Virginia Woolf in miniature.

The tragic crisis (the novels are pretty melancholy this week) in the history of the Morisons is revealed to us first through the mind of Bunny, then of Robert, finally of the father. Only indirectly do we glimpse Elizabeth. Yet she is the real heart of the brief book, holding it together, as she does the life of her little clan. Only at the very end, almost with the last sentence's last words, do we feel what she has meant to her sons, her husband, all the people who had known her. But then we seem to feel this completely; the sense of it suddenly invades us.

Also very well done are the two boys. Mr. Maxwell, who understands children, makes no fuss about his understanding of them. He knows quite well that Bunny has a bad Oedipus Complex and a severe case of Big Brotheritis. He knows that Robert, crippled, suffers from a gnawing sense of physical inferiority as well as from a conviction that the small, timid Bunny is getting an undue share of their mother's love. But Mr. Maxwell does not underline these stock psychological patterns. He lets the boys reveal themselves in utmost naturalness. We are not invited to study them, but merely to overhear them. The clarity with which they are differentiated is one of the small

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Stage

THE MAGAZINE OF
AFTER-DARK ENTERTAINMENT

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New York

Book-of-the-Month Club
Dual Selection for May
By WILLIAM MAXWELL



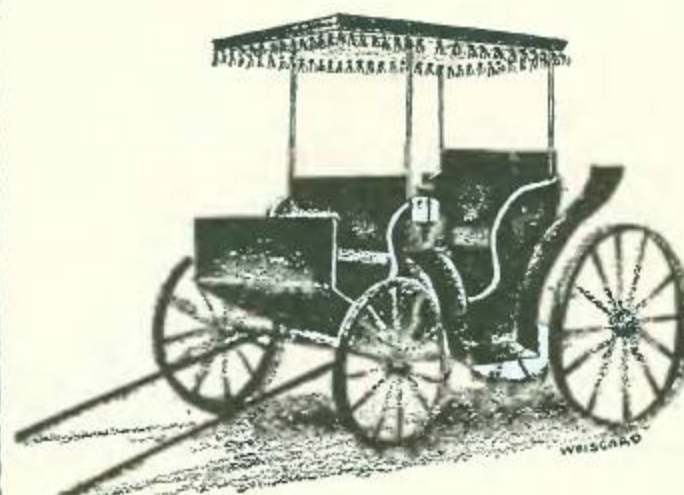
THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS

"This is a story which, beginning in the most deceptive tenderness and security, wrings the heart. It deserves the best of readers; it will bring them flashes of feeling...that leave them better than they were."
—Christopher Morley, Book-of-the-Month Club News. \$2.00

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miracles of the book. The children hold, for example, quite individual attitudes to the overheard conversation of grown-ups. "Bunny waited for a moment among the dining-room chairs until he could decide whether the conversation was worth hearing," whereas "Robert made it a practice never to listen to their conversation. It was generally about cooking or clothes, and it made him low in his mind." There is exact perception here, and it is repeated throughout the book.

Mr. Maxwell writes with delicacy and tact, never forcing the note of pathos, though his story contains death and disaster. I am curious to see what his talent might contrive with a larger canvas and working in a somewhat less muted atmosphere.

THE reviewer never lived who didn't like and respect H. M. Tomlinson. I write with the desire to say something downright hearty about his new story. But I can't. "Pipe All Hands" is second-drawer stuff, and it didn't have to be, either. Here we have the voyage of the ship Hestia; we have her quiet Captain Doughty, who looks like a cleric, talks like a natural philosopher, and acts like a hero; we have a finely assorted crew; and we have the doom that nearly overtakes them all. Mr. Tomlinson could have stuck to these ingredients. But no, he must set about deforming and manhandling them until a regular novel, the kind that litters up the shelves, somehow emerges. Why didn't he stick to his sailormen's yarns and his salty sea-coast characters? Why does he have to single out a second officer and give him a profile and call him Jerry? Why does he have to maneuver on board a young female, who turns out as much a nuisance to the crew, I'm sure, as she is to us and, I devoutly believe, to Mr. Tomlinson himself, in the deep and secret hold of his heart? Why does he have to spoil a first-rate storm at sea by prettying it up with stock melodrama, including even the officer who goes lunatic and threatens to kill the girl, if you call that lunacy? Before you are conscious of it, the marine atmosphere and the elliptical style and the pawky humor, all things for which Mr. Tomlinson is justly famous, are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of plot. And the romance makes things even worse. In Remarque, the love affair is the book, and it's beautiful; in Tomlinson, the love affair is stucco.

Directions for enjoying "Pipe All Hands": Skip all sentences, paragraphs,

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and chapters in which appear either or both of a couple of young bores named Jerry and Lyn (Lyn is the fine, tall, fearless, I-love-the-wind-in-my-face lassie). Just skip 'em. The rest is H. M. Tomlinson. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE OUTWARD ROOM, by Millen Brand. A simple, human document, the story of a woman who recovers her sanity—about half the novel takes place in an insane asylum—through living with and for another person. The theme is not new, but Mr. Brand makes it seem fresh. A memorable first book.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE, by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston. High society in Italy today. Rather unsavory people involved in complicated relationships. Mr. Moravia is an adult writer and Mr. Livingston a skillful translator. The result is interesting if not particularly easy reading.

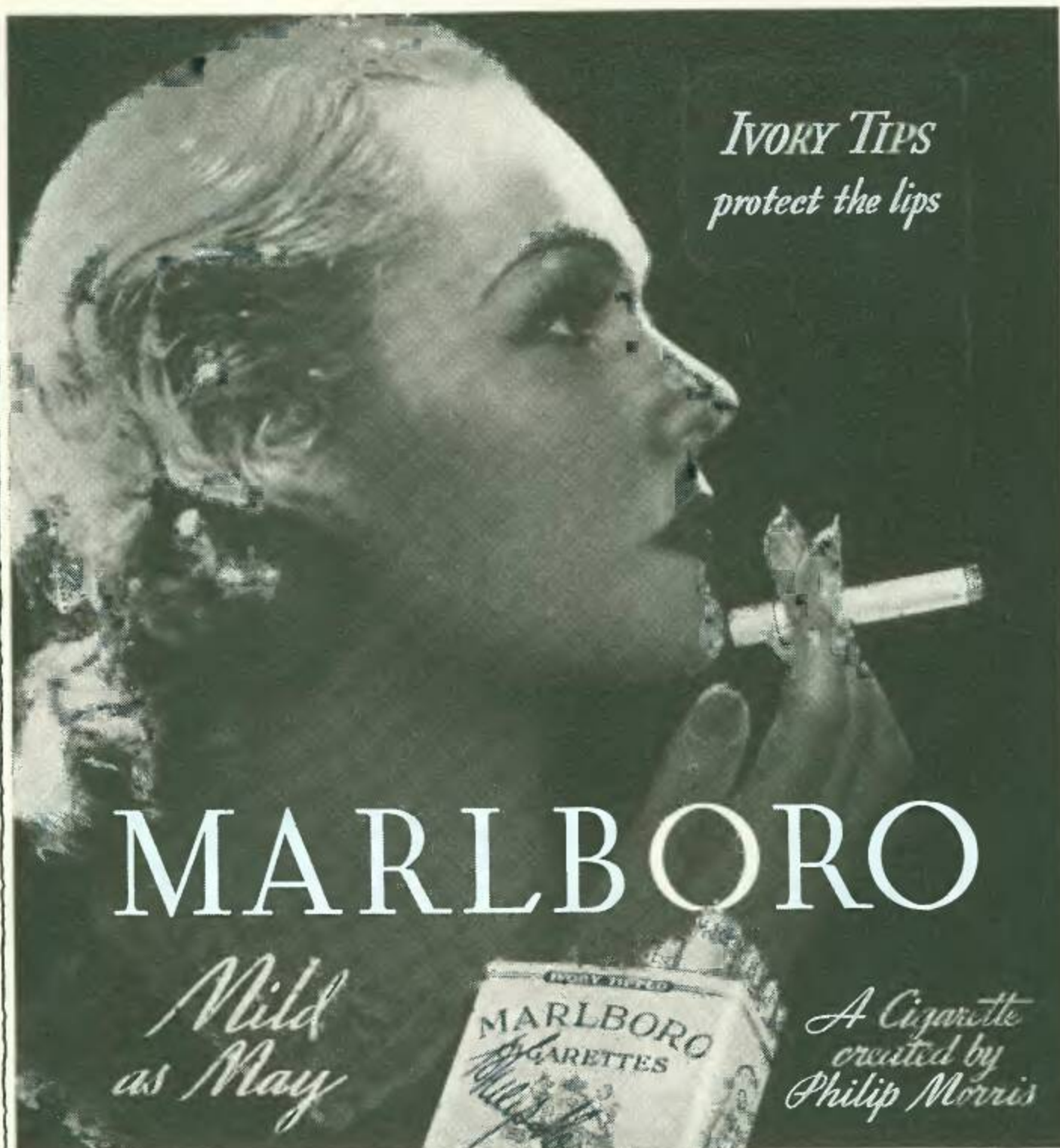
OF GREAT RICHES, by Rose Franken. A nice young lawyer, his unsophisticated wife, and the complications which result when she unexpectedly turns out a best-selling novel. The author of "Another Language" writes with a humorous, everyday frankness, and isn't afraid of sentiment. Pleasantly disarming.

DEATH WITHOUT BATTLE, by Ludwig Renn. The bloody story of the Hitler dictatorship, which would be quite incredible if you hadn't already seen most of it in the *New York Times*. Herr Renn has attempted to illuminate the high spots of the news—the Reichstag fire, the Bloody Purge of June 30th, concentration camps, and all the rest—by relating them to fictional persons. The result, for all its foundation in fact, is curiously flat and remote.

GENERAL

DEAR THEO: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VINCENT VAN GOGH, edited by Irving Stone. Vincent's letters to his brother (1873-1890) cover almost his entire mature life, so great and so miserable. Hitherto difficult to find, they have now been cleverly arranged and edited to form a running narrative, which makes remarkable reading. The title nevertheless is a fake, and is hereby condemned by Literary Consumers' Research, Inc.

RODIN: IMMORTAL PEASANT, by Anne



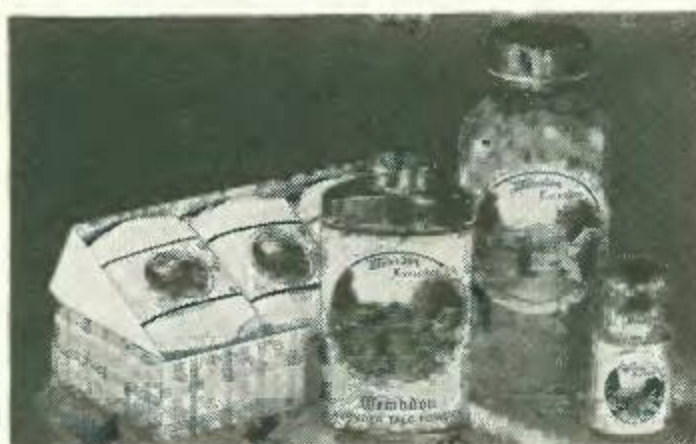
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Leslie, with an introduction by Sir John Lavery. Overwritten but often interesting biography, anecdotal and stressing the bizarre aspects of Rodin's character. The melodramatic title is the giveaway, for Rodin's peasant background seems unimportant and his immortality highly questionable. Sixty-six excellent illustrations.

IN DEFENSE OF CAPITALISM, by James H. R. Cromwell and Hugo E. Czerwonky. Doris Duke's husband and a successful engineer merge their talents to tell businessmen (in pretty flossy language) that capitalism, like Christianity, has never been tried. Complete specifications are included for making it work. Seven diagrams and eleven appendices.

PYRAMIDS OF POWER: THE STORY OF ROOSEVELT, INSULL AND THE UTILITY WARS, by M. L. Ramsay. Mr. Ramsay simplifies the electric-power struggle by symbolizing Right and Left in Insull and the President, but his book is chock-full of readable stuff. Definitely New Deal in tone.

THE DREYFUS CASE, by Alfred Dreyfus and his son, Pierre Dreyfus; translated and edited by Donald C. McKay. A complete and apparently final history of the great "affair," plus the hitherto unpublished memoirs (1899-1906) of the central figure, who died in 1935. Illustrated.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY, by Thomas H. Ormsbee and Richmond Huntley. Sensible advice for those poor innocents who don't know the first thing about wells, fireplaces, and other possible



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reasons for staying in town. Nice illustrations.

PECOS BILL: THE GREATEST COWBOY OF ALL TIME, by James Cloyd Bowman. Acceptable retelling of the famous tall tales about the cow country's Paul Bunyan. Laura Bannon's illustrations in black-and-white and in color have a naïve charm.

THREE WAYS OF MODERN MAN, by Harry Slochower, with a foreword by Kenneth Burke. Serious and well-grounded analysis of the philosophy underlying the work of Sigrid Undset, Thomas Mann, and Martin Andersen Nexö.

COLLECTIVISM: A FALSE UTOPIA, by William Henry Chamberlin. A well-known foreign correspondent cries a plague upon the houses of both Fascism and Communism (with special emphasis on the latter) and plumps for the virtues of capitalist democracy.

CONTACT, by Charles Codman. Modest, breezy chronicle of an American aviator's wartime experiences. Mr. Codman has received several decorations for exceptional gallantry.

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE, by George C. D. Odell. Ninth volume of a monumental chronicle, carrying the story from 1870 through 1875. Even tells you what was playing out in Jamaica. Illustrated.

IN PICTURES: A HOLLYWOOD SATIRE. Nunnally Johnson, Patterson McNutt, Gene Fowler, and Grover Jones give you an idea of how a Hollywood studio conference runs; and Will Connell's photographs, monstrous and fantastic, make hobgoblin fun in black and white of West Coast goings-on.

MYSTERIES

THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING, by Nicholas Blake. Much gayer than most English mysteries, in spite of the fact that it deals with the complications arising from the discovery of corpses in a brewer's vat. You can forgive the pun in the title in view of the really excellent plot—an old one, it must be admitted, but worked out with a fresh twist.

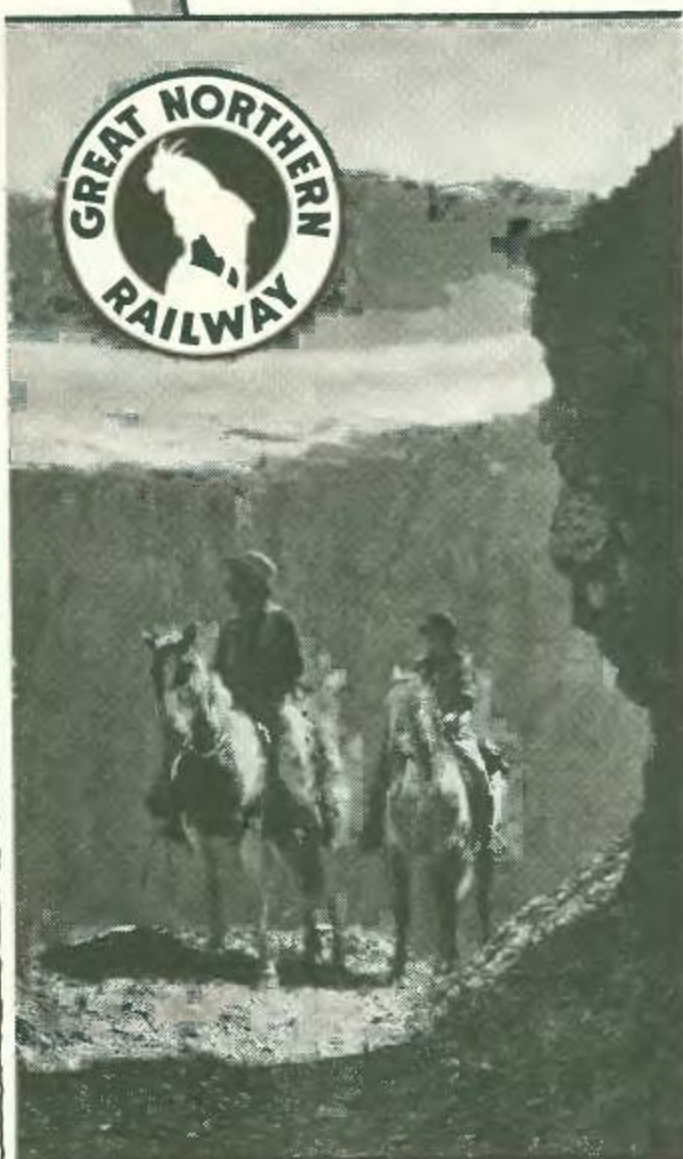
THE THIRD EYE, by Ethel Lina White. A disappointing job by the author of last year's hair-raiser "The Wheel Spins." The machinations of English schoolmarm turn out to be less exciting than they are cracked up to be.

THE PORCELAIN FISH MYSTERY, by Harlette R. Campbell. England's

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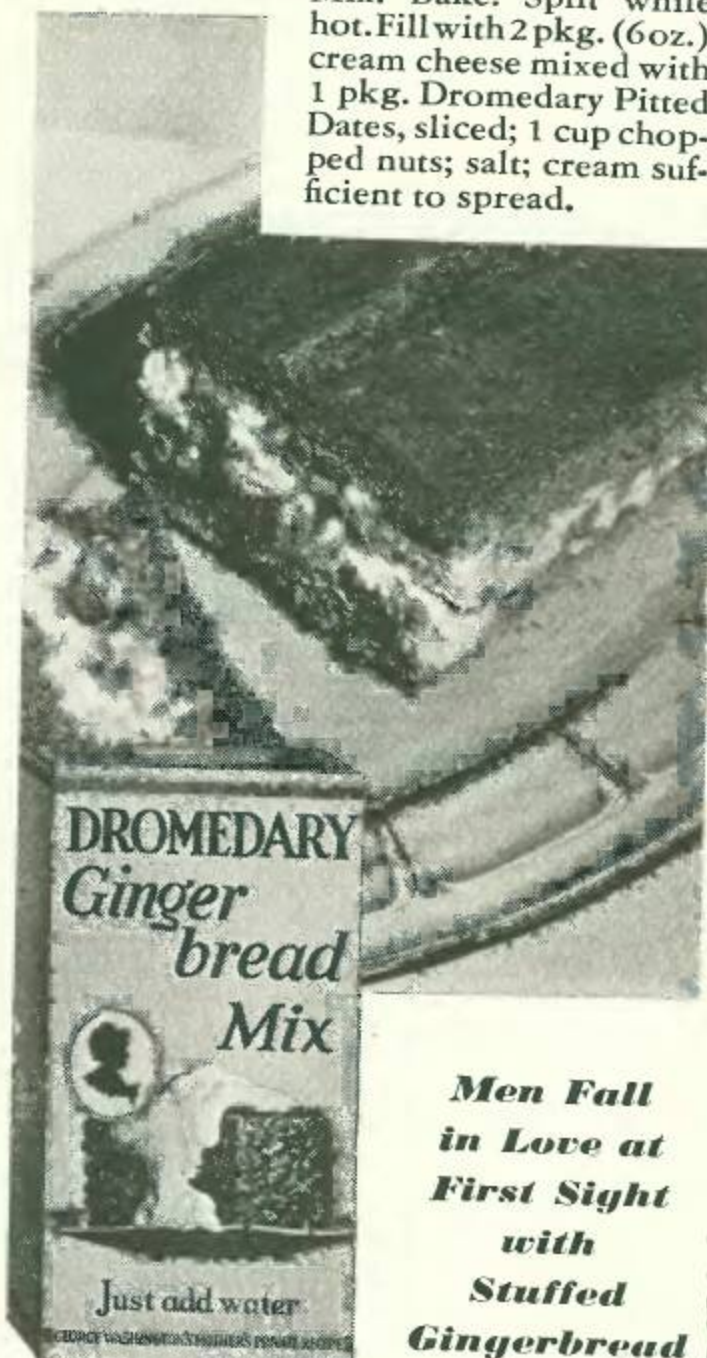
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leading parlor pink is burned to death in his country house, leaving political and horsy relatives to talk their way out of the resultant tangle. One of

those rare mysteries in which the clues are fairly and evenly distributed throughout the story. But it will take a bright person to spot them.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

THE GAUDY EMPIRE, by Alfred Neumann, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. This follows "Another Caesar," carrying Louis Napoleon from the *coup d'état* to his death in 1873. A fine, crowded novel, at times a bit heavy, about the Second Empire and the strange and great figures who moved around in it.

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN, by Archie Binns. A story of Puget Sound people and the American Siberian Expedition of 1918. The two parts don't mix very well, but there are some fine detached episodes.

THE YEARS, by Virginia Woolf. Fifty years in the life of an upper-middle-class English family. The family is interesting enough, but the passage of time is Mrs. Woolf's real theme. The famous style flowers perfectly.

BREAD AND WINE, by Ignazio Silone, translated from the Italian by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. A successor to "Fontamara," this is a moving story of the Italian peasantry under the heel of Fascism, told with a bitter humor mingled with a truly Christian nobility.

TOGETHER AND APART, by Margaret Kennedy. About a divorced English couple and their troubles. Cleverly written, but the characters are feeble and dull. Hardly another "Constant Nymph."

PEACE IS WHERE THE TEMPESTS BLOW, by Valentine Kataev, translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. How the 1905 revolution entered the lives of two small boys of Odessa. The background and the boys are done with vigor and humor. The story is slight.

BUCKSKIN BREECHES, by Phil Stong. The author of "State Fair" writes a lively, readable historical romance of pioneer days in Iowa a century ago.

ST. GEORGE OF WELDON, by Robert Rylee. One of those Faulknerish novels about Mississippi, where health degenerates and men decay. Gloomily honest, but not up to Mr. Rylee's first book, "Deep Dark River."

THE OLD BUNCH, by Meyer Levin. The intertwined stories—about a thousand pages—of a score of young Chicagoans, most of them Jewish. Chaotic, formless, but sympathetic and impressive.

SPANISH PRELUDE, by Jenny Ballou. The world of Madrid intellectuals as they looked to the author in the fate-laden days of 1929, just before the fall of Primo de Rivera. A loose set of character sketches rather than a novel, written with considerable wit and subtlety.

NIGHTWOOD, by Djuna Barnes. A brief, magnificent book about some damned souls. Reading it requires considerable mental energy from the reader. Highly recommended by T. S. Eliot.

WE ARE NOT ALONE, by James Hilton. Concerns an angelic little doctor and the woman he loved, and how both of them were hanged for a crime they didn't commit. Not as good as the other Hilton best-sellers, but it will bring tears to the eyes—some eyes, anyway.

THE ANTIGUA STAMP, by Robert Graves. An extraordinary quarrel between a brother and sister over an extraordinary postage stamp. Preposterous and amusing.

THEATRE, by W. Somerset Maugham. This is the one you may have heard before, about the aging actress and the young boy whose love she tries hard to retain. Stock materials, manipulated with easy skill and grace. Entertaining, civilized fiction.

BETWEEN THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL, by Edwin Seaver. A powerful and pitiful study of New Yorkers during the depression. Not without its happier moments, and worth reading.

PARADISE, by Esther Forbes. A fine, rousing historical romance laid in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Religious fanaticism, fights with the Indians, and cleverly concealed research give it richness, dash, and variety. A first-rate book of its kind.

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK, by Caroline Gordon. Another Civil War novel, written, and very sensitively, too, from the viewpoint of the Southern gentleman. The battle scenes, starting the stern General Forrest, are tops. Try Miss Gordon if Margaret Mitchell has stimulated your appetite for Confederates.

GENERAL

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND, by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. "An account of her rise to pre-eminence and present position," this is popular history done with smoothness, devotion, and superficiality. Acceptable Coronation reading. Illustrated.

THE DU MAURIERS, by Daphne du Maurier. A prelude to the author's well-remembered "Gerald: A Portrait," and almost equally charming and nostalgic. It tells the story of the three generations who came before Gerald, strange folk—all of them.

MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION: A STUDY IN CULTURAL CONFLICTS, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. What has happened in "Middletown," an average small Midwestern city, during the last decade. Social-survey stuff, but extremely readable.

A BOOK OF HOURS, by Donald Culross Peattie, with illustrations by Lynd Ward. Twenty-four beautifully written essays about man and nature, one for each of the hours of the day. The prose is very near first-rate.

MEN OF MATHEMATICS, by E. T. Bell. The lives and achievements of the great mathematicians, from Zeno to Georg Cantor. Fascinating stuff, and you don't have to be a formulae shark to get something out of it.

AS I WAS GOING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET, by Oliver St. John Gogarty, with an introduction by Francis Hackett. A memoir-monologue-fantasy by one of contemporary Dublin's great legendary figures and greatest wits. Pretty weird, not always rewarding reading, but Gogarty himself, as a character, is worth knowing.

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT, by J. B. Priestley. Loosely connected series of acute and entertaining reflections on a number of matters, from the mysteries of Hollywood to the mysteries of Time. Mr. Priestley bolsters up a slightly dwindling reputation.

PRESENT INDICATIVE, by Noel Coward. Cheerfully egotistic autobiography, chock-full of celebrities, and departing only at widely spaced intervals from the world of the theatre.

AWAY FROM IT ALL, by Cedric Belfrage. "An escapist's notebook," being the readable travel notes of an English journalist who writes in the Peter Fleming vein (but not as well), with an added note of social protest for ballast.

ANGELS IN UNDRESS, by Mark Benney. Unusual autobiography of a London burglar who happens also to be a good writer and a sharp observer of human nature.

THE OLIVE TREE, by Aldous Huxley. Sixteen essays, of which perhaps half are top-drawer or near it. If you enjoy the play of a beautifully balanced mind, this is your book.

THE HUMAN MACHINE, by John Yerbury Dent. A condensed, severely materialistic description of human behavior, based on what we know of experimental physiology. Will infuriate admirers of Dr. Carrel.

THE NILE: THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER, by Emil Ludwig, translated by Mary H. Lindsay. Six hundred and nineteen pages of fascinating stuff about the greatest of rivers, with the information often lifted into poetry by the magnificence of Ludwig's central idea. His finest book in years.

THE SLEEPING FURY, by Louise Bogan. A slim volume of uncompromising and, we unashamedly believe, admirable verse by the poetry reviewer of *The New Yorker*. A few of the poems have been published in this magazine.

(NOTE: This list appears in the first issue of each month.)



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