

Aug. 29, 1936

THE

Price 15 cents

# NEW YORKER



William Steig



## ETHEL MERMAN

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*Left*—drawnwork shoulders—swing skirt—its own jewelled clips. Colors: lipstick, court blue, or black. *Right*—Cire satin twice around the waist—clips at the cire throat. Prune brown or black.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## 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

**BOY MEETS GIRL**—This is about Hollywood, but it's funny enough to amuse even Florida people. It ought to amuse anybody. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

**DEAD END**—The class struggle as viewed from the east end of a westbound street. Don't miss it. Joseph Downing, Theodore Newton, Elspeth Eric, and a group of remarkable kids. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

**IDIOT'S DELIGHT**—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt reopen in Robert Sherwood's fine and exciting play on Mon. Eve., Aug. 31. (Shubert, 44, W. LACKawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs.)

**THREE MEN ON A HORSE**—Funny, rough, and altogether satisfactory farce about a man who knew how to pick race horses, but would rather write mottoes. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

**TOBACCO ROAD**—They say this will run for five years more. (Forrest, 49, W. LACKawanna 4-6890.)

**VICTORIA REGINA**—Helen Hayes resumes her run in the successful Laurence Housman play on Mon. Eve., Aug. 31. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LACKawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

### WITH MUSIC

**D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY**—Return of the superb Gilbert and Sullivan troupe. "The Mikado": through Sat., Aug. 29. "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PENNSYLVANIA 6-6100. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:15 P.M.)

**NEW FACES OF 1936**—A few old faces, such as Imogene Coca, Billie Haywood, and Marion Martin, and some lively sketches, make this an acceptable enough summer revue. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134.)

**ON YOUR TOES**—A neat, brisk satire on the Russian Ballet, featuring Ray Bolger's brilliant footwork. The cast also includes Tamara Geva, Luella Gear, Doris Carson, and Monty Woolley. (Imperial, 45, W. CHICKERING 4-0360.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**SPRING DANCE**—Jed Harris's production of Philip Barry's new comedy, with Louise Platt and others. (Empire, B'way at 40. PENNSYLVANIA 6-9541. 8:40 P.M.)

**OPEN-AIR OPERETTA**—"Florodora," at Randall's Island Stadium, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 27 and 28, at 8:30 P.M. "Blossom Time," Sat. and Sun., Aug. 29 and 30, and Tues. through Fri., Sept. 1-4. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125th St.)

**MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN**—The gamut of emotions run before your eyes in record time, while singers and tumblers and drink-mixers cater to your every whim. (American Music Hall, 151 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Weekdays at 9:15 P.M.)

**WPA PRODUCTIONS**—"Help Yourself," derived from a farce-comedy by Paul Vulpis. (Adelphi, 54, E. Circle 7-7666. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.)

... "Injunction Granted," the third offering of the Living Newspaper. (Biltmore, 47, W. BRyant 9-4692. 8:45 P.M.)

### SUMMER STOCK

(Old and new plays, some with Broadway players, announced for country and seashore theatres. Curtains at 8:45 P.M., no matinees, unless otherwise specified below.)

**ARDEN**—"Fair and Warmer": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Robin Hood Theatre, Arden, Del.)

**CAPE COD**—"Libell": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Fri. 2:45 P.M.)

June Walker in "They Knew What They Wanted": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Beach Theatre, West Falmouth, Mass. Mat. Thurs.)

"The Ghost Train": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Mary Young Theatre, Centerville, Mass. Mat. Thurs.)

**COHASSET**—"The Show-Off," with Neil Skinner and Leona Roberts: through Sat., Aug. 29. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Mat. Wed.)

**IVORYTON**—"White Cargo": through Sat., Aug. 29.



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

"Lysistrata": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn., Mat. Fri.)

**JONES BEACH**—"Bitter Sweet," with Vivienne Segal: through Sun., Aug. 30. "Naughty Marietta": Tues. through Mon., Sept. 1-7. (Zach's Bay Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. 8:30 P.M.)

**KENNEBUNKPORT**—"Chilvester's House," a new play by Theodore St. John: through Sat., Aug. 29. "High and Dry," a new play by David O. Woodbury: Wed. through Sat., Sept. 2-5. (Garlick Players, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

**MADISON**—"Death Takes a Holiday": through Sat., Aug. 29. "Holiday," with Elizabeth Love: Mon.

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THE NEW YORKER  
25 WEST 43RD STREET

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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Post Road Players, Madison, Conn.)

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD**—"Three Men on a Horse": through Sat., Aug. 29. "Three Wise Fools": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

**MATUNUCK**—"Biography," with Ann Mason: through Sat., Aug. 29. "Threshold," a new play, with Rose Hobart: Tues. through Sat., Sept. 1-5. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

**MILFORD**—"Personal Appearance," with Dorothy Mackaill: through Sat., Aug. 29. (Plymouth Playhouse, W. Main St., Milford, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

**MILLBROOK**—"Heyday," a new play by Francis Edward Farago: through Sat., Aug. 29. (Millbrook Theatre, Route 44, Millbrook, N.Y.)

**MOUNT KISCO**—"Three-Cornered Moon," with Viola Roache, Mildred Natwick, and Day Tuttle: through Sat., Aug. 29. Ruth Gordon in "A Church Mouse": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.)

**MOYLAN**—"Candida": Aug. 27. "Getting Married": Aug. 28 and Sept. 1. "The Anchor's Weighed": Aug. 29 and Sept. 4. "The Emperor Jones": Aug. 31. "Winesburg, Ohio": Sept. 2. "Misalliance": Sept. 3. "Love and Geography": Sept. 5. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa. 8:30 P.M.)

**NEWPORT**—Agnes Morgan's production of Sheridan's "The Critic," with Doris Dalton, Albert Carroll, and Elizabeth Dean Farrar: through Aug. 29. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Performances Thurs. and Fri. at 8:30; Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**NORWALK**—"Woodland Follies": Fri. Eve., Aug. 28, at 8:30. (Theatre-in-the-Woods, Oakwood Rd., Norwalk, Conn.)

**OGUNQUIT**—Margaret Anglin in "Fresh Fields": through Sat., Aug. 29. The Ballet Caravan, presenting five ballets: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5, and Mon., Sept. 7. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

**PAWLING**—"The Play's the Thing": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 3 P.M.)

**PETERBOROUGH**—"The Warrior's Husband": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 28 and 29. (Peterborough Players, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. 8:30 P.M.)

**ROSLYN**—"Fly Away Home": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Theatre of the Four Seasons, Roslyn, L.I.)

**SCHENECTADY**—Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid," with Charles Coburn: through Sat., Aug. 29. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College Campus, Schenectady, N.Y.)

**SKOWHEGAN**—"All Through the Night," a new comedy by Parker Fennelly: through Sat., Aug. 29. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. 8 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

**STOCKBRIDGE**—"Private Lives," with Helen Brooks, Alexander Clark, and Audrey Ridge: through Sat., Aug. 29. Revival of Boucicault's melodrama "The Octoroon": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

**STONY CREEK**—"The Night of January 16": through Sat., Aug. 29. "In Gold We Trust," a new play by Sara Sandberg: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

**SUFFERN**—"Parnell," with Vincent Price and Barbara O'Neill: through Sat., Aug. 29. (County Theatre, Route 59, Suffern, N.Y.)

**WESTPORT**—Eva Le Gallienne in "Camille": through Sat., Aug. 29. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn.)

**WHITE PLAINS**—Ruth Gordon in "A Church Mouse": through Sat., Aug. 29. "The Circle": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 31-Sept. 5. (Ridgeway Theatre, Ridgeway, White Plains, N.Y.)

**WHITEFIELD**—"Petticoat Fever": through Aug. 29. "Art and Mrs. Bottle": Sept. 1-5. (The Forty-Niners, Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. Performances Tues. through Fri. at 8:30; and Sat. at 2:30.)

**WOODSTOCK**—"A Church Mouse": Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 27-30. "Black Magic," a new play by Helen Redington: Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 3-7. (Maverick Theatre, Woodstock, N.Y.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

\*Better dress, but not obligatory.

**AMBASSADOR GARDEN**, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Ramon Ramos and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing in this cool and attractive room.\*

**BILTMORE MOONLIT TERRACE**, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Russ Morgan and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing. Dances by Julane and Leon Varkas.\*

**COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—A Joe Moss

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestra plays in the Jardin d'Été. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Facing the Park, with a sidewalk café adjoining. Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for dancing.

LARUE, 480 Park at 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra.\*

NORMANDIE ROOM, Hotel Novarro, 112 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-8527)—Informal after-theatre entertainment by members of Leonard Sillman's "New Faces" company.

PARK LANE GARDENS, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Where you can dine in- or out-of-doors. Pancho and his orchestra play for dancing until 10:30 P.M.\*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Dancing to Irwin Gilbert's music in a restaurant high above Central Park.\*

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Dinner and supper dancing to George Sterney's music in the Persian Room. Dances by Mario and Floria.\*

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 6-1400)—This handsome room sixty-five stories up has Al Donahue's orchestra, Nana Rodrigo's tango band, dances by Dario and Diane, and singing by Mildred Monson at dinner and supper.\* . . . Lou Bring's orchestra plays and the Embassy Boys entertain in the adjoining Rainbow Grill.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the popular Café Lounge. Songs by Corinna Mura.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Dances by Zanette and Coles, songs by Charlie Wright, and music by Ron Perry.

ST. REGIS VIENNESE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—A gay and charming room, with Jacques Fray's orchestra, Paul Gerrits, and other entertainment. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

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

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Dances by Dorothy and Dave Fitzgibbons, magic by Gali-Gali, and songs by Lee Wiley, with music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—One of the most attractive places for dinner and supper dancing. Shep Fields' orchestra and Hugo Mariani's tango band alternate, and Raphael plays the concertina.\*

MORE ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAin 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view, with Jack Albin's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (PENnsylvania 6-5000), with Joe Reichman and his orchestra. . . . Hal Kemp and his band are at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100). . . . McAlpin Roof, 6 Ave. at 34 (PENnsylvania 6-5700), with Enoch Light's orchestra. . . . Hal Hope and his orchestra play at the Montclair Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49 (Wickersham 2-1200). . . . Park Central Coconut Grove Roof, 7 Ave. at 56 (Circle 7-8000), with Dick Messner's band and a revue.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Phil Darcy is at the Shelton, Lexington at 49. . . . Dick Stabile plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Clyde Lucas plays at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34, and there's a real ice carnival for entertainment. . . . Charlie Eckel plays (until 9:30 P.M.) in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . You'll find Art Shaw at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Bobby Hayes is at the Edison Green Room, 46 W. of B'way. . . . Red Norvo plays for dinner only in the Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Jolly Coburn is at the Claremont, Riverside Dr. at 124, where you can dance outside on the terrace. . . . Allen Leifer plays at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67, another open-air place.

NOTES—For al-fresco dining (without dancing) two of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (Volunteer 5-5400); and Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (Wickersham 2-9000).

The Promenade Café in Rockefeller Center is one of the biggest and airiest of the out-of-doors dining and drinking places. Walter Farmer's orchestra plays for dancing.

You'll find sidewalk cafés at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S.; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; George Washington, Lexington at 23; Longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12, and 19 W. 57; Number One Fifth Avenue, 5 Ave. at 8; Peter Stuyvesant, Central Pk. W. at 86; St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59; and Sulgrave, Park at 67.

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; Elysée Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54; Bev-

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erly Bar, Lexington at 50; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 37 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Beachcomber Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (Columbus 5-7070), was scheduled to reopen Aug. 25, with a new revue, "Folies d'Amour." . . . 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 Supper Room, 8 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6666), has music by Jan Brunasco's orchestra. . . . Dan Healy's Broadway Room, 231 W. 54 (Circle 7-9438), is a good place to wind up the evening.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 72 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (Circle 7-9524), with Riley and Farley. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRAMmercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way, has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for debutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-6161).

HARLEM—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley. . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tillinghast 5-8945), has a hot band; go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—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 lively show.

## JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Dancing on the outdoor terrace to Irving Conn's music.

CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377)—A pleasant suburban spot, with music by Gus Steck.

GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480)—Overlooking the water, with Charles Barnett's orchestra.

HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759)—Good food, and dancing to Pierre de Bernardi's orchestra.

MAYFAIR CLUB, Eagle Rock Ave., West Orange, N.J. (Orange 5-9767)—Hayward Powers and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing.

MERRY-GO-ROUND, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Cedarhurst 8860)—A night club by the sea, with Elisha Tuttle's orchestra.

MON PARIS ROOM, Monmouth County Country Club, Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95)—Barry

Winton's orchestra plays in this decidedly attractive place for dinner and supper dancing.\*

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, and a floor show.

PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600)—Paul Biase's orchestra, and food that's an attraction.

PIECES OF EIGHT CLUB, Shore Island, East Port Chester (Port Chester 2988)—Don Dickerman's new Pirate's Den, right on the shore. Music by Piper Manning and entertainment by Don and his forty phantom pirates.

RIVIERA, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Broadway atmosphere on the road and a bit expensive, with Irving Aaronson's orchestra and an elaborate show.

ROSS FENTON FARM, on Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 354)—Gene Fosdick's orchestra, with dances by Beauvel and Tova; songs by Brandt and Fowler, and Ross MacLean; and other entertainment.\*

SKYPORT, 271 North Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 10378)—A penthouse restaurant, with dance music by Maurice Fitchard.

SMALLWOOD'S, Glenwood Landing, L.I. (Glen Cove 644)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays in this pleasant place overlooking the water.

NOTE—Coney Island tourists in search of shore dinners and dancing might try: Lundy's, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; Feltman's, Surf Ave., Coney Island; Villegigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; and Beau Rivage, Sheepshead Bay.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—Canoe Place Inn, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150), has music by Bernie Dolen's orchestra.\* . . . Johnny Johnson's orchestra plays in the Spanish Grill of the Monmouth, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330); dances by Caperton and Columbus. . . . Don Bestor's orchestra, Neila Goodelle, and Minor and Root entertain at Arrowhead Inn, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. . . . Riley's Lake House, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., has Herb Gordon's orchestra, Cross and Dunn, and Irene Beasley. . . . The Piping Rock, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., offers Sophie Tucker and her orchestra.

MEMBERSHIP PLACES (more or less)—Westchester Embassy Club, Route 22, Armonk, N.Y. (Armonk Village 334). . . . Westchester Bath Club, Lawn Terrace, near Post Rd., Mamaroneck, N.Y. (Mamaroneck 978), with Ernie Holst's orchestra.

NOTE—Pleasant places here and there along the road for dinner (without dancing) while motor-ing: Benedusi's, Route 100, Amawalk, N.Y. (Yorktown 324); Round Hill Restaurant, Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 1371); Stage Coach Inn, Birch Hill Rd., Locust Valley, L.I. (Glen Cove 352); Lakeville Manor Inn, Lake Success, L.I. (Great Neck 2790); Green Tree Lodge, Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 38); Hall's, Route 25A, Centerport, L.I. (Northport 90); Rainbow Tea House, Poundridge, N.Y. (Bedford Village 616); Old Mill Inn, Route 32, Bernardsville, N.J. (Bernardsville 987); French Farms, New City, N.Y. (New City 196); The White Turkey Inn, Route 7, just north of Danbury, Conn. (Danbury 1577); Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd., Southport, Conn. (Fairfield 900); Outpost Inn, Ridgefield, Conn. (Ridgefield 882); Silver Swan Inn, Route 9, just south of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (Poughkeepsie 6216); Shaker Hollow, South Salem, N.Y. (South Salem 133); The Spinning Wheel, Black Rock Turnpike, Redding Ridge, Conn.; Hilltop Farm, Bridgewater, Conn.; Western View Farm, New Milford, Conn.; Roger Smith Restaurants, Stamford, Conn., and White Plains, N.Y.

## MOTION PICTURES

ANTHONY ADVERSE—A two-hour-and-more film that just touches the surface of the Hervey Allen book, with Fredric March as our hero, and a fine showing made by Gale Sondergaard as Faith Paleologus. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

FURY—Lynch law and mob rule, with Sylvia Sydney and Spencer Tracy. (Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 3 and 4; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Conscientious, if not very exciting, version of the Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly classic, with Rex Ingram as De Lawd. (Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; through Fri., Aug. 28; continuous from 1 P.M. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 29-Sept. 4; continuous from 12:30 P.M. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND—Katharine Hepburn plays Mary Tudor in a typical movie costume play—solid, accurate, well directed, and dull. (Palace, B'way at 47; and RKO 81st Street, B'way at





81; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 28-Sept. 3; continuous from 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M., respectively. . . . RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and RKO 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 28-31; continuous from 11 A.M.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—Amiable business about having too much money, with Gary Cooper in an easygoing comedy rôle. (World, 155 W. 49; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, and crowds of other people, in a big and lavish production, often successful, and which ought to do a lot of good to students and other aspiring souls. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

SAN FRANCISCO—The earthquake, the Barbary Coast, and some grand opera, with Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; through Mon., Aug. 31; continuous from noon.)

SUZY—Pretty good melodrama about a chorus girl who gets all mixed up in the World War. Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, and Lewis Stone. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 28-30; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—Unimportant and ingratiating farce about people at a college reunion. Charles Butterworth, Hugh Herbert, Una Merkel, and Walter Abel. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 29-31; continuous from 11:30 A.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 1 and 2; continuous from 1 P.M.)

NOTE—The new Mickey Mouse, "Mickey's Rival," is at Radio City Music Hall for the week starting Thurs., Aug. 27. . . . The current "March of Time" is at the Embassy Newsreel for the week starting Thurs., Aug. 27.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Great Ziegfeld," three hours of Broadway life, with William Powell, Myrna Loy, Fannie Brice, and lots of others; "Poppy," a friendly little contribution from W. C. Fields.

#### OPENING OF NOTE

SWING TIME—The new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie, with Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, and Jerome Kern music. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Aug. 27; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

#### ART

AMERICANS—Homer, Eakins, A. P. Ryder, Inness, Duveneck, Hassam, and others: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—Oil paintings and water colors by California artists. Also, paintings from India, Persian book illustrations, and the arts of Bali: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

FRANKLIN—Special exhibition of Houdon's kite-flying statesman and his circle: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN MUSEUM—Modern French painters and sculptors as illustrators; modern exposition architecture; a summer exhibition of paintings, water colors, and sculpture from the permanent collection; and a special group of American and European paintings from a private collection: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5.

MISCELLANEOUS—Water colors and drawings by WPA artists: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 28. . . . Pastels by Anne Kroll: Kohn, 608 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Sculpture by Irving Diener, and paintings by Earle Richardson and Lorenzo Santillo: Artists' Union, 430 6 Ave. . . . The Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103, is showing a large collection of John Rogers groups; and Portraits of Ladies of Old New York. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.

NOTES—Some out-of-town galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: Yale Gallery of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn., containing the fine Jarves Collection of Italian Primitives. Open daily 2 to 4 P.M. . . . Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass. Open daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . The Orozco murals in the Baker Library, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until noon. . . . The Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . The Springfield Museum, Springfield, Mass. . . . The Wadsworth Athenaeum, Hartford, Conn., with a really modern museum interior. . . . Also, the Whaling Museum of the South Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Mass., and the Bucks County Historical Society Museum, Doylestown, Pa., for fine ex-



amples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art.

Fourth annual exhibition of oils by members: Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Tenth annual exhibition of Southern Vermont artists: Gymnasium, Burr & Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt. Opening Sat., Aug. 29, at 3 P.M.; thereafter daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . . Mystic Art Association's water color and black-and-white exhibition: Mystic, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . Summer exhibition: Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Me. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Annual Exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association, 460 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5:30 P.M. . . . Paintings by members of the Uptown Gallery group, Forest House, Lake Mahopac, N.Y. . . . Oils, lithographs, and gouaches by Coulton Waugh, Sayre Gallery, Pamet Point Rd., Wellfleet, Mass. . . . Paintings by Alexander Brook, Sawkill Painters & Sculptors, Woodstock, N.Y.; through Aug. 29. . . . Drawings by Paul Meltsner: Russian Corner, Woodstock, N.Y. . . . Annual exhibitions of the North Shore Arts Association, and the Gloucester Society of Artists, Gloucester, Mass. . . . Rockport Art Association's show, Rockport, Mass.; through Sept. 6.

#### MUSIC

HIPPODROME OPERA COMPANY—Salmaggi's popular-priced presentations at the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43, 8:15 P.M.—"Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., Aug. 28; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Aug. 29; "The Barber of Seville," Sun. Eve., Aug. 30.

WPA MUSIC—Brooklyn Symphony: Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Sun. Afts. at 3. . . . New York Festival Orchestra: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway, Sun. Afts. at 3. . . . New York Civic Orchestra: Central Park Mall, Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

OUT-OF-TOWN—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet, at the Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . "The Bartered Bride," by the Steel Pier Opera Company, Atlantic City, N.J., Sat. and Sun. Eves., Aug. 29 and 30, at 8:30.

#### ON THE AIR

TENNIS—Ted Husing describes the National Doubles Championships at the Longwood Cricket Club: Fri. Aft., Aug. 28, at 2:30; and Sat. Aft., Aug. 29, at 3; WABC.

FRANK SHERIDAN—With Nicolai Berezowski, violinist, in a series of sonata recitals: Sat. Morns. at 11:30, WABC.

RACING—Descriptions of the Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup at Saratoga: Sat. Aft., Aug. 29, from 4:30 to 5:15, WOR. The Woodmere Stakes at Aqueduct: Mon. Aft., Aug. 31, at 4, WOR.

WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS—Fred Waring and his orchestra return from vacation: Tues. Eve., Sept. 1, at 9, WABC.

FOOTBALL—Play-by-play account of the game between a team of college stars and the Detroit Lions at Soldier Field, Chicago: Tues. Eve., Sept. 1, at 9:30, WJZ.

MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—Grand Duchess Marie and Angelo Patri will be guest speakers on the first of a new series (to be heard Wed., Fri., and Mon. thereafter): Wed. Morn., Sept. 2, at 11, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Mon. at 2:30, WJZ; Tues. at 1:45, Wed. at 2, WEAF. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Seattle Symphony, Cameron conducting: Thurs. at 8, WABC. . . .

Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Tom Howard: Fri. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Richard Bonelli: Fri. at 9, WJZ. . . . André Kostelanetz: Fri. at 10, Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Hippodrome Opera: Fri. and Sat. at 10, WMCA. . . . Coolidge String Quartet: Fri. at 11:30, WJZ. . . . Swing Session: Sat. at 8, WABC. . . . Bruna Castagna: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Kreiner String Quartet: Sun. at 2, WABC. . . . Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . The Art of Song: Sun. at 8, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Summer Orchestra, Iturbi conducting: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Cornelia Otis Skinner: Sun. at 9, WJZ. . . . Paul Whiteman: Sun. at 9:15, WJZ. . . . Margaret Speaks: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Richard Himber: Mon. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Hammerstein Music Hall: Tues. at 8, WABC. . . . Ken Murray: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Ben Bernie: Tues. at 9, WJZ. . . . Rupert Hughes: Tues. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Willie and Eugene Howard: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Wed. at 9, WEAF. (Times are P.M.)

#### SPORTS

AUTO RACING—Midget auto races: Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd., Long Island City, Wed. Eves. at 8:45. (Take 8 Ave.-Queens subway to 46 St. Queens.)

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs., Aug. 27; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri., Aug. 28 (double-header at 1:30 P.M.), and Sat., Aug. 29; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sun. through Tues., Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3. (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; and Mike Belloise vs. Dave Crowley, featherweight championship: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 3; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

GOLF—Walker Cup Matches, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Pine Valley Golf Club, Clementon, N.J., Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3.

HORSE SHOWS—Smithtown Horse Show, St. James, L.I., Sat., Aug. 29. . . . Rhinebeck-Dutchess County Horse Show, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3.

POLO—National Open Championship, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Afts., Aug. 29 and Sept. 5, at 4. (Special train will leave Penn. Sta. about 2:50 P.M.; call Pennsylvania 6-5600 for exact time.) Other games will be played Sun., Tues., and Thurs., Aug. 30, Sept. 1 and 3; see daily papers for location and time.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races daily at 3 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 29. The Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap, the Hopeful, and the Saratoga Cup will be run Sat., Aug. 29. (Train leaves Grand Central daily at 10 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 2:06 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves at 9:35 A.M., arriving at 1:35 P.M.) . . . Aqueduct, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Mon., Aug. 31. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:35 to 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—National Doubles Championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass., through Sat., Aug. 29. . . . National Singles Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., start Thurs. Aft., Sept. 3, and continue daily through Sat., Sept. 12; see daily papers for time of matches.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Port Washington Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 29; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 5.





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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

WE are a trifle annoyed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for advertising Norma Shearer, in the "Romeo and Juliet" souvenir program, as "the first screen Juliet." Miss Shearer is the third screen Juliet, not the first. The first screen Juliet was either Theda Bara or Beverly Bayne, we don't know which. We do know that there were two silent versions of the play—if you can imagine a silent rendering of such lines as "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!" It was a tough assignment, but Miss Bara and Miss Bayne took it. Both produc-



tions were in 1916. One was produced by Quality-Metro, the other by Fox. In the Quality version, Francis X. Bushman played Romeo and Miss Bayne Juliet; both actors had been popular, but Shakespeare finished them off and their star set. The director of that version was John W. Noble, and also in the cast were Horace Vinton, Eric Hudson, Edmund Elton, Fritz Leiber, Olaf Skavlan, W. L. Brett, A. J. Herbert, Edwin Boring, Joseph Dailey, Barry Maxwell, William H. Burton, Helen Dunbar, Genevieve Reynolds, Adella Barker, and Ethel Mantell. In the Fox production, Harry Hilliard played Romeo opposite Miss Bara. The director was J. Gordon Edwards. Included in the cast were Walter Law, Glen White, Victory Bateman, Alice Gale, Edwin Holt, John Webb Dillon, Elwin Eaton, Einar Linden, and Helen Tracy.

PENTAMETER gets into one's hair, and can't be got out. Emerg-

ing from the Astor Theatre after the "Romeo" opening, with the beauty of Will Shakespeare clinging to us like dew, we forced our way into the curious, gaping throng on the sidewalk, who seemed to think they were going to see a Montague pass by. We were soon accosted by a beggar. "Gimme a nickel, will you, mister?" he said. And so overpowering was the sixteenth century that we found ourself pressing a coin into his hand and crying, "This silver, lad, will still thy belly's cry." He looked at us sharply, but took the money.

WE presume some of our readers missed the item, or case history, in the *Times* the other day about the Queens man whose wife lost their first baby in the hospital. The man promptly got in his automobile and drove around shooting off a shotgun and shouting, "Everybody can have a baby but my wife!" He grazed a cop, broke several windows, raised hell generally before the police subdued him. We keep thinking about this sorrow-crazed man, and about his unfortunate wife. We can hear her hysterical denunciation: "It wasn't enough I should lose my baby, no. That wasn't enough. You hadda ride through the streets whooping and shooting guns, telling everybody in the whole city I can't have a baby." The incident haunts us. We wonder whether the man will lose his job on account of it. He is a telephone operator for an ice-cream plant. Suppose the president of the concern, Mr. Louis S. Weinzholtz, perhaps, calls in Mr. Bert Belt, general office manager, and says, "Belt, we can't have a man on the switchboard who is likely to tell anybody who calls up this firm that everybody can have a baby but his wife. Belt, we got to let that man go." Belt, naturally, is not keen on firing a man who, in his moments of despair, is likely to let fly with a shotgun. We worry about the poor bereft husband,

we worry about the heartsick wife, we worry about Belt.

TRAGEDY and a kind of grim humor walk the world hand in hand, often enough. There is certainly nothing funny to us in a young couple losing their first baby. There is nothing laughable in a young father temporarily insane with grief, as any of us might be at any moment. Yet madness is untrustworthy: it would be hard to deny that this husband, shooting up the streets and uttering his cry, "Everybody can have a baby but my wife!" is anything but an inspired antic. The story persists in one's mind, and grows. "I see where a woman named Demuth just down the street here at No. 11 lost her baby in the hospital," said Mr. Joseph Klutch to his wife one night after dinner. "Poor thing," said Mrs. Klutch. "Well, we never had one to lose, eh Mamma?" said Klutch wistfully, folding up the paper.

News item: "As Mr. Joseph Klutch of 22 172nd Street, St. Albans, Queens, stepped onto his front porch last night on his way to a cigar store, Elbert Demuth, aged 27, a telephone operator employed by an ice-cream plant, fired both barrels of a shotgun into him, shouting, 'Everybody can have a baby but my wife!'"

We must try to forget this terrible incident. It isn't good to dwell on tragic jokes.

THERE seems to be a regular epidemic of people letting go with a shotgun. Not long ago there was the



case of the boat owner whose table in his cruiser was set for four. Suddenly the wash from a passing speedboat rolled



the cruiser and spilled the whole dinner off onto the deck. The owner pulled his gun, hit someone in the speedboat, and forty minutes later was still whanging away with his weapon at almost anybody who chanced to pass. These explosive flare-ups of people who are tried beyond endurance and go suddenly out of their mind must be attributable to something. Perhaps it is the heat. Perhaps it is the emotional tension of a potentially Republican year.

**A**NOTHER matter that has been much in our thoughts lately is the affair in the church by the waters of Babylon, L. I., where the priest ejected a young girl who was wearing slacks. It disturbs us when the church, which should be a sanctuary, becomes a citadel—and we don't care a whoop what the other Babylonian ministers said, either. The world is topsy-turvy enough without having a priest, wearing skirts, censoring a young female penitent in trousers. Let the church succor its children, and never mind what they have on!

### *Inbred*

**T**HE Schenectady County Emergency Relief Bureau (116 Erie Boulevard, Schenectady, N.Y.) has a sign on its front door: "CLOSED SATURDAY EXCEPT FOR EMERGENCIES."

### *Lead-Off Man*

**W**E know a lot of middle-aged eccentrics, but only one young one. He is Jo-Jo Moore, who plays left field for the Giants. His eccentricity is swinging at the first ball pitched, instead of letting it go by; and his value to the Giants is that he often hits it, and gets to first base. This faculty is highly esteemed in baseball circles. Jo-Jo not only swings at the first one, but inasmuch as he is the Giants' lead-off man (first man at bat), he consequently is found taking a poke at the first pitched ball of the game. Getting a hit on the first ball has been known to unnerve a pitcher, and Joe Moore has started many a moundsman on the road to the clubhouse.

We were sufficiently electrified by his crotchet to pay him a call in his New York apartment in the Hudson View Gardens at Pinehurst Avenue and West 183rd Street, where he introduced us to Mrs. Moore and summarized his life story. It appears that he was tossed

around among the minor-league teams for such a long time that when he finally got to bat in a Giants' uniform he was so anxious to make good that he couldn't resist swinging at the first ball offered him. "I'm swinging from the minute I leave the bench," said Mr. Moore, "and I guess the fans started noticing it, especially since I was the first at bat."

Joe was born a southpaw in Gause, Texas, and still owns a spinach farm there. (There are four other Moores in the League—no relation.) He was playing in the Texas League when he heard that Dick Kinsella, Giant scout, was expected in town. On the eve of Kinsella's arrival, Joe got a broken wrist in a night game at Shreveport, but managed to stall him off for two weeks and keep him around town. Finally he got back in the game, wearing a leather brace, impressed Kinsella, and was bought for about \$30,000. He reported in the fall, but was optioned to Newark, and from then on was bandied about in the loose way which at length spurred him on to becoming an eccentric. Last year he played every one of the Giants' 155 games, equalling the all-time record for times at bat, with 681. This year he has missed only one. He is a brilliant fly-catcher, and has a throwing arm that base runners respect. During the last four years he has averaged over .300 at bat.

Some lead-off men are short of stature and hard to pitch to. They get on base by walking. Others are only fair hitters but are fleet, and can beat out infield grounders. Still others have such a nutty stance that they get in the way of a pitched ball (unintentionally, of course) and walk to first rubbing an arm, shin, or shoulder. Joe is different, and has introduced a new first-man technique by simply pinging the first one. Next time you go to the Polo Grounds, keep your eyes open for him. If you are a gambling sort, you might lay three to ten that he will connect with the first ball. Those are supposed to be the odds, though nobody has ever kept the statistics.

In addition to this talent, Joe also



holds this season's record among lead-off men for getting to base by getting hit by a pitched ball. Managers have instructed their pitchers to keep the first one away from Joe's bat, and in their zeal to follow instructions, pitchers often clip him. Moore doesn't approve of this way of getting to first, but there isn't much he can do about it.

### *... Never Shall Be Slaves*

**W**E know a suburban couple who have a fine Scotch maid named Jean. She's a loyal Briton, and was pretty excited at the prospect of seeing the Queen Mary arrive on her maiden trip. It turned out that our couple were invited away for the weekend the Queen Mary was due, so they amiably suggested that Jean invite her brother and sister-in-law, who live pretty far out in Jersey, to stay with her in their house, so all three could celebrate the big event together. Everything went off perfectly, and there wouldn't be any story to tell, except that a week ago Jean, looking disturbed, said to her mistress, "I suppose you're wondering why Bella hasn't written you a bread-and-butter letter. She does the *strangest* things. Now, I would have written and thanked *you* for your hospitality, but Bella thanked the Queen." She then produced a letter on mourning stationery with the royal crest, which had in due course reached the Jersey sister-in-law, and had been triumphantly passed on to Jean: "The Lady in Waiting has been commanded by the Queen to acknowledge receipt of Mrs. B. MacDonald's letter and to say that Her Majesty is very glad she had such a good view of the Queen Mary on her arrival in New York." "I *do* think," Jean persisted sadly, "that she should have written to you instead."

### *Central Building*

**A**FTER a long but not unenjoyable week which we spent in sorting out official and unofficial statements, interviewing the wrong people, and guessing at the meaning of legal documents, we are in a position to tell you that the Public Library is about to spend \$100,000 to have its façade fixed up. It seems that the late Thomas Hastings, senior member of the architectural firm which designed the building, was never quite satisfied with the façade after it was erected; considered it too squat and heavy. This squatness was emphasized by the up-and-down lines of the sky-





*"They're getting a divorce."*

scrapers that sprang up in the neighborhood, and in the latter years of his life Mr. Hastings took to avoiding Fifth Avenue, so he wouldn't have to look. He died in 1929, leaving detailed plans for what he considered the necessary revisions of the Fifth Avenue entrance. His widow, who died this spring, carried out his wish and left \$100,000 to the Library, suggesting that it be used to alter the façade. (Mr. Hastings had even gone as far as getting contractors' estimates on the work, and had been told that \$100,000 was plenty.)

The Public Library isn't going to be hurried into anything, though. First of all, the director pointed out, the money hasn't been received yet, and it's hardly dignified to talk about how it's going to be spent. Second, there won't be a meeting of the board of trustees until October, so no action can be taken before then. Third, the build-

ing doesn't belong to the Public Library; it belongs to the city, and the changes will have to be approved by municipal architects. This last fact rather startled us, and we took time out to clear it up: the Library is nothing but good will and a lot of books; it occupies the Fifth Avenue structure as a tenant of the city. The city owns the place, officially calls it the Central Building, and pays for its upkeep, even replacing broken windows.

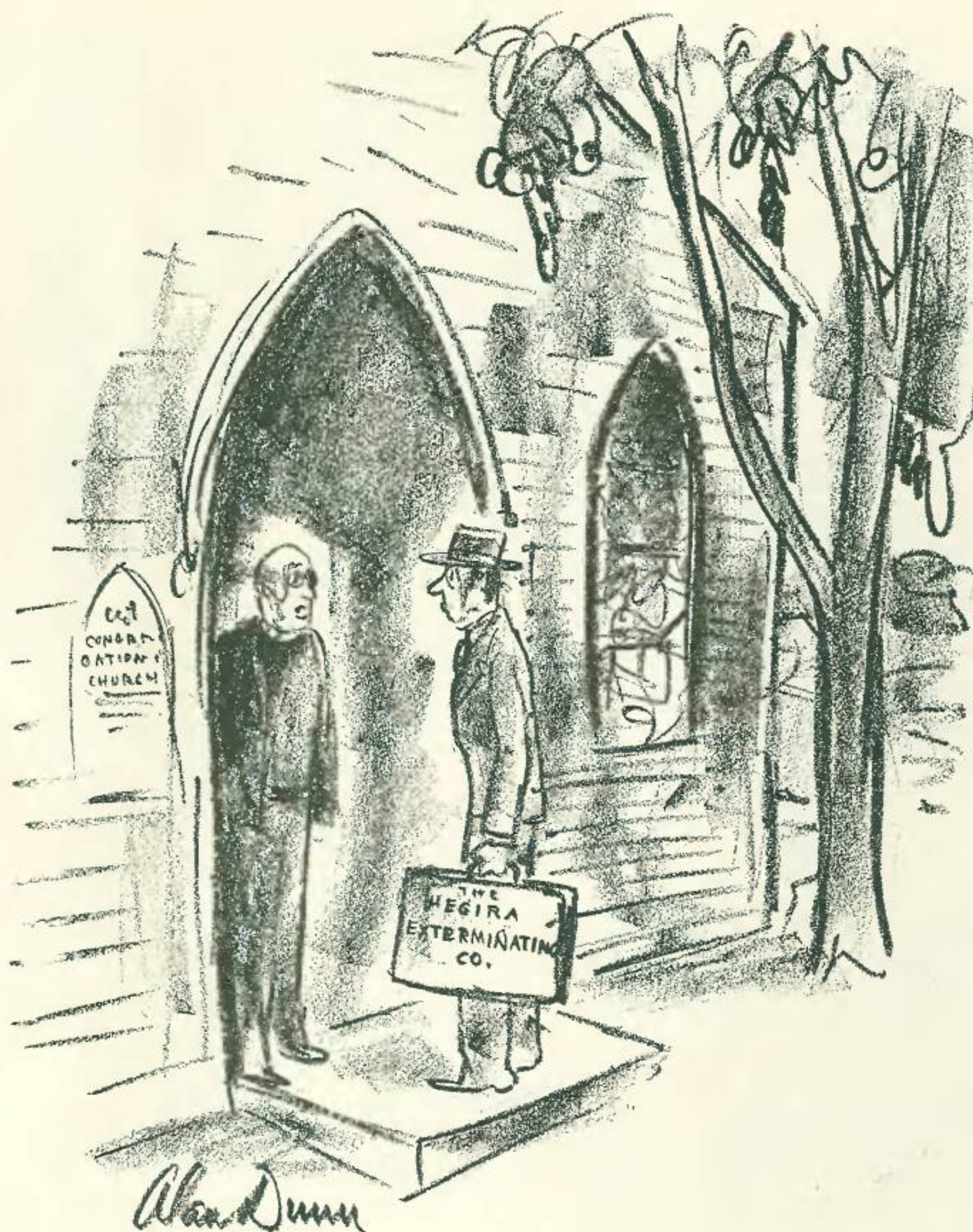
The officials we talked to agreed that, in spite of all the red tape still to be gone through, the thing was pretty certain to be done. The detailed plans drawn up by Mr. Hastings are under lock and key in the Library, and with the money available there's no reason for not going ahead. The new façade will have eight Corinthian columns instead of six, and the heavy stone piers at either end will be removed. The six

symbolic figures that now stand above the six columns, representing History, Drama, Poetry, Religion, Romance, and Philosophy, are to have two new playmates; nobody is certain as yet what they are to represent, if anything. It's a detail Mr. Hastings seems to have skipped. Incidentally, there's some doubt as to whether there will be enough left out of the \$100,000 to pay for the carving of the figures; the modelling and carving of the original six cost \$25,000.

### *Sammy Lane*

**I**F you can remember as far back as last April, you may recall that there was prominent in the news a Miss Cathrine Curtis. She was (and is) the moving spirit of Women Investors In America, Inc., which refused point-blank to allow a Senate committee to





*"Confidentially, we want to rid the place of praying mantes."*

search its files for evidence of lobbying activities, in spite of the fact that most of the big masculine corporations were giving in. Ever since then we have felt a sort of awed interest in Miss Curtis; last week we finally got around to calling on her, at the headquarters of her organization, 535 Fifth Avenue. We were pretty lucky to catch her in. Most of her time these days is spent flitting about the country on lecture tours, rounding up money and members for the Women Investors, and "humanizing" finance and Big Business for the average woman. In addition to being the first woman to be called before the Senate Finance Committee, she is, she told us, the first woman ever to present an educational radio program on finance and economics, and the first independent woman movie producer. She got into the picture business by chance, out of Harold Bell Wright. After leav-

ing private school in New York, she went to Arizona to run her ranch. ("The West has always fascinated me," she says, throwing wide her arms to express the fascination of the West.) One day she was walking through the lobby of a hotel in Phoenix, and a man came up to her and said, "Why, Sammy Lane!" Turned out, after a lot of confusion, that this was Harold Bell Wright, looking for a girl to play the part of Sammy Lane in "The Shepherd of the Hills." If you remember your H. B. W. heroines, you'll have a good idea of what Miss Curtis is like—upright, buxom, what used to be called "a fine figure of a woman."

Miss Curtis took the movie part, and afterward drifted into the production of silent pictures, handling the distribution, raising the capital, and doing the publicity. Then followed a period during which Miss Curtis (she is ashamed to

say) did nothing at all: just loafed. The arrival of the depression put a stop to this. Not that the Curtis fortune suffered—she has always, since the day when, at the age of fifteen, she bought some Reading Railroad stock and it immediately went up eight points, been a successful investor. But she realized that lots of women were bemused about how stocks and things worked, so she prepared a series of radio addresses, which she delivered over WMCA during 1934 and '35. This led more or less directly to the formation of Women Investors In America, Inc.

The Women, who started out to be "non-sectarian and non-partisan," have gradually got madder and madder at the New Deal, from what we gathered, and may be a force in the coming election. Their activities are vague, but alarming. One of their slogans is: "One Woman Can Be Forceful—One Hundred Women Can Be Helpful—One Thousand Women Can Be Powerful—But One Million Women—United—Are Invincible! LET'S GO!" Miss Curtis did valiant battle a year ago against the inheritance tax, and also supervised a survey of women's holdings in some of the large, publicly owned corporations, which showed the men which side *their* bread was buttered on. The "In" in the corporate name should properly be stressed, thus: Women Investors *In* America, Inc. "Women hold three-quarters of America's wealth, and one-quarter of its jobs. We are *all* investors *IN* America, whether we are bond-holders, job-holders, property-holders, or husband-holders." That's the idea.

### *Paid in Full*

WE have recently been privileged to see a receipted bill from the University of Notre Dame to one of this year's graduating class:

A. B. Degree	\$10.00
Extra Elec. for Radio	1.00
	<hr/> \$11.00

### *Statistics*

A TRAVELLER we know who likes to count things tells us that he drove out to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré when he was in Quebec recently and counted 216 automobiles with U.S. licence plates there, out of a total of 235 cars. What interested him mainly, however, was a little yellow pennant-shaped sticker which he found



proudly pasted on the rear window of eleven of the U.S. cars. It bore in black type the announcement, "Visited the Quints."

### Maru

IT just happens that at the moment we are a mine of information about the Japanese word "Maru," and if you persevere you'll know all we know. If you travel much or read the shipping news, you have probably noticed that "Maru" is the last name of every ship, except warships, that sails under the Japanese flag. Lots of people will tell you that the word simply means "ship," that the Japs say "Hisakawa Maru" or "Asawabonto Maru" much as we would say "S.S. Berengaria" or "S.S. Van Dine." It isn't as easy as that, though. We sensed that it wasn't easy when we casually asked a Japanese acquaintance for a translation and he turned pale, said, "Not American," and hurried away. We got hold of another Jap, who was quite willing to explain; his explanation was that "Maru" is a funny, ancient, and traditional Japanese appellation, something like "old boy," only *not* like "old boy." We then cancelled all our engagements for the rest of the day and went around to the Japanese Consulate. They sent us up the street to the Japan Tourist Bureau. There we met an amiable gentleman named Mr. Kimura, who, upon learning our errand, handed us a little folder and said, "Tells whole story." The folder was pink and green, with a picture of a pagoda on it, and the words "What Is Maru?" We sat down and read it right there. It told the whole story, all right.

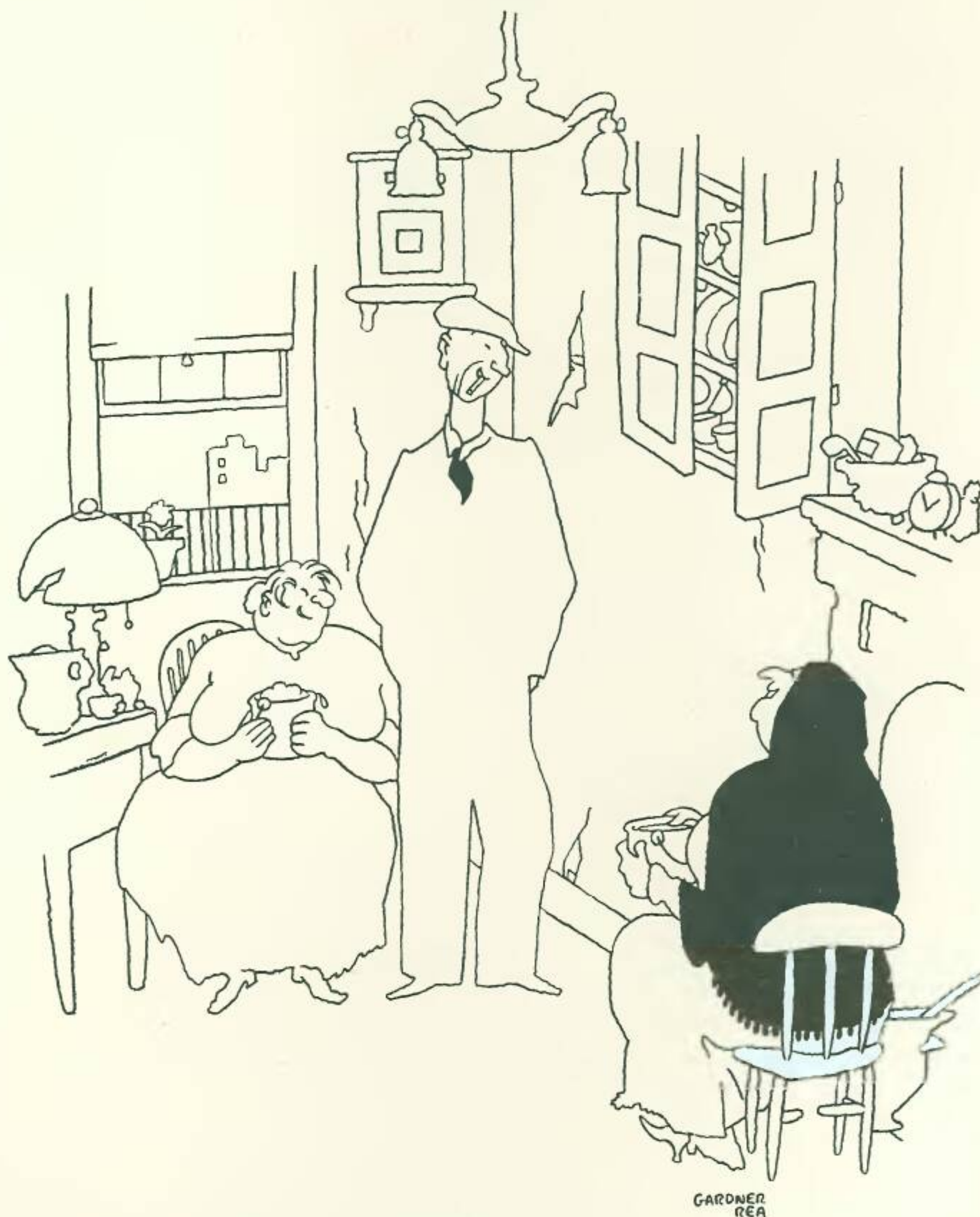
It seems that there are all sorts of Maru explanations, catering to all tastes. There's a Japanese legend that it's a tribute to Azuminosora Maru, a sea deity with whom the early Japs wished to stand in well. A Chinese legend (naturally open to suspicion) says that four thousand years ago a messenger from Heaven, named Hakudo Maru, taught humans how to build ships, and that the suffix is still used in deference to him. There's another school of thought which says that the literal translation of "Maru" is "circle," or "ring," and that its use as part of a boat's name dates back to primitive coracles, which were roughly circular in shape. The pamphlet, fairly coherent to this point, then cleared its throat and said, "'Maru' is a noble word to the Japanese and it was applied to swords,

musical instruments, and the concentric sections of castles." After that we began skipping. We skipped the explanation dealing with "Maru" and "Maro" as little boys' names, and we skipped the paragraph which took up the possibility that "Maru" was a corruption of the Japanese word for "business house" or "company" and so got put on early merchant ships. What it comes down to is that nobody knows what "Maru" means, or how it got attached to the names of ships. We put this point-blank to Mr. Kimura, and he sadly admitted that this was so. People kept asking, either coming in personally or telephoning, and one of the Japanese steamship lines finally got up the pamphlet. It may not clear up the Maru mystery for inquirers, but they don't ask many more questions; they go away in a daze.

An Occidental friend of ours who has looked into the question thinks that "Maru" is an abbreviation of an ancient prayer to the gods that the

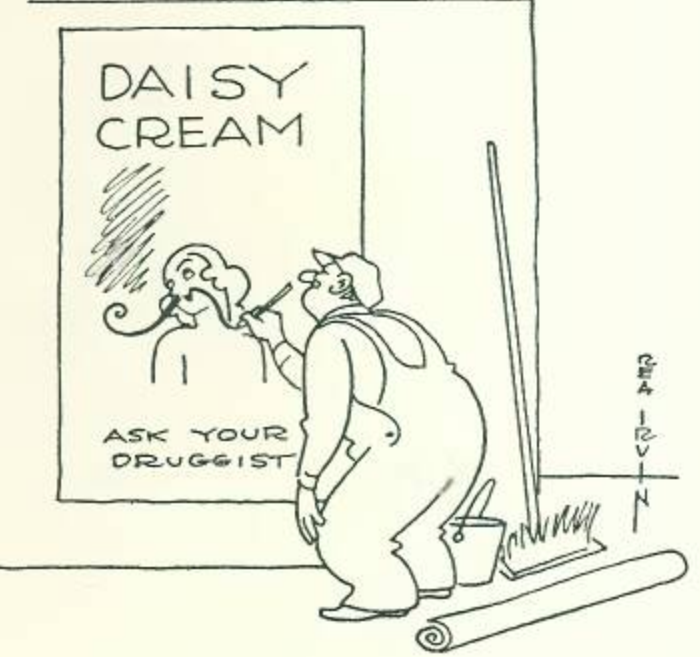
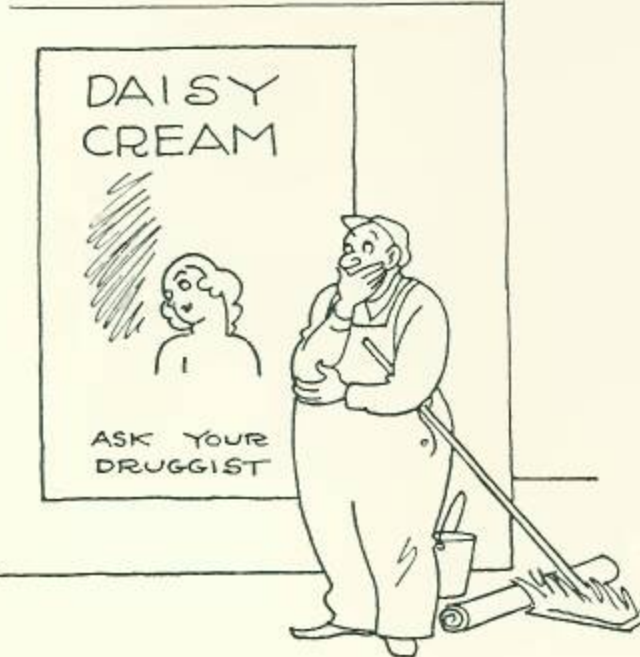
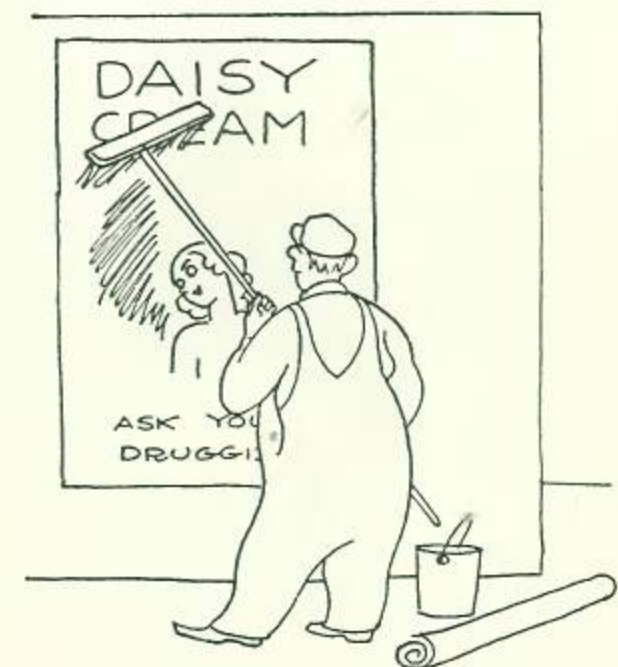
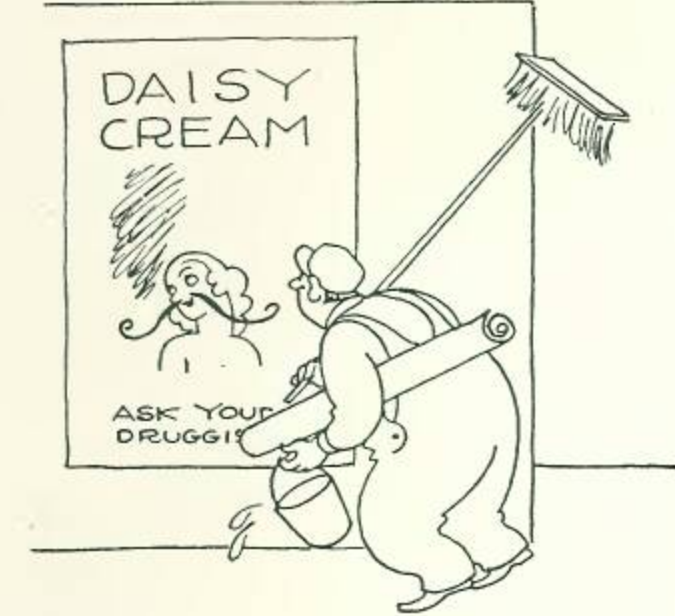
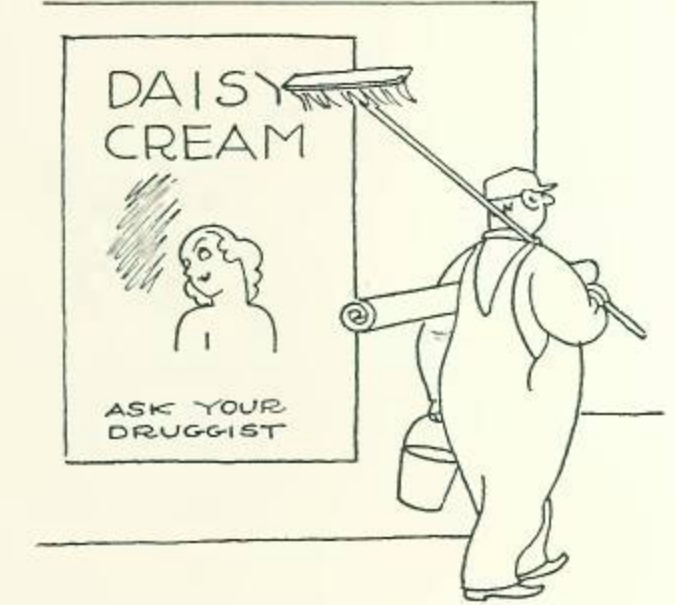
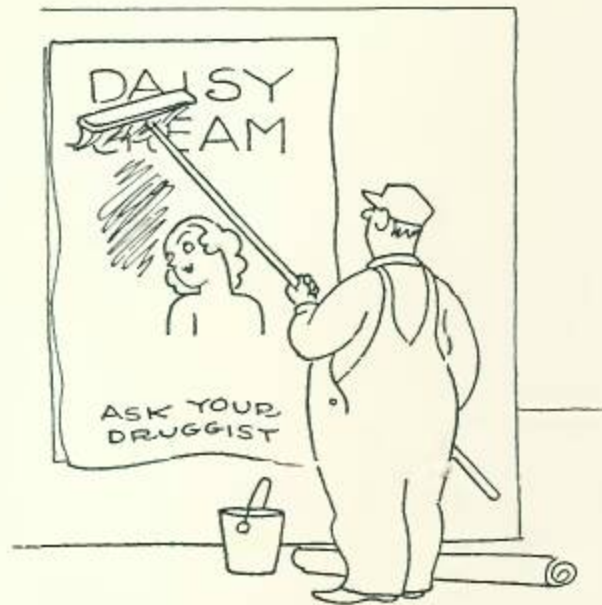
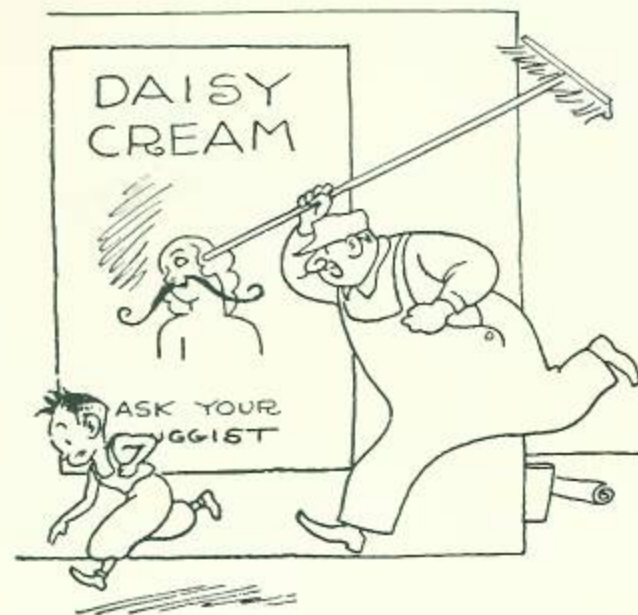
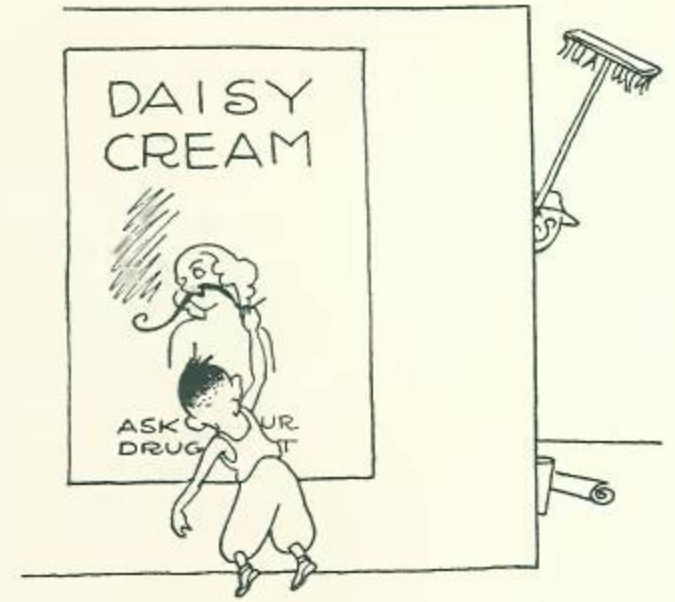
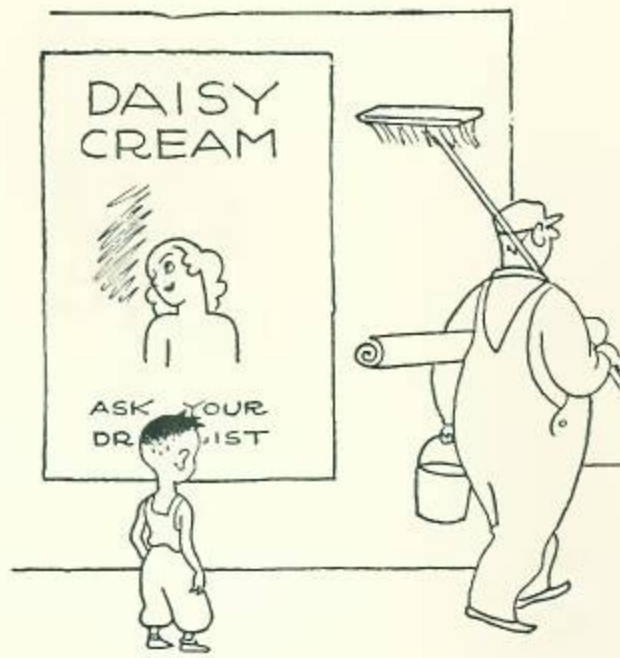
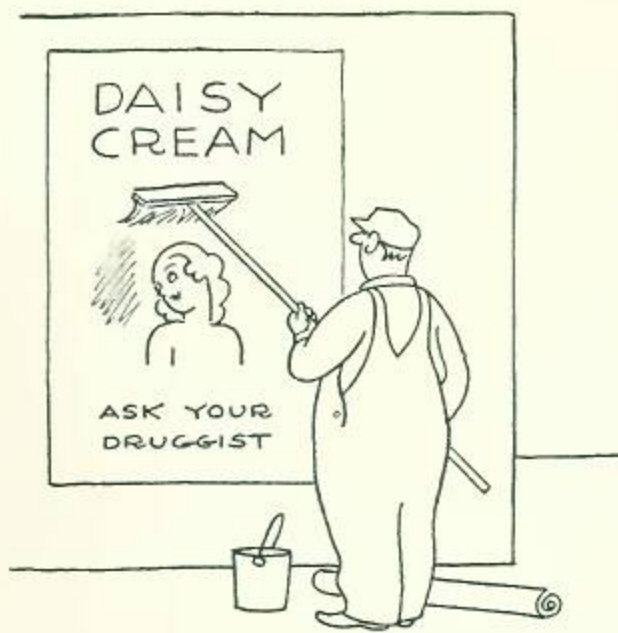
ship come back safe and sound, and that it is omitted from warships because they are theoretically looking for trouble, and don't want to sound like sissies. (Note to Mr. Brisbane: Boo!) We telephoned the Tourist Bureau with this theory, but were told that "Maru" is also omitted from the names of some yachts, all of which presumably want to come back safe and sound. If you think you know the explanation, please don't tell us about it. We're tired, and you're probably wrong.

WISP of conversation, drifting out of an air-cooled theatre lobby: "... subsisted for six months entirely on mayonnaise." Wisp of madness, pencilled on the back of a Childs menu: "Take car—sleeping potion—forgetfulness." Wisp of musical criticism, pronounced by a lady at a Stadium concert: "Iturbi's awfully short, but I like to hear him conduct."



*"The dear boy never gives me a minute's worry. He always beats the rap."*







## THE JENNY-CAT

"AND Beauty draws us with a single hair." Whoever made that assertion must have lived in a city. In our Dorsetshire village we pay very little attention to beauty. Some startling form of ill-health, reprobate manners, or a tandem bicycle would have much stronger drawing powers than beauty. But for all that, and against our better judgment, we cannot help giving a great deal of our attention to Lucy Cutlet.

Lucy's beauty is of a kind we had never seen before; in fact, we did not recognize it as beauty at all until it dawned on us that she bears a great resemblance to Anna May Wong. This likeness enskied Lucy. In the village we have just the ordinary human faces. None of us are in the least degree like the superior beings who appear in picture papers, except possibly Mrs. Troy, who is the image of Socrates. But Socrates does not figure often enough in the papers for this to make a beauty of Mrs. Troy.

Lucy Cutlet has straight black hair, cut in a smooth bang over her smooth forehead. Her face is shaped like a heart on a playing card; between her serene eyebrows and her high cheekbones, her sliding eyes glitter like black cherries dangling from a forbidden tree. She has a long, slender neck and long, slender legs.

It was Lucy's long legs that first demonstrated her as someone to be reckoned with. Till the day of the Sports we had known her only as one of those two Cutlet girls who had newly come to be servants at the Manor. Lucy entered for the Young Women's Race and won it, leaping through the tape while the other young women were still halfway down the course. The next race was for Married Women. It had not occurred to us that Lucy would enter for that, too, but she ranged up, explaining that she was deputizing for Mrs. Bugler. Quellingly handicapped, Lucy won the Married Women's Race too, won it for the enthusiastic Mrs. Bugler. Major Cumfrey, who was managing the Sports (he manages everything, explaining that such things are nothing to him after having lived for so long in the Argentine, where one sees life in the raw), was enthusiastic also. Mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief, he strutted up and down exclaiming, "Well run, Longlegs! Haven't I got a fine parlormaid?"

Then came the Young Men's Race.

They were off, thundering over the dry turf with their arms flying and their mouths open, when Lucy Cutlet, not to be restrained, leaped into their midst, tore past them, and won that race, too.

It was at the Sixpenny Hop that evening that we acknowledged the likeness to Anna May Wong. Lucy's white organdie (theretofore we had looked on white organdie as suitable only for young children that require constant laundering) floated like thistledown among a variety of Sunday trousers. As she danced, her smooth bang swayed over her smooth brow, her face remained pale with powder. Only her impetuous ears became a brilliant rose color.

WE began to collect information about Lucy. We learned that she was engaged to a sailor, but this did not prevent her walking out with the two sons of a farmer who is one of our neighbors. The elder young Mullen is considered to be a young man of great ability and likely to rise in the world; he resembles his mother, and has never been known to stand a drink to anyone. The younger young Mullen is a softer character. Lucy walked out with them quite impartially; she even walked out with them both at once. We were expecting something in the Romeo-and-Juliet line, for it was known that the parent Mullens looked higher for their sons than a servant-maid, even a servant-maid who could run like a gazelle and look like a film star. What happened was that Major Cumfrey hastened into the post office one morning and telephoned the doctor to come at once for a case of wounding. Lucy, while preparing breakfast, had fallen out with her sister and thrown a knife at her. The knife went some inches into Hilda Cutlet's thigh, the Manor kitchen was painted with blood, the Manor breakfast indefinitely postponed.

Major Cumfrey, however, was more gratified than not. He had seen a lot of knifing in the Argentine—a lot of hot-blooded passion, too. As he said, an English parlormaid who can jerk a knife into her sister's thigh through all those petticoats is a rarity. All he wished was that Lucy would sharpen the dining-room knives to the same edge.

Hilda did not seem to bear any malice. When Lucy, as she later recounted to Mrs. Bugler, set fire to the Manor roof by leaving a flaring lamp under a wooden beam, Hilda made everything all right by hiding the lamp in a cupboard and explaining that a rat's tail got into the bedroom candle. Lucy, looking out from under the blankets, added that the rat was as large as a Pekinese, and Major Cumfrey, after a few reassuring anecdotes about raccoons and county families, went downstairs with the fire-extinguisher.

Meanwhile the Montagues, that is to say the Mullens, were in a terrible way, declaring that they would rather see their sons lying dead before them than married to a servant-maid—for it was as yet unknown which young Mullen would get Lucy. It had leaked out that when the young Mullens took the family car and drove to the Lenten Lantern Lectures on Tuesday evenings their religious impetus took them no further than the lane behind the Manor. Here they halted the car, turned out the headlights, and were joined by the Cutlets. The day that the policeman walked up the Manor drive we thought it pretty certain that Mrs. Mullen had carried out her threat of issuing a summons for seduction.

It was not the summons but a subpoena, summoning Lucy Cutlet to bear witness before the magistrate in a case of car-stealing. Two profligate young men, it seemed, had caused a car not their own to crash into one of the nation's telegraph poles, and when Police Constable Ardle investigated the matter he happened to recognize a moonlit ivory-and-ebony Lucy Cutlet sliding out of the car and moving smoothly toward a ditch.

As far as appearances go, Lucy made a perfect witness, wearing a neat black tailor-made and an eye veil. But when the magistrate, with a natural confidence, asked her if she knew the two young men in the dock, she disconcertingly replied that she didn't. Nor could she be induced to recollect any of the other things she was invited to bear witness to. Her mind was a blank as to

the car, the route, the time, the telegraph pole. As question followed question, she began to look grieved—sorry, no doubt, to be such a disappointment to a gray-haired gentleman. And, as







*"Why, Mr. Boehm! I do believe you've made a conquest!"*

though some word of explanation were due, she volunteered, "I had a drink at the dance. I can't remember what I drank, or who gave it me. But I expect it was too much for me." There was a world of regret in her voice, regret chastened by philosophy; she seemed to be setting the whole court an object lesson in decent fatalism.

It seemed to us that Lucy had done very creditably. One would not expect a young woman with so much humanity to incriminate two young men who had gone to the trouble of stealing a car in order to take her for a moonlight ride. Shortly after this Lucy demonstrated her humanity further by going singlehanded to the defence of Mr. Mullen's sow when the sow was attacked by Miss Thomson's Alsatians. If anything could have softened Mr. Mullen's heart, this attention to his sow should have done it. But Mr. Mullen continued to frown on Lucy, and Mrs. Mullen now talked of feeling herself in conscience and honor bound to as-

certain the name and address of Lucy's sailor in order to let him know how Lucy was going on.

DAY by day Lucy looked more beautiful and more like Anna May Wong; day by day the elder young Mullen looked more morose and the young young Mullen more ardent. Over Major Cumfrey's brow came lines of care. He hires his shooting from the Mullens, and though it is only rabbits, he would be loath to lose it. Every sheep's eye that the young Mullens cast on his parlormaid endangered Major Cumfrey's excursions over the bosom of wild nature, where a man can be a man and not a mere domestic drudge, chased from room to room with the butcher's book and inquiries as to when the sweep can get into the library. "Never be a bachelor!" he exclaimed to me. "Miserable Sampson that I am, women dog me. Look at those worthless animals there! Bitches, every one of them. Look at my house! Women

spring-cleaning in every room. Every one of my seven sisters is alive, and all my cats are Jenny-cats!"

There was a Sixpenny Hop last Wednesday, and for some reason we had all made up our minds that this Hop would settle it, one or other of the young Mullens placing an engagement ring on Lucy Cutlet's finger, or one or other of the old Mullens living up to the threat of confronting Lucy with her sailor. Everyone in the village attended—everyone, that is to say, but Lucy. Lucy, Hilda said, had twisted her ankle and was staying in to poultice it. We were badly disappointed in Lucy. The dance without her was mud, and for the next twelve hours we thought meanly of her.

Next morning the news went round that Lucy had been away all night, and was away still.

About midday she came back in a taxi. She would say nothing, save that she had influenza and must go to bed at once. Those who had seen her in the taxi said she didn't look like influenza to them, but to Major Cumfrey's eyes it looked like influenza, for he went back from the inn with a bottle of rum for poor Lucy.

All that day we hung around, waiting for bulletins on Lucy's influenza. The child who carried up the Manor's afternoon milk was mobbed as she came away. Lucy was no better, she reported. She was asleep. Many were the heartfelt vows and prayers we offered up that night for Lucy's speedy recovery. Young Mrs. Turbot sat up till two in the morning, watching from her window in case Lucy should walk in her sleep. And in the morning "Lucy" was the first word on our lips.

Lucy was a little better, we heard. Lucy was cured. The rum, as Major Cumfrey had foreseen, had done the trick. That afternoon the welcome, the beautiful news went around. Faithful at the last, Lucy had spent Wednesday night with her sailor.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kretzler of Sewickley Heights are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter last Saturday. Mr. Kretzler is employed at Max Feltwell's garage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Maier of Bellevue are being congratulated by friends on the arrival of a baby girl on Tuesday. Mr. Maier is connected with Max Feltwell's garage.—*Sewickley (Pa.) Herald*.

Must be a big garage.



## MR. K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N ALMOST COMES THROUGH

IT was painfully clear to Mr. Parkhill that Mr. Kaplan's English was long to remain a source of surprise in the beginners' grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults ("English—Americanization—Civics—Preparation for Naturalization"). Promotion to Composition, Grammar, and Civics with Miss Higby was, Mr. Parkhill concluded, quite out of the question.

Mr. Kaplan was the gentleman who had won his first distinction by giving, as the plural of "cat," "Katz." In the weeks that followed, Mr. Kaplan had equalled and occasionally surpassed that tour de force. Every assignment that bore that strange and unmistakable signature, H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N, printed firmly in red crayon, each letter outlined in blue and the stars a feryent green, contained some new and remarkable rendition of the English language, which Mr. Kaplan had determined to master. For Mr. Kaplan was no ordinary student. Mr. Kaplan was no ordinary mortal, for that matter. In his peculiar linguistic universe there was the germ of a new

lexicography. To Mr. Kaplan, an instrument for the repair of plumbing was "a monkey ranch," verbal indiscretions were caused by "a sleeping of the tong," and, in the sphere of romance, the most desirable ladies were "female ladies with blondie hairs and blue or maybe gray ice—like Molly Dietritch." Mr. Parkhill sometimes wondered whether Mr. Kaplan might not be some sort of genius. Newton, after all, had been considered dull-witted by his teachers.

One night Miss Rose Mitnick's composition was up for class analysis. Miss Mitnick had written the assignment, a one-hundred-word composition, on the blackboard. Blushing, with pointer in hand, she read it aloud, in a small voice:

## MY WORK—A WAITRESS

My job is, a waitress in a cafeteria restaurant. I am working nine hours a day. From 7½ in morning to 4½ by night. We are serving there meals, breakfast, lunch (or luncheons, they are smaller), and supper—or dinner as Americans say. My work is, standing behind counter and giving Coffee, Tea, Milk, as customers ask for one. It is not so hard. But I get tired with standing all day and have often head-

ackes. The pay is not so good. But I am happy for having *any* job. We should be happy for having any job. Because all over the world is a depression.

Miss Mitnick stopped.

"Very good," smiled Mr. Parkhill encouragingly. It *was* very good. Miss Mitnick was easily the best student in the class. "There are some mistakes, naturally—in punctuation, in the use of certain prepositions—but on the whole that is very good for the beginners' grade."

Miss Mitnick flushed and looked at her pointer. Mr. Kaplan, in his permanent seat in the front row, centre, nodded agreement to Mr. Parkhill's tribute and smiled that broad, empty smile that bathed his face in blandness.

Mr. Parkhill adjusted his glasses. "Now, then, corrections. Each student please examine the composition carefully. Make a note of any mistake you see, in your notebooks. In five minutes I shall call for the first volunteer."

Mr. Parkhill thought the method very effective; it forced the students to concentrate. In a way, it challenged them. In his chats with Miss Higby,



"Just say, 'Entertained a few members of the younger married set at bridge.'"







hill. "But that's close. Anyone?"

Up shot the hand of Hyman Kaplan.

"Again?" Mr. Parkhill said gaily. "Good for you! Well, what do we call this mark of punctuation?"

"Two periods," said Mr. Kaplan, simply.

In a soft voice, and with his eyes on the blackboard, Mr. Parkhill said, "No, Mr. Kaplan, I'm afraid not. It's called the *colon*."

Then Mr. Parkhill went on quickly, changing tenses, prepositions, dependent clauses; removing superfluous commas and adding necessary articles; making every correction, indeed, except the spelling of "headakes."

"I have left *one* mistake," said Mr. Parkhill. "A mistake in spelling. One word is obviously spelled incorrectly. And I want the class to correct it." Mr. Parkhill clung with undaunted faith to the "method of direct participation." That was the way Mr. Parkhill was. It was something in his makeup. "Look carefully, everyone."

Eyes glazed, brows knit, foreheads moistened with perspiration as the Beginners' Grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults searched for truth. Miss Mitnick had an anxious look, as if wanting to wipe out her disgrace by being the first to locate the error. Mr. Bloom studied the composition on the board with almost feverish intensity. Mr. Kaplan smiled and murmured each word aloud to himself as he read: "My—jop—is—beink—a—waitress."

"Vaitress!" he cried out. "Should be a 'v' in 'vaitress'!"

Mr. Parkhill shook his head severely. "No, Mr. Kaplan, decidedly not. The word is 'waitress,' not 'vaitress.' Just put the word 'wait,' from which 'waitress' comes, in front. A waitress is someone who *waits*, or waits on. 'Wait' is the first syllable; spell it just as if it were alone."

"Oh," said Mr. Kaplan. Mr. Parkhill wasn't sure whether he looked sheepish or was just smiling less energetically.

"I think the word 'headakes' is in my composition wrong," said Miss Mitnick with dignity. "I wasn't sure about the spelling when I was writing it."

"'Fcaawss!" Mr. Kaplan cried out. "'Headakes' is wrong! Plain wrong!"

"That's what Miss Mitnick said," commented Mr. Parkhill caustically.

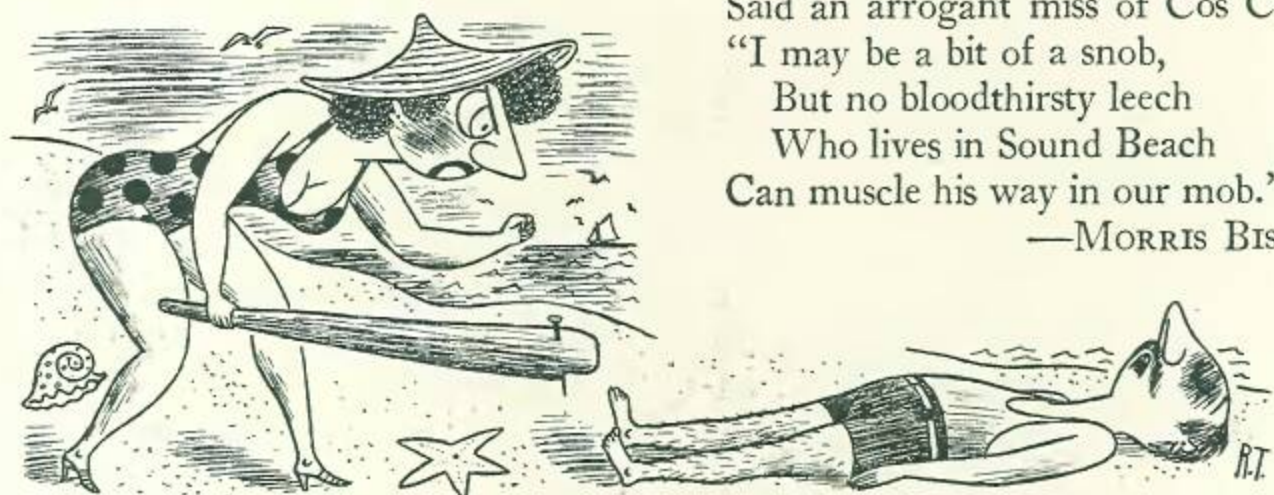
"Because she don't spall de void just like as if it should be alone!" Mr. Kap-



Said old Peeping Tom of Fort Lee,  
"Peeping ain't what it's cracked up to be;  
I lose all my sleep,  
And I peep and I peep,  
Just to find 'em all peeping at me."

## LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR

There was a young fellow of Pelham  
Who caught the Dutch blight from an ellum;  
"It's a bore," were his words,  
"On account of the birds,  
For I have to get sprayed to dispel 'em."



Said an arrogant miss of Cos Cob,  
"I may be a bit of a snob,  
But no bloodthirsty leech  
Who lives in Sound Beach  
Can muscle his way in our mob."

—MORRIS BISHOP

lan rushed on, exploiting the great principle he had learned. "'Head-akes'—two voids! Spall like separate, den put togadder—like in 'vaitress,' you puttink de 'vait' in front, now you puttink de 'akes' in back—an' de void mus' comm out all right!"

This unexpected bit of analytic insight made Mr. Parkhill rather ashamed of his sarcasm a moment earlier. "Exactly," he said. "The rule applies here in the same way. Spell the word as if it were two separate words; combine 'head' and 'aches,' and you have 'head-aches.'"

Mr. Kaplan beamed with joy and self-righteousness. "Exactel vat I'm sayink, Mr. Pockheel! 'Headakes' mit 'k' in de middle! Ha!" he said, with deep scorn. "It's no 'k' in 'akes' alone, so scant be a 'k' in 'headakes'!"

By this time Mr. Parkhill was genuinely delighted with the inexorable

logic which Mr. Kaplan was following. "Come to the board and make the change, Mr. Kaplan."

Mr. Kaplan nodded happy assent, went to the board, took a piece of chalk, and scratched a firm, thick line through the word Miss Mitnick had so lucklessly misspelled. "No 'k'!" he said. "Only two voids—'head' and 'akes.'"

Then, as the class watched with bated breath (Miss Mitnick rather sullenly), Mr. Kaplan printed in letters three inches high, "H-E-A-D-A-X-E-S."

For a long and pregnant moment Mr. Parkhill was as silent as the class, which sat speechless before this orthographic triumph. Then he shook his head, sadly, slowly, with absolute finality, suggesting that once again Mr. K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N had failed to fulfill an expectation he had clearly aroused.

—LEONARD Q. ROSS



# \* \* \* P R O F I L E S \* \*

## THE COMPTROLLER

**T**HE cheapest laborer in times of unemployment is the old, original Iron Man, the dollar. There are a few favored employers of capital for whom a dollar, in such times, will work three hundred and sixty-five days for less than one-third of a penny. Such a borrower can go into the temples of Wall Street and hire \$100 for twelve months for a trifling thirty cents, or get the use of a million until this time next year for \$3,000.

No one, in these days of idle dollars, engages their services more cheaply than the Comptroller of the State of New York, which has perhaps the highest credit ranking of any state government, even though it isn't living within its immediate income and has a deficit around \$100,000,000. One reason the state is favored by lenders is the constitutional guarantee making payment of interest and principal on its securities the first obligation upon the first revenues available to the state. Of all governments in the world, only New York State allows itself to be sued by bondholders as if it were a private corporation.

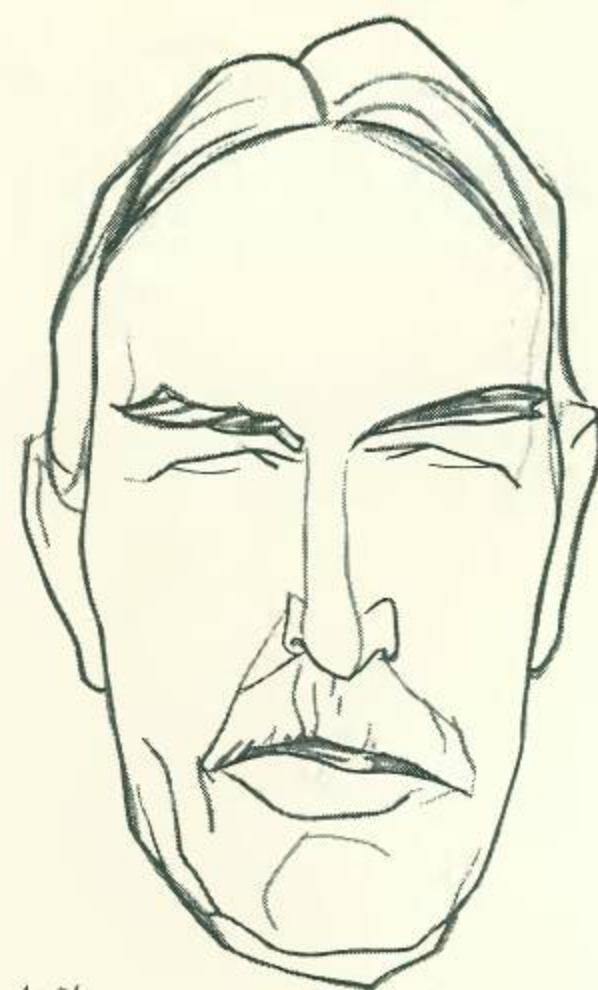
The Comptroller, Morris Sawyer Tremaine, thinks that there are times when it is wise to spend more than comes in and borrow the difference, that a period when money is as cheap as it is now is propitious for such a policy. So many bankers disagree with him that he feels sure he must be right. Even while disputing with him in principle, the bankers, in practice, crowded one another last January trying to get Tremaine to take their money when the state asked for a loan of \$35,000,000 for five months at an interest rate of twenty-five one-hundredths of one per cent. No state government had ever borrowed money so cheaply. The paper was absorbed by seventy banking and brokerage houses, all of which complained that the allotments Tremaine assigned them were too small. "I could have got the money at eighteen one-hundredths of one per cent," the Comptroller told some friends that night at the Metropolitan Club. "But there's no use pushing the boys. Bankers have to live."

Earlier in the winter Tremaine floated a \$60,000,000 short-term issue at three-tenths of one per cent, a \$75,000,000 one-year loan at thirty-five one-hundredths, and \$45,000,000

in long-term bonds bearing just over two and one-quarter per cent. On the theory that to almost any individual money is worth at least four per cent, Tremaine could argue that the state was saving the taxpayer money when it borrowed at such low rates to meet its current bills.

**T**HE Comptroller was fifty-five years old before he took his first plunge into politics. At sixty-five, he is the only official ever elected to office five times in succession by the voters of New York State. Al Smith was sent to the Mansion House in Albany only four times, and the Harding landslide drove a two-year wedge between his first and second terms as Governor. Tremaine ran with Smith in 1926, and has remained continually in office since then, wearing out bushels of pencils and the patience of some of his non-financial-minded friends with calculations scribbled in all manner of places at all times of day and night. Nothing distracts him for long from talk of finance and figures.

As chief fiscal officer of the wealthiest of the states, Tremaine has bought, sold, and exchanged more than \$1,500,000,000 in securities, but the only cash he ever saw which actually belonged to the state was a twenty-dollar bill sent in by a conscience-stricken New Yorker, for deposit in the state treasury. He is trustee of more than \$200,000,000 in securities which belong to the state and its employees, and most of the pile is of his own selection. He has never lost a cent for the state. Not a single sheet of all this engraved paper, kept in a vault below his office in Albany, is in default. In this seventh of the lean interest years, the securities in that vault are still yielding an average of over four per cent. Much of the stuff was bought when nobody else would touch it. This was particularly true of the bonds of New York City. When Tremaine began accumulating them for the state, back in 1932, Judge Seabury was discovering hidden tin boxes, the star of Jimmy Walker was waning, bankers were continually organizing rescue committees for the city payrolls, each day's front page was splashed with revelations of graft and reckless spending, and financiers and economists were saying that New York City was on the



*Morris Sawyer Tremaine*

brink of bankruptcy. Chicago wasn't paying its schoolteachers. Detroit was down-and-out. Local governments by the hundreds were letting their bonds slide into default. All the New York City bonds plummeted far under par, some into the lower eighties, others deep into the seventies, so that anyone buying at that time would, if the bonds turned out to be good, get a yield of six per cent or even more on paper intended to return only four and a half.

Tremaine insisted that New York City couldn't go broke, and went into Wall Street with tentative offers for the city's securities. He had never before chosen to buy them for the state, preferring upstate paper for his portfolio. Now there were few other buyers in sight, big or little. On a visit to Chicago, he offered to bet some bankers attending a municipal forum that if they would sell their Liberties and buy New York City's, they would increase their earnings within two years. The Chicagoans smiled at his enthusiasm and stayed out of the market. In July, 1932—the month the depression is supposed to have scraped bottom—Tremaine bought his first New York City bonds. He kept on buying until he had invested \$16,000,000 in them by the end of 1933, more than \$40,000,000 at the close of 1935. Tremaine picked up one block of New York City paper at a price which yielded ten-per-cent interest. Nearly half of the city's bonds which he purchased yield the state six per cent and better.



Since he began buying them, all of the city's issues have risen above par. Long-term City 4½s, which Tremaine picked up over Wall Street counters three years ago at 83, have climbed to 113. Tremaine bought City 3½s in the lower seventies and has watched them rise to 107. City 4s that were thrown overboard by frightened investors in 1932 at nearly thirty points under their face value have risen to 108 and higher. On New York City paper alone, the state has a book profit of at least four millions; it has made more millions through the sympathetic rise of upstate municipal issues held in its sinking fund.

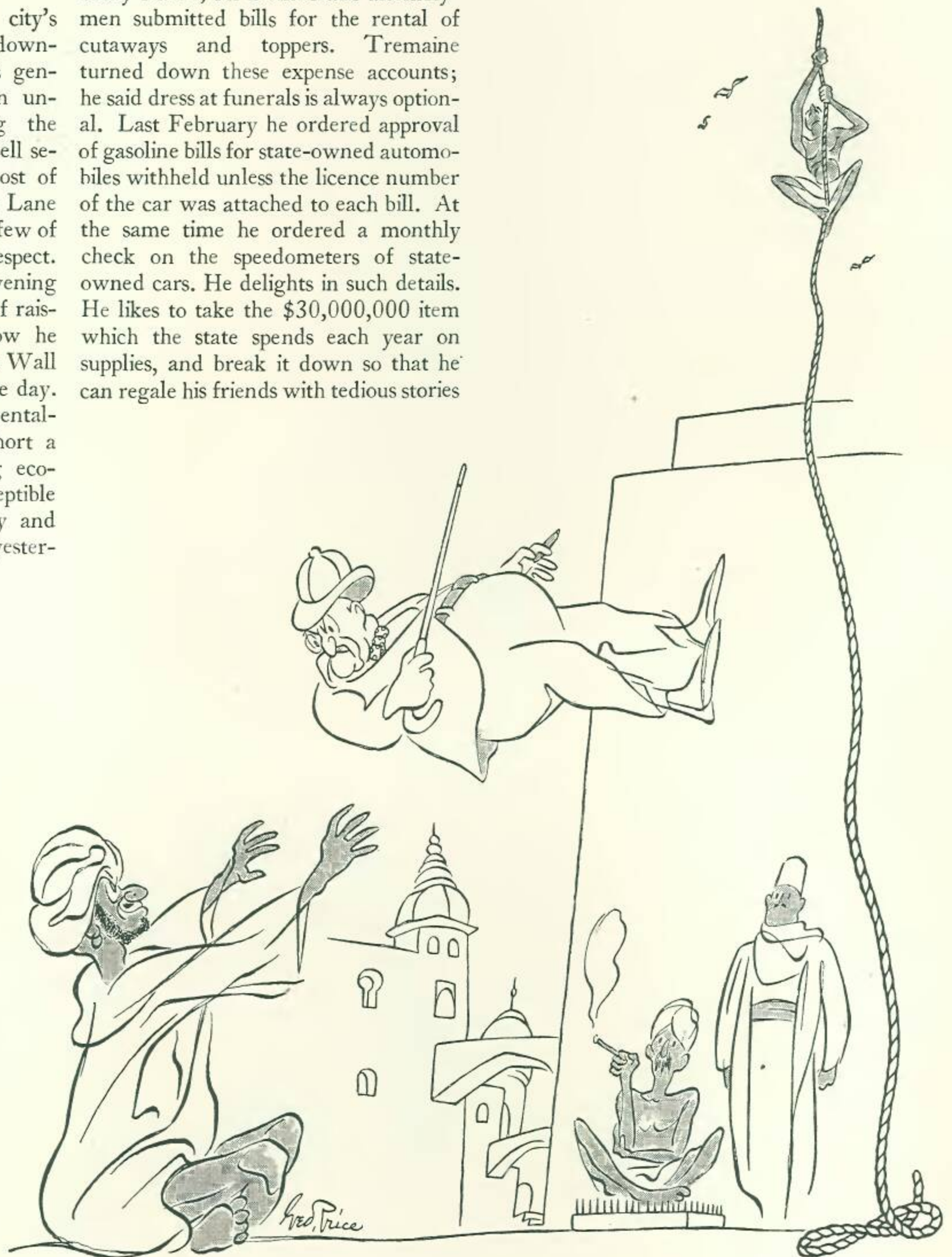
No longer fearful that the city's credit is going to the bowwows, downtown bankers and bond brokers generally attribute to Tremaine an uncanny perspicacity in choosing the moment to buy and the time to sell securities. Although he knows most of the bank presidents below Maiden Lane by their first names, he returns to few of them the full measure of their respect. In talkative mood over an evening Scotch-and-soda, he has a habit of raising a forefinger and telling how he drummed prejudices out of some Wall Street banker's head earlier in the day. He believes most bankers are mentally myopic, prone to take too short a range in viewing the changing economic picture, and thus are susceptible to becoming frightened one day and over-enthusiastic the next. To yesterday's market letter the Comptroller prefers the nineteenth-century fiscal philosophy of John Stuart Mill, or even the eighteenth-century economic dictums of Adam Smith. He dips into his collection of histories and biographies for the perspective he thinks one should have in these matters. When President Roosevelt first proposed the spending of \$3,300,000,000 on public works and more billions on various other measures to chase away the depression, Tremaine was in a Broad Street office reading the news as it came over the tickers. Some of the brokers in the room lamented aloud that the country was headed for bankruptcy. "Wait a minute, let's see," Tremaine said, getting out a pencil. After marking up an envelope with figures which reduced the huge sums to a day-to-day basis, he said, "Hell, don't worry, they can't

spend it that fast." As it turned out, they couldn't and didn't. The administration hasn't yet been able to spend as much as it intended to at the beginning.

Besides marketing the state's securities, keeping an eye on the finances of sixteen hundred towns and counties, nurturing the sinking fund, and finding fertile ground each month in which to invest a fresh \$750,000 for the State Employees' Retirement System, the Comptroller must approve, directly or indirectly, the spending of every dollar appropriated by the Legislature. After the funeral of Peter J. Hamill, a Tammany leader, six Democratic assemblymen submitted bills for the rental of cutaways and toppers. Tremaine turned down these expense accounts; he said dress at funerals is always optional. Last February he ordered approval of gasoline bills for state-owned automobiles withheld unless the licence number of the car was attached to each bill. At the same time he ordered a monthly check on the speedometers of state-owned cars. He delights in such details. He likes to take the \$30,000,000 item which the state spends each year on supplies, and break it down so that he can regale his friends with tedious stories

of just how much, to the fraction of a penny, it costs each day to feed a prisoner at Sing Sing, or to shelter one of the inmates in a state insane asylum.

TREMAINE fits few of the public's concepts of those who deal in hundreds of millions. He has a substantial home in Buffalo, but he has never really settled down. For nearly fifty years he has lived most of his days out of suitcases. With only a few of the russet hairs of his head turned to gray, he seems to have no disposition to stay put for more than a few days in a



"By Jove, sir, the Governor-General shall hear of this!"



row, either in Buffalo or elsewhere. Tremaine was once a lumberman and a dealer in insurance, and his one-night stands once dotted every state of the forty-eight; his acquaintance with livery-stable hackmen and hotel clerks was as broad as any road-show trouper's. His boast that he can pack his bags and clear out of a hotel room in two minutes is only a slight exaggeration. Long before he thought of people as voters, he was familiar with every county seat in the state and had been in fully half of the communities whose affairs the Comptroller's office is required by law to audit and supervise.

He dislikes sedentary routine, and seems happiest when he is going places and seeing people, exchanging ideas on what tomorrow's economic picture may be like. Although Albany has been his headquarters for almost ten years, he has never taken an apartment there or even leased a hotel suite. He is hardly ever in the capital more than a few days in succession, and he is content each time to check in and out of a hotel, the Ten Eyck one time, the DeWitt Clinton the next. He rarely has his meals at the same hours two days running. He is as likely to start his office day at noon as at nine. Many of his evenings in Albany are passed at the Fort Orange Club. He plays backgammon and bridge there regularly and is good at both. The Comptroller visits New York about twice a month, and as frequently returns to Buffalo, where Mrs. Tremaine resides most of the year. With her husband's office only two hundred and fifty miles from the front door, Mrs. Tremaine has seen him at home more often since he became Comptroller than when private business kept him in the Middle and Far West half the time. Their two sons are grown now. Both are in business, one in New York, the other in Buffalo.

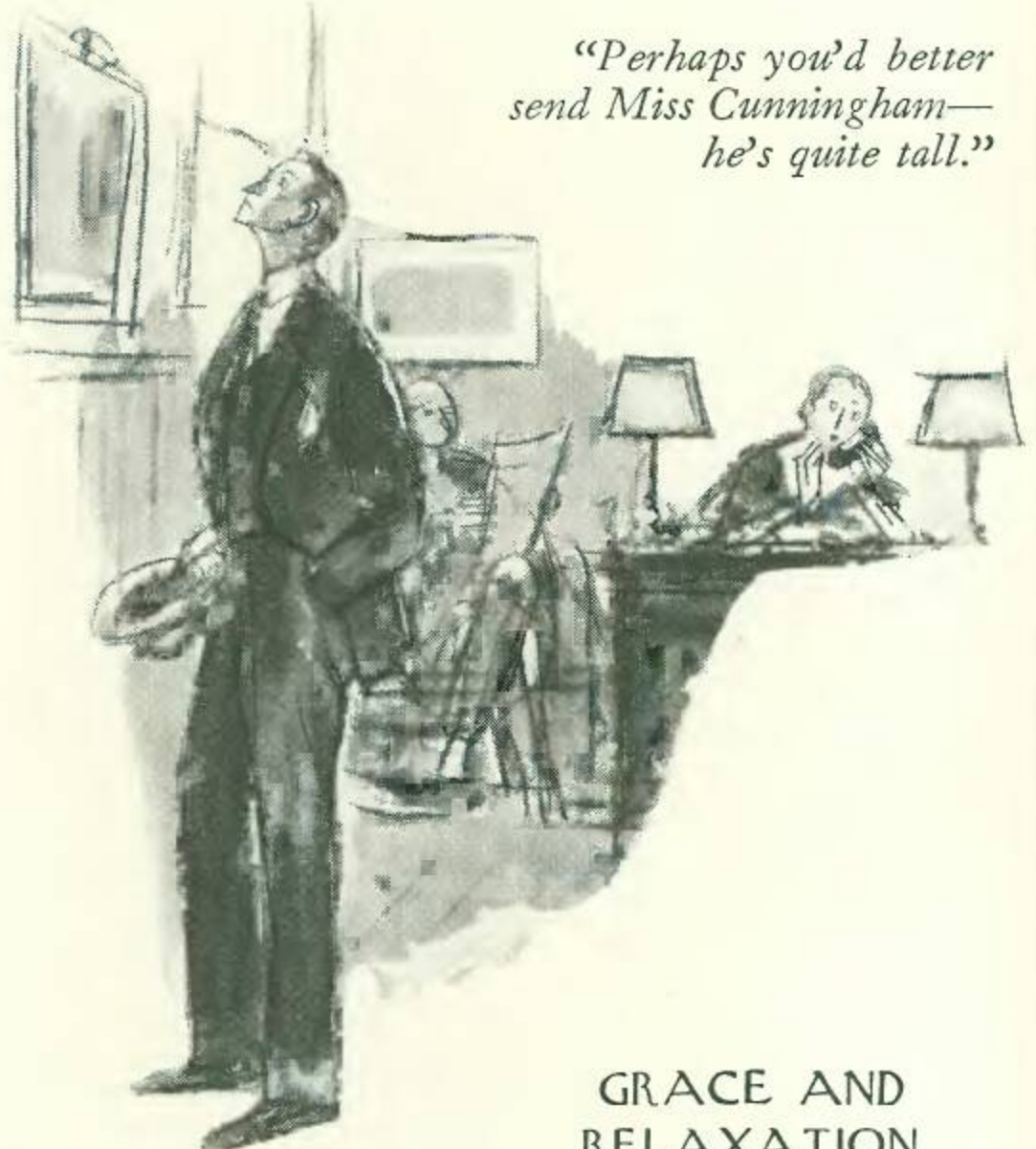
Most of Tremaine's trips to New York are in the nature of scouting expeditions—calls on bankers, the business of pulse-holding, trend-finding, and trying to gauge the time to buy and the time to offer securities. On his desk in Albany, along with books of interest rates and yields, is a Bible, which, he reminds his visitors, contains in Ecclesiastes the best of all financial market letters. He quotes from it every now and then: "To every thing there is a season. . . . A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted. . . . A time to keep, and a time to cast away." In the top drawer of the desk is a pencilled chart Tremaine made for

himself, which shows the ups and downs of general business through the years. He keeps in mind both Ecclesiastes and the chart when he is trying to decide what to do in the bond market.

In bonds, as in ladies' wear, there is a place for cuisine, cigars, and cognac in the buying-and-selling scheme, but Tremaine is shy of bankers' hospitality after dark. If a Wall Street financier suggests dinner, Tremaine usually offers the excuse that he must catch the six-o'clock train to Albany. Then, upon returning to his rooms at the Vanderbilt, or the Metropolitan Club, he will call one or two friends unconnected with either politics or securities and go to dinner at some spot where he isn't likely to see either public servants or private money-changers. Among such hideouts are an East Side tavern with sawdust on the floor, and an ex-speakeasy in the West Forties where tablecloths

have never been used. But even with companions lacking both professional and academic interest in finance, Tremaine, before the last round, will have covered four or five envelopes and the back of a bill of fare with additions,

*"Perhaps you'd better send Miss Cunningham—he's quite tall."*



GRACE AND  
RELAXATION  
FOR THE BUSINESSMAN



*"Diaphragm in, Mr. Watkins, and forward on your toes."*



multiplications, and divisions. He suffers a little from insomnia, and prefers to stay up late. Those who share Carlyle's appraisal of economics as the dismal science are sometimes inclined to consider

the Comptroller's table talk rather bore-some, for he seldom gets away from the main line of finance. He is able a great part of the time to make his figures fascinating, however. When he is

bending over an envelope, scratching away with his pencil, getting ready to spring some theory or to reduce some complicated situation to simple terms, his friends usually just go on talking about something else among themselves. Then, when he has everything figured out, they listen.

Even on a holiday, Tremaine can beat anyone to the draw with a pencil. On the afternoon last summer when the Grand Union Hotel Stakes was run at Saratoga, he stood in the stands with a banker from lower Broadway. Each of them had placed thirty dollars on an entry. At the cry "They're off!", Tremaine leaned over to his friend, who was eagerly following the ponies through his binoculars, and asked, "Did you ever figure out how much the Roosevelt administration has saved so far by calling in the Liberties and re-financing at lower rates?" Any question concerned with costs or savings arouses his attention any time, anywhere. One evening a few years ago at the United States Hotel during the season at Saratoga, Mrs. Tremaine noticed the Victorian height and width of the numerous windows and said she wondered how much it had cost to buy curtains for the dining room. What, the Comptroller asked, did she sup-



*"And you will indicate with the shoulders the direction you wish to turn."*



*"And now, three steps and a side-step—you're-doing-very-well-and-a-side-step."*





pose the material cost a yard. When his wife had made her guess, he lifted his fork from the table, used his thumb, lumberman's fashion, to measure its length in inches, then walked across the room and somersaulted the fork across the bottom of a curtain until he knew how wide the curtain was. After continuing the measurement upward halfway to the top of the curtain, he returned to the table, paying no attention to the stares and snickers of the other diners. Then he counted the number of windows in the room, made two multiplications, and handed his wife an estimate of the bill for curtains. She is used to this kind of thing now, and seldom asks a question of that kind any more unless she really wants an answer. The last time Tremaine embarked for Europe, his friend George W. Loft, the candymaker, went to his cabin, fingered through every suit of his clothes, and took away all his pencils, telling him to have a real vacation. Tremaine went without pencils for one day, then borrowed a handful from the purser. He has to keep figuring things out.

A frequent visitor to the races, Tremaine bets carelessly, but at poker, bridge, and backgammon he is cautious and quick. His pencil kept him from roulette. Introduced to that game in a Saratoga casino several years ago, he promptly took an envelope, figured how much less than an even chance he had against the house, and walked away. As he calculated it, the house had an edge on him of at least 5.19 per cent to start with. That is, if he played one number long enough, his collections for each \$100 placed on the baize would be \$94.81. If he chose to ride *à cheval* on two given numbers or began playing a square of four numbers simultaneously, the house naturally would have a still greater edge on him. Fishing is Tremaine's favorite outdoor recreation now, as riding was in his Kansas boyhood, when he bought his first pony from an Indian.

**F**OR his middle-age début as a vote-seeker, Tremaine had no early political training whatever, but the unfamiliar always seems to have attracted him. He did not see a tree until he was nine, or a body of water bigger than the Arkansas River wiggling across the Kansas plains. Yet at seventeen he began making his first fortune, in the business of shipping lumber by steamship. His father, Dr. William Scott Tremaine, was a native of Prince Edward Island, an Edinburgh graduate who

You are my grandson's bride, she said,  
And a dark stranger here.  
Sit close, for now my cloudy head  
Is by some magic clear.

What I forgot more years ago  
Than you have had those eyes—  
Sit still a while! He is below,  
And his fox ears are wise.

He is a fox of eighty years,  
And turns as quick as then—  
As the bright day his pointed ears  
Heard me, the helpless hen;

Heard me, that had no sound to make,  
Save that I cried a while,  
As each of us stood up to take  
The other, well or vile.

practiced surgery in Boston until his enlistment as a medical officer in the Union Army. Having survived the Civil War, cholera caught in Memphis, and yellow fever contracted while combating an epidemic further South, the Doctor was assigned in the latter sixties to Fort Dodge, in southwestern Kansas, an army post five miles from Dodge City. Dodge City was then a tough town of two-gun cowmen, red liquor, and noisy dance halls. It shared with Wild Bill Hickok's Abilene the trade of herding into Santa Fe railroad trains the cattle driven up from Texas and the Indian Territory, and of providing drink, gambling, and other surcease from the contingency of the cattle trails. Morris Tremaine was born at Fort Dodge on February 27th, 1871.

During his childhood at the post, he occasionally watched cavalry strike out across the unfenced, unploughed prairie to avenge an Indian raid. Water had to be hauled to the army post in mule wagons, and bathing was not encouraged. Wood for fuel came by rail from the East. So did liquor, which was less cautiously rationed than water. Even the post commissary, the only general store at the fort, had its bar. There young Tremaine made his first money, selling empty bottles picked up around the barracks on Sundays and the mornings after paydays. He remembers that beer bottles were redeemed at two for a nickel, whiskey pints brought five cents, and quarts a dime.

There being no school at the post, Morris, at nine, was sent to live with his great-aunt in Coburg, Ontario. Out

## THE COCKEREL

It has been well with him and me;  
I heard him tell you so.  
And grin. Nor do I disagree;  
Only, before you go—

Sit close, and hear me say the name  
Of one that walked the world  
More beautiful than he; but tame—  
O, tame, with feathers curled;

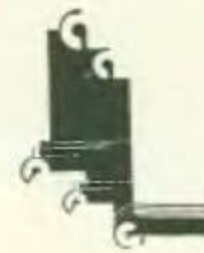
With plumes that never stood again  
After I went and wed.  
Nor have I missed him in my den,  
Making a fox's bed.

I have been thoughtless; yet this day  
Turns me a moment home,  
To the green lawn, and to the way  
The sun gilded his comb.

—MARK VAN DOREN

of the car windows the boy from the prairie saw trees for the first time, and further along, in Chicago, a lake. The following day, in Canada, he had his first bath in a lie-down tub. Two years later the elder Tremaine resigned his commission, moved his family to Buffalo, and resumed private practice. Morris came down from Canada and was sent to Buffalo schools, then back to Upper Canada College, in Toronto. He didn't care for school very much, and at seventeen he became a tally boy in a lumber yard on Lake Erie.

Calculating the yardage and value of stacked lumber, he acquired facility with figures and a knowledge of woods, became yard master, then salesman, and at twenty-one was sent to New York to establish a branch office. He did a lot of figuring in his spare time and convinced himself that insurance rates on lumber should be cheaper. But the underwriters refused to climb down to the rates he suggested. So, in 1903, Tremaine and



two friends organized a small insurance company which specialized in lumber policies. Two years later he founded the National Lumber Insurance Company. Both concerns prospered.

Tremaine then branched out into the manufacture of rolling steel doors as president of the J. G. Wilson Company of New York and Norfolk. He had just retired from most of his business connections when the political urge suddenly arrived ten years ago.

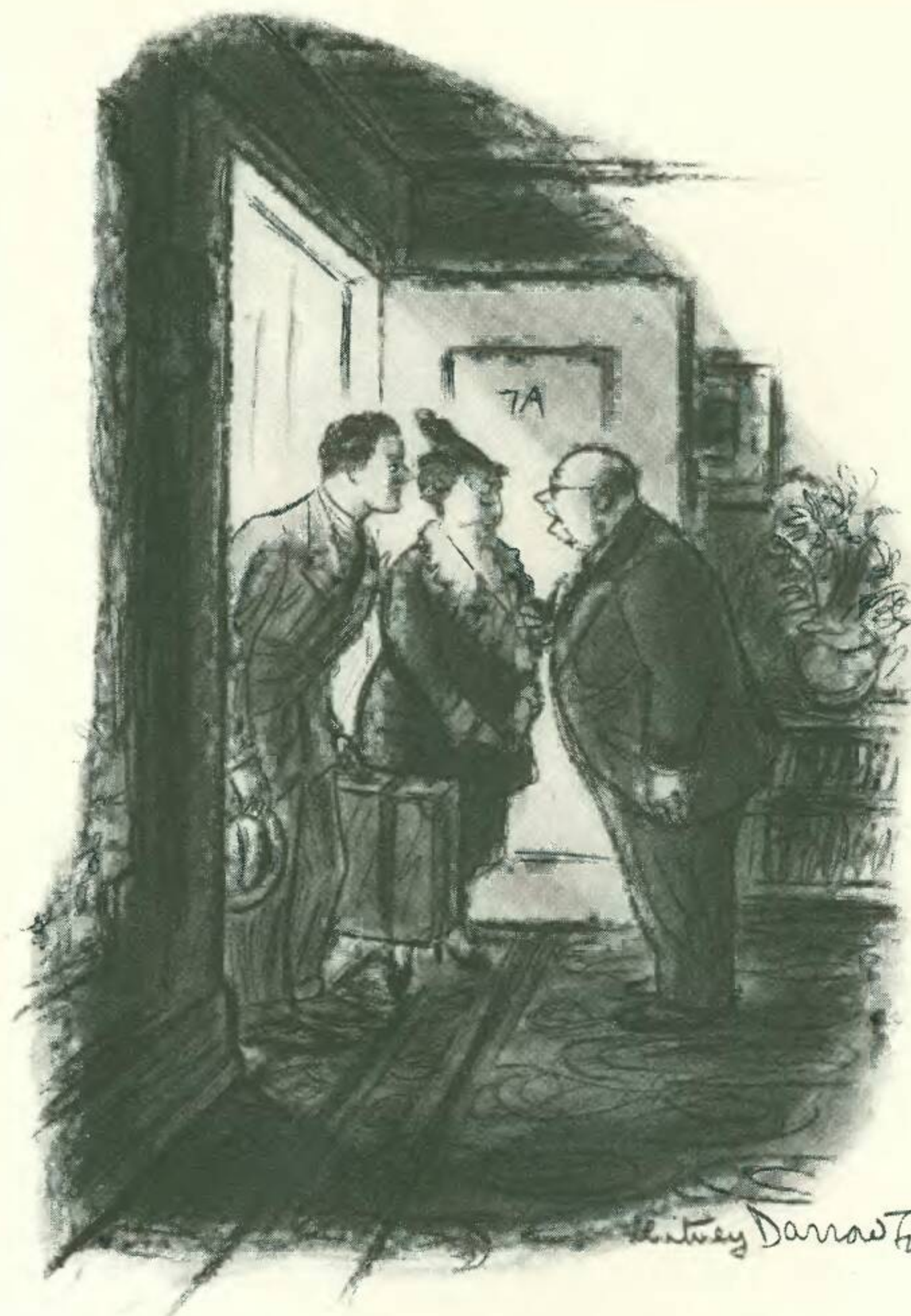
His entry into politics was engineered by the late Norman E. Mack, Buffalo's Democratic leader and a National Committeeman. Al Smith, about to seek his



fourth term as Governor, asked Mack to find him a good man to run for Comptroller. It was stipulated that the candidate for Comptroller should come from upstate, since Manhattan was supplying the head of the ticket. Mack went to Tremaine and asked for an answer by dinner that evening. "If I have to decide today," Tremaine said, "the answer is no." Mack gave him a night to sleep on it, and after that he consented.

TREMAINE seldom makes quick decisions. Usually, before offering state securities in the market, or buying large blocks of municipals, he sounds out downtown sentiment and then goes back to Albany and broods for days, silent and somewhat sullen, like a moose. His friends attribute to this habit the fact that he actually looks a little like a moose, especially when he is thinking hard. Once he has made up his mind what type of loan to float, he waits until he thinks the time is ripe, then wants the whole business concluded in a flash. On a short-term issue he will communicate with a few dozen bankers by telephone, asking each one how much he cares to take. Then he makes their allotments, fixing the interest rate himself. The physical task of getting out a note issue on short notice means night work for everyone concerned in the Comptroller's office. The law requires that long-term issues be advertised for at least ten business days prior to the sale, and these are not sold by allotment. They go to the highest bidder. With the employees Tremaine is gentle, trustful, and tolerant of mistakes unless they are repeated. He insists that the level of integrity in public service is at least as high as it is in the ministry, and that the virtue of moderation is more common in public finance than in private affairs.

Although his vote-pulling record has been surpassed by only three candidates in the state's history—Governors Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Lehman—the Comptroller, who ran with each of them, likes to avoid the appearance of being in politics. He prefers to be thought of as one who is merely of politics. A good part of his work must be done with bankers, and bankers have a tribal suspicion of baby-kissing, adjective-hurling, and hat-waving. In or out of their sight, Tremaine dissembles his keen delight in things political. He takes part, and with pleasure, in the powwows of party chieftains, but usually his appointments with district



*"But Martha, I had an idea  
we were going to adopt a somewhat younger boy."*

and county leaders, whether in Tammany or upstate, are quietly made and quietly kept. From a dais at political-organization dinners, it is always state finance that he talks. Except on the night in each campaign when the clan gathers at the Wigwam with all the principal Democratic candidates on exhibition, you will not find him within the walls of Tammany Hall.

What draws to Tremaine his majorities is a bit puzzling to those who imagine that a democracy favors candidates with fire and color at the hustings. His platform speeches are factual accountings rendered in a dull monotone. In pamphlet form they are solid read-

ing, not designed to cast a spell on an audience; they offer no entertainment and completely ignore the existence of an opponent.

In the 1932 election, Governor Lehman ran behind his Republican opponent, Colonel William J. Donovan, in the count of votes cast north of the Bronx, but Tremaine drew a majority upstate as well as in the city. He is one of the few Democrats who have done that. If he wants the nomination again this year, no Democratic politician is likely to try to stop him. The chances are that he does want to run, and that he will choose his own moment for saying so.

—EDWARD ANGLY



## LET'S FALL IN LOVE

I HAVE felt lately that we moderns are much too inclined to nibble at moonbeams, especially the men. Somehow, I can't help wishing our menfolk could be a little bit more businesslike. In courtship, for instance.

Courtship, as recommended in "Our Social Manual for All Occasions" (published in 1896 and "embellished with superb phototype engravings"), was a more cagy piece of work. It was grounded in hard reality—reality at its realest.

Maud C. Cooke, the author, tries to throw us off the track by devoting the first few pages of this courtship chapter to pleasantries. Of course, it's a darn good thing to know that "going together to picnics and Mayings, lectures and sleigh-rides marvelously cements the affections." However, it's with the "formal proffer of marriage" that things begin to shape up. The suitor has already proposed once—say, in the conservatory. Now we deal in bald facts, the balder the better.

"The best time to state and waive or remove all objections is at his proposal and her acceptance. A verbal will do, but a written is much better, *by facilitating future reference.*" (The italics, such as they are, are mine.)

And this is the type of letter the man is to write to his dream girl. I quote with a lavish hand:

"Much Esteemed Friend: As we have agreed to canvass our mutual adaptations for marriage, and my own mind is fully made up, a final decision now becomes necessary.

"What I have learned of and from you confirms that high opinion of you which prompted my selection of you, and inspired a desire to consummate it. . . . Will you let me love what I so much admire?

"I crave to make you my wife, to live with and for you, with honest assiduous toil, fidelity to business, what talents I possess, and all I can do to contribute to your creature comforts."

Let's stop right there for a moment, to consider the phrase "creature comforts." That appeals to me plenty. Nowadays, there's too much frenzied baby talk done by suitors, when what a girl really wants is a long chat about her creature comforts. If a man ever said "creature comforts" to me, I'd prick up my ears in a hurry. I'd think we were really getting somewhere, then.

To go on with the letter, we next get a phrase obviously thrown in as

a sop. "May I enshrine you as queen of my life?" And then, with a quick changing of gears, "Say wherein you find me faulty, or capable of improvement in your eyes. . . ."

What he means is "If you don't like my smelly old pipe, and my striped shirts, and the way I bid no-trump, *now's* the time to tell me."

And then he takes a deliberate side-swipe at her. "I wish some things were different about you—that you had better health, arose earlier, were less impulsive, knew more about keeping house, etc."

That's letting her know love isn't blind, by a long shot. And if, five years from then, she moaned, "You don't love me as you used to," he could always refer back to the letter, with that telling résumé of her faults.

That settled, he takes up the matter of references. "Deliberate fully, for this is a life affair, and if, in order to decide judiciously, you require to know more of me, ask me, or . . . and . . ."

You don't catch the 1936 boys giving references. Nothing so crass. Old head-in-the-clouds, that's what the modern wooer is. But boy, would I like to get my hands on several good names as references! I'd cross-question those people plenty. In no time at all, I'd have found out just what went on that night of the Uddertons' picnic, and some meaty facts about the blonde called Genevieve. Still, the reference idea is businesslike. So's the closing paragraph:

"If you can and will reciprocate my proffered affection, say yes, and indi-



cate your own time and mode of our marriage. Meanwhile, with the highest regards, I am, and hope ever to remain,

"Yours truly,  
"A.B."

There's a letter you could read without a tremor in any courtroom. For that matter, you could even read it in private without a tremor.

—HILDEGARDE DOLSON

## OF ALL THINGS

WHAT every *Herald Tribune* reader knows: When a President goes to Iowa to talk about the drought, that is playing politics; when a Governor goes, that is part of the day's work.

Jim Farley says the Republicans are trying to frighten businessmen into voting against Roosevelt by predicting disaster. It is nothing but a scare-the-wealth movement.

After being kissed by a California lady, Hitler ordered his bodyguard strengthened. A good Christian would have turned the other cheek.

Father Coughlin says he will deliver nine million votes to Lemke or quit broadcasting forever. Our attorneys tell us, however, that we cannot hold him to this promise unless he puts it in writing.

As we understand it, the Germans won the Olympic Games by resorting to a technicality. They counted in all the minor sports except Brundage.

Jack Sharkey sadly admits that it was an error in judgment to expose his chin to Joe Louis. From now on, he will use it only for conversational purposes.

The Mayor has accepted Robert Moses' suggestion that the city build a glass house for its exhibit at the World's Fair. To make things interesting for the customers, Bob should hold all his rifts there.

Hot-weather question: Is it more fun not to listen to political speeches on the radio or to refuse to read them in the papers? —HOWARD BRUBAKER





## Putting Genius on Paper

**H**ERE'S WHERE THEY put it down in black and white — the engineering genius that makes the truly great automobiles of today.

You might even say these careful draftsmen make thinking *visible*...as they map the ideas and thoughts that come out of exact engineering knowledge, experience, research and skill...putting genius on paper.

Sometimes the ideas come to them penciled roughly. Sometimes the engineers *tell* them the ideas. It then becomes their particular job to turn ideas into exact drawings.

Pattern makers and machinists follow these drawings in making up experimental cars...tested for many months before *new* cars with the *new*

engineering developments are produced for the public.

From these broad tables came the drawings for Plymouth's safest, *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes... the patented Floating Power engine mountings that give you vibrationless smoothness...details of engine cooling and Calibrated Ignition that help make Plymouth America's most economical full-size car.

Here they put on paper the method of making Safety-Steel Body and big car frame a virtual unit of steel for your protection...and other methods that make a Plymouth car stand up and perform so well.

These men know the reason why Plymouth has come so far...so fast.

They see every day that great engineering goes into the car.

Knowing Plymouth's *background*, they regard it as only natural when they hear owners say, "Plymouth certainly builds great cars." **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.**

### EASY TO BUY

Plymouth is priced with the lowest...terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for \$25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto dealers low finance terms that make the big, new Plymouth easy to buy.

Prices of the 1936 Plymouth begin at \$510, list at factory, Detroit (special equipment extra).

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

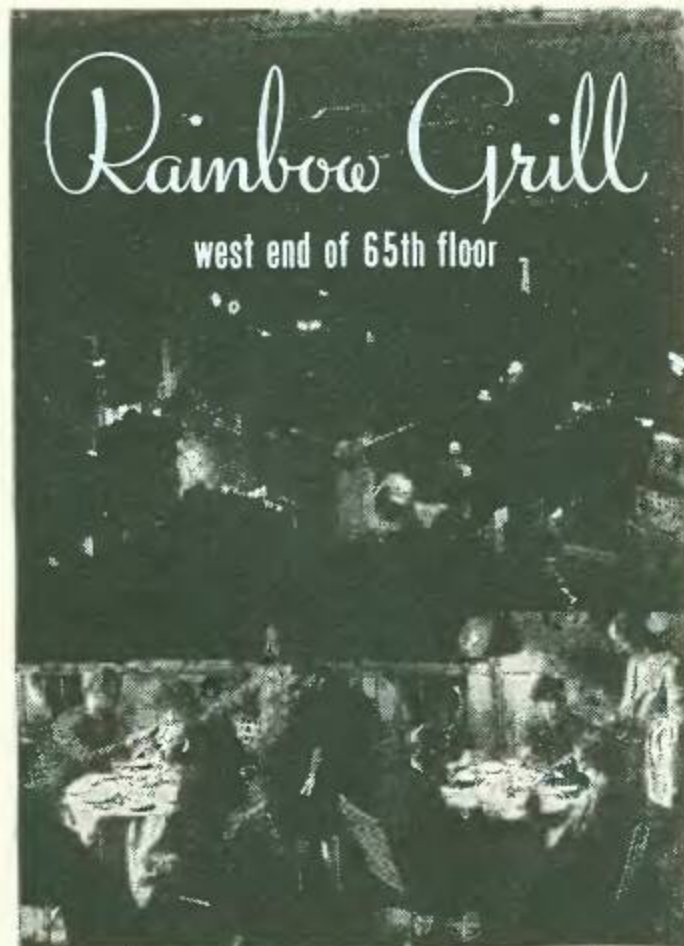


# TONIGHT and Every Night NEW YORK'S SMARTEST FAMILIES Are Dining at LONGCHAMPS

Where the favorite dish  
of every member of the  
family is always on  
the menu.

THERE ARE NINE  
RESTAURANTS  
**LONGCHAMPS**  
ALL SCIENTIFICALLY COOLED

*Tops in Everything*  
but Price



(STAGE MAGAZINE—GRAY-O'REILLY)

DINNER \$2

Cover charge for non-diners 50c weeknights,  
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GAY—COOL—INFORMAL

LOU BRING

and his orchestra—featuring FRANCES HUNT

**ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF**

## TWICE BLEST

ONE day the people on Fourth Street woke up and found a spick living among them. He was a little bit of a man, dark and sleek-haired, and smiling and cringing. He moved into our house one night with his few sticks of furniture and his tiny wife, also dark and sleek-haired, and smiling and cringing. These diminutive Spaniards were out of place on our block. They didn't belong. It was a Jewish neighborhood, with an Italian barber, one or two Irish janitors, and a Chinese laundryman. Once in a while a Negro would pass through, sitting on top of a wagonload of coal coming from the dock. But, until this one settled among us, there were no spicks. He was a busboy in a Borough Hall cafeteria in Brooklyn, and he chose to live in our midst, far from the rest of his kind. The rent must have been the inducement. It was very low.

The boys of the block would wait until he showed up, hugging the building line as he came down the street, taking short steps, jerking his head from side to side, watching everything with a little scared smile. One of us would begin to follow. Soon there would be a crowd of us behind him. He would break into a run and we would chase him, throwing things at him, until he disappeared into the doorway of my house.

That summer we were getting ready to move. We moved every summer. It was easier to do that than to have the flat repainted. Everything was ready. The dishes were packed into barrels and the bedding was tied into bundles. That was all we were taking with us this time. For the new place, Mother had bought furniture and curtains and carpets and fixings. Everything new. We had the money, she said, so we might as well use it. Her theory was that if the banks should close suddenly, at least we would know that we had used the money well.

Everything new. But what about the old stuff? What about the furniture that had been with us all the years that I could remember—before I was born? It was old and big and funny-looking. But it was still solid and good. We couldn't take it along. And it was a shame to throw it out. So Mother decided to sell it.

Sell it to whom? The man who owned the moving van? He laughed when she asked him. Buy that old junk? For what? For firewood it was good, maybe. He could cut it up

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and take it away in pieces. But for furniture he should buy it? Go away!

The spick? Why not? Here, Mother decided, was a customer. And she sent me to fetch him.

They lived on the floor above us. I ran up and knocked on the door. It was Sunday, and he was home. He opened the door softly and looked out at me, fear in his eyes. Behind him I could see the scared face of his little wife, the large eyes frightened and staring, the red mouth open. They didn't speak. They just looked at me, afraid. Scared of a kid of twelve.

"Come on down," I said roughly, the way we always talked to him. "My mother wants to see you."

He nodded his head several times, saying, "Yes, yes, yes," and came out to follow me. She closed the door behind him, and from the look on her face I knew she would throw herself down somewhere, shivering with fright, and cry her eyes out until he came back.

He followed me downstairs.

"Here he is, Ma," I called, and my mother came out and took him by the arm and led him into the front room, where the furniture was.

"You want to buy some furniture cheap?" she asked. He did not answer. He just stood there, hunched over, his lips working, his fingers knitting, and, I swear, his knees trembling.

"Maybe he doesn't speak English, Ma," I said, but he nodded a little faster and rubbed his hands a little harder and said, "Me understand, lady. Me understand."

Mother explained about the furniture, going into detail about its various qualities. She smacked the sides to show how solid it was. She pulled out drawers to show its excellent condition. And all the while that she talked, he listened.

Then, still servile, still afraid, his head began to shake from side to side, negatively, and his smile became apologetic.

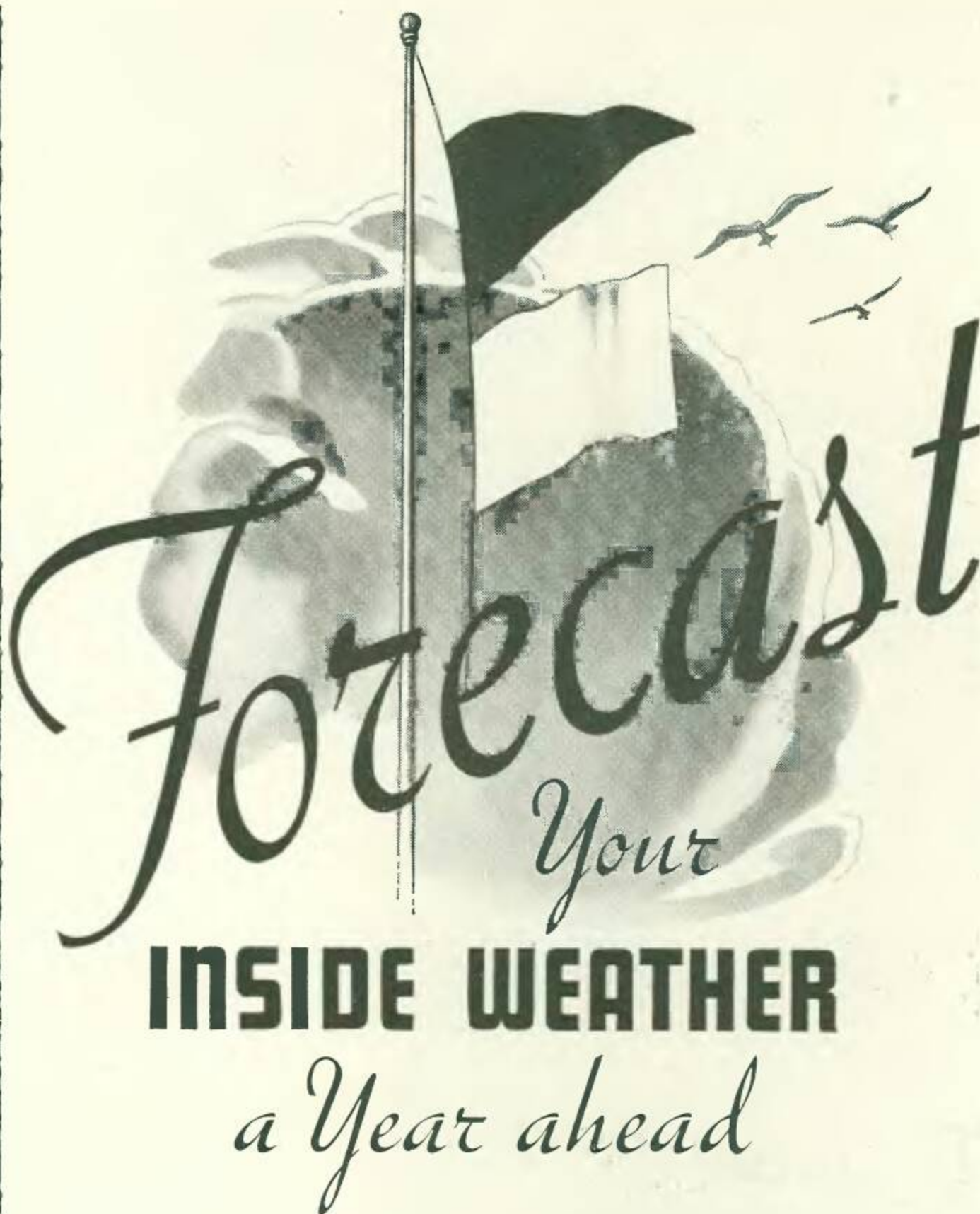
"Don't you want it?" Mother asked.

"No, lady," he said softly and sadly, pointing to the ceiling, indicating his wife in the tiny apartment above us. "She wants—like this—with a mirror—like this," and he made motions in the air, describing a piece of furniture.

"But this is good and solid," my mother said. "And you can have it cheap. Cheap. Understand? Cheap!"

Now the fear in his face was mixed with sorrow. He spoke slowly, still making the long, descriptive gestures. "With a—mirror—she wants."

And suddenly it dawned on me that



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he meant a dressing table. One of those trick arrangements with two sets of drawers, one on either side, and a mirror in the middle. She wanted one of those delicate, spindly things, and Mother was trying to force this huge ox of an affair, dating from the year one, upon him.

"I promise her—with a mirror. She wants—like this—with a mirror."

Mother didn't understand. To her, this massive creation was good. Good enough for spicks. Better than they were accustomed to. She couldn't understand his refusal. There was a mirror in this thing, too, wasn't there? Look!

But he only smiled that sickly smile of his and apologized with his hands, his arms, his eyes, his whole body. "With a mirror—like this—she wants."

Mother was exasperated. She offered it to him at any price he named. But he didn't want it. At her wits' end, she made him a gift of it. But still that cringing refusal.

"Don't you want it for nothing?" she cried, amazed and angry.

"No, lady," he said, his face creased with pain. "I promise her—like this—with a mirror—she wants."

He said it over and over, cowering fearfully from Mother's insistence. Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Let him alone, Ma. He doesn't want it," I said, stepping between them. "Let him alone, Ma," I repeated, following him and covering his retreat to the door as he went out backward. I could feel the look of gratitude he turned upon me. But I could not bring myself to meet his eyes. I kept looking at the floor until the door opened and closed and I knew he was gone.

After that I never chased or threw things at a spick again.

—JEROME WEIDMAN

Donald Donaldson, 512 Randolph Street, reported to police Tuesday that for two weeks he has been missing gasoline from his car parked at his home. Wenches also have been stolen from his car.—*Racine (Wis.) Journal-Times*.

And *that's* when a man's patience is at an end.

#### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Bermuda Recorder (Negro)]

Miss Lucy Smith has just returned from Boston, where she has been the house guest of Mr. John Alexander, for six years.



## A REPORTER AT LARGE

I WENT down to Trinity Church on Sunday morning, August 16th, to find out what the service is like and to get an idea of what sort of people go there these days. It was the rector of Trinity, the Rev. Dr. Fleming, who, you will remember, was on the front pages of the newspapers a short time ago. Dr. Fleming had written a preface to the Trinity Church Year Book in which he recommended a moratorium on preaching, and this was deservedly treated as big news. "I seriously believe," he wrote, "that the Christian Church would once again bring salvation to the world, and begin to save its own soul, if it had the wisdom and courage to declare a moratorium on preaching for a period of one or two years. There is practically no preaching worth the name to be found today. . . . For the most part sermons today are a very poor edition of 'topical' homiletics, a brand of religious 'pep talks.' . . . Why cannot a Christian be permitted to go to church to worship his God without being assaulted by a barrage from the pulpit?"

When this preface was made public, Dr. Fleming was abroad on a vacation; and he still was away on the Sunday I went to his church.

Getting out of a taxi or coming up out of the subway at Broadway and Wall Street, one sees immediately that tall spire of Trinity rising against the solid wall of the Curb Exchange. Ninety or so years ago people used to climb the tower of this same Trinity and look down at the city that lay below. Now the church is entirely surrounded by skyscrapers, most of them at least three times the height of Trinity's spire. Yet, with that green churchyard stretching away on either side, it is quite possible that Trinity is more impressive today than it was when it was younger.

There were more people in the pews than I had expected to find on this warm midsummer Sunday. I counted eighty-five. The congregation was bunched together, rather than scattered. The ushers, dressed in business suits, led people to the pews directly off the centre aisle, thus leaving entirely empty the rows of pews on the extreme right and left of the church. Since these side-aisle pews were obscured somewhat by rows of stone columns, one got the impression not of a half-empty church but of a church comfortably filled. You could not tell much about the members of the congregation by looking at them. They were mostly just nice-looking

### TRINITY IN MIDSUMMER

people—some old, some middle-aged. There were eight or ten children. I didn't see any men or women whom you would call young. Across the aisle from me an elderly couple was kneeling, and I was surprised later to find that they knelt throughout the entire service. Most of the people knelt briefly when they entered a pew and after that only when a prayer was being said. Some of them didn't kneel at any time. Ahead of me was a man with four middle-sized children, two boys and two girls, spread around into two pews. In one of the back pews was a man who had no coat on—he hadn't taken it off after he came in; he just hadn't worn it. There were two colored people—a cheerful-looking woman who looked as if she might be a cook, and a man who wore the reversed collar and black coat of a Catholic or Episcopal clergyman. These two were not together. The colored clergyman shared a pew with two white ladies; they sat at one end of the pew and he sat at the other. The colored woman sat in a pew all by herself. There was a Japanese man sitting by himself, too, with a cane between his knees; he seemed to be deeply absorbed in everything that was going on. I noticed one other person particularly—a large, affable-looking man with a white mustache of considerable size who had what I must describe as the look of a pillar of the church. I imagine you have seen this look in some church at some time or another; it is a little proprietary—not unpleasantly so, but merely as if the person who has it is watching the proceedings with a

certain secret, private interest and saying quietly to himself, "I am a pillar."

This was the tenth Sunday after Trinity, and the eleven-o'clock service I attended was one of Holy Communion. Trinity Church, which, as you know, is one of the richest churches in the country, being the owner of millions of dollars' worth of New York real estate, has a superb boys' choir and a fine, sweet old organ. There was a hymn,

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood . . .

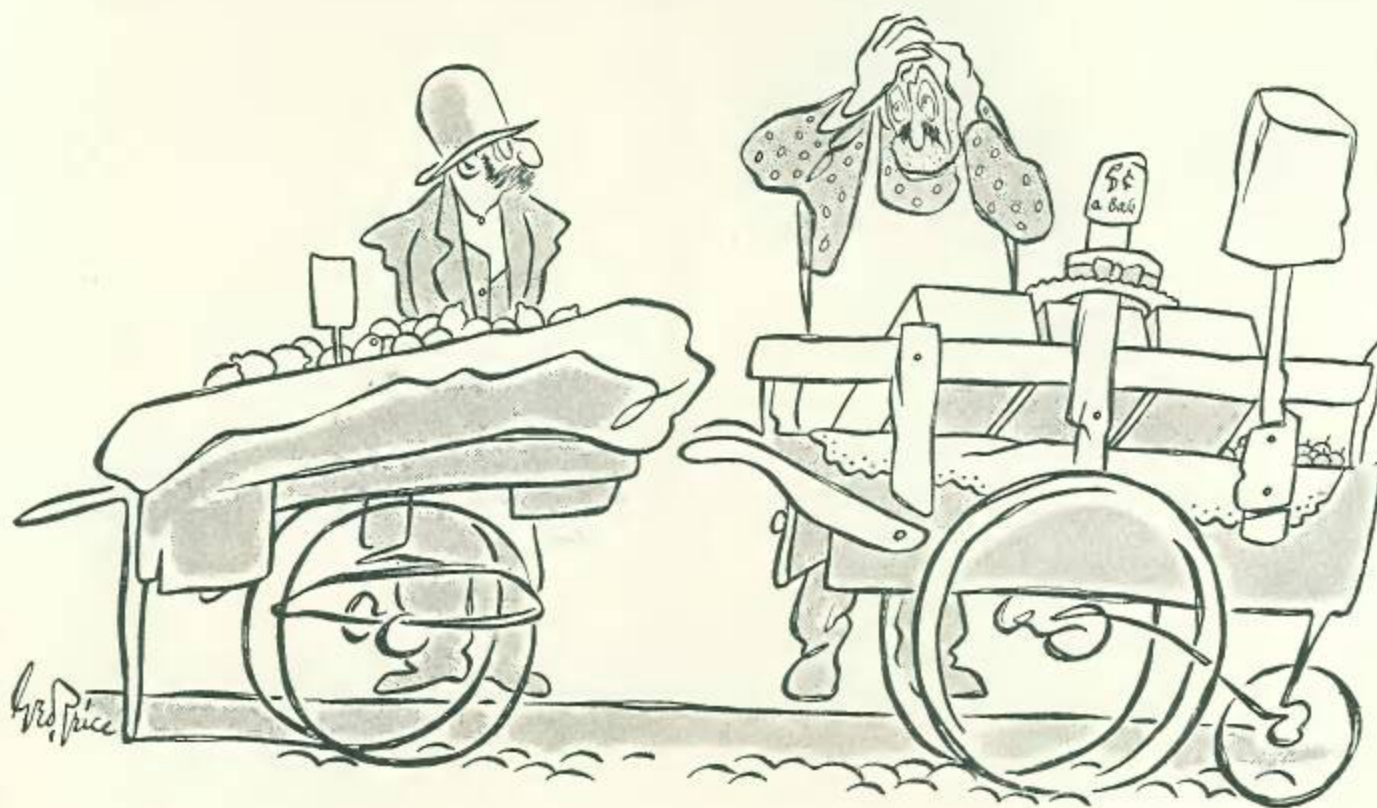
and then Harwood's Communion Service in E flat. There was a second hymn,

Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne . . .

and after that the offertory, when the choir sang,

Jesus, Word of God Incarnate,  
Of the Virgin Mary born,  
On the Cross Thy sacred Body  
For us men with nails was torn.  
Cleanse us by the blood and water  
Streaming from Thy pierced side;  
Feed us with Thy Body broken,  
Now, and in death's agony!  
O Jesus, hear us, Son of Mary!

As the choir sang this, one did not absorb the realism of the words but was conscious only of the small, high voices of the boy sopranos and the soft, infinitely soothing surges of the organ. I copied the words from the church circular, a little pamphlet which is placed in all the hymnbook racks; and which tells what the service is going to be like, who the preacher is to be, and so on. The pamphlet also says, "The services at Trinity Church are continued without interruption throughout all the



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months of the year, the only change in the summer being the omission of the sermon on Sunday afternoons. There are five services every Sunday and four every week-day, at all of which everyone is welcome and the pews are free. This church is here to serve all those who have need of it."

A MAN sitting in a pew with me turned out to be one of those who pass the collection plates. He was a gentle-looking man with gray hair, dressed rather stiffly with a starched collar and a heavy, dark gray woollen business suit; and he had an air about him of being a man who had dressed himself carefully, gravely—for church. The large man with the white mustache also helped with the offertory. There were a few dollar bills in the plate which was passed to me, and many dimes and quarters. The offertory ended with that strange note of disharmony which is, for some reason, traditional at Trinity—the clatter and crash of coins as the vestrymen empty their plates into a silver tray before the altar.

The sermon came next. The preacher was the Rev. Stuart F. Gast, of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania—a visiting clergyman with a quiet, conservative delivery and a pleasant, comforting voice. His sermon was about building and builders. He spoke first of the Tower of Babel and recalled how the builders of that tower had been dispersed by a miracle which took away their common language, and "scattered over the world." Then he said, "My friends, there are builders of Towers of Babel today." He mentioned what he called the religious Babels. "These are religious schemes—and I mean *schemes* in every sense of the word—that have their boards of managers and their committees and which always end in failure. The builders of these religious Babels have in truth been scattered over the earth. They sought a short cut to heaven—a short cut to heaven." He did not dwell on these religious Babels very long or mention any specific Babels, but passed on to worldly Babels: "people who are striving to make for themselves a name—striving after social, literary, or financial successes—I mean of course when these things are done as a means to an end." His point was not made altogether clear. He went on to quote from Isaiah, "Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: He that believeth shall not make haste." This was his text for the



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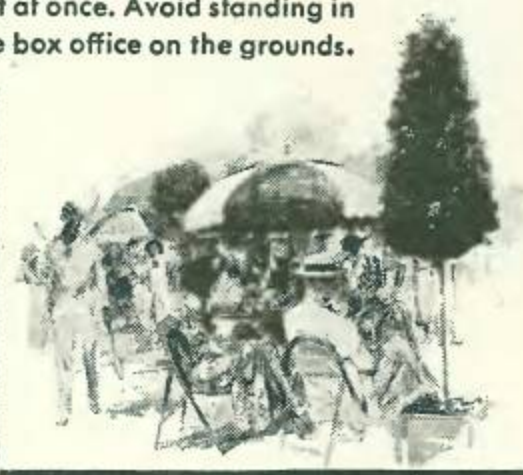
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day. "For nineteen hundred years," he said, "that building has been going on, and it is still going on. That tower"—he paused significantly—"whereby men have reached to heaven! Because *that* tower was builded by our Saviour, Jesus Christ. The purpose of Babel was selfishness; in Jerusalem it was zeal for God's work." He then concluded by talking about those two houses, the house-on-rock and the house-on-sand, and what happened to them. "Each of us," he said, "has a house to build. What is the purpose back of your life? Oh, my friends, let your house of life be builded for God, that it may last! 'Great was the fall' of the house that was builded on sand. Each of us, each of us—a life, a house. Is it to be builded on sand or—on—rock?"

It was a short sermon, lasting not more than ten minutes. I learned later that this is about the average for sermons at Trinity. The Communion service followed, in which about one-third of the congregation took part—that is, about thirty people. These thirty left their pews and walked up to the altar, knelt for a moment, and disappeared for a few moments more behind the right-hand choir stalls, where the Communion service is held. Then they came back to their pews again, and, as a choir-boy put out the candles around the altar with a long stick, there was the final hymn,

Fairest Lord Jesus,  
Ruler of all nature,  
O Thou of God and man the Son.

I STOOD outside for a while and watched the congregation leave the church. About fifty people, men, women, and children, strolled into the lovely old churchyard that runs alongside Broadway from the church to Thames Street, on one side, and to Rector on the other. Many of them, I noticed, had cameras, and they opened these now and took pictures of the graves and the monuments and of one another, standing in the churchyard. The man who had come to church without a coat was one of the most energetic of the cameramen. The colored woman came out by herself and got, rather surprisingly, into a taxi and was driven up Broadway. Two ladies came out and waved to a taxi, and while they were waiting for it, I heard one of them say to the other, "We can get into St. Patrick's *any* time in the afternoon. I am certain of that." The man who had sat in the pew with me came out of the church now, and I stopped him and asked a few questions about himself and the church. He was

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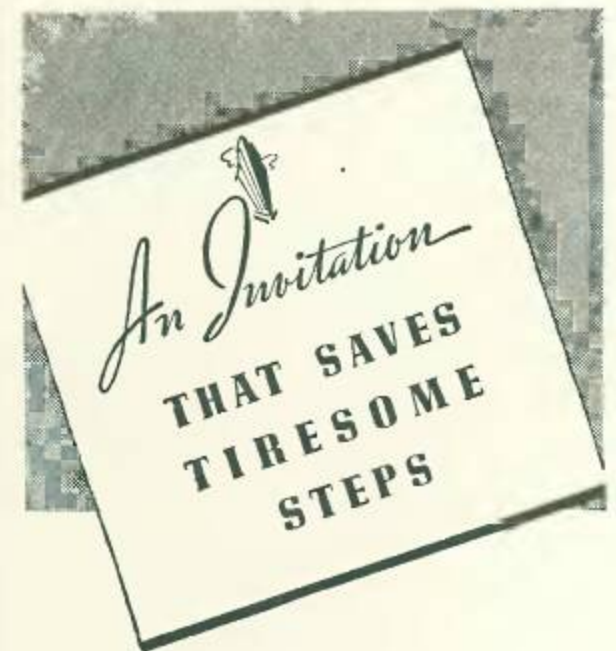
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not, as I had supposed, a vestryman. "All the real vestrymen are out of town," he said. "Or nearly all, anyway. I just help them out during the summer with passing the plates." He was, I found, a Mr. Hutton, an officer in the De Laval Separator Company up the street at 165 Broadway. This company, he told me, manufactures cream separators for farmers. Mr. Hutton lives in Brooklyn and has been coming to Trinity Church for twelve years. "Most of the congregation these days," he told me, "are tourists. They come in droves and—would you believe it?—more come between services than to services. Of course," he went on, "Trinity doesn't care a bit about the offering. Doesn't have to. It's rich as it can be—all that real estate!" I asked him if there were not a few old parishioners who came to church in the summer. "Scarcely more than a half-dozen at the most," he said. "They're all out of town. Now, of the people in there just now, I doubt if there were more than four I've seen before. That couple that knelt all during the service—you noticed them across from us?—they come regularly, winter and summer. Hardly anyone else—myself, and two or three others."

I noticed that only one automobile, an old Packard, was waiting outside the church—that practically all the people who didn't go into the churchyard either went down into the subway or walked across the street to wait for buses. I mentioned this to Mr. Hutton. "In the winter it's different," he said. "In the winter we get a few people from uptown, and then there is quite a line of big cars waiting out here. . . . Oh, as many as ten or eleven sometimes."

I left Mr. Hutton and went back into the church, where two or three people were still standing around just inside the door chatting with the Rev. Mr. Cornell, one of the curates, and with the man who had the large white mustache. This man, I found, is Colonel George W. Burleigh, a New York lawyer, and, sure enough, a vestryman of Trinity. He lives on Madison Avenue and drives downtown to Trinity almost every Sunday in the year, winter and summer. Colonel Burleigh was chatting gaily with an elderly lady who was saying she was from Washington, D.C., and was visiting the church for the first time. "Where you staying?" the Colonel asked her in a hearty, friendly voice. "In the slums," she said archly. "Positively in the slums—West Fifty-seventh Street!" "You ought to go East, my dear lady!" ex-



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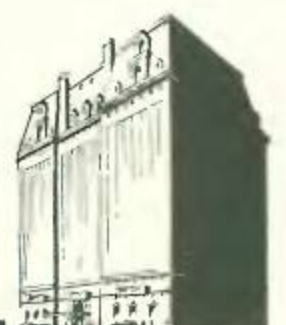
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claimed the Colonel. He chatted with two or three other out-of-town visitors, and then went out and got, I am almost certain, into the old Packard.

Mr. Cornell meanwhile was listening politely to the colored clergyman, who was talking to him earnestly in a low tone. Mr. Cornell listened in silence for quite a while and then said, "Just write to the Rectory. I am sure they will answer your questions satisfactorily—yes, by all means write to the Rectory."

The colored clergyman seemed pleased at this and, after shaking hands, moved off.

I went up to Mr. Cornell, told him the purpose of my visit, and we began to talk about Trinity Church. Without my asking about it, Mr. Cornell corroborated Mr. Hutton in the statement that the congregation was made up mostly of tourists. "They come from all over," he said. "All day every day," he went on, a little wearily, I thought. "I venture to say that there are at all times as many as twenty people here, and walking about the churchyard, at once—at all hours of the day."

He smiled dryly as he talked. "Saturday is, you may be interested to know, the big day for tourists. More of them come on Saturday than on Sunday."

Together, we walked over and looked at a visitors' book in a corner of the vestibule, and I found that a hundred and eighty-seven had signed it on Saturday and, up to that time Sunday, thirty-six. "They come from all over," Mr. Cornell repeated. "Did you see the gentleman with the four children? With his four children, he has been to Canada on a sightseeing trip and they are stopping in New York on their way back home. They are from Memphis, Tennessee." We looked at the book again and noticed how many people in the same families had signed the visitors' book in groups that morning. There were three Clarks from El Dorado, Arkansas; three Bells and four Siftons from Pittsburgh; and three Pentys from Battle Creek, Michigan, besides the five Pattons from Memphis.

"I am waiting to perform a baptismal service," Mr. Cornell remarked. "They are invariably late in coming."

He looked at his watch.

"Who is being baptized?" I asked.

"One of our mission children. You know, I presume, of our Mission House on Fulton Street. It is a mission for the people of the parish. Children are given an opportunity to have outings of ten days at our Seaside Home at Great River, Long Island."

I asked if many people of the par-

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## HOTEL NEW YORKER

34th at 8th Ave., Ralph Hitz, Pres.

ish came to the services at the church.  
"A few," he said. "A few. Mostly to the early-morning service—we have a service at eight A.M., you know."

"But they don't come to the eleven-o'clock service?" I asked.

"Hardly any. As I remarked before, these people at this service are mostly tourists—mostly tourists."

I asked if he knew the name of the child that was to be baptized and he thought for some moments, his eyes on the ceiling.

"Yes," he said at length. "Alexander—Alexander Almasy. From a family of the parish, you understand."

We talked a little about Dr. Fleming's proposal of a moratorium on sermons. "Ah, yes," Mr. Cornell said, "the newspapers jumped at that, did they not? I do not believe Dr. Fleming expected to be taken quite so literally. It is the sensational preaching, the 'service and selling' sermons, that he is opposed to—all those sermons that appear in the Monday morning newspapers." He sighed.

Somebody came up to talk to him, and I went outside and sat for a while in the churchyard, on a bench, beside which was a prominent sign requesting visitors not to sit on the graves. A good many tourists were walking about, taking pictures. One or two of them, with special cameras, went into the church and took pictures of the interior. The coatless man was walking on the graves, reading the inscriptions on all the tombstones and snapping a picture every now and then. More tourists kept going into the church from the street, to pause a moment, pick up a booklet which tells of the history of Trinity Church and is given away free, and then to stroll about the churchyard and look at the tombstones. A sightseeing bus went by on Broadway and the words "Trinity Church . . . one of the oldest . . . Alexander Hamilton's grave" came clearly from the barker.

Mr. Cornell came out after a while and we talked a little longer. He pointed to a tall monument in a corner of the churchyard which was erected in memory of those who lost their lives in the old Sugar House during the Revolutionary War. "It was not put up until the eighteen-fifties," he said. "It was erected chiefly to prevent the city from running a street through the churchyard at that point. They might have torn up the churchyard, but they couldn't very well tear down the monument." He chuckled good-humoredly, and went back into the church to baptize young Alexander Almasy.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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## THE RACE TRACK

*Fancies — Discovery in the Mud—Maedic Again*



WELL, the Saratoga races are almost over, and I'm just bubbling like a Hathorn Spring with ideas for this weekend. Ed Bradley, who toys with odds and such, says it's 6-5 that Discovery will beat Granville in the Saratoga Cup. I hope Bradley doesn't change his mind between now and race time, for I'd like a piece of that bet, provided, of course, that the track is fast. If it isn't, I expect Granville won't run. In my book, Granville is the stoutest horse we have, and he'll take the mile and three-quarters of the Cup better than Discovery, whose best distance is a mile and a quarter.

The Hopeful Stakes is more difficult. It's always a scramble, and a big field will be out. Billionaire is the obvious horse, but he, too, must have a fast track. Unfortunately, my galoshes, which came in mighty handy last week, won't be of much use to him. And if you bet on jumpers, Rioter, the best I've seen since Jolly Roger and Fairmount, should win the Saratoga Steeplechase.

DISCOVERY didn't relish having mud splashed in his face, and sulked badly for more than half a mile in the Whitney Stakes last Saturday. A man who backed him in hundreds at 1-5, just to pick up supper money, had syncope; and another, who'd thought of taking 1-50 to show (yes, Show Parlay, those odds were offered), was glad he didn't. However, after some coaxing from his jockey, Discovery settled to running, and three furlongs from home he bounded past Esposa to win by eight lengths or so, and everybody cheered. It was the third time in succession that Discovery had won the race, and someone suggested that if this sort of thing kept up, Alfred Vanderbilt would have to build a special shelf on his sideboard at Glyndon, Maryland, for Whitney Stakes trophies. This year they were three beautiful old English silver bowls.

IT must be something of a Saratoga tradition to have a muddy track for the Grand Union Hotel Stakes. The Honourable George says that ten of the

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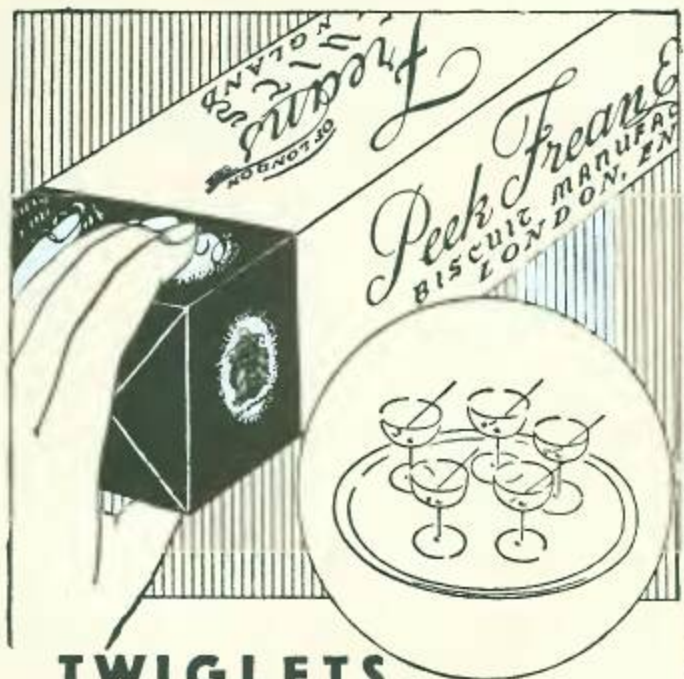
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last twenty runnings have been in pretty awful going.

Maedic, as I suggested, may not be the best two-year-old out this season, but he's better than an empty stall for the Paige-Phillips confederacy. He's won the Flash, Saratoga Sales, Sanford, and Grand Union Hotel Stakes at this meeting, not to mention \$16,050 in prize money, and only the stable's betting commissioner knows how much in bets. His victory in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes was his easiest. He had no trouble in catching Grand Play at the head of the stretch, and then galloped home lengths ahead of his stable mate, Traulove.

Still, the Maemere horses haven't forgotten how to do the unexpected. Maeriel brought off a 30-1 chance in the Catskill Handicap, and there are still rumblings about it.

THE better two-year-olds have been coming out now that the coughing sickness is over. The handsomest is Marshall Field's Charing Cross, whom I've liked ever since I saw him in Florida last winter, but who's such a big colt that he hasn't been hurried in his training. While he was saddling Charing Cross and Sir Damion the other afternoon, George Odom was amused at the clockers' getting the two horses mixed up during the morning gallops, although the animals don't look a bit alike. The clockers had the last laugh, for Sir Damion came along and beat Charing Cross, though I don't imagine such a thing is going to happen again.

Ever so many people were excited about Mosawtre, another first-time starter, who finished only half a length behind Charing Cross after getting off badly. Wrong Horse Harry says that the Aga Khan, or the Milky Way Farm, or somebody offered \$40,000 for Mosawtre. His name, in case you have trouble pronouncing it to your bookmaker, is made up of the letters beginning the full name of the State Comptroller, Morris Sawyer Tremaine—if that's any help.

Another colt I like is Best Beau, whom you can put down in your book for a rainy day. There are not many who run especially well on muddy tracks, but this is one. Best Beau, who is in Mrs. Willis Sharpe Kilmer's Fair Fields Stable, is a dark bay colt by Sun Beau from Adorable II; in addition to resembling his sire, he is as well-named a Kilmer horse as I remember.

I daresay the best two-year-olds' race of the meeting, if you're thinking of

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time as well as performance, was won by Ed Bradley's Billionaire. He ran Case Ace dizzy in less than half a mile, and then went on to win by lengths from Traulove, with Flying Scot, on whom I've weakened a bit, third.

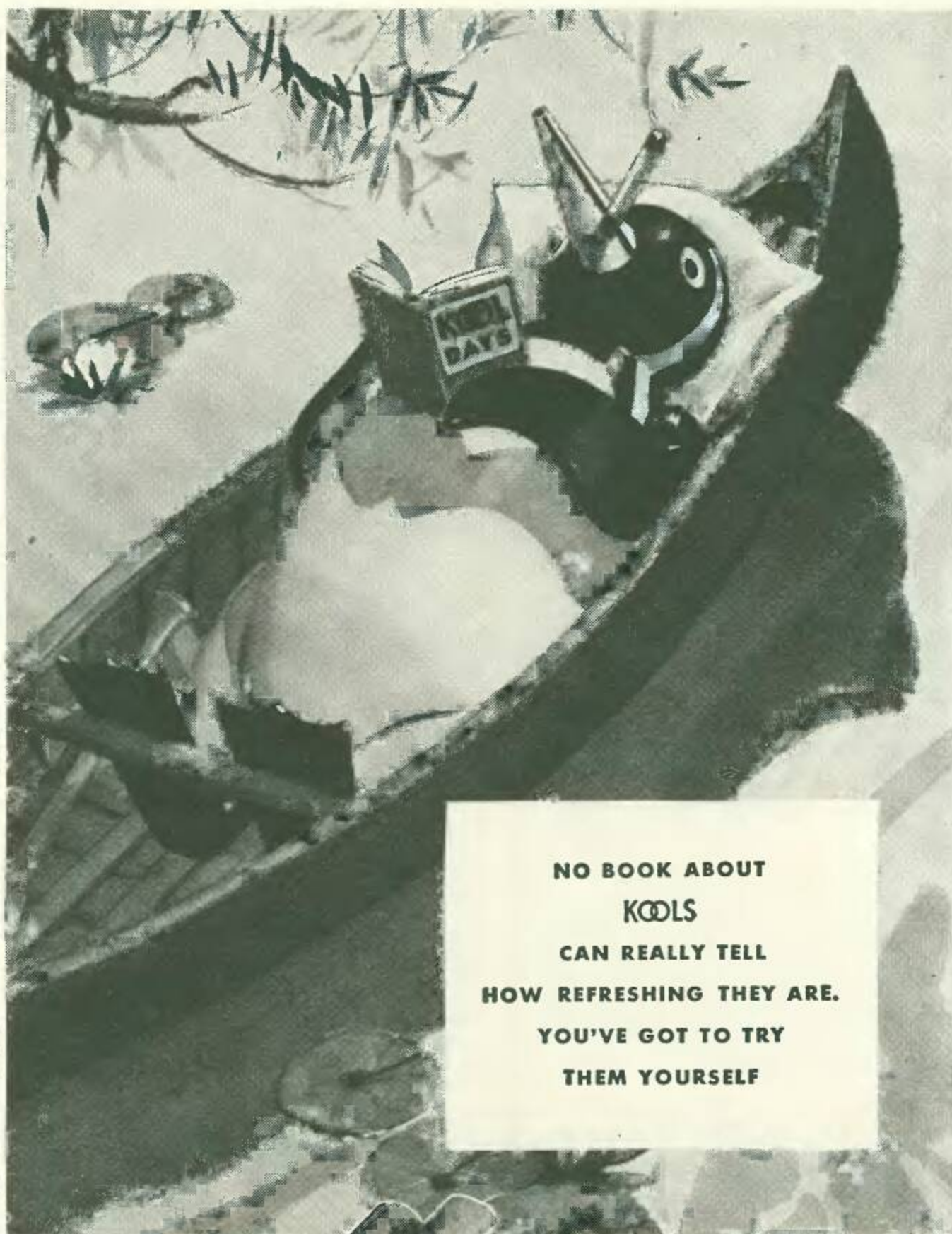
We won't see Case Ace again this season, for he popped a knee in the race, and has been retired. Case Ace is a magnificent-looking animal, but it was so apparent before the race that he had leg trouble that I was surprised to see men who really ought to know better tumbling over each other to snap up the short odds offered on the colt. The Milky Way Farms horses haven't been so successful at Saratoga; there was one flash—Reaping Reward winning the United States Hotel Stakes—but that was all. Perhaps they miss the chocolate bars Mrs. Mars used to feed them.

**R**ED-HOT horses burned out a valve in Colonel Tantivy Martingale's television set. However, a roving observer reports by carrier pigeon that the Boston *Transcript* says there was a race for two-year-old phillies at 'Gansett last week, and it was won by, of all horses, Sonny Whitney's Peplum.

**T**HROUGH THE RAINDROPS: Mrs. Sonny Whitney presenting the Whitney Stakes trophies. . . . Jock Whitney making a flying trip to see Flying Scot run. . . . Thomas Hitchcock waiting for the seventh race to see Amagansett. . . . Alfred Vanderbilt falling behind schedule—he's won only three races in a fortnight. . . . Percy Pike says there isn't much consolation in the Consolation Stakes; his horses ran one, two, and both were claimed. . . . Jack Campbell rates Maedic and Airflame at even weights for the Albany Handicap. . . . And Colonel Tantivy Martingale, who has scratched through another meeting without taking the waters, is closing his cottage for the season. You remember, it's the igloo, made of paper cups, just to the left of the Washington Baths. —AUDAX MINOR

"Why, I'd do it again in a minute," said Mrs. G—who lives at 113-35 205th St., St. Albans, and has been full of holes for years, and the holes get full of water, and you need a rowboat to get to the stores, and if the highway people won't do anything about it we will."—*The World-Telegram*.

The highway people probably don't know where to begin.



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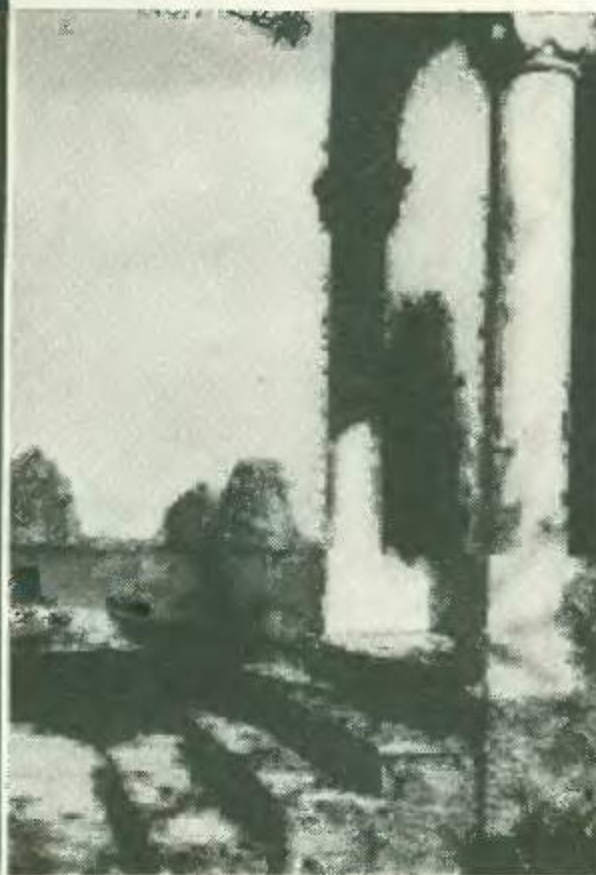
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## THE TENNIS COURTS

## The Rise of Robert Riggs



LAST year J. Donald Budge, of California, back from the Davis Cup wars, in which he waved his mighty racquet at the Queen of England in friendly salute, proved himself to be the best tennis-player in America on the Grandstand Court at Newport (in the finals he sent Frank Shields back to the movies, apparently for good). This year Budge dropped out of the singles, defaulting to a surprised young man named Broida, to save himself for Forest Hills and Fred Perry, whom Budge and I think Budge will beat this year. That is, if he gets past Grant. (If the lucky Mr. Broida's fate interests you, he lost on the second day to one J. Burke Wilkinson.) This year another California boy—the tournament was full of them—was the best in the tournament. You've been seeing his name, for he's been the sensation of the season—Robert Riggs. He licked every Californian that he met, and Frank Parker, of Milwaukee and Spring Lake, N.J., to boot. Robert isn't in J. Donald's class by a long shot—and a lot of other shots—but he is a mighty sweet tennis-player. He played his best game in the fifth round against Wayne Sabin, who is also, it won't surprise you to know, from California. Sabin had looked mighty good to me beating Robert Underwood, the blond Californian, in the third round, and Wilmer Hines in the fourth, but Riggs sent him back to his hotel beaten 1-6, 1-6, 0-6. The next day Riggs took Joe Hunt, the blond Californian, in straight sets and was all ready for whoever should win the Grant-Parker match. My two dollars were on Grant, the blond—no, the mighty Atlanta Atom. I might just as well have tossed a quarter for the two dollars, because the Grant-Parker match was a tossed coin. It came up Parker, by the strange score of 7-5, 6-1, 3-6, 0-6, 6-4, each player winning twenty-two games. Riggs had been trying all year to beat Parker on grass, having beaten him in the National Clay Court Finals, but he hadn't been able to make it, and there were those who thought the apple of Mercer Beasley's eye had the brunet Californian's number. He didn't have it last Saturday, however, and Riggs

my Mother  
bought me a  
lovely  
Hat and coat  
at  
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It is a matter of record that ranking tennis players and others who take their tennis seriously, have long preferred Chrome Twist strings. For the records will show that practically every important tournament played in the last five years, has been won by a player using this make of string. Among the outstanding victories achieved with Chrome Twist this last season were the National Singles and Doubles, National Clay Court Singles and Doubles, National Indoor Singles and Doubles, and a host of important state and sectional titles.



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won an important match which will help to put him way up in the first ten in this year's rating. He has already beaten Grant, at Rye. Riggs is still in his teens, a smiling youngster who plays with the nonchalance of a veteran (a veteran is anybody older than twenty-three). He has been accused of not taking tennis very seriously—horrible fault—but against Sabin and Hunt and Parker he showed he can play as seriously as anybody.

Doubles, except in the Davis Cup, never seem more than exhibition matches to me, and none of them last week was terribly interesting. France introduced a team of youngsters, Pelizza (who always footfaults) and Pétra, whom Sabin and Riggs eliminated. Budge and Mako were far too good for everybody. Parker and Mangin in the finals didn't have any more chance against them than you and I would have had. I didn't see any greatly promising Davis Cup doubles team at Newport.

**NET NOTES:** Probably the strangest moment of the tournament was during the Grant-Parker match, when Parker suddenly lay flat on his back at the baseline to rest between games in the fourth set. . . . In the third set of the Parker-Riggs final, Riggs, in serving a ball, broke a string in his racquet; Parker, in returning the ball, broke a string in his. . . . Last, but not least, France showed a new singles star in young Monsieur Destremau (spelled at Newport also Destremaux, and Destremau, and pronounced by the umpire, Demestrau). Parker beat him 6-4, 5-7, 10-8, 6-4 in one of the best matches of the tournament. He is tall, plays an easy, fluent game, and has a beautiful forehand drive. With it he made some of the finest down-the-line placements ever seen in these courts. The Californians will have to reckon with him in future Davis Cup matches. He played in the doubles with Toto Brugnon, losing finally to Culley and Hunt in a five-set match that lasted until eight o'clock Thursday evening. Once, when the youngster pounded his racquet on the ground in a fit of temper, Brugnon gave him a fatherly disapproving look. "This," he seemed to say, "is Newport." Well, Newport has the most restless, inconsiderate, talkative gallery I have ever sat in. They treat the players as if they were paid entertainers who shouldn't expect courtesy. M. Demestreau should have pounded them with his racquet.

—FOOT FAULT



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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

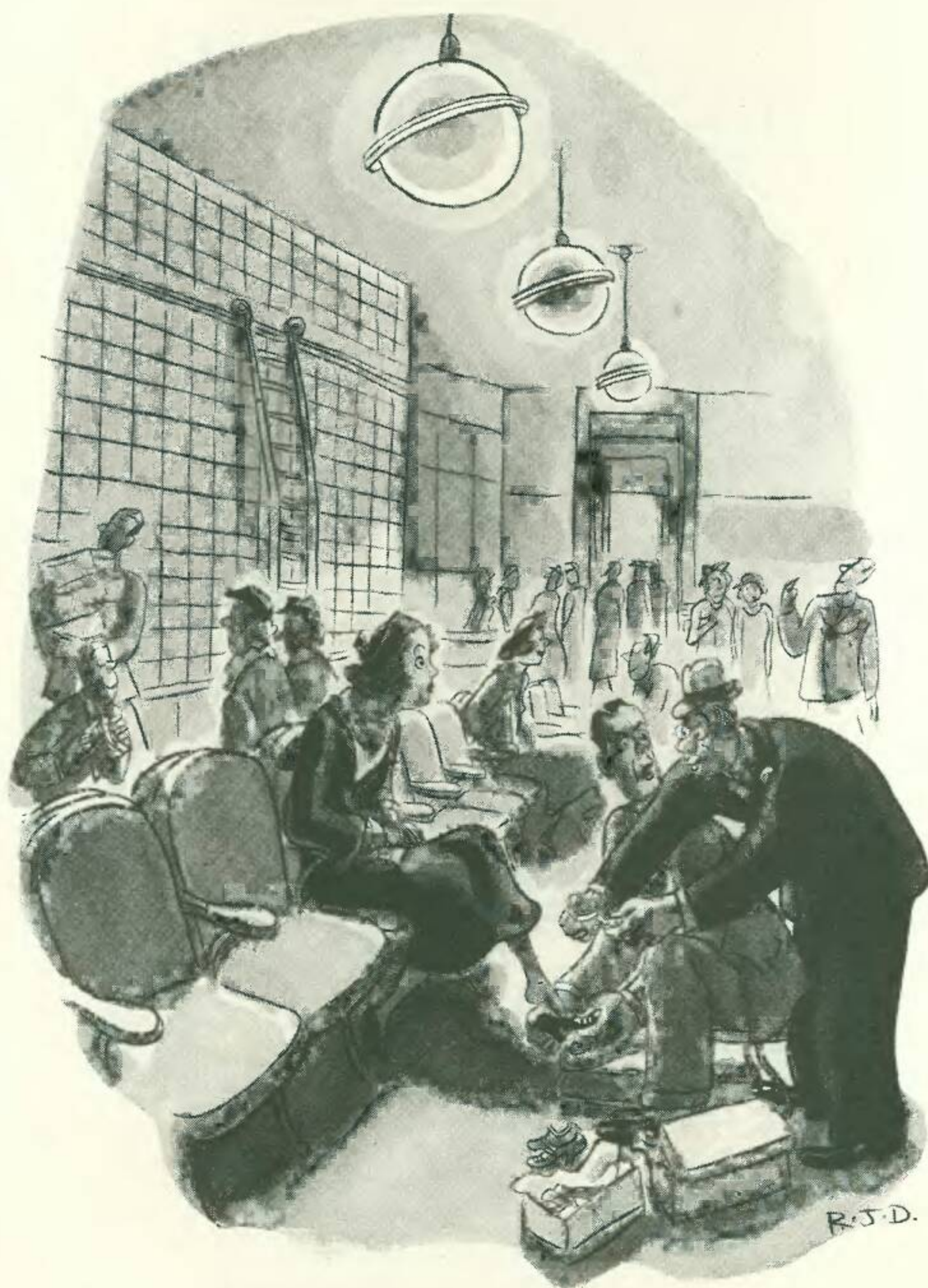
**N**OBODY is going to make me admit how long ago it was that I attended school (I graduated from college at the age of twelve, to hear me tell it), but I will go so far as to say I am out of touch. It fortunately isn't necessary for me to be sage, however, since all big shops comb campuses for contemporary opinions, and often—Bonwit makes a special point of this—have undergraduates working in their college shops to guide you. They don't look like Phi Beta Kappa recluses, either. They tell me that the younger generation likes high-necked dinner dresses, sleeveless or not; is crazy about a very high-waisted princess or Empire line; and for the evening goes for bombazines, faille taffetas, and Mary Queen of Scots styles, as well as for the slinkiness that ruled unquestioned for so long. Where party dresses are concerned, however, I will not presume to address the temperamental young. They can have their pick of beauties that are priced at around \$19.95, and up. I say let the mothers and daughters fight it out themselves. As for campus clothes, certain things remain constant. The passion for lots of sweaters of Brooks length, for instance. The girls like to belt these; therefore Altman offers detachable belts (of the same material) with many of the skirts. Bonwit goes farther and often adds a scarf, which, in the neck of a separate jacket, makes the whole costume a unit. For everyday wear, it is always better to have a collection of things that can be shuffled into various combinations than to have a few set costumes. Matching-up goes on everywhere. Altman has socks, gloves, felt hats, tweeds, sweaters, everything dyed anxiously and expertly. Plaids are all over the place. Culottes, greatly to my surprise, aren't much in evidence, though bicycles are still campus carriers. Best is crazy about the revival of camel's hair (both the fabric and the color).

**T**O be specific: After gaping at the College Shop decorations at Lord & Taylor, which consist of actual merchandise pasted on the walls, you note that the merchandise is equally imaginative. For the incredible price of \$19.95, you can find swinging, balmacan-type topcoats, made of checked, plaid, or plain tweeds with natural gabardine linings. They are reversible,

waterproof, and as good-looking as possible. There are also knee-length coats of a thin plaid fabric, for \$7.95, that have been cravanetted; and campus coats, straight and just below hip length, with a three-button closing, that come in camel's hair in every possible color and cost \$27.95. The suède jerkins (\$7.95) are sleeveless, button on one shoulder and down the ribs, are worn over bright plaid or checked shirts, and are marvellously warm under tweed jackets. The skirts are unusual, too, like the Scotch plaids, pleated with that authentic wrap-around in front;

some monotone tweed skirts with a zipper down the side, and pressed gores; a four-gored skirt of either imported tweed or gray flannel, flaring wide, and costing \$7.95; and an exceptionally swell gray flannel culotte with a wide belt, for \$10.95. There is a large assortment of Tyrolean sweaters in giddy colors, and there are any number of separate jackets in every possible style and color at every possible price.

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\*Peggy Vanderbilt, Vassar '37, heads a group of other knowing college girls who make helpful suggestions.





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*John Wanamaker*  
NEW YORK

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shoulders, and touches of black velvet at throat and belt (\$29.75). There also are lots of plaid jackets to be worn with plain skirts, or vice versa. Wragge designed a new blouse which Bonwit likes especially. It is made of a soft, cashmere sort of stuff called Tibet Mist and has a scarf type of collar. With a belted skirt to match, it's \$14. For weekends, look at a bright-green tweed topcoat, flaring and knee length, with a big natural lynx collar and an inside tweed scarf. This has a skirt to match. And you'll snatch out of your daughter's hands the suit of black nubby wool that is here. The jacket is fitted and buttoned, like a schoolboy's, to high revers; the knee-length topcoat is semi-fitted. Such utter beauty for \$55 will overwhelm you. When dressiness is wanted, Bonwit is particularly successful. A dress of thin black wool has a very high-waisted black satin top with puffed sleeves, and is all right for tea-dancing; the Persian-trimmed jacket, jumper length in front and bolero length in back, citifies it. This is \$39.75. Bonwit also likes that white, crushed-ermine fabric for evening wraps; both little, square-shouldered capes and flaring, knee-length coats cost \$39.75. And then there are mittens—literal, literal mittens—to match for that cold rumble-seat ride to the D.K.E. house.

AT Altman round-necked tuck-in blouses and ribbon-trimmed cardigans made of lightweight wool in authentic tartans are \$5.95 and \$6.95, and kind of a relief from the conventional sweater. The plaid epidemic extends here to fabric gloves, to belts with purses deep enough for sundae money, a lipstick, and such, as well as to the expected scarves. Look at a dandy culotte two-piece affair in black jersey with a tan belt and tan buttons, a color combination Altman likes. And at a two-piece checked wool dress, with the skirt buttoned to the shirt under a leather belt, so either garment may be worn separately if you wish. This has a one-button tailored jacket over it. The most sensational topcoat here is of camel's hair in a variety of colors—very soft and fuzzy and cozy-like. It's a full-length, slouchy affair that flares forth widely in back and costs \$39.75. Oilskin raincoats have a considerate oilskin envelope to match that is large enough for textbooks. And there is a particularly nice tweed suit with a fitted, buttoned-up jacket for \$29.75. It illustrates Altman's matching-up passion, for you can get everything, from socks



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and gloves to felt hats, sweaters, and topcoats, to go with it.

**B**EST's enthusiasm for camel's-hair color reaches a high peak in the \$22.95 shirtmaker dress with a tuck-in shirt of cashmere jersey, a gored flannel skirt, and a calf belt. You will also find lots of plaid wool dresses, usually with leather belts and buttons, at \$19.95. There is a particularly good culotte of lightweight wool, with a belted jumper to match, all fitted up with silver metal buttons. And, hooray, there is a revival of the jumper dress. It comes in navy wool crêpe, is sleeveless, belted, and pocketed, and you wear it over the McMullen chambray blouses with pleated bosoms. It's like the school uniforms that six-year-olds wear. Best has quantities of the Arnold type of buckled sports shoes, as well as the saddle shoes that have been popular on campuses for many years; lots of felt hats of the Dunlap type, varied by odd crowns; and round-crowned hats with bound brims—Stetson classics.

**B**LOOMINGDALE offers the most amazing swagger Harris tweed coats with linings of natural rabbit fur. The lovely thing about the lining is that it zips in and out with ease, to allow for changes in the weather. These are \$29.75. Other Harris tweed coats have camel's-hair linings, all with the same convenient in-and-out arrangement. They come in herringbones, checks, and monotone fabrics for \$25. You will also find many seven-eighths coats, made of tweed and blocked lap-in, and reversible. The coats are \$44; skirts to match are \$7.95. All of which items are worthy candidates for a how-do-they-do-it prize.

**S**CHOOLGIRLS are hereby informed that Saks-Fifth Avenue have a marvellous new shampoo called Drene; two sizes, sixty cents and \$1 a bottle. It has neither soap nor oil as a base, but a half-tablespoonful makes a lovely lather, even in cool water, and only one application is necessary to make your hair and scalp incredibly clean. It seems to dry very quickly, too, and it leaves your hair with a lovely sheen. I'm not much of a home shampooer, but when I tried this it looked like a professional job. —L. L.

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left, in black, brown, green, or rust Ticarib  
right, in black, brown or green  
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THE  
PAGE  
OF  
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HANGS  
BY  
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## openings of note...

and the fall flurry of getting into a new season, meeting new people, making new conquests... all these demand new clothes, with a different look. The princess line, moulded bodices, and squared shoulders give a fresh new air to these dresses of Ticarib, a fabric woven of Enka rayon, with a pattern of little choppy waves. 10 to 20. Daytime dresses, third floor. **16.95**





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## HE WAS AMONG FRIENDS

THE Presidential campaign of 1916—back in the horse-and- buggy era—was a vastly more thrilling affair than the one which occupies us this year. At least it seemed so to me from my vantage point as office boy in Democratic campaign headquarters in New York. My colleague and pal, Walter McQuilkin, also found it thrilling, but for a more practical reason. His father was a minor politician in Brooklyn, and I have no doubt that Walter has by now attained a similar eminence; he had all the necessary attributes. I had just come up from Tennessee, and I was altogether overcome by New York, with its hordes and its skyscrapers; by having my first job, and by the privilege of working for Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic Party; as well as by the excitement of the campaign. Walter was glib with the lore of politics, and he willingly became my mentor.

It was in the newspaper-clipping room, to which I was finally transferred after some vicissitudes, that I met Walter. Henry Morgenthau, Sr., was treasurer of the National Committee, and a number of his relatives had found jobs in headquarters. One, a Mrs. Weiss, superintended—I suppose very efficiently—the clipping of newspaper articles favorable to Mr. Wilson and the pasting of these in scrapbooks. Mrs. Weiss and I did not get along well. She dressed severely and wore very formidable spectacles; she spoke in a sharp, Yankee manner, snapping out her words and rolling her "r"s; and her attitude toward her underlings reminded me of that of the boss of a Negro chain gang in the South, except, of course, that she used no profanity and always stopped short of physical violence. None of my convictions was more firmly grounded than that woman's place was in the home, and the sight of a woman overseeing a bunch of supine males was almost more than I could bear. Mrs. Weiss, on her part, found my slow Southern way of doing things peculiarly exasperating, and she did not fail to tell me so frequently and with great candor. Walter, however, clipped neatly and pasted like a veteran, the while whispering to me engrossing stories of behind-the-scenes intrigues. Walter was a favorite of Mrs. Weiss; became, in fact, a kind of trusty.

THE notification ceremonies for Mr. Hughes took place on the evening of July 31st, at Carnegie Hall.



Walter persuaded me that we ought to go, as unofficial spies for the Democrats. He pointed out that while of course it wouldn't do for any well-known Democrat thus to venture into enemy territory, the chances were that we would not be recognized.

Sneaking through the crowds, we found seats in a corner of the top balcony. The old hall groaned with the thousands of Republicans who had gathered there. To my surprise they looked like respectable people who were happy, even enthusiastic, at being where they were. The platform was half filled with dignitaries, and every time another took his seat the crowd would cheer and the band would strike up gaily. At last Mr. Hughes appeared, flanked by the notification committee. The crowd broke loose, and I reluctantly admitted to myself that their enthusiasm for the sedate, unbending gentleman in the iron-gray whiskers seemed genuine enough. Mr. Hughes was patently ill at ease and embarrassed by the din. He bowed stiffly, smiled vaguely through his whiskers, and waved his hand several times. After a few minutes the cheering waned and Mr. Hughes sat down.

At that moment the curtains to one of the boxes parted, and in walked Theodore Roosevelt. The cheering ceased suddenly, and for an instant the vast place was utterly still; then a formless roar, reaching a deafening crescendo. Everyone in the audience was on his feet—even Walter and I—and turned toward the Roosevelt box. "*We want Teddy!*" was the chant that rose from a thousand throats, and the rhythmic stamping of feet that accompanied it was the greatest strain Carnegie Hall ever had. Mr. Hughes and his notification committee sat transfixed on the platform. Mr. Roosevelt kept his seat for a few moments, grinning broadly in his famous way. Then, as if reluc-



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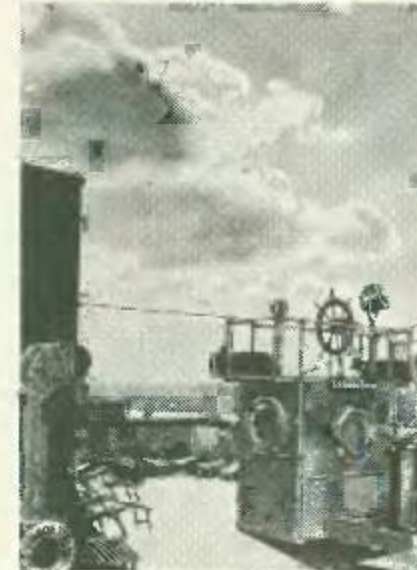
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tantly, he got to his feet and waved his clasped hands above his head at the crowd in the manner of a prizefighter. Then he gestured for silence and pantomimed that this party was Mr. Hughes', not his.

At last the noise subsided and the crowd took their seats and turned their eyes toward the platform. But occasionally, all through the evening, even when Mr. Hughes was speaking, a hoarse, solitary cry arose: "We want Teddy!" A man mounted the rostrum and began delivering the speech of notification. This speaker impressed me. He was urbane and handsome in a strange, swarthy way, and I thought him very statesmanlike; he was a good orator. I asked Walter who he was. "His name's Harding," he said. "Warren G. Harding. He's Senator from Ohio."

**N**OT until over a month later, on September 2nd, did the Democrats hold their notification ceremony. At Shadow Lawn, near Long Branch, New Jersey, Mr. Wilson learned the fateful news. Of course our office turned out in a body and took a special train down. Never having seen Mr. Wilson, I looked forward to that day for weeks. By a sad turn, Walter and I missed the train, and when we finally arrived, the main event was over. "I've an idea," said Walter, who was never at a loss. "The President's giving a reception for the Cabinet and the members of Congress afterwards. I think I can get us in." He did.

We found about three hundred of the upper crust of Democracy milling about the spacious parlors of Shadow Lawn in a sort of ecstasy. Walter and I were not noticed, and we milled too. I noted with some satisfaction that although Henry Morgenthau was there, Mrs. Weiss was not. But I failed to catch a glimpse of the President. I recognized William G. McAdoo and Sheriff Al Smith, and Walter pointed out Thomas R. Marshall, reminding me that he was the Vice-President; but the President eluded me.

After a while I followed my nose and found the room where a buffet luncheon was being served. Livered Negro servants slithered obsequiously about, laden with overflowing plates. Soon I had one of these plates, in which Virginia ham gravy surged precariously as I moved away from the table. Suddenly a bump, and as I lifted my eyes a degree above the plate I saw with consternation two brown and glistening spots of Virginia ham gravy on a leg of

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a pair of white flannel trousers in front of me. I backed away, looking up at the man. "Oh!" I said. "I—I'm so sorry." The gentleman looked down at me, smiling oddly. "It's nothing," he said. "It's quite all right."

"Enjoying yourself?" he said after a moment. I nodded, for my mouth was full. He had a plate, too, and he was eating. I said that everybody thought Mr. Wilson had made a fine speech. "Ah, really?" he said, still with that strange smile. Then his face became serious, and he looked quite through me. "He was among friends," he said.

Just then Henry Morgenthau came up, with some man in tow. Rather unceremoniously he edged in between me and my new-found friend. "Mr. President," he said, "may I present..."

—BEVERLY L. CLARKE

#### ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

##### "DOUBLE-DATE" ETIQUETTE

Sir: (1) When on a double date how should we be seated in an ice cream booth? (2) Who should order, boy or girl? (3) When a fellow wants a girl's picture does that signify anything? (4) Should a girl accept a date when the fellow asks the first time? (5) Should a girl take a fellow's arm or fellow take girl's arm? (6) Who should walk down the aisle of a movie first, the boy or girl? (7) Is it considered bold for a girl to ask fellow she's with for a cigarette? (8) If a fellow doesn't offer a girl any cigarettes, should she buy or take out her own? (9) Does the fellow light it for her? (10) Who makes the first move when leaving an ice cream parlor? (11) If a girl has to be home early how does she tell the fellow she's with?

CAROL ANN

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

1. You should sit ABBA.
2. You should decide on one thing and order in chorus.
3. Yes, but don't have one taken specially.
4. Yes. It isn't his fault that it's the first time.
5. A girl should take a fellow's arm when the fellow is paralyzed or when he has bundles. A fellow should take a girl's arm when he knows definitely that she is going to trip, or when he thinks it would be fun to.
6. The one who can see the better in the dark.
7. Yes, but she'll get it.
8. Yes; Old Golds.
9. He does if he thinks of it. And if he thinks of it, he's lucky.
10. Usually the pimply, curly-haired fellow who had the banana split.
11. She says, "I have to be home early."

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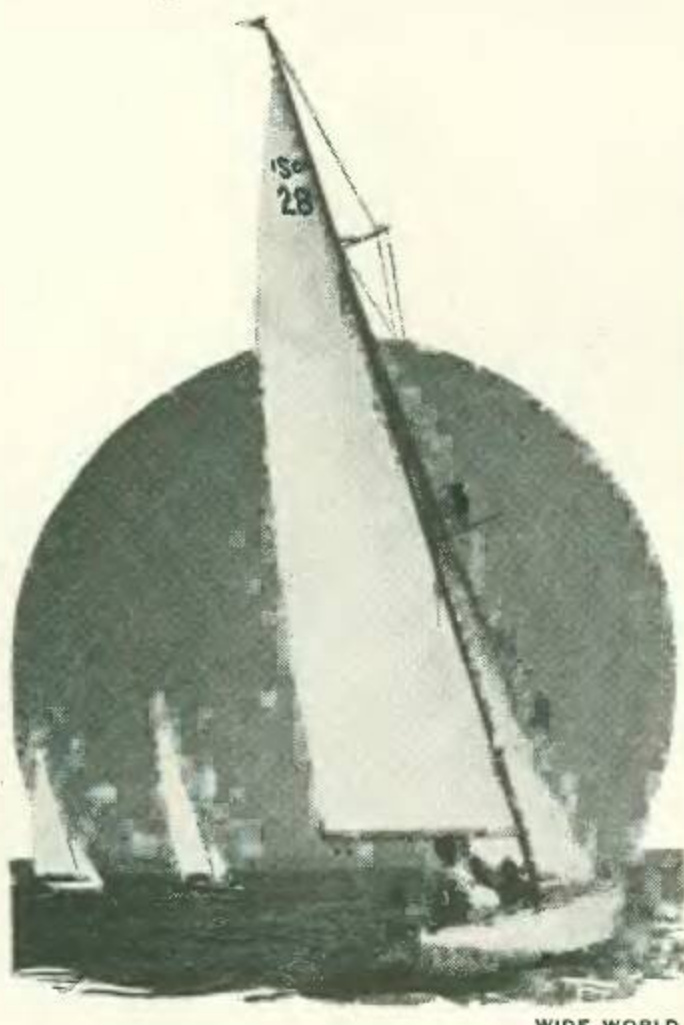
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## POLO

*The Open Tournament  
—Argentine Ponies*



THE Open Championship, which starts at Meadow Brook this weekend, isn't going to be one of those tournaments you can fit into your arrangements casually. It's going to be furious business, especially as there's the incentive of the winners' meeting the Argentines next month for the Cup of the Americas. Six teams are playing, and the top three are Greentree, Templeton, and Aurora.

Templeton, of course, has the strongest side. Most of the players are eight-goal men, which puts the team at the top of the handicap list. It wouldn't be stretching a point, exactly, to say that it's an International side, for with one exception—Jimmy Mills, who takes the place of Eric Pedley at No. 2—it is the same team that played for America in the Westchester Cup matches at Hurlingham in June. Mike Phipps, No. 1; Stewart Iglehart, No. 3, who's quite recovered from the injury to his arm in the first of the matches abroad; and Winston Guest have worked together for ever so long, and Mills, who lots of people think is just as good as Pedley, slips into the combination perfectly.

Jock Whitney's Greentree four will line up exactly as it did in winning the Open last year, with Pete Bostwick as No. 1, Tommy Hitchcock as No. 2, Gerald Balding—No. 2 for England in the Cup matches—back again at No. 3, and Jock Whitney at back. The team, which is rated at thirty goals, has been going awfully well in the practice and test matches. Bostwick has been riding cleverly and hitting perfectly tremendous shots, considering that he's the smallest man in high-goal polo, and Hitchcock has been playing up to his ten-goal ranking. Balding is a nine-goal man and the pivot of the team, and Whitney is one of the most improved newer players I know.

Aurora, runner-up in the Open last year (remember what a match the final, in which Whitney saved his side, was?), has Seymour Knox at No. 1; the Gerrys, Bobby and Ebby, at No. 2 and No. 3; and Billy Post II at back. Aurora also is a thirty-goal team, for Knox and Bobby Gerry are ranked at



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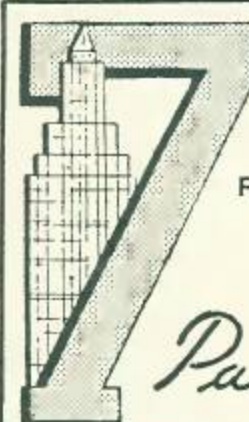
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Terraces  
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seven goals each, and Ebby Gerry and Post at eight. Although Knox isn't a No. 1 man by trade, he's adaptable and works well in any combination.

Laddie Sanford has made one change in the lineup of his Hurricanes since they won the Junior Championship in July. His No. 3 will be R. E. Strawbridge, Jr., Chairman of the Polo Association, who has played in more Open Championships than any other man in the tournament. As for the others, Sanford will be at No. 1, Earle Hopping, Jr., at No. 2, and Cocie Rathborne at back. The Hurricanes, who as usual will be well mounted, are a twenty-six goal side; Sanford and Hopping are rated at six goals each, and Strawbridge and Rathborne at seven goals.

Although Roslyn has Raymond Guest and Tyrrell-Martin, who was No. 3 to Balding's No. 2 for England this summer, in the lineup, the side isn't an impressive one. Johnny Fell, No. 1, and Dunbar Bostwick, back, are five-goal men, but Tyrrell-Martin and Guest bring the handicap total to twenty-four goals. However, the combination seems to be such a hastily drawn one that it won't go far in the tournament. Texas, with Billy Reynolds, No. 1; Terrence Preece, No. 2; Rube Williams, No. 3; and Tom Mather, back, has a rating of twenty-three goals.

The Polo Association hopes to run off the tournament in a week, but the committee, not being ingenuously optimistic about the weather, is allowing plenty of time to wind up all business before the matches with the Argentines.

**Q**UITE as interesting as the matches are the ponies of the Argentines. They are stabled at Mitchel Field, which adjoins Meadow Brook. There are forty-eight in the string, and horsemen say that they are the best lot of animals they've seen in years. Tommy Nelson, cousin of Jack Nelson, who puts on the show, says that some of the ponies have travelled about fifteen thousand miles. The ponies were shipped from Argentina to England, and thence to Germany, where Andrada and his side won the Olympic honors. Nowhere, I dare say, is polo-pony breeding done more seriously than in Argentina.

As for the Argentines themselves, just now they are getting rid of their sea legs, but any moment now I expect they will begin practicing.

—BACKHANDER



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## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Gilbert and Sullivan—  
Ninety-Nine-Cent Opera*



THE D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is revisiting the Martin Beck Theatre, and all is right as right can be, with a few rapturous modifications. Whatever may be seen and heard on Mr. Beck's podium is certified Grade A Gilbert and Sullivan. If there's anything you don't like, blame it on the tradition of Mr. Carte's practitioners, for that is the true embodiment of everything that's excellent.

As a charter member of the Discoverers of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (the membership consists of everyone who has attended the company's performances), I needn't retail the detail of the crisp, alert, and sure-fire productions which are available on Forty-fifth Street. The opening "Mikado" simply began where the boys and girls left off two years ago. There were touches of encore fever on the first night, but by this time they probably are leaving swell enough alone.

There are three new principals in the company for the present session—the Misses Bennett, Cecil, and Gardiner. Miss Bennett wasn't in "The Mikado." Miss Cecil, the new Yum-Yum, is an agile and tuneful lyric soprano, whose poise remained even when some of her madrigaling colleagues sang half a tone flat.

Miss Gardiner had the misfortune of introducing herself as Katisha, one of the few impossible rôles in the Savoy catalogue. Katisha has to be unattractively comical, and sing two solemn arias which never would be missed. The company's latest contralto went about her business competently after a nervous beginning. She abandoned some precedents by remaining consistently in the same key with Mr. Godfrey's excellent musicians, and she was a good, standard Katisha. More about Miss Gardiner when she has more comfortable assignments than "an Elderly Lady, in Love with Nanki-Poo."

OF Miss Eyre, who is practically my favorite comedienne; Miss Nickell-Lean; and the Messrs. Granville, Oldham, and Rands, all that I can say is that they are, to put it gen-

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tly, colossal, as always. Mr. Fancourt's Mikado remains properly baleful, and Mr. Green's Ko-Ko—

Well, Mr. Green also is colossal, except when his Ko-Ko is Too-Too. He catches the wistfulness of Ko-Ko, as well as the humor, and his singing of "On a tree by a river" is perfection. His hop-skip-and-jumping probably is what Gilbert ordered, and he is almost as expressive with a fan as Sally Rand. Possibly his anxiety to turn lines like "married men never flirt" into wow laughs is in the tradition, but if it is, something should be done about that part of the tradition.

Anyhow, here's Gilbert and Sullivan, done as one always hoped that it might be, and it may be helpful to add that when the company advertise the overture for 8:15, they mean 8:15 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, not 8:15 New York Curtain Time. The overtures, as Mr. Godfrey handles them, aren't just accompaniments for conversation. Mr. Godfrey, in fact, is even better than he was two years ago, and his management of orchestral passages in "The criminal cried" is in itself a Musical Event.

IN the post-"Jumbo" Hippodrome, Maestro Salmaggi has resumed his ninety-nine-cent opera, and the new schedule promises performances on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The season started last week with a "Carmen," in which the impresario offered a new conductor, Fritz Mahler, who is a relative of the famous Gustav. Young Mr. Mahler, in a white suit, dark-blue shirt, and white tie, turned in a bright and tidy job, with more finesse than one usually encounters on such occasions. Some of the singers had uncertain moments, but Mr. Mahler smoothed out matters efficiently. He's worth tabbing for the future.

There was one exceptional performance—Mr. Ruisi's Zuniga. Mr. Ruisi played and sang this rôle with so much point and humor that it became what the librettists intended it to be. The audience made itself at home, as it always does at these presentations, and applauded everybody, including the gentleman who adjusted the conductor's rack. —ROBERT A. SIMON

Lounging in the sand, resting against a boulder, Mr. Roosevelt said that he leaves Quebec Friday night.—*Springfield (Mass.) Daily News*.

Probably the only one for miles around.

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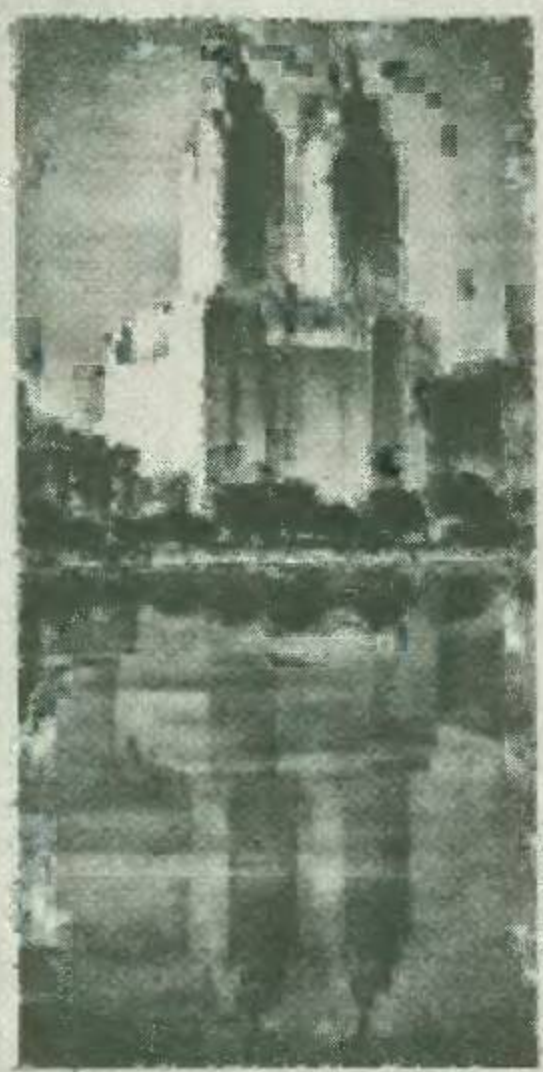
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## YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

*New London to Newport*



ALMOST all the yachtsmen who went on the New York Yacht Club cruise last week had their prayers answered, at least as far as the weather was concerned. Having spent a great part of the summer drifting around, everyone, with the possible exception of the afterguard on High Tide, a notorious light-weather outfit, was whistling for a breeze when the fleet arrived at New London. And everyone got a salting down.

The first run, to Newport, was a rather uninteresting procession, marked only by a bit of bad racing luck suffered by Weetamoe. She had worked out a nice lead on the two other Cup boats, Yankee and Rainbow, turned the groaner off Point Judith, and squared off for the finish line, when a spinnaker guy let go. Unfortunately, one of her paid hands was standing just forward of it and had his leg broken, an accident which, of course, caused a great deal of confusion on board. When Chandler Hovey had got his boat straightened out again, he found Harold Vanderbilt camping on his wind, and he was beaten by a boat's length. It's hard to lose like that, but racing, and particularly J boat racing, has a great element of luck in it. From what we have seen, we should say that the winning formula is one-third boat, including sails; one-third handling; and one-third good breaks.

TO get back to the cruise, on the second run, from the Brenton Reef Lightship to Edgartown, the fleet got a dusting. In fact, we were mildly surprised that the committee, on board the ancient Wilhelmina, didn't call the race off. The wind was southerly, piping up to twenty-five miles in the squalls, and a heavy fog made maneuvering dangerous. Vanderbilt performed something of a miracle in taking Rainbow out of the harbor under plain sail while a steamer, a towboat with several barges, and a dozen or more of the fleet were groping their way through the narrow entrance. It was a good feat of seamanship, but a bit foolhardy. However, Vanderbilt was "hot" that day, for he caught and passed Weetamoe (which was going faster through

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the water) by playing the tides right in Vineyard Sound, and averaged close to thirteen knots in winning, which is steamboat time. The smaller racers caught it badly, and many tucked in reefs. Both of the big schooners, Saraband and Queen Mab, lost their foretopmasts, several split mainsails, and spirits and skins were thoroughly dampened; but it was a grand sail.

THE next day of the cruise the conditions looked worse, and the owners of the three Cup boats decided that they would not risk their gear in the strong breeze and lumpy seas. The rest of the fleet went out, however, and, as so often happens, things were not as bad outside the harbor as they looked from shore. Furthermore, a hard squall in the middle of the race to Mattapoissett killed the southerly. An eight-point shift of wind that occurred after the Twelves had finished denied the rest of the fleet a chance for the chief prize of the run, the Navy Challenge Cup. This was taken by Merle-Smith's Seven Seas, which, incidentally, won in her class every day, and was the only boat that went through the week undefeated. At this point, the annual Club Regatta was held, and in spite of our loyalty to the Sound, we have to admit that holding this affair in Buzzards Bay, rather than off Glen Cove, was an improvement.

THE last squadron run back to Newport was another hard thrash. A fair indication of the conditions met with is the fact that Weetamoe broke the record for the thirty-three-mile run by forty minutes, and the first leg of the course was to windward. We fancy she was logging fifteen knots at times. This race proved two things: that a J boat is closer-winded than anything except a catamaran, and that Weetamoe has the edge over her two rivals in a strong breeze. Much to everyone's surprise, and, I might say, delight, when the corrected times had been figured, George Roosevelt had cleaned up in the cruising division. Except for the King's Cup, which was taken by Gerry Lambert again, this wound up the most successful cruise in years. Jack Shethar won a lot of prizes for the New York Thirty-twos with uncommon ease, Jack Parkinson was the most scarred veteran, George Mixer was the most casual sailor, and Sam Wetherill remained the chief ditty-singer. Aside from these observations, all that this department has to report is that it's thoroughly sick of yawls. —BOSUN



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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Anthony Adverse" and Other Trifles

**J**UST barely skimming the surface of an occasional chapter in "Anthony Adverse," the film of that title runs a good two hours and twenty minutes, and in general sustains a fair degree of the usual interest a lively costume piece can provide. Liveliness, indeed, is its most valuable asset, and one not necessarily found when actors have to wear fancy clothes. The story follows the book, which all the admirers of Fredric March must now read, of course—and that ought to keep them quiet for many a day—through the early episodes of the gouty Marquis, his pretty wife, her lover, and the birth of Anthony; proceeds to a cautious account of life at the Villa Bonnyfeather in Leghorn; takes Anthony to Havana and then to Africa; brings him to Paris; and finally ends as he sets sail with his son for America. Obviously, Warner Brothers are ready for a sequel if this picture fares well and if Mr. March keeps up his strength.

I don't think Mr. March has done any better piece of work than this. He is got up to look a little like John Barrymore as Mercutio, and I thought his speech at times gave a modern swing to a scene, as though it were West Fifty-second Street, instead of Leghorn, which Napoleon's army was invading. Actually, he isn't called upon to do much more than be active or vaguely romantic. As I remember the book, there were turgid ponderings at times about the meaning of the soul, or some such problem of the human spirit, but the movie version has handled such aspects of the case with customary expeditiousness. It is his wife Anthony is seeking, not his soul, and it would of course be ungallant to intimate there might be a distinction.

There happen to be two very good sharp bits of acting in the whole affair, and possibly when I think of the liveliness of the film I am really thinking of the grimaces of Gale Sondergaard and the haughty viciousness of Claude Rains. Miss Sondergaard is that Faith Paleologus whose behavior was one of the brightest bits of the novel, and she's a heroine in the rôle of the beautiful villainess. Her leer should be her fortune. And Mr. Rains, as the Marquis, gives a scientific study in gout and ghoulishness which you will like and which will tide you over a lot of the

hokum that may get on your nerves, especially in the Bonaparte and Angela phases. Altogether you get a sense of crowds of people and of lots of travel, all of which helps you along through the two hours and twenty minutes, and gives you the feeling that you've seen a good enough film for your money.



**N**OW that "Romeo and Juliet" has shown us how pleasantly lines can be given in the talkies, we are going to want our Wodehouse as well handled as our

Shakespeare. There's a lot of liveliness, this being a lively week, in "Piccadilly Jim," which is why we are worrying about Wodehouse. A good deal of crazy cavorting has been designed by Charles Brackett and Edwin Knopf for Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Billie Burke, and Cora Witherspoon, a most judicious interpretation of a valet is given by Eric Blore, and Robert Benchley is wedged in as a barroom character; but all these notables yell. And we don't want our comedy with a yell any more than we do our poetics. However, if you have your Flents with you, you ought to enjoy this story, which once before appeared on the screen under the patronage of Owen Moore.

In "Yours for the Asking," an insolvent "society girl" (Dolores Costello Barrymore) forms an alliance with a gambler (George Raft), lends him her mortgaged palazzo in Florida for his roulette tables, steers him through an unfortunate attachment for one Gert Malloy (Ida Lupino), and they find themselves at last rich and in love. "My American Wife," with Francis Lederer, Ann Sothorn, and Billie Burke, who is working as hard as Lionel Barrymore these days, is distinguished because the American heiress marries a count who isn't a phony.

**E**VERY now and then the artistic folk pop right to the surface with their surprises. The latest one is a Mary Ellen Bute, who is causing a stir with her little film numbers up in Radio City. Miss Bute shows us on the screen what our eyes see while our ears hear music. While we listen to Wagner's "Evening Star," our eyes see ping-pong balls, bracelets, velvet, crumpled cellophane, sparklers, and egg-cutters. Uncanny Miss Bute! —JOHN MOSHER



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## HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

### Lord Britain Reforms



**R**EVJUVENATION was the dominant note in Long Island's North Shore Show last week at Stony Brook. First, the old Field Club, site of the exhibition, had had its face lifted; twenty-eight acres of ground were boosted four feet for the occasion. Second, Carleton H. Palmer's Lord Britain, considered a hardened incorrigible, reformed and won the hunter championship. And finally, Danny Shea, the veteran trainer, returned from the race tracks long enough to win a class and, incidentally, sell a horse.

The big surprise, of course, was Lord Britain's reformation. Lord Britain is an eight-year-old son of Bunting-Lady Britain. He was bred in Virginia and raced as a three-year-old before being brought to the show ring. A fine-looking animal that always does well in model classes, he has been the despair of many jumping men. Last year at Rumson he didn't jump one fence in three days of competition. He would stop yards from the first fence and refuse to go near it, no matter what encouragement was given him. Now Jack Prestige, who shows him for Palmer, seems to have found the key. He says that Lord Britain is merely independent. He must have his own way, and will not allow himself to be put into position at a fence. Given a loose rein, the horse jumps by himself. At any rate, Deborah Rood rode him in the ladies' hunter class, and he made only one mistake. Knowing his reputation, Judges Harvey Ladew, Captain James S. Rodwell, and J. North Fletcher were amazed at his fine performance and, after he won the lightweight and stake honors, gave him the title. Incidentally, he beat a very good horse in Richard K. Mellon's Sensation, who was named reserve.

Mrs. Bernard F. Gimbel's veteran chestnut, His Elegance, took the working-hunter title. Reserve honors went to Mrs. Dorothy M. White's gray gelding, Dancing Partner. Three years ago, Dancing Partner, a son of Borosco, Ireland's famous sire of jumpers, won a blue at the Dublin Show. He was imported by Judy Hamlin, of Southampton, and sold to Mrs. George Anderson,

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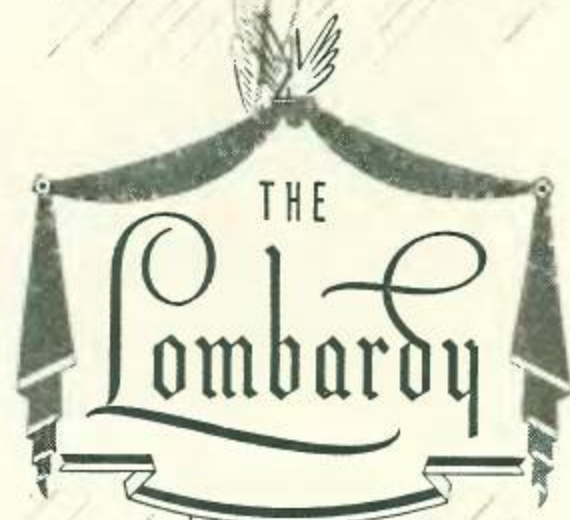
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the saddle-horse fancier, who bought him to match her gray Welsh ponies in the parent-and-child classes. His return to jumping was quite impressive.

Mrs. Woodward Vietor's Cherokee, the most consistent jumping horse of the summer season, won the open title. Frederick von Lambeck's Queen of Sports, the bay mare that tried to jump through a mirror at the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club two years ago, and Allan J. Wilson's Goldenbrew were tied for reserve honors. Their owners tossed a coin for the ribbon, and Goldenbrew won.

Danny Shea's twelve-year-old son, Daniel O'Connell Shea, Jr., made his debut as a professional rider and won the first big sweepstakes of the show, beating out Cherokee, in a jumpoff, on Little Squire. Promptly after this event, Danny, Sr., sold the horse to Colonel M. Robert Guggenheim, remarking to his son, "We'll miss him, Danny, but remember, you're a horse dealer now."

Little Squire is an equine freak who jumps far above his own height, which is only thirteen hands. He was called First Attempt when Captain Daniel Corry of the Irish Free State international team brought him to the National Horse Show four years ago. Shea bought him and changed his name to Little Squire, because he was practically a gray miniature of the famous Squire that now is with the Canadian international team.

**ODDS AND ENDS:** Mrs. M. Robert Guggenheim having lunch at the club, fractured collarbone and all, one hour after crashing with Firenze Brumanna. She said, "I'm not so much hurt as I am damn mad." . . . The three saddle-horse champions, Paloe Rex, Brass Tacks, and Queens May. . . . The ring's privet hedge, which Mrs. Ward Melville helped to plant less than ten hours before the first class was called. . . . Mrs. Danny Shea's bob-tailed *bouvier des Flandres*, a breed of dog new to us. He does tricks. . . . And an Irish stableboy singing "Where the Blarney Roses Grow."—T. O'R.

#### BUTTON, BUTTON, WHERE'S ERNIE PYLE?

[From the World-Telegram, July 25]

BY ERNIE PYLE

*Scripps-Howard Staff Writer*

FARGO, N.D., July 25.—What is the answer for this land of drought? . . .

BY ERNIE PYLE

WASHINGTON, July 25.—You've heard it said, haven't you, that money makes people unhappy? . . .

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## BOOKS

*Doctoring the Human Race—A Prize Novel*

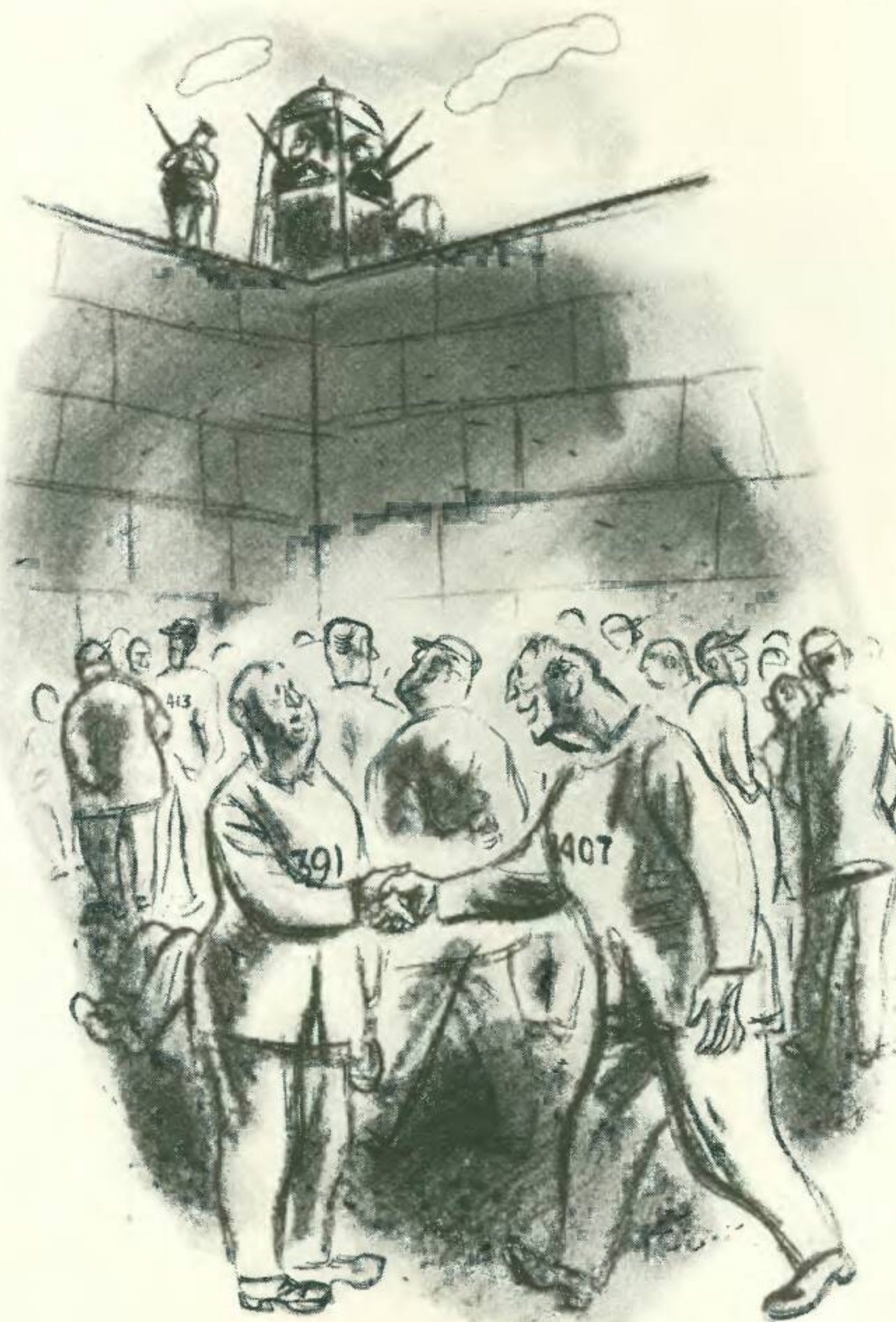
"AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY" (544 pages, \$3.50), by Dr. Victor Heiser, busies itself with such matters as leprosy, malaria, typhus, yellow fever, cholera, dysentery, yaws, smallpox, beriberi, hookworm, and syphilis, and is extremely pleasant to read. Contemporary books about diseases, such as this of Dr. Heiser, Hans Zinsser's "Rats, Lice and History," and Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters," perhaps please us because they combine two appeals. First, they satisfy our universal wish to feel our flesh creep. Then they solace us with the hope that what makes our flesh creep can be controlled and finally destroyed. This mingling of morbidity and inspiration is what gives such books their unfailing interest.

Dr. Heiser's autobiography will rank with the best of these, I think. It is the record of a long, useful, and fascinating life, spent first as a medical officer in the United States Immigration Service, then as Director of Health for the Philippines, and finally as head of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Heiser has gone up and down the highways, jungle paths, and hospital corridors of the world in forty-five countries, selling the idea of preventive medicine to millions of people who had previously never entertained the idea that it wasn't quite all right to die young and unhealthy. He forced the Filipinos into strength and vigor; converted Igorots and Papuans and head-hunting Borneans to the use of the latrine (known affectionately among Far East health servants as the B.H.L., or Bored Hole Latrine); gave thousands of lepers new hope; wiped out plague in Manila by ratproofing the city. He has been scratched by a leper suffering also from cholera and insanity ("extremely unpleasant" is the Doctor's comment). He has been left on deck in the middle of the China Sea—*mal de mer* had driven the nurses below—with twenty-six babies to handle and heavy weather to contend with. He still carries on a vigorous campaign for universal taxation of white rice, a measure which would help to put an end to beriberi, and which is far too sensible to be adopted by the human race. He has spent a lifetime among fleas, rats, lice,

lepers, and military bureaucrats, and through it all preserved a vigorous sense of humor, brisk common sense, and an unforced, unsentimental love for the millions of backward peoples whose fates he has helped to soften.

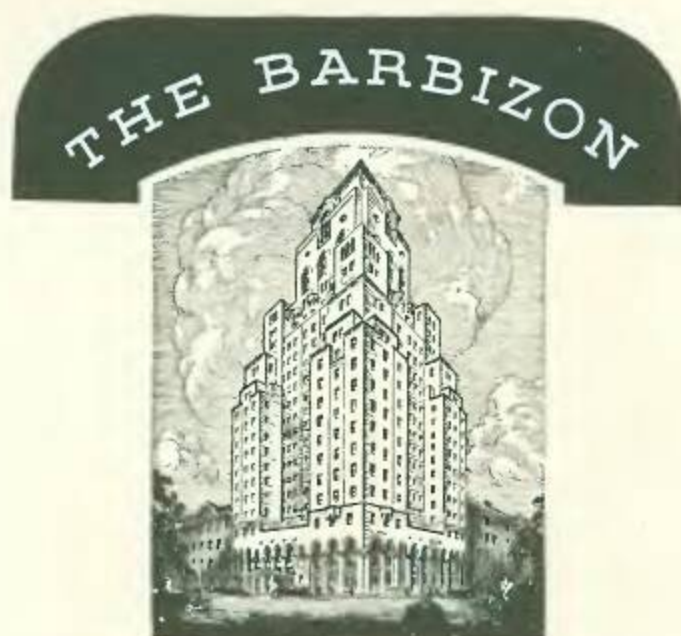
As is usual with professional men who have been everywhere and known everybody, there is an occasional failure of perspective. What we want out of Dr. Heiser is shoptalk. He gives us plenty, and that plenty is first-rate. But he also gives us his views on the governing of the Philippines; he attaches undue importance to anecdotes about Edward, then Prince of Wales; he reels

off cheerful nonsense about Ethiopia: "The march of civilization cannot indefinitely be postponed." When he sticks to his plagues and his rat hunts and his fights with anti-vaccination cranks, he is superb, but when he tells us about what happened when he met King Umberto of Italy, he cannot help being somewhat of a bore. One page about Noguchi is worth a chapter about the Prince of Wales; one paragraph about Adrian Stokes or Simon Flexner or the late Dr. William Welch is worth a thousand about General Leonard Wood. Dr. Heiser is not always conscious of this. Even he, who has



"Well, fer Gawd's sake—Butch! Where you been keepin' yourself?"





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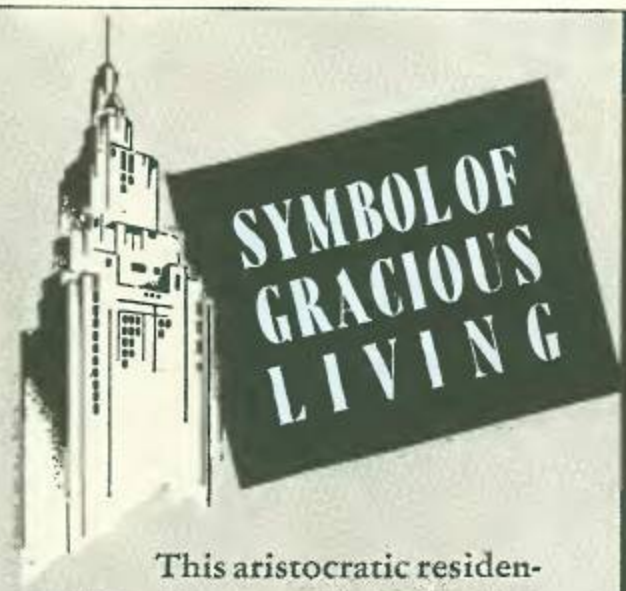
met everybody, is occasionally taken in by relatively unimportant celebrities.

The finest chapters (you won't believe this, but they are in spots very funny, too) deal with the control of leprosy, but the most unbelievable concern Siam, a Gilbert-and-Sullivan land if there ever was one. I like Dr. Heiser's remark about the King of Siam: "He was supposed to have a deep, sentimental interest in insanity." I should also like to hand the Siamese first prize in the Great Cholmondeley Competition. I felt pretty sure the Siamese were out in front upon learning that Prince Sakol is pronounced Sakon, but when I discovered that Prince Nagor Svarga is pronounced, quite simply, Nakan Siwan, no further doubts were left. (A roving expert has just stopped by to point out that Kaembaeng Bejra is pronounced Kompromptet.) Just to make it harder, the upper-class Siamese, those who can really afford it, change their names at fairly regular intervals, reports Dr. Heiser.

"An American Doctor's Odyssey" is written briskly, unpretentiously, and with a kind of bluff, occasionally caustic humor. It is far too long and would have benefited by tyrannical editing, but it is the inconsecutive kind of book that makes for easy skipping, and it is never dull for more than a few pages at a time. On the whole, one feels that the Rockefellers never made a better move than when they appointed Dr. Heiser their "globe-trotting drummer," with a sample case containing nothing but ideas for the saving and lengthening of human life.

I HAVE just space and time enough to warn you away from a novel called "I Am the Fox" (359 pages, \$2.50), by Winifred Van Etten. Mrs. Van Etten must have been born with a golden horseshoe in her mouth, for her book, which is one of the dullest and most pretentious I have read in some time, seems to have won \$10,000 in the Atlantic Prize Novel Contest.

"I Am the Fox" is about Selma Temple, who is shocked by the things and people she notices as she grows to maturity. As a result of these shocks (Selma scares easy), she develops an abnormal fear of life, and particularly of love. ("Youth and beauty and love, all aids and devices for the same purpose," broods the thoughtful heroine.) This theme is fearfully threadbare, but might have been worked into a passable story if the heroine had not been such a stick. But Selma has nothing to recommend her. She is pretentious, vain,



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silly, provincial, pedantic, and mean, and the reader is so busy being disgusted with her that he has no energy left over with which to note Mrs. Van Etten's painfully schematic, pseudo-Freudian analyses of her weaknesses. The only thing about Selma that pleased me was her all-too-infrequent detestation of herself. However, if prize novels impress you (ten grand is a lot of money), don't let me stand in your way.  
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

**BRIEFLY NOTED  
FICTION**

MISS LINSEY AND PA, by Stella Gibbons. Miss Linsey is forty-eight and plain, but has a good heart and a strong mind. She uses both to change the lives of a number of people, particularly ultra-modern folk who don't know what's good for them. "The Servant in the House" rewritten on a plane of agreeable cockney humor and sentiment. (288 pages, \$2.)

MOUNTAIN PATH, by Harriette Simpson. Louisa Sheridan, pretty and young, comes to teach school at Canebrake, Kentucky, among Fundamentalists, moonshiners, and splendid primitives. Miss Simpson's knowledge of the none-too-gentle customs of the country gives her book an authentic savor. (374 pages, \$2.50.)

SOMEWHERE TO THE SEA, by Kenneth Reddin. Another one about the Irish troubles, Sinn Feiners, and Black and Tans, but not in the shoot-'em-down-Casey tradition. Cast in a rather romantic mold, it's about country-club people of middle-class Dublin and how their lives were affected by the insurrection. (344 pages, \$2.50.)

**GENERAL**

AFTER ALL, by Clarence Day. Some revised essays and sketches, and a number of poems and drawings from "The Crow's Nest" (1921), plus twenty-eight new pieces, of which three have appeared in *The New Yorker*. Much of it is Day at his best. The drawings are particularly funny. (316 pages, \$2.50.)

ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN, by T. S. Eliot. A new essay, restoring some radiance to Tennyson and again displaying the clearness of Eliot's critical insight, is a high point in this collection (a revision of "For Launcelot Andrewes," published in 1929). The essays dealing with Anglo-Catholic meanings and aims, written in Eliot's least effective vein, are liable to puzzle, rather than

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please or enrage, the common reader. (203 pages, \$2.)

**FOR DEAR LIFE**, by Belinda Jelliffe. The author is the wife of Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, noted psychiatrist. She was born on a poverty-stricken North Carolina farm and almost from infancy seems to have been driven by a passion to rise above her environment. This is a very candid, highly emotional record of her desperate fight to secure an education. The chapters on New York hospital life—Mrs. Jelliffe was a student nurse—are particularly vivid. Not a pleasant book, and at times a self-pitying one, but it has in it the stuff of real experience. (355 pages, \$2.75.)

**IN THE SHADOW OF TOMORROW**, by Jan Huizinga, translated from the Dutch by J. H. Huizinga. An examination, rather solemn but not particularly profound, of our civilization's cultural, moral, and political confusions. Will probably, like Ortega's "Revolt of the Masses" and the lucubrations of Paul Valéry and Oswald Spengler, be greatly overestimated by intellectuals who shrink from precision and specific programs. (239 pages, \$2.50.)

**THE MIDDLE CLASSES: THEN AND NOW**, by Franklin Charles Palm. "The present volume attempts only to serve as an historical introduction to the study of the middle classes by giving a brief, simple, factual account from the earliest times." As history, very informative; as a study of the pickle in which the bourgeoisie now finds itself, vague. (421 pages, \$3.50.)

**PURITANS AT HOME**, by Clarence M. Webster. The author's home town—"Ridgeford," Connecticut—and its people. Mr. Webster, commenting on the New England mind, mixes hard, Robert Frostian common sense with a conscious insular complacency. Which is quite New England too. (230 pages, \$2.)

**FIRES UNDERGROUND**, by Heinz Liepmann, translated by R. T. Clark. A high-pitched narrative, by a refugee

who is very close to the anti-Nazi underground movement, of the secret struggle being carried on, under penalty of death, by German illegal organizations. (300 pages, \$2.)

**AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT?**, by Norman Thomas. Criticism, from the Socialist angle, of the internal and foreign policy of the present administration, plus some forecasts of the possible future of Fascism and Socialism. A moderate and measured campaign document. (244 pages, \$2.)

## MYSTERIES

**STRONG POISON and HAVE HIS CARCASE**, by Dorothy L. Sayers. Two earlier mysteries revived in response to the demand for data on the romance between Harriet Vane and Lord Peter Wimsey. An indispensable prelude to "Gaudy Night." (448 pages, \$2.)

**THE WHEEL SPINS**, by Ethel Lina White. For times when you're tired of the conventional mystery; grand nightmarish stuff about a girl who was caught up in somebody else's web and almost remained in it. You've met the main device before, but the story justifies its use. (286 pages, \$2.)

**THE CASE OF THE UNCONQUERED SISTERS**, by Todd Downing. Renner of the Customs Service figures out who put the corpse in the mummy case and tried to ship it out of Mexico. Plenty of archeology, sub-tropical atmosphere, and young love, smoothly presented. (268 pages, \$2.)

**TROUBLE AT GLAYE**, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. Two young men start on a canoe trip and end up in a mire of international intrigue. For readers who don't object to secret passages in their English castles. (302 pages, \$2.)

**THE DOCTOR DIED AT DUSK**, by Geoffrey Homes. A reporter, boiled medium hard, investigates a California fruit-pickers' strike and the series of murders growing out of it. Scrupulously fair, and just about cynical enough to worry your maiden aunt. (303 pages, \$2.)

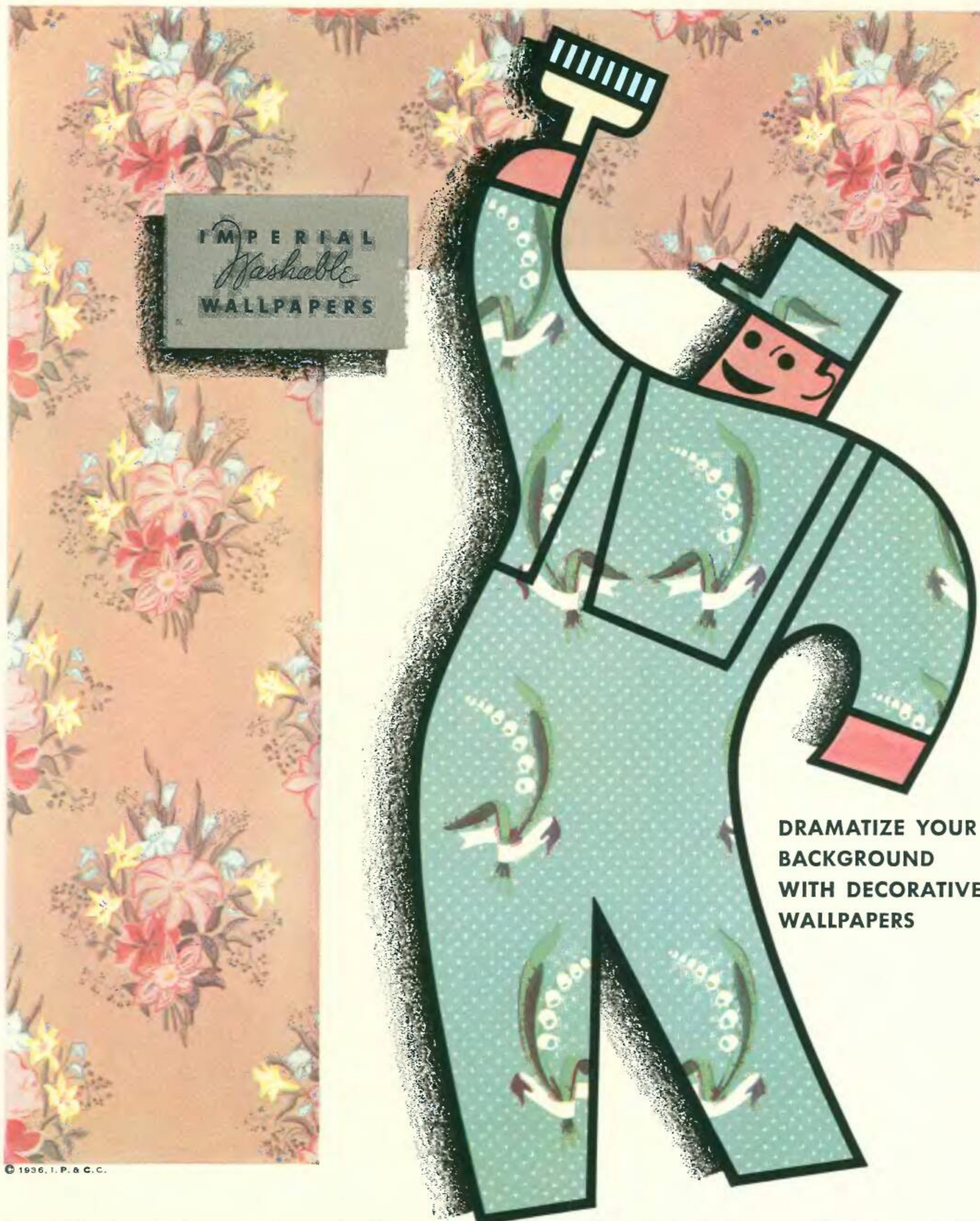
NEW YORK, July 8. (U.P.)—Stock Exchange sales today, 869,290; yesterday, 963,490; week ago, 966,230; month ago, 1,034,665; year ago, 1,290,140; two years ago, 883,435; 1936 to date, 266,486,613; 1935 to date, 110,440,454; 1934 to date, 204,644,491.

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