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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Juno and the Paycock—Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood make the current revival worth another trip no matter how many times you've seen this O'Casey classic. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy about academic freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears at the head of an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)
The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—This is the play about Mr. W-llc-tt, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—Miss Clare Boothe licking hell out of the Nazis in a furious but not terribly ingenious melodrama. Otto Preminger gets killed, and Sam Levene tries to find out who did it. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

My DEAR CHILDREN—If you are charmed by the idea that John Barrymore may start shooting out the lights, you may like this otherwise rather tiresome comedy. With Elaine Barrie, Philip Reed, Patricia Waters, and Tala Birell. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 0.2067, 8:20 Mats, 2:20 Wed, and Sat.)

BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

NIGHT MUSIC—The boy and girl in Clifford Odets'
new play just wander around New York talking,
but the Group Theatre has given it a beautiful production. Elia Kazan, Jane Wyatt, Morris
Carnovsky, and Philip Loeb could hardly be better.
(Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mat. 2:40,
Sat. Closes Sat., March 9.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Philip Barry sets out to prove that you don't have to be in the Social Register to be a heel, and does it expertly. Katharine Hepburn, Joseph Cotten, and Van Heflin are largely responsible for all the confusion. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

SEE My LAWYER—George Abbott's trademark is clearly on this farce about shyster lawyers and Broadway playboys, but it isn't as funny as some of his others. The cast includes Milton Berle and Teddy Hart. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

SKYLARK—A comedy about love and the advertising business which hasn't much to recommend it except Gertrude Lawrence, but that is probably enough. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—Further cosmic broodings by William Saroyan; very funny in spots, very foggy in others. Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling do most of the talking. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Wed. and Sat.)

Two on an Island—Two hopeful youngsters come to New York and find the going pretty hard. Elmer Rice's kindly though rather stereotyped play, with Luther Adler, Betty Field, and John Craven. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

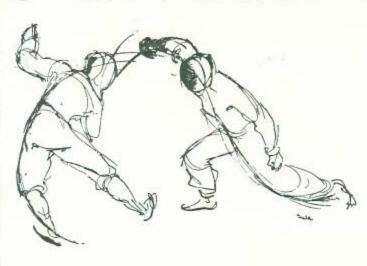
Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE FIFTH COLUMN—Ernest Hemingway's play about the civil war in Spain, with Franchot Tone, Katherine Locke, and Lenore Ulric. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

THE WEAK LINK—A farce by Allan Wood, with Hume Cronyn and Hugh Rennie. Staged by Chester Erskine and produced by Mr. Erskine and Philip Adler. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being too dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 10, for the Actors' Fund.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 16.

New Hellz-A-Poppin—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161, 8:30, Mats. 2:30, Wed, and Sat.)

5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

NEW PINS AND NEEDLES—Good, honest social and political satire from people who know how to put on a show. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

REUNION IN NEW YORK—The Viennese refugees who gave us "From Vienna" last year are back again, as gay and appealing as ever, and speaking a little better English. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Too Many Girls—What happens when old Pottawatomic unexpectedly gets hold of an All-America football team. An excellent musical comedy, with Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal Le-Roy. Rodgers and Hart wrote the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—A bright and pleasant sequel to last year's "One for the Money." Nancy Hamilton doesn't appear this time, but she wrote the sketches, and Brenda Forbes, Eve Arden, Richard Haydn and all the rest do very nicely by them. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

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

GOODBYE IN THE NIGHT—A new mystery by Jerome Mayer, with James Bell and Millard Mitchell. Produced and staged by George Abbott. Opens Wed., March 13. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

A PASSENGER TO BALI-Walter Huston and Colin Keith-Johnston in Ellis St. Joseph's dramatiza-



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tion of his own short story of the same name. Opens Thurs., March 14. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Sue Hastings Marionettes presenting "Pinocchio," Sat. Aft., March 9, at 3; "Peter Rabbit's Picnic" and "The Pixy's Secret," Sat. Aft., March 16, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

FRIARS FROLIC—Milton Berle is in charge of things this year: Sun. Eve., March 10, at 8:30. (Winter

Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Ramon Ramos's band is spelled at intervals in the Trianon Room by Alexander Haas's orchestra, which plays lots of old-fashioned waltzes. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10 P.M.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall's orchestra and Carlos Cobian's rumba band are in the comfortable Bowman Room.

Coo Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A cozy little spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras and the Tisdale Trio are on hand to help you.

Et Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of café society's cafés. Arthur Revel's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

FéFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress required.

LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—A gay place where the rumba is featured by the patrons as well as the performers. Pancho's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in pleasantly subdued surroundings. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A rumba band and a quartet play for dancing.

NINE O'CLOCK CLUB, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Conceived as an antidote for the worries of campus life, and thus apt to be full of young folk. Jack Sherr's and Don de Vodi's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dinner danc-

ing in the Tapestry Room to music by Joe Marinaro's orchestra.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Anne Francine, Maurice and Cordoba, and Henry King's orchestra are in the Persian Room. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—There'll be a new show starting Wed., March 13. Eddie Le Baron's band will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.... Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael entertain in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Charles Baum's orchestra and an ice show are in the Iridium Room. Must dress, at least if you plan to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

SHERRY'S, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Music for dancing at the dinner hour by Bernie Dolan's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Charlie Murray's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Panchito's

rumba orchestra carries on as usual.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Everett
Hoagland's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in
the Empire Room and alternates there with
Mischa Borr's later on... Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge
Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller singing some charming Viennese songs.... BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): you'll like the guitarist and a spruce young couple who play two-piano pieces...LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Billie Haywood's able swing singing, accompanied by the equally able Cliff Allen....PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a view of Central Park, a nice-smelling log fire, and incidental music.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760):

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 4, March 9, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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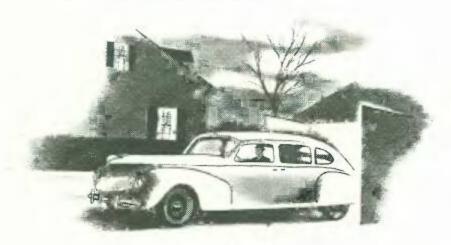
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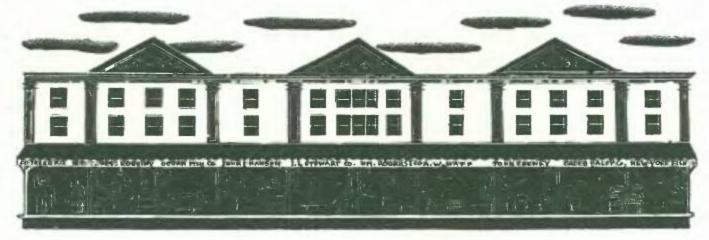
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GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra.... CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a pleasant place to drop in after a concert. Dancing to music by Nicholas Matthey's orchestra.... POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816); one that caught on quickly; a Polish orchestra plays polkas as well as rumbas.... WARwick, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, pleasant spot, with Ray Morton's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Bob Crosby's orchestra.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Dick Stabile's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra.... st. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . GLASS HAT, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra... KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; for late prowlers, this one.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's Gay Nineties show is now in its second year and still seems to keep the patrons happy.... BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's newest and, to judge by the crowds, one of its best; Bobby Parks and his orchestra and a rumba band....LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin show and, at the supper hour, Diosa Costello.... HAVANA-MADRID, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a show full of all sorts of rumbas and congas....18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.... COTTON CLUB, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Maxine Sullivan and Louis Armstrong lead the Negro revue.

Pure Swing—At the Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Mike Riley's orchestra clowning just as hard as it plays...café society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis...nick's, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown swing centre, with, except Mon., Zutty Singleton and his band and, except Tues., Sidney Bechet's Quartet...village vanguard little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

HARLEM—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: savoy ballroom, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Erskine Hawkins' band; and GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Coleman Hawkins' band (closed Mon.).

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313)... Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784)... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

BRECHER—Dark-mooded, strongly romantic landscapes and figure studies: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

CHAPIN—Retrospective of oils, mostly of Pennsylvania scenes and people, done with bright realism and thorough honesty: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 16.

CHARLOT—New oils, lighter in tone and freer in movement than we've had from this artist heretofore: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

DEMETRIOS—Delicately modelled, sharply linear basreliefs: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 9.

DI GIOIA AND POTTER—Di Gioia, a painter of New York's East Side, invades San Francisco's Italian quarter, with good results; Potter shows some pleasantly stylized landscapes; Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9. THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 16.

DIRK AND DE MARCO—Water colors by Dirk, painted with a keen eye for nature's flamboyancies; solid, well-balanced small sculptures by De Marco: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 16.

DUFY AND DE SEGONZAC—A twin bill of oils and water colors by two artists whose works go together better than you might think: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March

FRENCH GROUPS—At the GALERIE ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57: interesting canvases by Signac, Cézanne, and van Gogh, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 p.m.; through March 23.... BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: good general showing of nineteenth-century Impressionists and post-Impressionists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 p.M.; through March 29.... MATISSE, 51 E. 57: oils by Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Chirico, and Miró. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 p.M.; through March 9.

GERSHOY—Sculptures in various media, with some in polychrome that are about as bright-colored and prankish as anything you'd want to see: Robinson, 126 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30

P.M.; through March 9.

GROUP—Retrospective of artists sponsored by the Contemporary Arts Gallery. Catholic in style, the show ranges from the experimental to the conservative and is consistently absorbing: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30

to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16.

JIMENEZ—First New York showing of oils by a young Costa Rican. They're Picassocsque in outline, but they have a feeling that's basically all their own just the same: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.;

through March 9.

JORDAENS—Small but compact and wholly interesting display of paintings and drawings by one of the minor masters of the seventeenth century:

Brandt, 50 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16.

Kosa—A California artist exhibits some firm-textured, sharply patterned water colors, mainly of mountain and desert scenes: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 11.

Léger—A retrospective, covering the years from 1910 through 1937, and remarkably well selected to demonstrate his progress through that period: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

Levi—Thoughtful, sensitive oils, chiefly of beach scenes and seaside life: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

MONET—The first large showing in several years of this mighty Impressionist contains some seldom seen examples: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 23.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Twenty-one paintings, representing pretty near the cream of Italian Renaissance and baroque art, in a loan show originally exhibited at the San Francisco Fair. A second loan show, this one of modern oils and sculptures, mainly French, shouldn't be missed either. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through March 24.

O'KEEFFE—Twenty-one new paintings of Hawaii.

There's not much of the tropics in them, but a good deal of her accustomed subtlety and skill: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 27.

Picasso—Sixty water colors and drawings, with a number of interesting pieces among them: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 30.

SCHNAKENBERG—Oils and water colors, somewhat dry in feeling but capably and tastefully handled: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 9.

UTRILLO AND VLAMINCK—Some fine recent Utrillos and an interesting early Vlaminck in a varied showing

of both artists: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5.

WARSHAWSKY—Able, decorative landscapes and portraits, all more or less in the Impressionist tradition: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

WATER COLORS—Nice things by Nordfeldt, Pechstein. and other contemporary artists: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March

WHITNEY MUSEUM, TO W. 8—Prize-winning designs in the nationwide mural competition held last year by the government. The works look at times more like easel paintings than murals, but the show as a whole is of remarkably high quality. Tues.

through Sun., I to 5 P.M.; through March 17. MISCELLANEOUS-At the UPTOWN, 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Richard Sussman; 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 7 ... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: portraits by Paul Meltsner. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: memorial show of paintings by William Scott Pyle. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 9. . . . FRENCH ART, 51 E. 57: paintings by Max Band. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 23.... MORGAN, 37 W. 57: abstract paintings by Lorenzo Arranz. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 16.... ARTISTS', 33 W. 8: oils by Louis Donato, Theodore Eron, and Bernard O'Hara. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 9 P.M.; through March 11. . . . MORTON, 130 W. 57: water colors by Gregory D. Ivy. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 9. . . . NEUMANN-WILLARD, 543 Madison, at 55: oils and water colors by Lasar Segall. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 23.... JULIEN LEVY, 15 E. 57: paintings by Joseph Pollet. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16. . . . 460 PARK AVENUE, at 57: paintings by Paul Lantz. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16.... WALKER, 108 E. 57: drawings and water colors by Boardman Robinson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 23.... GRAND CENTRAL, Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings by Robert Philipp. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16.... CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8: small sculptures by Norman Foster and Frank Eliscu. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through March 9.... RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104: water colors by contemporary West Coast artists. Tues. through Sun., I to 5 P.M.; through April 28.... MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: annual group exhibition of American artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 16.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 9, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 10, at 3; Wed. Eve., March 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 15, at 2:30. (Soloists: Casadesus, March 7, 8, and 10; Tagliafero, March 9.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 9, at 3. (Soloist: Petri.)

ORCHESTRETTE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., March 11, at 8:30.

Musical Arts Chorus—Presenting Dr. Edgar Stillman-Kelley's musical dramatization of "Pilgrim's Progress," Erb conducting: Waldorf-Astoria (EL 5-3000), Tues. Eve., March 12, at 8:30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 14, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., March 16, at 2:30. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., March 15, at 8:30. (Soloists: Piatigorsky, March 14; Sanromá, March 15.)... Stravinsky conducting eighteen members of the orchestra in a benefit concert of his own music: Town Hall, Thurs. Aft., March

University Singers—Walter, Giddings, and Greenfield conducting the Glee Clubs of Columbia, Rut-

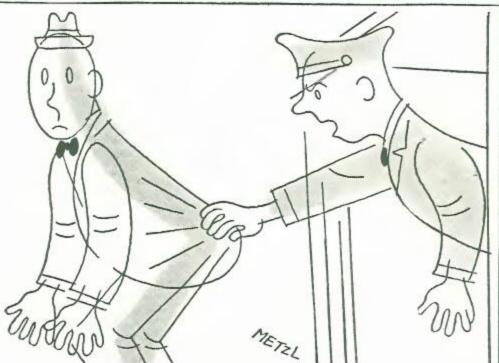
Four Reasons Why Elevator Boys Go Mad



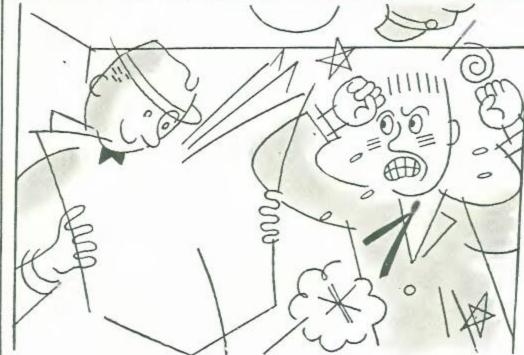
1. Passenger gets on a car going up when he wants to go down.



2. Passenger gets on a car going down when she wants to go up.



3. Passenger gets off at the wrong floor.



4. Passenger fails to get off at all and wakes up at the last stop.

Scientists concur that all the common elevator errors depicted above are symptoms of one deep-seated cause: alicujus rei oblivio, better known to the man on the street as absentmindedness.

Take the gentleman in the last picture, who is using the elevator as a reading room.

His immortal soul isn't in an elevator at all. Mentally he's at the ball park, watching Carl Hubbell strike out two Cardinals with one down, the score tied and a man on third.

Let's suppose you are a manufacturer, anxious to inform this prospect about your new 1941 line. Would you choose this time to do it?

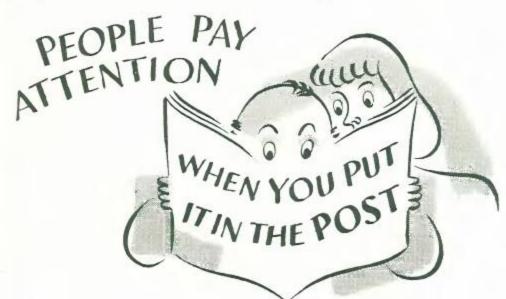
You know that if you approach him while his mind is on the ball game, the odds are against a sale. You know you can't sell him unless he'll pay attention to what you say.

That's why advertisers invest more money in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine. They know that people like to read advertising in the Post. They know that whenever people are asked,

"In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the majority always answer:



Successful advertisers concentrate in the Post, where people concentrate on advertising.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gers, and N.Y.U.: Town Hall, Sat. Evc., March 16, at 8:15.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL-Artur Rubinstein, Mon. Eve., March 11, at 8:40; Fritz Kreisler, Tues. Eve., March 12, at 8:30.

Town Hall-Marcel Hubert, Fri. Eve., March 8, at 8:30; Evelyn Swarthout, Sat. Aft., March 9, at 3; Suzanne Sten, Sun. Aft., March 10, at 3; Povla Frijsh, Mon. Eve., March 11, at 8:30; Philharmonic-Symphony String Quartet, Tues. Eve., March 12, at 8:30; Kirsten Flagstad, Wed. Eve., March 13, at 8:30; Dorothy Gordon, Sat. Aft., March 16, at 3.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53-League of Composers (Elsie Houston, William Primrose, Johanna Harris, and the Galimir Quartet), Sun. Eve., March 10, at 8:40. (CI 5-8900.)

METROPOLITAN—"Pelléas et Mélisande," Thurs. Eve.,
March 7; "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., March 8;
"Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Aft., March 9;
"Siegfried," Sat. Eve., March 9; "Madama Butterfly," Mon. Eve., March 11; "Der Fliegende
Holländer," Tues. Aft., March 12; "Rigoletto,"
Tues. Eve., March 12; "Pelléas et Mélisande,"
Wed. Eve., March 13; "Lohengrin," Thurs. Eve.,
March 14; "Carmen," Fri. Aft., March 15;
"Tosca," Fri. Eve., March 15; "Faust," Sat. Aft.,
March 16: "Götterdämmerung" (final perform-March 16; "Götterdämmerung" (final performance of the regular season), Sat. Eve., March 16. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until two days before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

DANCE RECITALS

KATHERINE DUNHAM-Presenting "Tropics and le Jazz Hot," a program based on Negro dance forms, assisted by her group: Windsor Theatre, 48th St., E. of B'way (BR 9-3824), Sun. Eve., March 10, at 8:30.

ARGENTINITA—Assisted by her ensemble: Hollywood Theatre, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545), Fri. and Sat. Eves., March 15-16, at 8:40.

SPORTS

BOXING-Madison Square Garden: Lew Jenkins vs. Tippy Larkin, lightweights, Fri. Eve., March 8; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

INDOOR TENNIS-At the 71st Regiment Armory, Park at 34: Donald Budge, W. T. Tilden, Frederick J. Perry, Ellsworth Vines, and other professionals in exhibition matches arranged as a Finnish Relief

Fund benefit, Sun. Eve., March 10, at 8. Hockey-Madison Square Garden-Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., March 7; Rangers vs. Americans, Sun., March 10; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., March 14. .. Amateur game, Sun., March 10, at 1:30 P.M.

INDOOR POLO-At SQUADRON A ARMORY, Madison at 94, at 9:30 P.M.: high-goal play, Sat., March 9, and Sat., March 16... squadron c Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, at 8:15 P.M.: high-goal play Sat., March 9, and Sat., March 16.

TRACK-Madison Square Garden: K. of C. Meet, Sat. Eve., March 9, at 7:30.

BASKETBALL-Madison Square Garden: College tournament, Mon. and Wed. Eves., March 11 and 13, at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURE—An exhibition called "Versus," showing, with designs, the differences in opinion between the leaders of the modern and traditional schools of architecture: Architectural League of New York, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 29.

FLOWER SHOW-The amateur and professional gardeners' annual pride and joy: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon. through Sat., March 11-16. Opening day, 2 to 10:30 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

BENEFIT SHOW-Yearly entertainment to help the Israel Orphan Asylum: Madison Square Garden, Sat.

Eve., March 16, at 8:30. PHOTOGRAPHY-The annual exhibition of the Pictorial Photographers of America: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 29.

Auctions-Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57-British, French, Dutch, and American paintings, owned by Luscombe Carroll, Edmund J. Horwath, and the estate of the late Lillia Babbitt Hyde: Thurs. Eve., March 7, at 8:15. . . . French furniture and decorations, from the collections of M. de Bonnière and others: Sat. Aft., March 9, at 2.... Japanese prints, Persian miniatures, and modern French and American paintings, water colors, prints, and drawings, the property of C. M. Ayer and others: Thurs. Aft., March 14, at 2. . . . English furniture and decorations and Oriental rugs, owned by the late Lillia Babbitt THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 16.

Hyde; also Early American silver, belonging to Henry D. Hill; Fri. and Sat. Afts.. March 15-16,

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT-Discussing the Administration's farm program: Fri. Eve., March 8, at 10, WABC, WEAF, WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-"Le Nozze di Figaro," with Rethberg and Sayao: Sat. Aft., March 9, at 1:55,

BASEBALL-Yankees vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, at St. Petersburg, Fla.: Wed. Aft., March 13, at 4:15, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS-H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 6:30, WABC.... John B. Kennedy, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 7:15, WOR.... Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon., Wed., and Fri. (except March 8) Eves., at 10, WOR.

TELEVISION-Hockey: Americans vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., March 7, at 8:45; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., March 14, at 8:45, W2XBS.... K. of C. Track Meet, Sat. Eve., March 9, at 9, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY-Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF.

FRIDAY-Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR.... Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR.... "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC.... Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR.... N.B.C. Symphony, Walter conducting, 10, WJZ.... Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY-Perolé String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. ... Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC.... "Pursuit of Happiness," 4:30, WABC.... Jack Benny, 7, WEAF.... Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF.... Ford Symphony, 9, WABC. ... "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 10, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC...

Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF.... Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.... WOR Symphony, Sodero

conducting, 10:30, WOR.
TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ....

Raymond Scott, 9:30, WABC ... Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC.... Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BAKER'S WIFE-A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a French peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE-A Pare Lorentz film, his third, based this time on the maternal-welfare chapters from Paul de Kruif's book and handled with notable force and distinction. (Belmont, 125 W.

Gone with the WIND-Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor,

B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)
THE GRAPES OF WRATH—A magnificent film, directed by John Ford, taken from the Steinbeck novel and retaining all its essential spirit. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS-A full-length cartoon by Max



Fleischer, for the younger element and agreeable. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 9. . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., March 9-11.)
HIS GIRL FRIDAY—That old classic, "The Front Page."

renovated and readjusted for the needs of Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy, and still very funny. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11... Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER-A bright trifle that may make you giggle. With Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85: Sat. through Mon., March 9-11.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME-Nice photography, medieval Paris and all that, and Charles Laughton under a ton of makeup. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is also in it. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., March 8.)

NINOTCHKA-The delightful Garbo comedy (with Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas, too), done in the best and most frivolous Lubitsch manner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10.)

Piноссню—Disney's second full-length film, a very pretty piece of work indeed. One of the nice things of the moment. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

PORT OF SHADOWS-The waterfront of Le Havre and the strange dramatic doings there, with Jean Gabin, Imported from France. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., March 11-13.)

THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET-Edward G. Robinson giving one of his finest performances in an able, sensible biographical sketch of the discoverer of salvarsan. Maria Ouspenskaya and Ruth Gordon also appear. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., March 7.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Thurs., March 14.)

THE CITY (1939)-A Pare Lorentz documentary film. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10.)

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL (1939)-Ginger Rogers and Walter Connolly. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 11-12.)

THE GREAT GARRICK (1937)-Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. and Sat., March 15-16.)

JUAREZ (1939)—Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs, through Sat., March 7-9.)

Lancer Spy (1937)—Dolores Del Rio and Peter Lorre. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., March 7-8.) LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—Ann Harding and

Basil Rathbone. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 12-13.) MAYERLING (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; start-

ing Thurs., March 14.) LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—Charles Laughton and Fredric March. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. and Sun., March 10-11.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA (1938)-Paderewski and Marie Tempest. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., March 7-9.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 12-13.)

On Borrowed Time (1939)-Lionel Barrymore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., March 12-13.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)-Madeleine Carroll and Ronald Colman. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., March 11-13.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner and Wilfrid Lawson. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., March 12-13. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Thurs., March 14.)

Note-The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting the following foreign films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Arsenal" (1928), Russian, Thurs., March 7.... "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), French, Fri., March 8.... "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), French, Sat., March 9.... "Maedchen in Uniform" (1931), German, Sun., March 10.... "Fährmann Maria" (1936), German, Mon., March 11.... "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1909). "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Camera-man" (1912), "Moment Musicale" (1913), and "Father Sergius" (1917), all Russian, Tues., March 12... "Kino-Pravda" (1922), "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923), "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906), and "Potemkin" (1925), all Russian, Wed., March 13... "The Cloak" (1926) and "By the Law" (1926), both Russian, Thurs., March 14... "Chess Fever" (1925) and "Mother" (1926), both Russian, Fri March 15... er" (1926), both Russian, Fri., March 15.... "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Russian, Sat., March 16.



FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—GONE WITH THE WIND, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh; at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., March 7: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young.

Center, 6 Ave. at 49 (CI 5-5500)—PINOCCHIO, Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—From Thurs., March 7: "Wolf of New York," Rose Hobart, Edmund Lowe.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., March 12: "Seventeen," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . From Wed., March 13: "Road to Singapore," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope

RADIO CITY Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—
From Thurs., March 7: "Too Many Husbands,"
Melvyn Douglas, Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray. RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—THE GRAPES OF WRATH, Henry Fonda.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., March 7: "The Blue Bird," Shirley Temple. . . . From Fri., March 8: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard,

Brian Aherne.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., March
7: THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET, Edward
G. Robinson... From Fri., March 8: "Three
Cheers for the Irish," Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—THE FIGHT FOR LIFE,

Pare Lorentz film. 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)-

'Harvest' (French). 55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—
"The Human Beast" (French), Simone Simon,

Jean Gabin.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—"Louise"
(French musical), Grace Moore.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs. through
Sun., March 7-10: "Last Desire" (French), Raimu,
Jacqueline Delubac; also "Invitation to the
Waltz," revival, Lilian Harvey, Carl Esmond.

... Mon. through Wed., March 11-13: THE PRISONER
OF ZENDA, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also "The Loves of Toni" (French), revival, Blavette.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—THE BAKER'S WIFE

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—THE BAKER'S WIFE (French), Raimu.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—
Through Fri., March 8: THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, Charles Laughton; also "Information Please," and March of Time (Finland)... Sat. through Tues., March 9-12: "Balalaika," Hona Massey, Nelson Eddy; also "The Big Guy," Victor McLaglen, Jackie Cooper... From Wed., March 13: "Swanee River," Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche, Al Jolson; also "The Invisible Man Returns," Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Loew's 42ND Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., March 7: "Little Old New York," Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray; also "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," Edgar Bergen and his dummies.... Fri. through Sun., March 8-10: "Raffles," Olivia de Havilland, David Niven; also "Congo Maisie," Ann Sothern, John Carroll... Mon. and Tues., March 11-12: "The Lion Has Wings," Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson; also "South of the Border," Gene Autry... From Wed., March 13: "Swiss Family Robinson," Edna Best, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also "Brother Rat and a Baby," Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris. Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: His Girl Friday, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's

through Mon., March 7-11: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles...
Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy; also "All Women Have Secrets," Jean Cagney.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., March 7-8: LANCER SPY, revival,

Thurs. and Fri., March 7-8: LANCER SPY, revival, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre... Sat. through Mon., March 9-11: "Swanee River," Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche, Al Jolson... From Tues., March 12: not announced.

March 12: not announced.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., March 7: "The Cat and the Canary," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope... Fri. through Sun., March 8-10: "Four's a Crowd," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn... Mon. and Tues., March 11-12: FIFTH AVENUE GIRL, revival, Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly... From Wed., March 13: "The Great Victor Herbert," Mary Martin, Allan Jones.

Sution, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. through Sat., March 7-9: "Four Wives," Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, Claude Rains; also "On Your Toes," Zorina, Eddie Albert... Sun. and Mon., March 10-11: "Eternally Yours," Loretta Young, David Niven; also "The Return of Doctor X," Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart... Tues. and

Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: NOTHING SACRED, revival, Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also LOVE FROM A

STRANGER, revival, Basil Rathbone, Ann Harding.

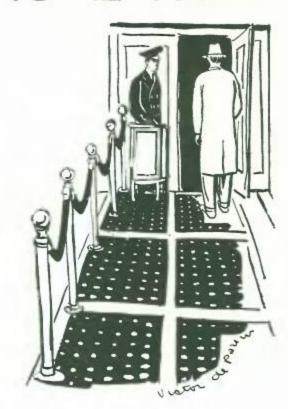
R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—
Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.

School," James Cagney, Pat O Brien; also High School," Jane Withers.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10: GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Max Fleischer full-length cartoon; also THE CITY, revival, documentary film... Mon. through Wed., March 11-13: "The Light That Failed," Ronald Colman, Walter Huston Walter Huston.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)-Thurs, through Sun., March 7-10: NINOTCHKA,

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, MARCH 7, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN, FILMS OF MORE THAN ROU-TINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas... Mon. through Wed., March 11-13: "Another Thin Man," Myrna Loy, William Powell.

Loew's 72NO STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy; also "All Women Have Secrets," Jean Cagney.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., March 7: "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres; also "Call a Messenger," Mary Carlisle, Billy Halop... Fri. and Sat., March 8-9: "The Werewolf of London," revival, Henry Hull; also "Dracula," revival, Dela Lugosi... Sun. and Mon., March 10-11: LES MISERABLES, revival, Charles Laughton, Fredric March; also "Thrill of a Lifetime," revival, Johnny Downs... From Tues., March 12: "Balalaika," Ilona Massey, Nelson Eddy; also "The Big Guy," Victor McLaglen, Jackie Cooper.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., March 7-8: "The Great Victor Herbert," Mary Martin, Allan Jones... Sat. through Mon., March 9-11: THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "Swanee River," Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche, Al Jolson.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., March 7-8: "Little Old New York," Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray; also "Charlie MeCarthy, Detective," Edgar Bergen and his dum-

Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray; also "Charlie Mc-Carthy, Detective," Edgar Bergen and his dummies.... Sat. through Mon., March 9-11: GULLI-VER'S TRAVELS, Max Fleischer full-length cartoon; also "The Amazing Mr. Williams," Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "My Son Is Guilty," Jacqueline Wells, Bruce Cabot; also "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," Peggy Moran, Johnny Downs.

Peggy Moran, Johnny Downs.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "Raffles," Olivia de Havilland, David Niven; also "Congo Maisie," Ann Sothern, John Carroll. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "The Lion Has Wings," Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson; also "South of the Border," Gene

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "Little Old New York," Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray... From Tues., March 12: "Brother Rat and a Baby," Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "Raffles," Olivia de Havilland, David Niven; also "Congo Maisie," Ann Sothern, John Carroll... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "The Lion Has Wings," Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson; also "South of the Border," Gene Autry.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2250)

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10: "Swanee River," Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche, Al Jolson; also

"The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Jean Rogers, Lloyd Nolan... Mon. through Wed., March 11-13: PORT OF SHADOWS (French), Jean Gabin, Michel Simon; also "Balalaika," Ilona Massey, Nelson

Simon; also "Balalaika," Hona Massey, Nelson Eddy.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—
Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., March 9: GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Max Fleischer fulllength cartoon; also "The Amazing Mr. Williams," Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas... Sun. and Mon., March 10-11: "Love Before Breakfast," revival, Carole Lombard, Preston Foster; also "I Stand Condemned," revival, Harry Baur, also "I Stand Condemned," revival, Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier... From Tues., March 12: "The Light That Failed," Ronald Colman, Walter Huston; also "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President," Ann Sothern, William Gargan.

PALACE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "Judge Hardy and Son," Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CL 7-3737)—Thurs. through

Spring Byington, Jed Prouty.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy; also "All Women Have Secrets," Jean Cagney.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "Swiss Family Robinson," Edna Best, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also "Brother Rat and a Baby," Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "Chasing Trouble," Marjorie Reynolds, Frankie Darro; also "City of Chance," Lynn Bari, C. Aubrey Smith; and March of Time (The Vatican).

(The Vatican). ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Thurs, through Sat., March 7-9: JUAREZ, revival, Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Brian Aherne; also MOONLIGHT SONATA, Paul Muni, Brian Aherne; also Moonlight sonata, revival, Paderewski, Marie Tempest. . . . Sun. and Mon., March 10-11: "You're a Sweetheart," revival, Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "The Good Fairy," revival, Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: ON BORROWED TIME, revival, Lionel Barrymore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also "Swanee River," Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche, Al Jolson.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "Little Old New York," Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray; also "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," Edgar Bergen and his dummies. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "Married and in Love," Barbara Read, Alan Marshal; also "Thou Shalt Not Kill," Charles Bickford, Owen Davis, Jr. R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs.

Jane Withers.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., March 7-11: "The Light That Failed," Ronald Colman, Walter Huston; also "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President," Ann Sothern, William Gargan... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: STOLEN LIFE, revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Wilfrid Lawson; also "The Man from Montreal," Richard Arlen, Andy Devine. Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.

CARLYON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., March 7-10: "The Great Victor Herbert," Mary Martin, Allan Jones; also "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres. . . Mon. through Wed., March 11-13: "Invisible Stripes," Jane Bryan, George Raft; also "He Married His Wife," Nancy Kelly, Joel McCree

McCrea.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs.
through Mon., March 7-11; HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles. . . . Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles. . . Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy; also "All Women Have Secrets," Jean Cagney.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs, through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th." James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.

Jane Withers.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., March 7:

"Little Old New York," Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray; also "Charlie McCarthy, Detective,"
Edgar Bergen and his dummies.... Fri. through
Mon., March 8-11: "Raffles," Olivia de Havilland, David Niven; also "Congo Maisie," Ann
Sothern, John Carroll... From Tues., March 12:

"Swiss Family Robinson," Edna Best, Thomas
Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also "Brother
Rat and a Baby," Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—
Thurs, through Mon., March 7-11: HIS GIRL FRIDAY,

Thurs, through Mon., March 7-11: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha Raye, Charlie Ruggles.
... Tues. and Wed., March 12-13: "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy; also "All Women

Have Secrets," Jean Cagney.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Wed., March 7-13: "The Fighting 69th," James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "High School," Jane Withers.



IT THRILLED THE WORLD OF MUSIC . . . THE NEW

Capehart-Vanamuse



The Capehart-Panamuse in Sheraton period design . . . at \$179.50

Doubtless you have longed for really good music in your home . . . for yourself and for your children. Not just average tonal reproduction . . . but an instrument that would make you feel that you were attending the Symphony or Opera . . . hearing your favorite performance in all its lifelike realism.

Yet, like many music lovers, you may have felt you could not afford the lux-ury of the *De Luxe* Capehart . . . acknowledged to be the world's finest instrument for musical reproduction.

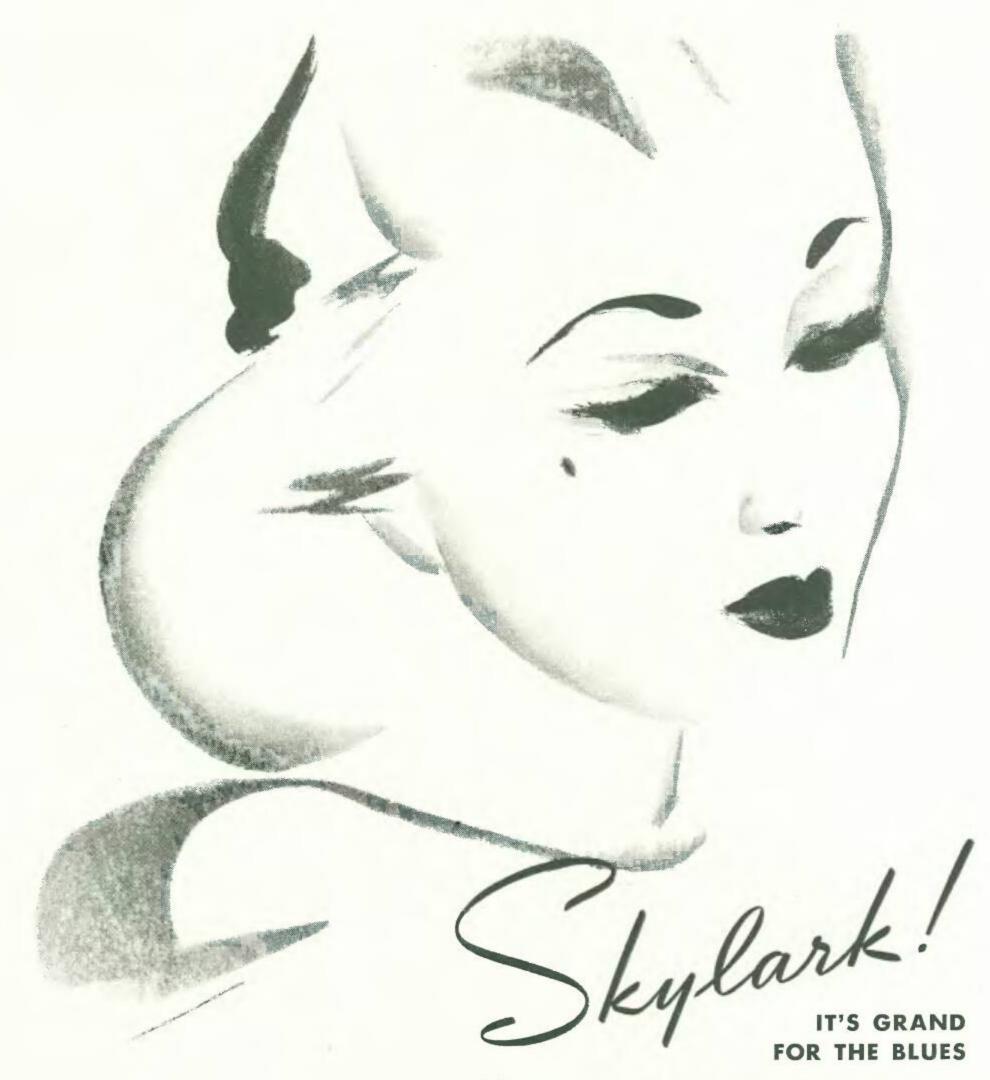
Last Fall, the makers of the famous Capehart created a new instrument . . . in the Capehart tradition, but more modestly priced . . . the Capehart-Panamuse! The response was immediate. Thousands of people saw it . . . heard it . . . bought it right away. You will want it for your own home the first time you hear its magnificent tone.

The new Capehart-Panamuse Phonograph-Radio gives you colorful overtones of the world's great music, which lesser instruments are unable to reproduce. Its automatic record-changer plays ten 12-inch or twelve 10-inch records . . . providing nearly an hour of the music of your choice. The superb radio unit is equipped for both domestic and foreign broadcasts and television sound. Cabinets are fine interpretations of authentic period designs.

With all of these distinctive advantages, Capehart-Panamuse instruments are surprisingly reasonable in price—ranging from \$159.50* to \$299.50. As a further convenience to you, Capehart-Panamuse instruments may be purchased for a small down payment and suitable monthly terms.

SEE YOUR CAPEHART DEALER

Your Capehart dealer will be glad to leave a Capehart-Panamuse in your home for a convincing demonstration. See him soon, or write for illustrated booklet. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana. *Price slightly higher on the West Coast



and the pinks, browns, rosy tans, greys, greens, pastels, beige, black or white

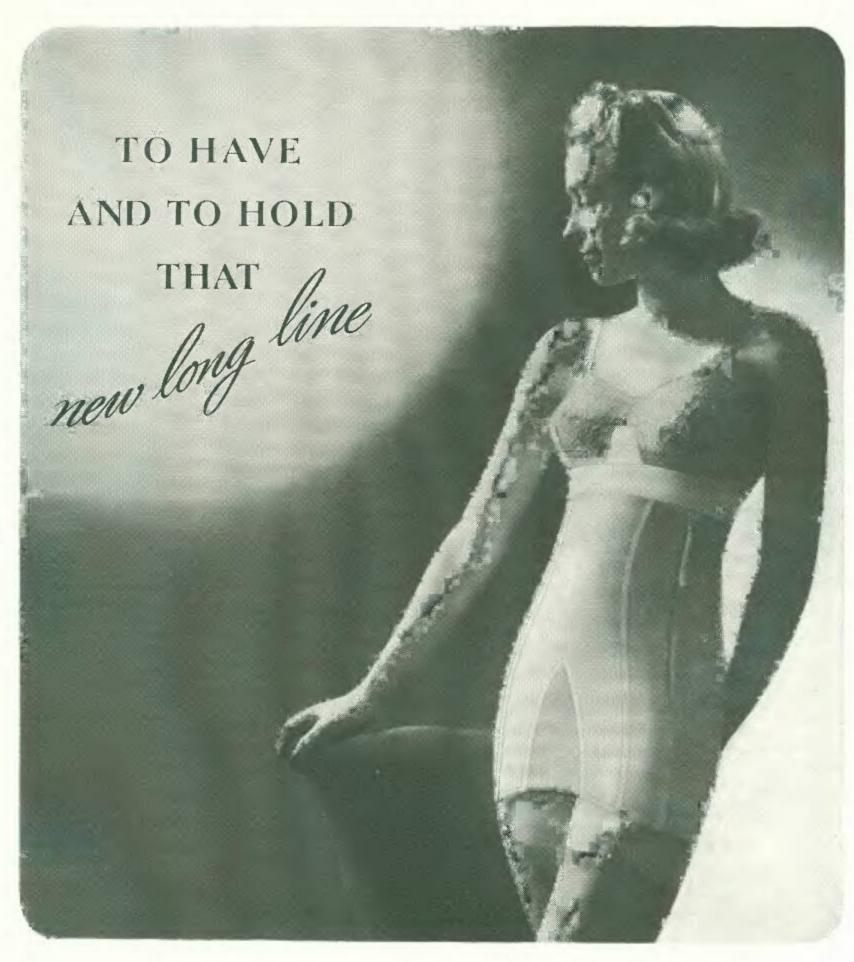
MAKE UP TO THE NEW SPRING COLORS!

This year, don't let make-up "date" you, or nobody else will! The vivid new spring clothes insist on the new Barbara Gould complexion shade called "Skylark." It gives you that fragile sort of surreality—a sophisticated angel from a poet's lovely dream.

But don't breathe the real secret—which is that "Skylark's" azure tone blends with new colors, yet emphasizes you. It lets your personality triumph over springtime's gay garden of clothes...as a "Skylark" wings above earth-bound flowers.

DISTRIBUTORS, NEW YORK





"JUST-ENUF"

a new

high girdle

As shown by Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street, New York City

GARDEN CITY

BROOKLINE

ARDMORE

EAST ORANGE

MAMARONECK

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GROSSE POINTE

Dame Fashion calls a rather quick change from nipped-in waist and rounded hips. In your Spring coat, suit or dress you'll want to show a smooth sweep from under the arm to over the hip. And this shaped girdle is "just enough" to draw that longer and lovelier line.

It has a slide fastener in side front. Its side sec-

tions in two-way stretch power web are made with "Lastex" yarn. The brassiere is an "H&W" style. also made with "Lastex" yarn.

When choosing foundation garments of any kind make sure they have been made with benefit of "Lastex" yarn. Its stretch technique, you know, makes possible these modern miracles of comfort.

. . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively
Rockefeller Center

New York City



NIGHT SKIN CREAM

Yermaine Monteil

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Germaine Montril

night flight from dust and wind and time . . . fragrant oasis for the parched skin.

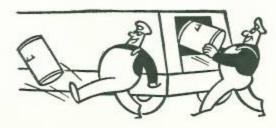


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SKED to set aside a suitable day for general prayer throughout the United Kingdom for the speedy end of the war, Prime Minister Chamberlain replied that the question would be considered at the proper time. "I do not think that time has yet arrived," he said. This remark, we feel, represents about the ultimate in British caution. The Prime Minister apparently has an uneasy faith in the power of prayer, combined with a lack of faith in the divine grasp of the situation. Pray for the end of war, and there's just a chance that that's what you'll get; peace right on the dot, with all the issues still up in the air and the balance of power yet to be determined. The Prime Minister, it seems, has no doubt that God can put a stop to hostilities any time He feels like it, but he would rather not trust Him with the details. The time for peace will be determined at No. 10 Downing Street. Until the Cabinet gives the word, the people will kindly refrain from stirring up the Almighty. Until the Empire has things under better control, God can just count sparrows.

It is hard to say why Department of Sanitation men should have to be so much stronger than anybody else. In fact, we think it's a mistake. If



there is one thing the matter with streetcleaners today, it is too much verve, too much agility, too much strength. Lying in our bed beside the murdered corpse of sleep, we have often listened to them as they threw the cans around or sluiced the street so merrily. In addi-

tion to these mechanical and necessary sounds, the air has usually been full of bits of song, fragments of anecdote, and loud and careless laughter. The effect has been unmistakably that of well men, happy at their work. The new standards of fitness, according to the N.Y.U. professor who thought them up, will make our street-cleaners about the most perfect physical specimens in the world, and we doubt very much if we are going to be able to stand it. Give us, we say, a group of soft, dyspeptic men who will lift the big cans cautiously and fight the struggling hose in grim silence, with no breath left over for song or conversation.

MAE MURRAY, who once kissed the Twentieth Century Limited, has informed a California judge that she spent three days, in 1936, on a bench in Central Park. "I just packed a little hatbox with the things I needed for cleanliness and spent three days in Central Park," she said. If this is true, the people of New York deserve to know more of the facts. We would like to know what bench she made her base, so to speak. Was it a Fifty-ninth Street lake bench, handy to waterfowl and the ladies' room at the Plaza? Or was it a sailboatpond bench, or a zoo bench, or what? We think that in this case, some effort should be made to identify the bench, and that it should then be marked with a suitable plaque—The Mae Murray Memorial Bench. We also think that the contents of the hatbox should be ascertained. What does a lady need to keep clean for three days in the Park? That probably ought to go on the plaque, too—as a lasting tribute to feminine daintiness in the American thirties.

THE ladies of the Psychiatric Division at Bellevue Hospital have been treating problem children through the use of jungle music—tom-toms, specifically. These savage rhythms are

supposed to stimulate the tots into doing spontaneous dances that reveal their inner turmoil. The responses are varied but consistently engaging. One boy, in a "chicken dance," so designated, "brought out that he had never had a home of his own, had always lived in



a boarding house, and now felt that he had never been loved"—a fairly comprehensive message to get across in any dance, even at the Stork Club. Another child offered one that he called "shooting the dance teacher and the psychiatrist." This one might have given us pause or even stopped us dead in our tracks, but the girls at Bellevue had no trouble with it. The dance, they said, "obviously represents the boy's confusion by the underworld lore of his neighborhood which combined to fill him with constant fear and a need to ally himself with a group." We were allied with a group ourself once, a mandolin club, and have feared neither God nor man ever since.

TE just ran across an issue of Variety telling how much moving-picture companies paid for novels and plays in 1939. Altogether it amounted to \$1,739,000, the prices for plays ranging from \$250,000 (plus royalties) for "The American Way" to \$5,000 for "Let Freedom Ring!," and those paid for books from \$70,000 for "The Grapes of Wrath" to \$5,000 for something called "Honorable Uncle Lancey." Our own thoughts about this great secondary premium on talent were cloudy though philosophical, and a practicing artist we know listened to them impatiently.

"The way I feel about it is very

"I just want some."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's ▲ a waiter on the Florida Special who balances his tray on his head when delivering meals to compartments. He says it's no more hazardous, and is likely also to startle customers into a bigger tip.

You can't send a telegram from Postal Telegraph's headquarters, down at 253 Broadway. You have to go around the corner, to 12 Murray Street.

There's a drugstore in Concord, Massachusetts, that advertises a Battleground Streamline Sundae.

Plants' Refuge

7EALTHY householders, or moderately well-off householders with a great love of plants, frequently send their shrubs and trees away to a nursery for the winter. We visited one of the biggest of these resorts last week. It's called the Yonkers Nursery, because it's in Yonkers, and it houses flora sent to it by patrons of Wadley & Smythe, Goldfarb's, and other New York City florists. As is usual at this time of year, about two hundred and fifty plants were wintering there, at a cost to their owners ranging from twenty-five cents a month for a geranium to ten dollars

a month for a twelve-foot orange tree in a tub. Each plant or shrub is cared for. at the proper temperature. Palms and other tropical plants are kept in greenhouses heated to 65 degrees. Hardier tropicals, like bay trees, orange trees, and oleanders, are kept at 45 degrees. There are also unheated sheds for trained ivy, young dogwood, tubbed boxwood, and boxed privet, which need only shelter from severe storms in order to live.

Very often it costs more to board a plant in a nursery than it would to throw it

away and buy a new one in the spring, but people are sentimental. As evidence of this, there's the Yonkers Nursery's sick bay, which when we were there had seventy-five in-patients-plants being treated for malaise brought on by severe temperatures, dry air, and lack of sunlight. The chances of recovery for the average sick plant are about fifty-fifty. Treatment includes replanting, special

simple," he said when we had finished. feeding, and no worry; convalescence is sometimes a matter of a year or eighteen months. The owners of the plants undergoing treatment may-and frequently do—visit them; the hours are eight to five. Four palm trees (Kentia) are there on sick leave from the Manufacturers Trust Company, recovering from chills contracted in marble lobbies, but nobody from the bank has been up to visit them; it is understood, however, that their places are being held open for them.

Among the distinguished boarders we saw were some boxed privet from the various Longchamps sidewalk cafés; twenty palms and oleanders from the members' terrace of the Modern Museum; and several hundred sub-tropical plants from various World's Fair exhibits—General Motors, Ford, and the House of Jewels. There are also a number of plants that live at the Yonkers Nursery practically all the time; these are the ones belonging to people who open their New York houses only for a few weeks in the spring and fall. When the revolution comes, these plants will be the first to go.

No Doubt

WO Southern ladies with definite ■ accents and opinions came flouncing out of a matinée of "Gone with the Wind," considerably stirred up, it ap-

> peared, over several slurs on the Confederate states. "I just can't believe that book was written by an Atlanta girl," one of them was heard to say. "Oh, yes it was, dear," her friend said. "That's been proved."

The Sultan's Gifts

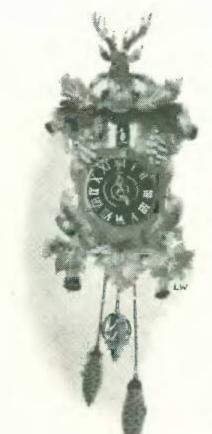
VV ward Ringwood Hewitt, the fisherman and inventor, a week or so ago, and he told us a tale that goes back fifty-seven years. It starts with a trip which Mr. Hewitt's father, the late Abram S. Hewitt, made

with his wife and family to Constantinople in 1883. As a Congressman, a son-in-law of Peter Cooper, and an all-round leading citizen, he was presented to the Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, by our Minister to Turkey, Lew Wallace. "The Sultan took a tremendous shine to my father," Mr. Hewitt told us. "He got the idea that my father was the future President of the Unit-

ed States." (Actually, Mr. Hewitt, Sr., later became Mayor of New York.) Abdul Hamid put the Hewitts up at a palace near the Seraglio and Mr. Hewitt called on him frequently. His first visit is described in the Tribune of July 13, 1884, which we consulted after our talk with E. R. Hewitt, on his advice. Abram Hewitt, the Tribune reports, after brushing up on his Turkish with a pocket dictionary, was ushered in by the chief eunuch, shook Abdul Hamid's hand "in simple republican fashion," and "drifted from Turkish into French and finally from French into English." On this occasion, Mr. Hewitt explained to the Sultan such features of American government as the caucus, the platform, and the convention. He learned later that Abdul Hamid, who had listened with great attention, held a caucus in the Seraglio immediately after his departure. Another time, when Mr. Hewitt stopped by, the Sultan remarked that he was fond of Virginia tobacco. Mr. Hewitt took out an indelible pencil to make a note of this and the Sultan remarked that he also was fond of indelible pencils.

As soon as Mr. Hewitt got back to this country, he sent the Sultan three gold-mounted indelible pencils and ten thousand Virginia cigarettes. Mr. E. R. Hewitt, who is now a nimble seventy-three, recalls being sent by his father to Gorham's to buy the pencils. He was then seventeen. No bill ever came for the cigarettes, and when Mr. Hewitt, Sr., mentioned this to the tobacco people, they told him to forget it, that an order for a hundred thousand more had just arrived from the Sultan's chamberlain. Christmas came and Mr. Hewitt received from the Sultan a dozen fine Turkish rugs. After that nothing happened until the following Christmas, TTE ran into Mr. Ed- when Mr. Hewitt got a letter from the Sultan saying that he had forwarded him a copy of every book printed in Turkish from 1453 to that date.

> "The Sultan sent Father three hundred and ninety-five volumes, every one bound in red morocco and stamped in gold with his coat of arms and a gift inscription in French and English," Mr. Hewitt told us. "The Turks weren't much given to writing and many of the books were translations from English, French, German, and Russian." Abram Hewitt's pleasure upon the arrival of the gift was tempered by a notice from the customs office advising him that the duty would be \$1,480. He at once wrote the Sultan a fine letter saying that while he appreciated the attention,





"In line with our new modernization policy, Miss Dorney, the Board of Directors wondered if you couldn't do something about your hair."

etc., the honor was too great for a private citizen to receive. He suggested that Abdul Hamid present the collection to the Library of Congress instead. The Sultan replied that this was agreeable (and the Library got the books, duty free), but added that he did not want Mr. Hewitt to be deprived of the books ly Prince, then Professor of Semitic

because of such amazing generosity and that he had forwarded a duplicate set. Mr. Hewitt knew when he was licked. He paid \$1,480, and stored the cases of books, unopened, in the basement of his home at 9 Lexington Avenue.

Languages at New York University, and now at Columbia, was dining with the E. R. Hewitts. Abram Hewitt had died and the Sultan's books had been inherited by his son, who mentioned them to Professor Prince. After dinner We now skip to 1915. John Dyne- the two men went to the basement and opened one of the crates, for the first



time. At Prince's suggestion, Hewitt presented the books to N.Y.U., and they have been there ever since, in the library next to the Hall of Fame.

That's all, except that we felt obliged to check up on the present status of the books. We have received word from an official of the L. of C., as follows: "The collection is now in an enclosure on Deck 39, and it is consulted occasionally by those who read the Turkish language." We made a personal call at N.Y.U. and learned from the director of the library there, Mr. Theodore F. Jones, that the books are kept in their own special locked room. He let us take a look at them. They are still bright red and their gold inscriptions are easily legible. They seemed in fair shape. Mr. Jones said that in the twenty-five years they have been at the library, we were the first where. In the Sixth Avenue subway, person to ask to see them. By a coincidence, he himself became interested in the books lately. He has had their bindings treated, and has taken up the study of Turkish so that he will be able to catalogue them.

Technological Unemployment

NE of those musical cakes we once told you about-the kind that, when you cut it, plays a tune like "Happy Birthday to You" or "Mother Machree"—was used a while ago as part of the commercial announcement of a radio program sponsored by a flour manufacturer. We don't know what the radio audience thought of this, but we

do know what Local 802 of the Musicians' Union thought. They were mad. They said it was depriving one union musician of work, and they made the sponsor hire a union man to stand around, at the regular wages, when the music box went on the air.

The Sound of Church Bells

▲MONG its many perfections, the ∠ new Sixth Avenue subway will have noiseless, doorless telephone booths. All subways, as you may have noticed, have doorless booths; keeps people from hiding in them. The idea of a sound-absorbent booth for noisy places comes from the Acoustical Division of the Burgess Battery Company. For ordinary use, the Burgess people make complete booths, which can be set up anyhowever, the telephones will be set in niches lined with Burgess soundproofing. The acoustical principle is tricky, and we're not sure of our ability to explain it. Briefly, the walls are metal plates containing fifteen holes to the square inch. The holes are arranged in a series of triangular patterns; thus (or so the acoustical engineers assure us) any outside sounds will either go directly into the holes or be deflected into them. Back of the metal plates is a three-inch layer of mineral wool—spun glass, asbestos, or rock wool —which will absorb the trapped sound waves as soon as they come through the holes.

When the new subway opens, there will be fifty-six of these booths in its

six stations, and while we're at it we'll tell you where the stations will be: Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Twentyeighth, Thirty-fourth, and Forty-second Streets, and Rockefeller Center. The booths will be operated by the Telephone Company, as a licencee of the Burgess Company. It's against the policy of the Board of Transportation to specify patented equipment of this sort, as it prevents competitive bidding, but the Board got around this by letting the phone company install the booths as an experiment.

Upon learning that one such booth had al-

ready been installed for experimental purposes in the Independent station at Ely Avenue, Queens, we sent our man Stanley over there. He nipped into the booth and called up a friend of his, a man named Watson. "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you," he said, as an express thundered in. "Speak up," Mr. Watson said. "Where are you, anyway-in the subway?" Stanley reported this contretemps to the engineers, and one of them said that the Ely Avenue booth was badly placed, right over a steel column which transmitted vibrations through the floor. The Sixth Avenue booths, he said positively, will admit no more than forty decibels, which is the equivalent of church bells at fifteen hundred feet.

Address

Mrs. Houser, who lives near Putney, Vermont, on a place which she has named One Horse Farm, recently wrote to Macy's, ordering something or other sent C.O.D. The package arrived promptly, in spite of Macy's impressionistic rendering of the address:

> Mrs. J. D. Houser, One Horse Town, Putney, Vermont

Expert

GARRETT UNDERHILL, Harvard '37, is (in case the class secretary has been wondering) doing quite nicely as a member of the staff of Life mag-

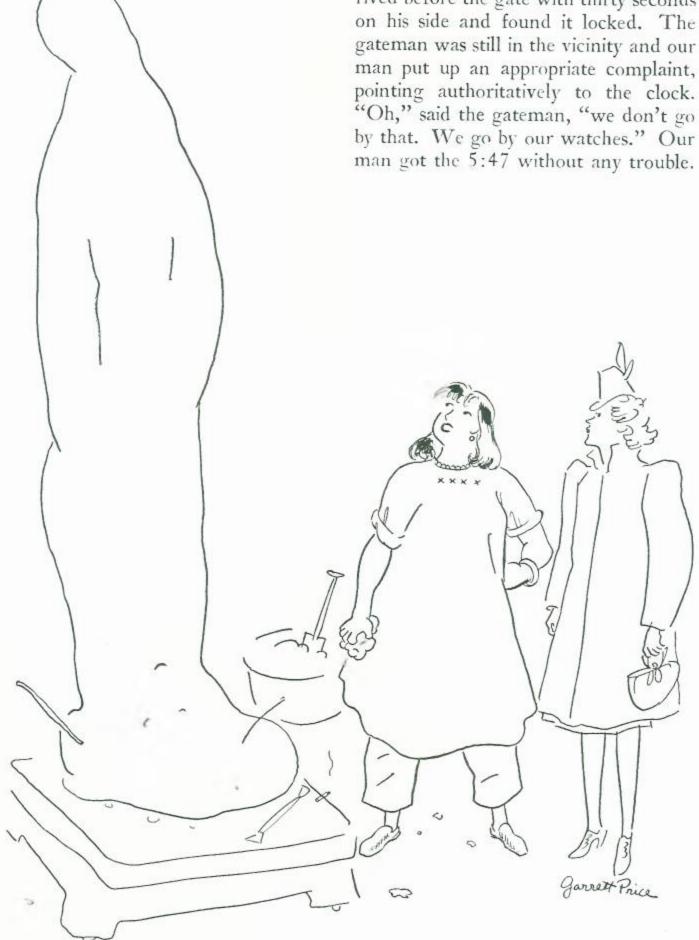
azine, in a job that he created for himself—examining all war pictures before publication and seeing to it that all the guns, planes, and other military equipment shown therein are properly described in the captions. Recently, for example, Life printed a picture of a German airfield taken at a height of two miles by a British reconnaissance plane; you could just make out several planes on the ground, and Underhill, by studying them through a magnifying glass, was able to inform the caption-writer that they were Heinkel He 111 K bombers. Even at distances considerably less than two miles, people have been known to mistake a Heinkel He 111 K bomber for a Junkers Ju 86 K, but not Underhill. He has been at work for a year and a half now. It's the only job he ever has had. It was offered him when he brought the editors of Life a scrapbook full of wrongly captioned military pictures, in which howitzers were called field guns, mine sweepers destroyers, pursuit planes bombers, and the like. Life was finally convinced that Underhill was a potentially valuable man when he pointed out that a picture showing a Japanese bomber swooping over the American gunboat Panay was wrongly described as diving at the vessel's stern; he showed them that the American jack was flying from the deck just below the plane, and that this flag is, according to the United States naval regulations, flown from the bow.

Underhill got interested in military and naval minutiae when he was a boy. He lived for a time in Brooklyn, in the house of his grandfather, General George W. Wingate, a Civil War commander and the organizer of the first U.S. Army rifle team. General Wingate had a huge military library, and the lad soaked it all up; later, he picked up a few additional pointers from an uncle who was an artillery officer in the World War. Since he went to work for Life, Underhill has had several skirmishes with the picture agencies which supply some of the magazine's material; quite often, he says, they mislabel a photograph, either through ignorance or deliberately, in order to fob off an old picture as red-hot news. A while ago one of the agencies sent Life a shot of several British tanks rolling along with their guns blazing, "in action, somewhere in France." The background of the picture was easily recognizable to Underhill as the Lulworth Tank Range in England. Last winter, when part of the American fleet was going off to the Caribbean for maneuvers, an agency sold Life a picture of some destroyers in the Panama Canal, supposedly headed for the Caribbean. Underhill pointed out that the management had been gypped again; the destroyers were headed in the wrong direction, and besides these particular ships were no longer in active service.

Underhill relaxes by snooping through the newspapers and laughing at the captions of the war pictures. Papers label field guns "anti-aircraft" simply because pictures show the muzzles pointing upward. One caption-writer called attention to a field gun when anybody (or at least Underhill) could see that it was just a wagon shaft. The recent report that the Russian air force had run short of bombs and was dropping shells instead particularly horrified Underhill; by the time you'd finished putting special detonators on the shells, he says, and rebuilding the airplanes' bomb racks, you could make a fresh batch of bombs and ship them from Siberia. Take Underhill's word for it; it just isn't so.

Timing

THE other evening a business executive who had had enough to upset him that day as it was legged it through Grand Central for the 5:30, aware that his time was exceedingly short. As he got in sight of the clock, he was gratified to notice that he had a full minute to make the train and eased off. He arrived before the gate with thirty seconds on his side and found it locked. The gateman was still in the vicinity and our man put up an appropriate complaint, pointing authoritatively to the clock. "Oh," said the gateman, "we don't go by that. We go by our watches." Our man got the 5:47 without any trouble



"I can't decide whether to quit right there and call it 'Woman' or go on and make it look like a woman."



"Why, George, you old scoundrel! I'm glad to see you!"

THE PARAGON

UDY GRAVES came into the living room and threw herself onto the couch. She still wore her hat and coat, and she pushed her hat back off her forehead and lay staring at the ceiling. On her face was a rapt, dreamy expression, and she seemed entirely unaware of her surroundings.

Mrs. Graves sat on the floor, a small hammer and a box of carpet tacks beside her. She was repairing the bottom of a small upholstered chair, stretching the muslin over the springs and nailing it into place. "Did you have a good time?" she asked. "Now, when you sit in this chair again, Judy, try to be a little careful."

"I had a wonderful time," Judy answered. "Ruth told me she sleeps on the sofa."

"On the sofa?" Mrs. Graves repeated. "How many bedrooms have they?"

"Two. One for Mr. and Mrs. Bates, and one for the boys. Ruth sleeps on the sofa."

Mrs. Graves drove another tack where the strain was the greatest. "Oh," she said. "That must be inconvenient. What do Mr. and Mrs. Bates do when they want to sit up late?"

"They don't sit up late," Judy explained. "They all go to bed at the same

time."

"Nonsense!" her mother exclaimed. "Mr. and Mrs. Bates can't go to bed when their children do every night."

"But they do," Judy insisted. "You

see, they have rules."

"They must have." Mrs. Graves stood up and turned the chair back in place.

"The boys have a double-decker bed," Judy said. "I wish Lois and I had one, and I could take the top bunk. The boys' room is small and there isn't her coat away in the closet room for two beds."

She sat up on the couch and struggled out of her coat. It fell to the floor and she lay back again, her hat mashed against a cushion.

"You and Lois are very lucky girls to have such a nice big room," Mrs. Graves told her.

"The boys' room is lovely. Everything is built in. They have a toy box built in under the window, and shelves, and drawers built in the closet. It was Mrs. Bates' idea. She's the one who thought up the rules, too."

"Did you have a nice lunch?" Mrs.

Graves asked.

"We had a wonderful lunch. We got it ourselves. At least, Ruth and I did most of it, and Mrs. Bates made the salad dressing. She put some chili sauce in some mayonnaise and it was terribly good. We washed the dishes, too, while Mrs. Bates read to us. She reads aloud an hour every day. After lunch and after dinner."

"Well," Mrs. Graves said doubtfully, "that must be very nice."

"She can do anything. She's hooking a rug. Ruth and I worked on it while Mrs. Bates was having her nap."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Graves exclaimed. She picked up the hammer and the box of tacks.

"She has to take a nap," Judy said, "because she gets up at six every morning, and she has everything done by

"Well, if you're not too tired, you'd better hang up your coat and hat." Mrs. Graves' voice had a slightly acid tone.

Judy sat up on the couch and stooped down to get her coat. A button had come loose, and she twisted the thread to tighten it. When she saw the hammer in her mother's hand, her face brightened. "Mrs. Bates made a dressing table with little skirts on it out of an old kitchen table," she said. "Maybe you could make one. The whole thing only cost her about a dollar."

"I doubt if I could," her mother answered. "You'd better get washed up." She went to put the hammer and tacks away in the kitchen.

UDY walked into her room, swinging her coat. She took a wooden hanger from the pole in her closet and looked at it distastefully. "You can buy coat hangers covered in chintz," she called to

her mother, who was walking across the hall. As Judy put one of her dresses fell to the floor, but she did not notice. She walked over to her bureau and studied the litter of small things that covered its top.

She went to her mother's bedroom, opened the door of the closet, and took down an empty hatbox. "May I have this old hatbox?" she asked.

Mrs. Graves was in the bathroom washing her hands. She turned off the water when Judy spoke. "What do you want it for?"

"For some things. All you really need on a bureau is a comb and a brush and a mirror."

Going back to her own room, Judy put the box on the floor and packed

the small glass and china animals that marched across the bureau neatly into it. Her toilet water and the perfume bottle she put in the top drawer, and then she arranged her comb and brush in the centre of the scarf. Her bedroom slippers still lay on the floor by the bed where she had slipped them off, and she kicked them under the flounce of the spread. She hung up a skirt that lay on a chair, and cleaned off the top of the desk, and sat down to write.

"7 A.M." she wrote. "Get up. 7 A.M. to 7:15 A.M. Wash and brush teeth. 7:15 A.M. to 7:30 A.M. Get dressed."

Judy stopped and looked thoughtfully out of the window. The Graveses had breakfast at eight, and it had been her habit to lie in bed luxuriously until ten minutes of eight and then to wash hurriedly and slip into her clothes. She was left with a full half-hour on her hands. "7:30 A.M. to 8 A.M. Fool around," she put down. "8 A.M. to 8:30 A.M. Eat. 8:30 A.M. Go to school."

It suddenly occurred to her that she would have to make a different schedule for Saturday and Sunday, and she decided to finish it later. She wandered back into the living room and found her mother seated in the chair by the window, putting the final touches to a sweater. Judy sat down on the window sill to watch her. "Do we have balanced meals?" she asked. "Mrs. Bates balances her meals so that everyone gets everything, like iron and roughage."

"I suppose so," her mother answered. "They have supper at night. Mrs. Bates says that your big meal should be in the middle of the day. Ruth and the boys come home from school and have a hot lunch. A dinner, really. And at night they have cocoa and toast and

> fruit. I think that's a very sound idea, don't you?"

"I do not," Mrs. Graves said positively. "When does Mr. Bates get fed? Or doesn't

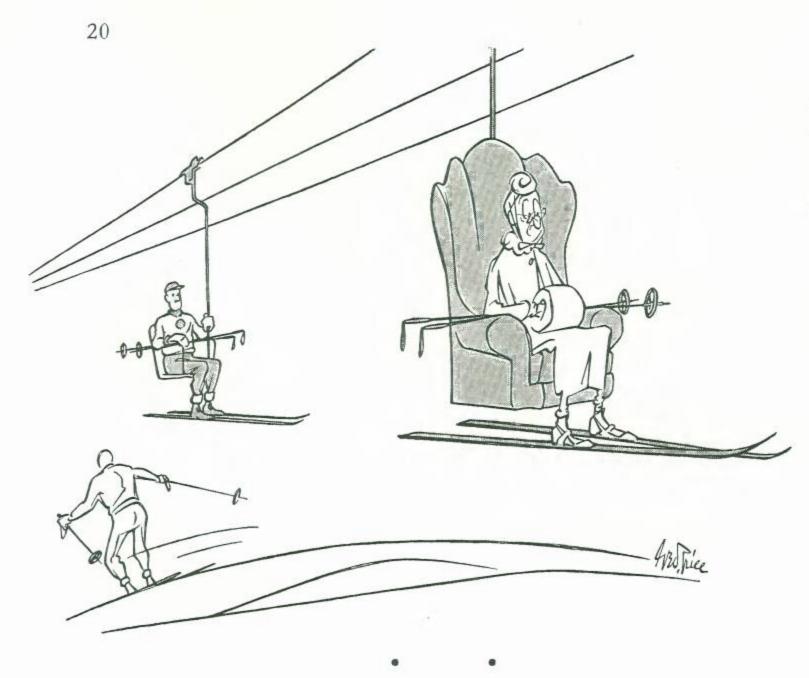
"Oh, I suppose he eats downtown," Judy told her.

"Mrs. Bates says he's wonderful with the children. He helps them with their homework."

Mrs. Graves looked up at Judy and her face was puzzled. "Do you want Daddy to help you with your homework?" she asked.

"I'll say I don't," Judy answered. "Daddy gets mad. They want me to come over tomorrow afternoon," she went on. "They are going to paint the wicker chairs. So may I, please?"

"I don't think you ought to be cooped



up all Sunday afternoon with the smell of wet paint," Mrs. Graves said. "I think you'd better play with Fuffy in the Park."

There were four sharp rings of the doorbell, and Judy sprang to her feet. "It's Lois!" she exclaimed. "I'll let

her in."

She ran to the door and opened it. "Lois," she said, "will you teach me how to knit?"

Lois carried her skates over her arm, and her short corduroy skirt was up to her knees. "I will not," she said firmly.

"You ought to see Ruth Bates knit," Judy told her. "Her mother taught her. Her mother knits like a professional, and Ruth made herself a whole dress."

Lois put her skates away and walked into the living room. "Ruth Bates!" she said. "That weasel!"

"You don't know her," Judy said.
"You don't know anything about her at all. Lois, would you like a double-decker bed?"

Lois turned to stare at her. "And have you snorting and turning over my head?" she asked. "I should say not."

Judy, deflated, went slowly back to the room she shared with Lois and sat down at the desk. She took out the list she had started and set to work. She worked until dinner was ready, and by that time had successfully accounted for every minute of her week. She was silent at the table and only commented once on the food. "Squash has a funny taste. We had carrots and peas for lunch,"

she said. "They were terribly good."

After dinner, when Hilda had carried the plates into the kitchen, Judy thought reminiscently of washing the lunch dishes, and of how the warm suds had felt on her hands, and of the sound of Mrs. Bates' voice as she read. She remembered how surprised Mrs. Bates was when the dishes were finished, and the good feeling that had warmed her as she washed the dish towel. She stood at the door of the kitchen and watched Hilda splashing away at the sink. Hilda looked busy and important. Judy wondered what the Bateses were doing now, and pictured Mrs. Bates sitting in the kitchen chair reading to Ruth and the boys while Mr. Bates worked away at some small allotted task in the background.

She started back to her room and looked in the living room as she passed. Her father was reading, her mother was knitting, and Lois sat at the desk copying names and numbers in her new address book. The lack of community spirit depressed Judy, and she resolved that she would ask her mother again in the morning if she could help paint chairs at the Bateses'. In her room she took a book from the shelf and lay across the bed to read. It was a book about a mother and father who had a large family of children.

THE next day it seemed as though Sunday dinner would never be over, and that she would never get to the

Bateses' house. It was after two when she was ready to leave, and her mother came to the door to say goodbye. "Now, don't think you have to stay and paint the chairs if the smell of paint makes you feel funny," Mrs. Graves said.

"Oh, I love to paint," Judy assured

She almost ran the three blocks to the Bateses' apartment, and when Ruth opened the door, Judy was breathless. Mrs. Bates was sitting in the chair in the kitchen, just as Judy had imagined her last night, and Mr. Bates and the boys were clearing the table. "I'll help wash!" Judy cried, and throwing her coat and hat onto a chair, she hurried to the sink and plunged her hands into the warm, white suds.

It was nearly six o'clock when she got home. She slammed the front door shut, raced into the living room, and bent down to kiss her mother. Her cheeks were red and cold, and her hair smelled of the outdoors. "Well, how was the painting?" Mrs. Graves asked.

"It was all right," Judy said. "I didn't paint very long. We got paint on the rug and Mr. Bates didn't like it. I didn't care. It isn't much fun painting wicker furniture, because it doesn't show."

Mrs. Graves kissed her again. "How was Mrs. Bates?" she asked.

"Oh, she was all right. I helped with the dishes, and there were an awful lot of them, and Mrs. Bates didn't read such an interesting book as she did yesterday. Ruth asked if we had a maid, and I said of course we did. And she said it must be wonderful to have a maid."

Mrs. Graves took one of Judy's hands and held it against her cheek. It smelled faintly of soap and dishwater.

"When we stopped painting, I went over to Fuffy's," Judy said. "We've been out in the Park. We were talking to an old man who sells peanuts. He's very poor, he said, and so we told him we would start a campaign and raise some money so he can have his teeth fixed."

She pulled away from her mother and started for her room. "I'm going to put down the names of everybody we know, and how much they should give," she said.

Mrs. Graves looked after her and smiled. She got up and went to her room and took twenty-five cents from her pocketbook. Judy was busy writing at her desk, and Mrs. Graves laid the money on the blotter. "You can put me down for a quarter," she said.

-SALLY BENSON

SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST PLUMB CRAZY

YOOD mornin', friend. Set ye down and cast your eyes over this menu while I fetch you a

glassa water.

Here ya're, friend, a glassa that good ole aqua pura. Well, what'll it be this mornin'? . . . The twenny-cent combination breakfast? Right! ... Oh, you got a choice a juices, y'know. What kinda juice tickles your fancy this mornin'? We got orintch, grape fr-orintch? Right!

See this, friend? A genuine orintch! I don't hand my customers no orintch juice out of a pitcher. No, sir! Know what's in mosta those pitchers? Spiked juice. Hell, half the stuff is good ole sink water. But not in this place. No, sirree-no spiked stuff here!

Y'know, when I first took this here place over, my friends said to me, "Paul, you're just plumb cracked in the bean, takin' over a place that never made no dough. Why, you got competition up and down the block. You can't take two steps without runnin' smack into a Cawfee Pot," they says to me. "Another thing, you take the drugstores. It's a positive fact that each and evvey drugstore got a soder fountain. It's a positive fact that each and evvey soder fountain dispenses cawfee and sannwiches and other types food."

But I just smiled at them. Know why? 'Cause I figgered, O.K., so this here little place din make no money. That don't necessarily mean it can't make no money. No, sir! I figger the fella who ran this here place before me, he prolly din have no initiative. He prolly din put on his thinkin' cap and devise ways and means of makin' this place a little diffrint from the average run a the mill places where a person grabs a bite and runs. At leas', that's how I analyzed

the situation.

So I says to myself, "Paul, you gotta-" Hah? ... Oh, the cawfee. Yes, sirree, comin' right up. Thought I'd give it a little time to get good and hot. Here ya're, friend, a steamin' cuppa that good ole refreshin' javar, yes, sir!

What was I-oh, yeah. So I figgered to myself, "Well, Paul, you gonna have plenny a stiff competition up and down the line. What're you gonna do about it?" I says to myself. "You can't lower the standard a the food-now, that's one thing you're not gonna do, Paul. Aw right. So if you give your customers a high-quality food, it's a cinch you can't lower the prices and still stay in business. O.K., so what're you gonna do about it?"

Well, sir, I put on my thinkin' cap and used a little bit a gray matter and pretty soon I got the answer. Service! Yes, sir, I'm gonna give my customers service. That's somethin' the fella before me din give away, and that's somethin' my competitors don't give away neither. Ja notice, f'instance, the way I greeted you when you came in? With a smile! Ja notice the friendly way I says to you, "What'll it be, friend?" Friend! That's so you don't feel like a stranger.

Another thing. Know what the most important meal a the day is-not from my point a view but from the customer's outlook? Breakfast! ... Hah? ... Oh -oh, the toast! Yes, sirree, comin' right up. Guess you thought I forgot about it, but I had my eye peeled on the toaster all the time. I figger you din want just a piece a singed bread but some honestto-god toast. Here ya're, friend, and there's a couple hunksa butter. Plenny more where that came from.

Oh, about breakfast. Well, that's the

important meal, 'cause it starts your day off. Get a bad cuppa cawfee, a piece a burnt toast, and hell, your whole day's shot to pieces! In other words, you wanna start your day off good, you get yesself a good breakfast. Take, f'instance, some fellas who wake up wrong side a the bed-you know, grumpy. Well, my idear is to give them a good breakfast, very tasty, and at the same time put them in a good mood, and you get them leavin' this place feelin' fulla life and ready to start the work at the awfice with lotsa pep and vinegar.... Some jam? Yes, sirree, friend, jam's part a the combination breakfast and you're entitled to your full money's worth. Yes, sir!

Say, too bad my signs haven't come in yet, else you would be in for a good laugh. I'm havin' some funny sayin's put on the wall so that my customers will get right into the proper spirit a things. I got a sign-I picked up the sayin' someplace and I've never forgotten it-it says, "Don't knock our cawfee. You may be old and weak someday



"Now, just give me a chance to explain."

yesself." Kinda cute, ha? Then I got one, it says, "Try our onions. They take your breath away." It's comical, that's all. Somethin' to start the day off right.

Y'KNOW somethin' funny? No matter how hard you try, you just can't please some people. Some people, they just plumb crazy. Take, f'instance, like the other day. The other mornin' a party comes in here and I give him a little service. First thing, I greet him with a friendly "Good mornin', friend, what'll it be?" And he orders a cuppa cawfee. "A cuppa cawfee and what else?" I says to him. "A cuppa cawfee and nothin' else," this party says right back.

Well, I'm the type fella who don't try to push the combination breakfasts. A man wants cawfee—aw right, it's his privilege to get a cuppa cawfee and nothin' else if that's what he wants. I figger if a customer wants somethin' else, he'll order somethin' else. So O.K.

Well, sir, I notice this here party don't talk much—he just sits there holdin' his head and he's kinda groanin' like to himself. Well, I try to size up this party, because in my game a fella in my got nothin' to be ashamed of. Hell,

position he gets to be like a student a human nature and he tries to size up evveybody who comes in this place. Like, f'instance, I figger a fella like you, with glasses on, you got like a formal ejjication, so that's why I says to you a glassa aqua pura instead a glassa water. See?

Anyways, here I am tryin' to size up this fella, and, by God, if I don't put my finger on the proposition! This fella's got a good ole-fashioned hangover, that's what!

So I says to myself, "Well, Paul, your job is to start this fella's day right, so that when he gets to the awfice he don't pull no long face so maybe the boss says, 'My God, what a sourpuss! Let's can the guy."

So I leans over the counter and I smiles at this fella and I says, "Well, friend, looks like you had a little bit too much a the good ole cup that cheers. Am I right or am I correct?" And he just sits there and he looks at me and he don't say a word. Not even one single, solitary syllable. Well, I figger the guy's kinda embarrassed.

"Look, friend," I says to him, "you

many's the time I had that day-afterthe-night-before feelin' when I just had a wee drop too many. Listen," I says to him, "I know how it is when you sit around chewin' the rag with a bunch a the fellas and you're bendin' the elbow and you're polishin' off the bottle and before you know it you got yesself a real snootful! And boy, oh, boy-the next mornin'-ouch!"

Well, this party-I dunno, I just can't make him out. He sits there and don't say a word. I figger I might as well make another stab at bein' sociable. What the hell, if he's that grumpy here, he'll be twice as grumpy in the awfice and I might as well give the fella a break. So I says to him, "Friend, I know exactly how you feel right now and don't think I don't. Right now you feel like your eyes were two red grapes floatin' around in a bowl a punch. And the taste you got in your mouth—hell, I bet you feel like somebody was layin' a felt rug right in your mouth. Am I right or am I correct?"

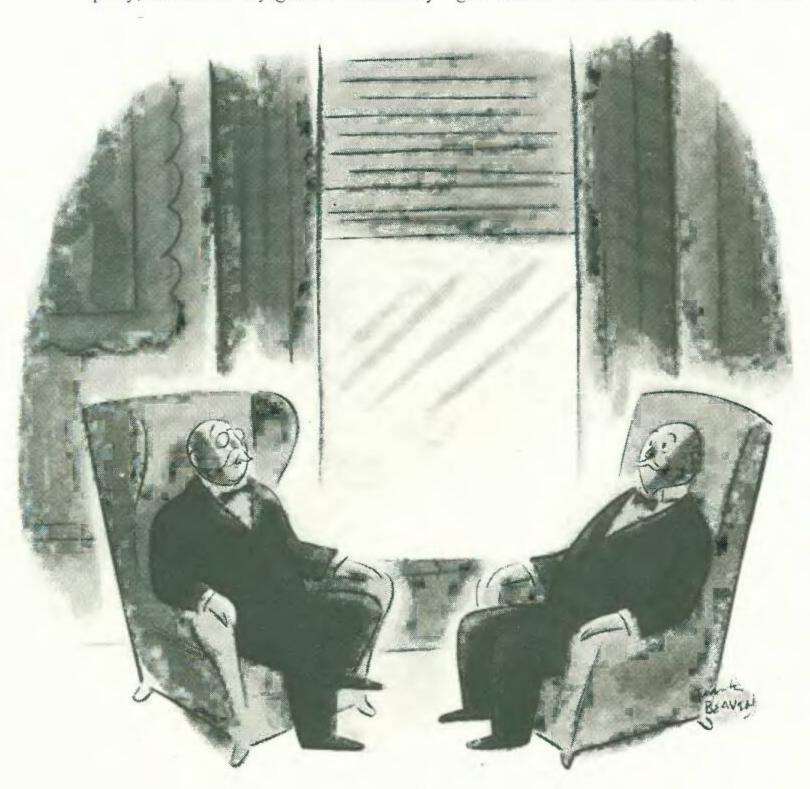
Friend, I wanna tell you I never seen a human act the way this guy acted in all my born days. See this napkin rack. Feel it. Pretty heavy, huh? Well, sir, he picks up this napkin rack and as delibetly as I'm talkin' to you now he takes it and he throws it smack at that broken mirror over there—oney it wasn't broken when he threw it.

Well, sir, I just look at him and I very calmly says to him, "Well, wise guy, that mirror is gonna cost you the exact sum of seven bucks. Wadda you gonna do about it?"

This fella—and so help me God, I'm not exaggeratin'—this fella reaches for his wallet and he takes out seven bucks, one five and two singles, and he very calmly puts it on the counter. "And now," he says to me, "how much would it cost if I threw somethin' at your head so that some stitches can be put in your god-damn skull?" he says.

Well, I see right away this fella is just simply nuts, so I don't answer him. He walks out and I haven't seen hide nor hair of him ever since—and I hope I never will.

I'm tellin' you this to show that no matter how hard you try to give some people service, there's no pleasin' them. Some people are just plumb crazy, and I figger the sooner you— Hah? . . . Oh -oh, you're waiting for your change! Yes, sir, twenny out of a dollar bill. There ya're, my friend, and come again. Remember, what we sell besides food is service—and plenny of it! Yes, sir! —Arthur Kober



"I had a nightmare last night. I was on a fishing trip with Roosevelt."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE

days before Henry Ford's seventy-fifth birthday, a special-delivery letter arrived at his offices in Dearborn, Michigan. It was rather curtly worded, and came to the point with few preliminaries:

In November, 1915, I was privileged to present to you one of those chances that come to a man only once in a lifetime. You and President Wilson were then the two individuals in all the world who had, each separately, the chance to bring about a democratic peace through a Neutral Conference for Mediation on which a new, non-violent, democratic world could have been built.

Both of you failed midway.

To touch on the failure of your action would mean recrimination. The time for that has passed, the burning problems of

our day are all-absorbing ...

This time I am not inviting you to become the leader as I did in 1915. But I invite you to cooperate with the leading group of world-minded men and women who try to bring safety and sanity into a world which is driven by selfish or ignorant statesmen into daily growing chaos...

Then followed a detailed plan for a World Constitutional Convention, which would bring all the democratic nations together for the purpose of outlawing militarism. The letter was signed "Rosika Schwimmer."

Mr. Ford never replied. Perhaps his secretary did not think the letter important enough for his attention. But if Mr. Ford did see it, if he even glimpsed the signature, it must surely have brought back the complete memory of that futile, grotesque, but somehow touching expedition which he financed twenty-four years ago-the voyage of the Norwegian liner Oscar II, known to all the world during one turbulent crossing as Henry Ford's Peace Ship.

N 1915, when Rosika Schwimmer ▲ first met Henry Ford, she was already famous in Europe as a feminist and a leader of the pacifist movement. She was born in Budapest in 1877. Her parents were well-to-do middle-class Jews who took more than the usual interest in sociological and civic questions of the day, and it was from them that she acquired her lifelong interest in women's suffrage and world peace. She was a sickly child, with a rheumatic heart and weak lungs, and during her early childhood she studied at home with a tutor. Then, during a period in which her father managed an estate near the

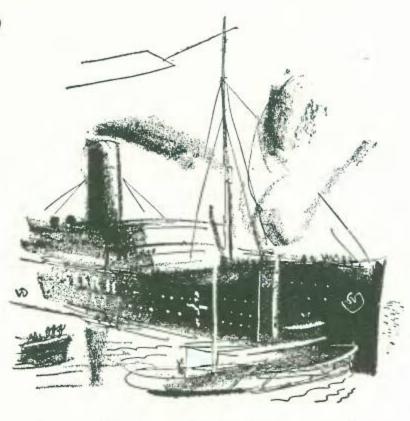
YEAR and a half ago, a few town of Temesvár, she went to the local convent school. After that she completed her formal education with four years of high school in Budapest.

> With the approval and encouragement of her parents, Rosika decided to go to work in a factory, so as to be able to study at first hand the plight of the workers. The fact that she couldn't see to work without glasses prevented her from doing this; no factory worker of

those days could afford glasses, and a bespectacled bobbin girl would have been regarded with profound suspicion. Rosika next decided that she wanted to be a schoolteacher, but she flunked some of her normal-school examinations and had to abandon that ambition, too. Before she was out of her teens, however, she had found her niche, as organizer and fieldworker for numerous leagues, societies, and associations which, though they would now seem stilted and academic, did much of the spadework for present-day reforms. One of her early affiliations was with a peculiarly nostalgic-sounding birth-control society: the International Neo-Malthusian League.

Mme. Schwimmer (she calls herself that because she was married as a young girl to a Hungarian journalist, whom she rather quickly divorced) became popular in the nineteen-hundreds as a lecturer and pamphleteer. She toured the capitals of Europe annually, lecturing on female emancipation, child labor, international relations, and birth control. Every time she arrived in Holland, the Dutch feminists hung up banners reading "Our Rosika Is Here Again!" Mme. Schwimmer also edited a women's political magazine, Woman and Society, and served as foreign correspondent for many Continental newspapers. In her spare time she wrote, in both Hungarian and German, a series of brochures addressed to the new woman, treating of such matters as ideal marriage, vocational guidance, and the care of children. All this, she now says, was by way of preparing the women of Europe for a world-peace crusade.

THEN the first World War broke out, Mme. Schwimmer was living in London, acting as press secretary for the Woman Suffrage Alliance. She



received permission from the British government to remain in England until she could arrange for suitable accommodations on a ship sailing to the United States. She immediately set to work organizing women's sentiment in favor of what she named the Neutral Conference for Mediation. The idea was reasonable enough: that the powerful neutral nations, led by the United States, should persuade the belligerents to declare an armistice, then do whatever might be possible to get them to settle their difficulties through diplomacy. In September, 1914, Mme. Schwimmer came over here to put her plan before President Wilson, but did not succeed. She made a lecture tour, covering twenty states, trying to enlist support, then returned to Europe to address the International Congress of Women, which met in the spring of 1915 at The Hague. The Congress unanimously passed a resolution supporting Mme. Schwimmer. It also dispatched delegations of women to present the plan personally to the governments of Europe, both belligerent and neutral. Mme. Schwimmer, as a citizen of one of the belligerent countries, confined herself to the neutrals; the belligerents were tackled by a delegation under the command of the famous Jane Addams. Miss Addams' committee came back to The Hague with documents which later were directly responsible for Henry Ford's decision to charter the Oscar II. The committee's experiences are thus worth a detailed description.

The ladies were received with the utmost courtesy wherever they went. Sir Edward Grey spoke with them on behalf of the British government, Viviani for France, Foreign Minister d'Avignon for Belgium, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg for Germany, Foreign Minister Burian von Rajecz for Austria, and

one Sasanoff for Russia. At the first meetings, no documents were offered or requested by either party. Miss Addams' committeewomen simply returned to their headquarters, made from memory a résumé of the conversation with each diplomat, and next day took him a copy, with the request that he sign it. This bold move netted them, from the four principal Allied nations, written statements of policy toward the proposed Neutral Conference for Mediation, although from the Germans and Austrians the committeewomen received only oral assurances that the Central Powers would not interfere with the calling of a neutral conference. Sir Edward Grey said that His Majesty's Government "would not put any obstacles in the way of the formation of such a body;" M. Viviani said France "would not resent" it; M. Sasanoff said it would be "not unacceptable" to Russia; and M. d'Avignon capped the imposing collection of diplomatic negatives by saying that Belgium "would rather have the enemy leave their country as the result of negotiations than have the armies fight over it a second time." These statements, and Mme. Schwimmer's report of an enthusiastic reception by the neutral governments, were (to adopt the idiom) not unencouraging, though they sound, to the distant ear of the historian, a little faint. The ladies felt, on the whole, that they were progressing satisfactorily. The statements were not made public, but Mme. Schwimmer, when she came to this country on a second lecture tour, brought copies with her.

WO months later, in November, 1915, she addressed a meeting in the First Congregational Church of Detroit. She had been all over the country, and was the last active member of the delegation that had been sent over to win the support of the United States for the plan. The rest had gone back to Europe in discouragement. Her audience that night saw a stocky, plump-faced woman dressed in the traditional suffragette style -plumed hat, double-breasted suit, cotton stockings, and buttoned boots. She understood the platform technique of the choked sob and the catch in the voice, but her sincerity was obvious. As she was leaving the church that evening, a young reporter from the Detroit Journal stopped her to ask a few questions. One thing he wanted to know was why she hadn't approached Henry Ford. Mme. Schwimmer said that she had not been able to get past his secretaries. The reporter, whose name is lost

to history, said he could arrange an appointment.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, Mme. Schwimmer was ushered into Mr. Ford's private office. There was an atmosphere of formality and suspicion. The great man was surrounded by a cordon of friends and executives, including his attorney, his advertising agent, and, for some reason, an immigration officer. Mme. Schwimmer pleaded her cause, presenting the mediation plan as one that could be worked by private citizens as well as by governments. In her possession, she said, were certain documents proving that the plan would work, these documents being the statements signed by the four Allied diplomats. All that stood in the way was lack of money. The moment she stopped talking, Ford's retinue began to attack the plan. He himself was silent. As she was leaving, he offered to escort her to the elevator; once out of earshot of the rest, he asked her to come back the next day and bring the documents with

Mme. Schwimmer brought them the next morning, in a little black bag. The little black bag, incidentally, was to become in its day a symbol of peace as ironic as Chamberlain's umbrella. The bag and its contents were seriously regarded by Mr. Ford, though. He read the diplomats' statements, which covered only two pages of notepaper. Then he got up from his desk and said to Mme. Schwimmer, "Well, let's start. What do you want me to do?"

Later, at a luncheon in Mr. Ford's house, there was high rejoicing. He pledged his entire fortune, if there were need for it; Mrs. Ford chipped in with \$10,000 of her spending money; and young Edsel, in the background, gai-



ly played drums to the accompaniment of an Edison phonograph. It was decided to administer the money through a delegation of leading Americans, to be known collectively as the Ford Peace Expedition. Mme. Schwimmer was to serve as expert adviser.

IT would be pleasant if we could take our leave of the pair at just this moment, when their meeting had struck the bright spark of unselfish purpose. The rest of the story is one of ineptitude and confusion, dwindling enthusiasms, and the mean laughter of people too small to be capable of a big mistake.

Mme. Schwimmer immediately hurried back to New York to start the work of lining up the American delegates. Ford chartered the first and second classes of the Oscar II, at a cost of \$80,000, for a one-way passage to Norway. He later went to Washington and conferred with President Wilson, who gave the expedition his off-therecord blessing but officially declined to have any part of it. He explained that an even better plan might present itself sometime in the future and that the United States must keep itself free to act at just the right moment. "If you can't act, I will," Ford said, as he took his

Just nine days after his first meeting with Mme. Schwimmer, Mr. Ford received the New York press in a suite at the Biltmore. About forty reporters were present, and Ford seemed nervous as he confronted them. Finally he plunged somewhat awkwardly into the subject of his plan, blurting, "Well, we've got the ship."

"What ship?" one of the reporters asked. They were all in the dark as to why they had been bidden to a press conference.

"Why, the Oscar II," Mr. Ford said.
"Well, what about her? What are
you going to do?"

"We're going over and stop the war. We're going to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas."

"Out of the trenches by Christmas."

Overnight the phrase became a catchword, good for a laugh in any barroom or on any vaudeville stage in the country. "GREAT WAR ENDS CHRISTMAS DAY; FORD TO STOP IT," read the headlines in next morning's Tribune. The other metropolitan dailies took a similarly jolly view of the expedition. The Herald's cartoonist showed Ford grinning happily as he turned a crank in the side of his head. In the World he was pictured driving a winged flivver

THE NEW YORKER 25



"The Garden Committee reports that Mrs. Bernard Thayer, Mrs. Harrison S. Quigley, and Mrs. Thompkins Sperry have all seen pussy willows."

high above the clouds. In the *Times* he was a modern David, clad in a skimpy tunic, making ready to hurl a Model T at the God of War.

Mme. Schwimmer did not figure in any of this notoriety. As a citizen of a belligerent nation, she naturally considered it politic to remain in the background, and of course Mr. Ford, as the financial supporter of the plan, was entitled to the spotlight. She attended none of the press conferences, was seldom mentioned in the newspapers, and probably was unknown to nine-tenths of the people who discussed Ford's Peace Ship. As far as the public was concerned, the project was as completely Henry Ford's as a tin Lizzie—and as funny.

Meanwhile, Mme. Schwimmer had drawn up a list of a hundred prominent American men and women whom she considered good material for the peace expedition. Among them were Colonel House, Julius Rosenwald, John Burroughs, Judge Ben Lindsey, Roger Babson, William Howard Taft, William

Jennings Bryan, Luther Burbank, Louis Brandeis, William Dean Howells, Ida M. Tarbell, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Thomas Edison, John Wanamaker, and the governors of all fortyeight states. They were sent form telegrams, a week before the sailing of the Oscar II, inviting them to be Mr. Ford's guests. Louis Benjamin Hanna of North Dakota was the only governor to accept, and the only other distinguished citizens who accepted were Judge Lindsey and Mrs. Joseph Fels, the widow of the soap manufacturer, who had spent a fortune in an attempt to promote the single tax.

As fast as refusals came in, more invitations were sent out to lesser celebrities. Ford suddenly decided that he needed youth in the expedition, and recruited twenty-five college boys and a sprinkling of co-eds. Somebody forged an invitation to Dr. Charles G. Pease, president of the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America. He immediately set out for New York, and the news-

papers headed their Ford stories that day with "PEASE SAYS GUNS MUST STOP SMOKING" and variations. At Ford headquarters in New York he was told that his invitation was a forgery but that Mr. Ford wanted him to come anyway. Just before sailing time, however, Dr. Pease's eighty-four-year-old mother forbade him to make the trip. A minor poet of Philadelphia, who had been invited to come along and compose odes to peace, asked permission to bring his fiancée. Ford said she could come, adding that he would make arrangements for them to be married on board the first day out. Several ministers agreed to come, including Mrs. Ford's spiritual adviser, Dean Samuel S. Marquis. Then—quite unaccountably, in view of the treatment the Ford Peace Expedition had received from the newspapers—Ford asked a large number of the newspaper "boys" to go along at his expense. Nobody would be permitted to spend a penny, he promised, even for tips, and there would be new typewriters aboard for

each of them. Fifty-four of the boys accepted. Among them were Elmer Davis, correspondent for the Times, and S. S. McClure, editor of the Evening Mail. In addition to them, the final revised roster included Mr. Ford, Mmc. Schwimmer, a hundred and forty-eight peace pilgrims, three newsreel cameramen, twelve stenographers, seven multigraph operators, nine publicity men, six messenger boys, two "literary experts," one business manager, one pep-meeting leader, and one stowaway. The ship sailed without the Papal blessing, as a cablegram requesting this boon had been addressed not to the reigning Pope, Benedict XV, but to Benedict VIII, who had been dead a thousand years.

THE Oscar II was scheduled to sail at two in the afternoon of December 4th. Three thousand people jammed the pier, laughing, singing, shouting themselves hoarse. The ship was decorated as if for a holiday excursion, with white cardboard doves, banners reading "Stop the War" and "Out of the Trenches," and an amateurish "peace flag" depicting clasped hands above a broken sword. There were two bands, one on deck and one on the pier, both playing popular pacifistic tunes like "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" and "Tell the Boys It's Time to Come Home." Ford, wearing a long fur coat and smiling in a strained way, was hustled aboard by a squad of cops. He paused to issue a final statement to the ship-news reporters, "Peace is nothing but common sense," then disappeared into his cabin.

There was a good deal of badinage between the passengers lined up at the railing and the crowd on the pier.

"When are you coming back?" one of the spectators shouted.

"When Henry's money runs out," answered a peace pilgrim.

The Oscar II was delayed several hours, and the people on the pier began to yell, "What's the matter? Why don't you start?"

"Because it's a Ford!" one of the pilgrims shouted back. He got a big laugh.

At last Ford appeared on deck, in the early winter dusk. He was carrying three dozen American Beauty roses and was accompanied by William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Edison, and a man named Lloyd Bingham, who was dressed rather peculiarly in an artist's smock, red tam-o'-shanter, Buster Brown tie, and white spats. This fellow stepped to the railing and called for three cheers



"Well, that's show business."

for Henry Ford. The crowd shouted lustily, first for Ford, then for Bryan, and finally for Edison. Ford walked over to the cheerleader—he was the husband of Amelia Bingham, a popular actress of the day—and whispered in his ear. "Three cheers for Madame Schwimmer!" cried Bingham. "Who?" the people in the crowd called back. "Madame who?" The man in the smock looked helplessly toward Ford, who was busy tossing roses to souvenir-hunters on the pier. The cheers were not given. Henry Ford was never again to call for three cheers for Rosika Schwimmer.

Bryan and Edison hurried down the gangplank, which was then drawn in. The whistle blew and the Peace Ship started to back into the North River. A man jumped into the icy water and

began swimming after the Oscar II. He was fished out with a boat hook. "By an accident of birth, my name happens to be Mr. Zero," he said to the reporters. "Do not think I was trying to catch that ship. I was swimming to reach public opinion. War must stop." This was the same Mr. Zero (his real name was Urbain Ledoux) who later became known about town for such philanthropies as running a soup kitchen in the Bowery called the Lame Ducks Club.

THE Oscar II had an unusually rough crossing, and was fifteen days at sea. Mme. Schwimmer was taken ill the first day out, and after that confined herself to her cabin. She had arranged a series of lectures and forums, and the delegates were assembled twice

daily to receive instruction on subjects running from the national consciousness of Scandinavian students to the attractions of journalism as a vocation. The latter topic, which was discussed by S. S. McClure, was so popular that he had to repeat his lecture. The early newspaper dispatches, sent home by the ship's radio, called the Oscar II a floating Chautauqua.

The newspapermen did not partake of the intellectual refreshment offered the pilgrims. Instead, they organized themselves as the Viking Press Club and held daily meetings in the bar located in a corner of the second-class dining room. Although this space had been set aside for religious services, the reporters sat there seven days a week, rolling dice, drinking Swedish punch, and singing a song composed by one of their number, "How Thirsty I Find Myself." News being scarce during the first few days, they made their own by conducting mock trials. They put members of the expedition on the witness stand and asked them enough silly questions to fill their dispatches. The pilgrims were amazingly obliging about such matters. The Philadelphia Ledger's correspondent, a young man named William C. Bullitt, recorded that two ministers, the Reverend Charles Aked and the Reverend Jenkin Jones, had allowed the newsreel men to photograph them playing leapfrog on deck, as part of some sort of "initiation" stunt; another minister, the Reverend Theophilus E. Montgomery, was photographed hanging from a davit, pretending to look for submarines. These pranks left Mr. Ford apparently unperturbed. When Mme. Schwimmer asked him to forbid the transmission of frivolous news stories by the ship's radio, he told her he wouldn't do that for the world. "I want them to feel at home while they're with me," he added. He did, however, send a message to President Wilson, telling him not to believe all he read about the expedition.

Congress met shortly after the sailing of the Oscar II, and President Wilson delivered his first preparedness message. Mr. McClure had brought an advance press copy of the message and read it to the assembled delegates. After an angry all-night discussion, they voted to draft a stiff resolution deploring Wilson's action. Mme. Schwimmer drew it up. It was then rephrased by one of the "literary experts" and presented at the next meeting of the delegates by Ford's personal representative, Louis Lochner.

LOOK AT ME

"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE CHILD ST. CLAIRE POLLOCK DIED 15 JULY 1797 IN THE FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE"

-Inscription on a monument at 124th Street and Riverside Drive.

Look at me standing naked in cold and shifting sweet March air: I am the hope; I am what you wished to be, popular, eager, quick and fair; The truthful son with his blank stare seeing birds, trees, flowers; the irresistible lover;

The boxer happy, first round won; the careful husband on a Sunday morning; the heroic

Admiral, king, chief, president; the benevolent, sleepless millionaire.

I am perfect and dead, indestructible, faithful, alone:

See me, cheerful and good, the eternal, unbroken

Gaze from blue eyes and my head wreathed with wind-flown and golden, thin hair,

The invisible light within light, And the deep smile engraved upon stone.

—HORACE GREGORY

Ford himself was in his cabin, nursing a heavy cold he had caught as the result of a wave's breaking over him during a morning walk around the deck. The reading of the resolution started a difference of opinion among the delegates that was never to be healed. Mr. McClure led the dissenters, saying that he could not remain silent while an official action of the President was impugned. Mr. Lochner cried that anybody who did not agree with the resolution was merely a joy rider on the Peace Ship. Everybody began to shout, and several fist fights

started. Mme. Schwimmer was hastily consulted in her cabin, and sent out word that the meeting was adjourned. "The dove of peace has taken flight, chased off by the screaming eagle," the Chicago *Tribune* man wirelessed back to his paper.

The rest of the voyage was passed in an atmosphere of anger and suspicion. Mme. Schwimmer occasionally took a constitutional around the

deck by herself, carrying the mysterious little black bag for safekeeping. Mr. Ford kept to his cabin, and a rumor was current that he had been chained to his bed. The peace pilgrims formed cliques and whispered in corners. On the morning of December 19th, the Oscar II arrived at Christiania, slipping in through the worst snowstorm the city had seen in ten years. A party of Norwegian ministers and pacifists came aboard, and

a group of Ford pilgrims went to meet them, Mr. McClure at their head. "We are divided!" were Mr. McClure's first words to the startled Norwegians. "No words can change that." Other pilgrims shouted denials, and the frosty air was soon filled with argument. That evening, at a banquet given by the Students Association of the University of Christiania, the party made a somewhat better impression. The Reverend Dr. Jones delivered a long address entitled "Hail, Norway, Land of Pine," and Mr. Plaintiff, Ford's financial manager

for the trip, announced that his employer was going to donate \$10,000 for a student clubhouse. Ford made no public appearances, and, when he had been in Christiania about a week, made an ominous remark to Mme. Schwimmer. "I think I'd better go home to Mother," he said. "Mother," in the good old American idiom, was Ford's wife

Mme. Schwimmer, in natural alarm, hinted to

natural alarm, hinted to her intimates that Mr. Ford had better be watched. Sure enough, at two o'clock one morning she received word that Ford's baggage was being moved out of the Grand Hotel, which the delegation was occupying. She wakened some of the others, and they all rushed downstairs, just in time to see Ford and Dean Marquis getting into a cab. Remonstrances, even attempts at forcible detention, were useless. Ford



went on to Bergen, where he boarded a ship under the name of John Dahlinger. There are many theories as to why Ford went home, and Ford himself has never talked about it much, but one may surmise that he had been disillusioned about his project by the party's high jinks and squabbles. On December 25th, the day he had set for getting the boys out of the trenches, he sailed for the United States.

FTER Ford's departure, the expedition trailed off miserably. The delegates visited Stockholm and Copenhagen, and according to orders which Ford had given before sailing, a gift of \$10,000 was made to a local charity in each city. Then, after a trip through Germany in a sealed train, they arrived at The Hague, where delegates from other neutral nations were waiting to take part in the peace conference. The American delegation was to elect from its number ten representatives and ten alternates, and, since these posts carried good salaries, there was an undignified squabble, with every pacifist's hand turned against his brother-and especially against Mme. Schwimmer. Even the secretarial staff rebelled against her. This unpleasant situation, Mme. Schwimmer explains today, was simply the result of petty jealousies and misunderstandings. Another cause was suggested in the newspaper accounts of the time, which characterized her management of the expedition as autocratic. "When she boarded the Oscar II," William Bullitt wrote, "she seemed to believe that the ship, Mr. Ford, the peace 'delegates,' the college students, the business staff, and the newspapermen and women belonged to her as wholly as the idea. She shut herself in her cabin and adopted a remote grandeur. To reach her presence was more difficult than to embrace the Dalai Lama."

A series of cablegrams arrived from the United States, signed with Ford's name and urging her dismissal. Finally she resigned, and, after a futile attempt to set up a rival peace conference, entered a sanitarium. All the delegates except those who had won elective posts sailed for the United States on the Rotterdam on January 10, 1916, still at Ford's expense. The Ford peace budget, though steadily reduced, remained in existence for the next year, enabling the delegates to issue a series of pamphlets and sponsor other pacifistic activities. In February, 1917, Ford withdrew his support altogether. About this time, he remarked to a reporter that the best way to end a war was to lick the other fellow. Several months later his factories were converted for

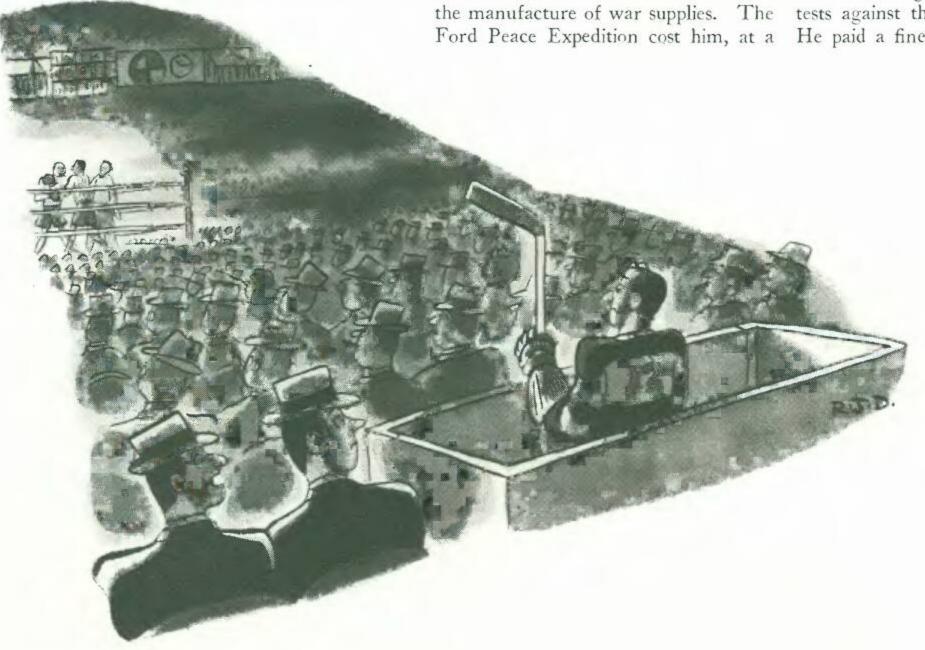
conservative estimate, no less than half a million dollars.

THE Peace Ship voyagers are scattered and changed today, the natural effect of the passage of nearly twenty-five years. The Oscar II was taken out of service by the Scandinavian-American Line several years ago, sold to an English firm, and scrapped. Of the reporters who made the trip, the most eminent now is William C. Bullitt, the Ambassador to France. Elmer Davis is now a free-lance journalist and radio news commentator. S. S. Mc-Clure is living in Connecticut. He's in his eighty-fourth year, but is still writing. In Los Angeles live two of the Oscar's most active passengers: Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Superior Court, and the Reverend Mr. Aked, pastor of All Souls Church.

The students who sailed on the Oscar II have settled into middle age. Their careers show about the same variety that you would find in the twenty-fifth annual yearbook of any college class. A great majority of the boys served in the American Army after our entry into the World War. They either volunteered or succumbed gracefully to the draft, with one exception. This lad, Charles Francis Phillips, was arrested with a Barnard girl named Eleanor Parker for circulating literature urging protests against the Selective Service Act. He paid a fine, was released, and was

later jailed again for refusing to register. He finally did register and was set free. Later he married Miss Parker, his fellow-culprit. One of the students, who emerged from the war with the rank of sergeant, is now president of the Princeton Bank & Trust Co. in Princeton, New Jersey. Another is Emil Hurja, chief statistician and political forecaster for the Democratic National Committee.

The solitary stowaway (who was, after being discovered on board the Oscar II, pressed into service as an office boy) later became a rather wellknown figure in Broadway musical circles. He is Irving Caesar,



"Stiffest penalty ever handed out."

whom you may remember as the author of the lyrics of such popular hits as "Tea for Two" and "Just a Gigolo." Lately Caesar has been doing quite a bit in the cause of world peace, having contributed to the *Connecticut Nutmeg* a plan for international broadcasts of peace propaganda and having included in a series of "Songs of Safety" for children two little numbers entitled "Pop Guns and Rifles" and "Heroes of Peace."

Mme. Schwimmer has never given up her dream of universal peace, though the odds against it grow heavier month by month. After the World War she served as the Hungarian Minister to Switzerland, and had the distinction of being the first woman to hold such a diplomatic rank. She still keeps up her affiliations with various international organizations, but since the Peace Ship fiasco has done no lecturing or writing for money. Her admirers send her enough money to keep her activities going but she is somewhat cramped financially at the moment. Two years ago she received a "world peace award" of eight thousand-odd dollars, and much of this has gone to the promotion of a plan for a United States of the World, which would outlaw war.

For the past twelve years, Mme. Schwimmer has been living quietly in New York, in a comfortable apartment on the West Side, which she shares with her spinster sister and a young woman who acts as secretary for the two. She reached her sixty-second birthday a few months ago and celebrated the occasion by spending an afternoon at the World's Fair. Normally, her failing health doesn't permit her to take that much exercise. She goes out every day to dinner, usually to a Hungarian place, and once a week a young disciple of her peace movement takes her for an automobile ride in the country. For the rest, she stays in her apartment and works.

Her short, combed-back hair, pincenez, and cotton stockings still give Mme. Schwimmer the look of a first-generation feminist, and she still speaks with a trace of a Hungarian accent. She smokes a great deal, occasionally indulging in a Between-the-Acts cigar. Her apartment has the appearance of a badly understaffed clipping bureau; newspapers, books, pamphlets, and magazines are stacked haphazardly on tables and chairs and under the piano. Mme. Schwimmer has on her shelves about two hundred books which touch on some phase of her fight for peace; there are many more which she would like to buy, but she can't afford them.



"I'd like my husband to see it first."

Mme. Schwimmer's stay in this country has not been a particularly happy one. She and Mr. Ford seem to be permanently estranged; once they attended a big banquet in New York, but Ford brushed past her without speaking. A number of patriotic publications have at various times attacked her as a "Bolshevik" and a "Red." One of these she has successfully sued for libel; there are many other suits she would like to bring if she were financially able. She has never been permitted to become a citizen, because she refuses to bear arms in defence of the United States. Technically, her status is that of an "alien resident," which means that, since she entered the country legally, coming in under the quota, she can stay as long as she likes, whether or not she gets her citizenship. The Civil Liberties Union several years ago made a test case of her application for first papers. The case got as far as the Supreme Court, and Justice Holmes handed down a typically vigorous dissenting opinion, which began: "The applicant seems to be a woman of superior character and intel-

ligence, more than ordinarily desirable as a citizen of the United States."

In the hallway of Mme. Schwimmer's apartment hangs a large framed photograph of the Oscar II as it steamed down the North River that winter afternoon twenty-four years ago. In the corner of the living room, filled now with papers concerning her current interests, is the famous little black bag. Neither memento is painful to Mme. Schwimmer. She is not ashamed of the Peace Ship, and feels that on the whole it did much, in an oblique sort of way, to promote the cause of peace. On her bookshelves is a copy of Walter Millis's "Road to War," with this passage heavily marked: "The famous 'Peace Ship' had been launched, to the undying shame of American journalism, upon one vast wave of ridicule . . . and one of the few really rational and generous impulses of those insane years had been snuffed out with a cruelty and levity which are appalling." It is a passage Mme. Schwimmer likes to show to her friends. —John Bainbridge and Russell Maloney



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEN little Mrs. Monckton, who was about thirty-six, went up to London to do some shopping, she bought her young chauffeur some rather ghastly silk pajamas and took him to stay with her at a hotel where anything went except maybe pushing the beds out of the windows. She meant no harm by it, being merely oppressed by Mr. Monckton, a much older man with a bad stomach. The chauffeur, however, failed to grasp this routine situation and surprised her very unpleasantly by going home and beating Mr. Monckton so severely over the head with a carpenter's mallet that the old gentleman had to be removed to a nursing home, where he died. In her distress, Mrs. Monckton drank most of a bottle of brandy, played the phonograph for a while, threw some playing cards around the stage, and finally confessed to the police that she was the murderess. This was too much nobility for the

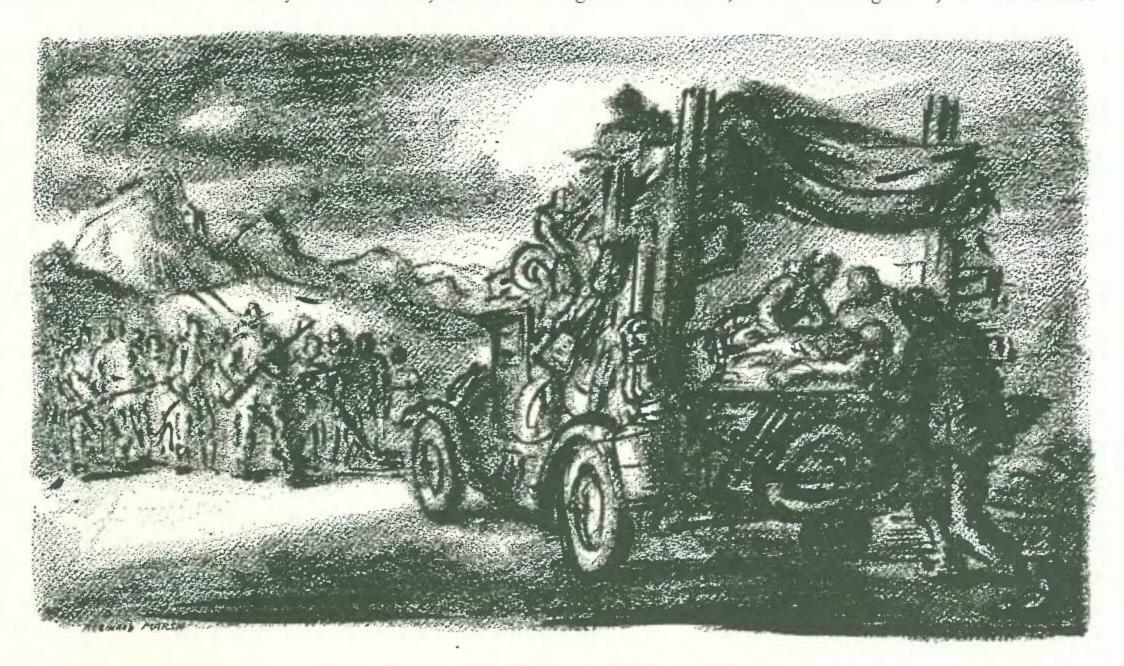
chauffeur, who also confessed. Right along here it looked as if they would both be hanged and the audience dismissed, but unfortunately Mrs. Monckton's little boy, who happened to be playing around the jail, talked her out of it and she retracted her confession. It didn't do her much good, though, because soon afterward public opinion got so strong that she was obliged to stab herself, after leaving a few personal letters around, which were obligingly opened and read aloud to the audience by a newspaper reporter. Man called Rogers.

Generally speaking, I am opposed to the use of detailed synopsis in discussing a play, but I'm afraid there is no other way to convey the precise quality of "Leave Her to Heaven," conceivably still at the Longacre. John van Druten, who can also write very good plays, has made the mistake of making a serious (I wish I could believe he wasn't serious) study of an actual English cause célèbre,

which really demanded the sort of treatment you'd expect to find over at Uncle Sam's Music Hall. Why Mr. van Druten, Miss Auriol Lee, the director, or Mr. Dwight Wiman himself should have bothered their intelligent heads over this gruesome absurdity is beyond me, though not as far beyond me as why Miss Ruth Chatterton should have chosen it for her first appearance on Broadway in fifteen years.

There is no point in trying to discuss the performances given by Miss Chatterton, Mr. Edmond O'Brien, or any of the rest of the cast. It is too much like trying to judge a pitcher by how far he can throw a sponge.

The Burning Deck," by Andrew Rosenthal, has been widely described as the sort of play that indicates its author will someday write a good one. Not only is this a patronizing form of criticism that I personally would find more irritating than a frank and open dead cat, but also, I am sorry to say, nothing that I saw during my brief visit to the Maxine Elliott could be taken to indicate anything of the kind. Mr. Rosenthal, of course, may well write a good play someday; but if there was any prophecy of it in "The Burning Deck," it was no more



"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

Here the Joad jalopy lumbers on its trek from Oklahoma to California, and that would be Granma who has died in the back of it. Off in the background are state troopers or vigilantes or plain citizens—anyhow, certainly the enemies of all Joads. At the Rivoli.

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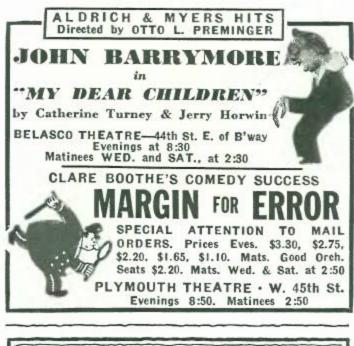
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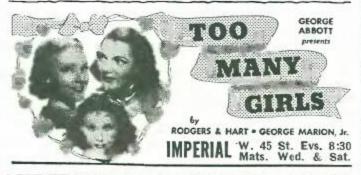
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"Gay and Tuneful Revue." -Coleman,

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Incidental music by Hanns Eisler Elia KAZAN Jane WYATT Morris CARNOVSKY Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN

BROADHURST Thea., W. 44th St. Cl. 6-6699 Eves. 8:30, 55c to \$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



GERTRUDE MACY AND STANLEY GILKEY present The New Hit Musical Revue

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with Eve Arden, Richard Haydn, Brenda Forbes Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

BOOTH TH., 45th St. West of B'way. Cl. 6-5969 EVENINGS. 8:40 P. M. MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40 P. M.

than a whisper, inaudible in seat G 1.

The action takes place on one of those sunny islands in the Mediterranean, where a cosmopolitan society of alcoholics, nymphomaniacs, and literary people lies around, exchanging what a young and hopeful author might easily regard as epigrams. The only sample that occurs to me at the moment is the reply made by one worldly lady when asked how she had slept the night before. "Alone," she says merrily. Mr. Rosenthal has offset this atmosphere of elegant decay with an earnest young playwright and a virtuous, though sombre, damsel engaged on a piano concerto, but they are seriously handicapped by their surroundings.

Onslow Stevens, Zita Johann, Dennis Hoey, Vera Allen, and Russell Hardie do their utmost to convey Mr. Rosenthal's bewildering message. Harry Horner's set is very bright and fashionable indeed. -WOLCOTT GIBBS

> SIDE HORSE EXERCISE Submitted by the Alleghenv Mountain Assn.

Stand at saddle, facing horse, grasp pommels; jump to support and swing left leg over right pommel, under right hand and immediate rear scissors to the left, swinging right leg back under right hand and swing closed legs forward under left hand, backward under right hand, forward under left, backward under right, forward under left, swing right leg backward under right hand and immediately rear scissors left and right, swing left leg backwards under left hand and swing closed legs forward under right hand, backward under left, forward under right, back under left, then swing right leg forward under right hand, front scissors left, right. and left, swinging right leg forward over croup to straddle seat on right hand (over rear pommel) swinging left leg back under left hand and travel to right, swinging left leg forward over croup to rear support on croup (left hand shifts to back pommel, right hand shifts to end of horse on croup) and without stopping swing right leg backwards under left leg and left hand and right hand and one-half double leg circle left, with one-half turn left to rear support in saddle, and swing both legs back under left hand, swing right leg forward under right hand, left leg forward under left hand, backward under right hand, forward under left hand, and circle both legs over left (front) pommel in shifting right hand from front (neck) pommel and left hand from rear pommel to croup, and continue swinging closed legs forward under left hand, and backwards under right hand, forward under left hand, and immediately one-half turn right to the saddle with immediate push off forward to dismount in stand rear-ways.

Note: The exercise must be continuous, without pause.—From the official rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, Gymnastics and Weight-Lifting.

O.K., bring us a horse.

The THEATRE GUILD presents

Adapted by BENJAMIN GLAZER from the play by ERNEST HEMINGWAY with FRANCHOT TONE

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ALVIN THEA., 52nd St., West of B'WAY Evgs. 8:30. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30



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The PHILADELPHIA STOR

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Additional Theatre Advertising on page 36

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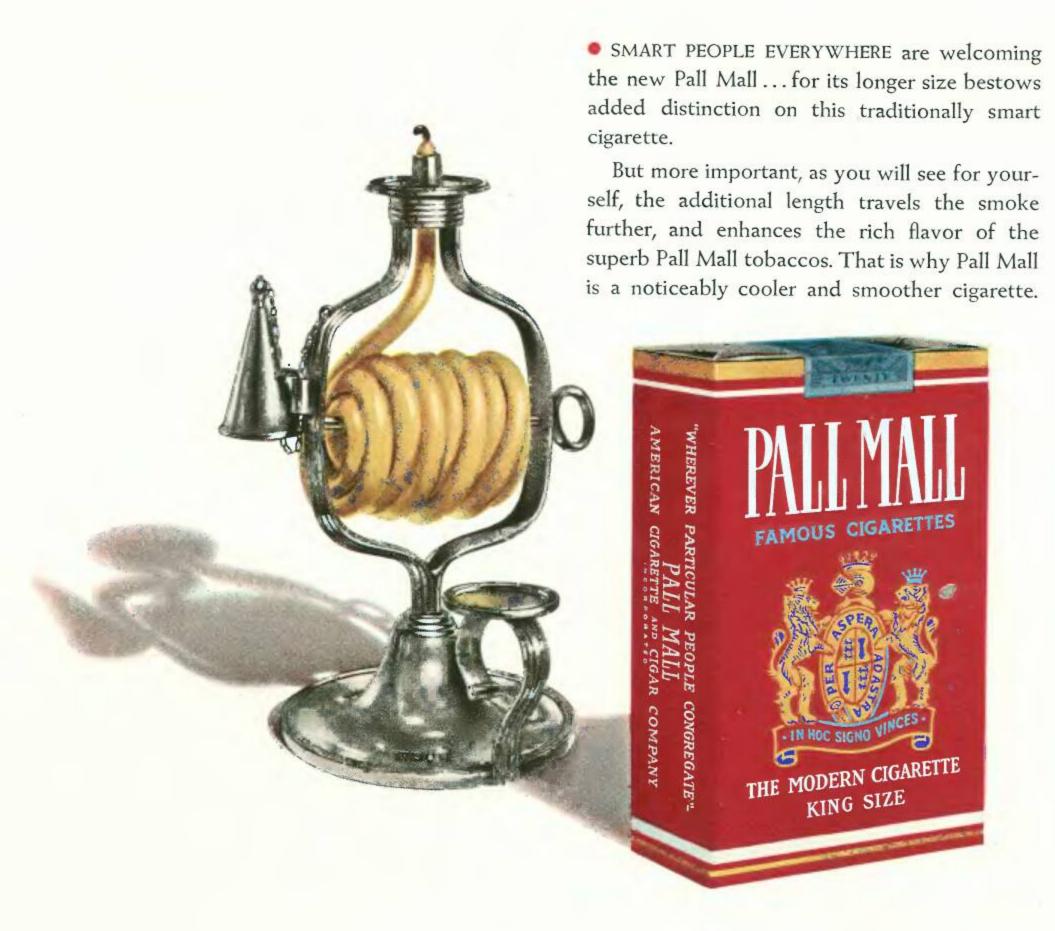
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BURDEN OF WEALTH

HEN the firm of Lee & Leatherbee, Inc., Investment Counsellors, took over what they called my account, it was in a dying condition. My few securities were tired of the struggle to survive, and a blood transfusion seemed necessary if I were to have any income at all. To my amazement, symptoms of revival began to show only a few weeks after treatment started. The morning mail, when I picked it up at my New Hampshire village post office, would unexpectedly bring me a check for \$7.50 from the Union Chemical & Carbon Co., and right on top of that, one would come from the Imperial Typewriter Company for \$11.25. These I would endorse and send to the bank for deposit.

How Lee & Leatherbee can produce money like that out of the unlikely materials which compose my account is a curious thing. It's done in a kind of marble cathedral with a nave full of rows of elevators, black glass, copper trim, and gold lettering. Lee & Leatherbee, Inc., occupy a suite on the cathedral's thirty-seventh floor, and their offices are full of handsome tables and rugs, typewriters, and rolls of blond hair. But these are not what create the checks you get-it's conferring that does it. When you pay a visit, efficient young gentlemen bring out a glorified ledger, which is your account. It has massive hinges, celluloid tabs, and movable metal gadgets across colored sheets, and you understand that your income comes out of that. Any questions you would like to ask, they will be glad to answer. You couldn't ask one on a bet.

I don't make many excursions from the mountain fastness where I live, but that doesn't annoy Lee & Leatherbee.

They work right ahead by themselves. I am positive of it, because every once in a while they send me a Quarterly Report. The Report is in the neatest of typing on the strongest and thinnest of paper, clipped together at the top with a little bent pin. It consists of nice-

ly indented tabulations and, over at the extreme right of each page, percentages. It seems I have Stability Securities and Growth Securities (a percentage of each) and Intermediate Securities, presumably less stable or less growing. Under Stability Securities I have Short-Term Securities and Long-Term Securities, with further subdivisions under both. Then, under Growth Securities, I have Utilities and Transportation (one each) and Industrials, all per-

centaged up. Under Industrials they get down to subheading in earnest. Romannumeral I is Consumers' Goods & Services (including Foods, Containers, Tobaccos, of which I have one each), Automotives, Merchandising, and Miscellaneous; II is Capital Goods; III is Extractives-Oil and Other Extractives (I have Oil); and IV is Chemicals (that's my \$7.50). Then come Financial and Foreign. Altogether the percentages come out at exactly 100 at the bottom—it never fails. Reading the Quarterly Report, I work up quite a delusion of grandeur and pay my quarterly fee in a glow of satisfaction.

IT'S one thing for Lee & Leatherbee to apply themselves to my percentages in a tower reserved for that purpose. But it's quite another for them to ask me to take a hand in the matter myself. They might have known I would let them down, and I did. It was like this.

I received one of their courteous letters of more or less inscrutable information, the second paragraph of which said:

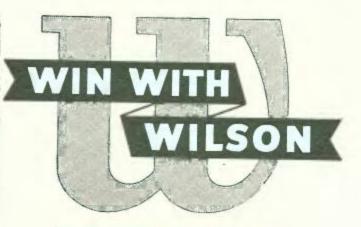
We are in the process of making several changes in your account, the net effect of which will be to increase the size of your Stability Fund. As a part of our program we believe a Postal Savings account for \$2,500 should be opened. You will have to attend to this personally and can deposit the money at almost any post office. We are instructing the First National Bank to forward you a check for \$2,500. Postal Savings accounts draw interest at 2% from the first of the month following the date of deposit. Consequently, it would be to your advantage to take care of this before March 1.

In the same mail was a short letter from the First National, out of which

dropped a check for \$2,500.

Checks for \$2,500 rarely drop out of letters up here. The only thing I know to do with checks is to endorse and send them to the bank for deposit. A loose check in your ski pants as you go along on the snow to the post office is just air out of place. You deduct the loose check in your strains are the loose that the loose check in your ski pants as you go along on the snow to the post office is just air out of place. You deduct the loose check in your strains are the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that you have the loose that the loose that the loose check in your ski place. You deduct the loose that you have the loose th

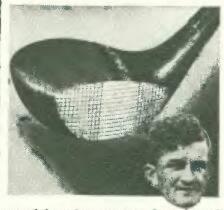
plain out of place. You dodge the lower branches of the pines and the points of the sumac heads, and note mechanically that the deer tracks are old and that the brook is running higher than it ought to at this time of year and things like that, and there you are with \$2,500 in your pants. Of course, you could take it and make off to Tahiti, leaving everything to go on as usual behind the lettered doors on the thirty-seventh floor of Lee & Leatherbee's cathedral, but you do



WHAT DOES "CADDY" MEAN?

According to those learned in golf lore, caddy comes from the French word "cadet" — meaning younger son. Perhaps that's the reason score cards carry the advice to "Treat your caddy as your own son."

The rise of Wilson sports equipment to a top position in public acceptance is due to two things—(1) The advice of leading playing stars as to designs, (2) Wilson's "professional" standards of quality and craftsmanship and reasonable prices.



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"If my ideas as to the design of golf clubs

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ELEANOR TENNANT, coach and trainer of champions,

says

"No person could know better than a teacher and

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See Wilson Eleanor Tennant "Autograph" and "All-Star" models for 1940 with the new Wilson "Strata-Bow" construction.



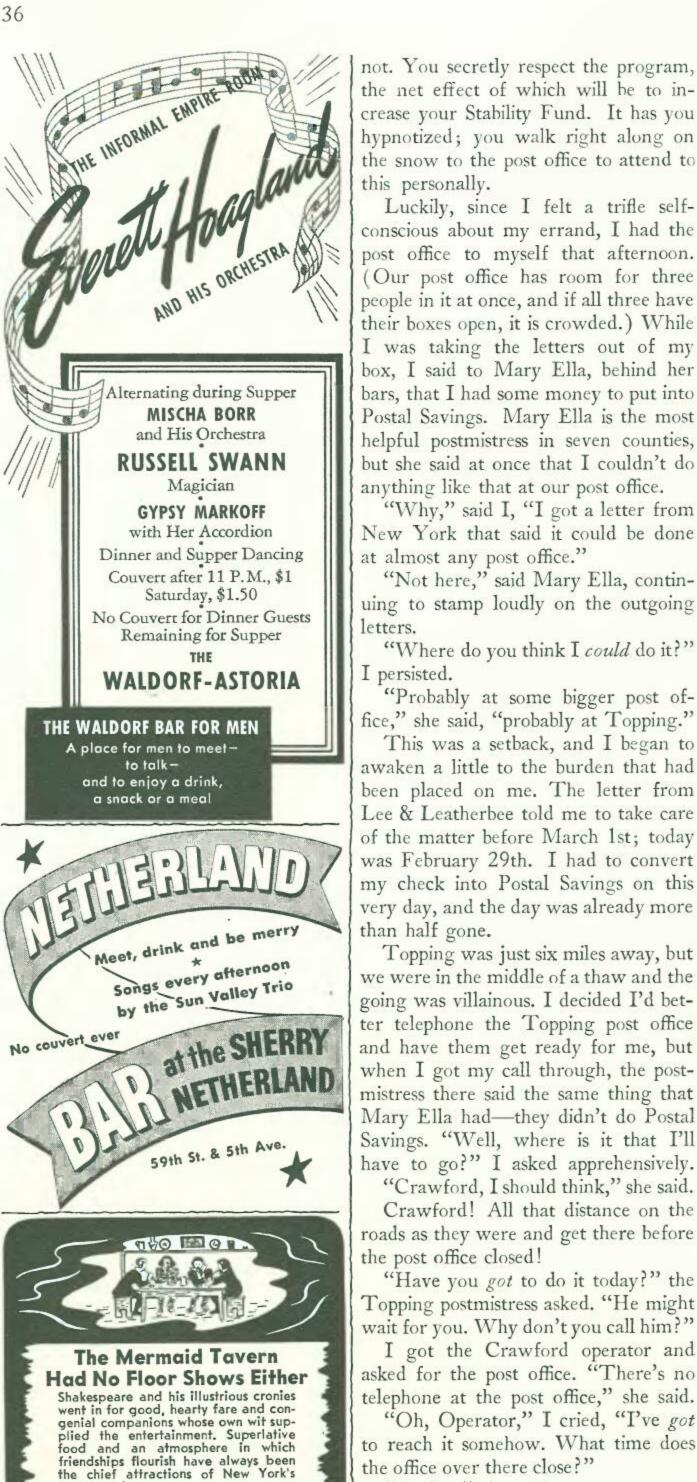
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not. You secretly respect the program, the net effect of which will be to increase your Stability Fund. It has you hypnotized; you walk right along on the snow to the post office to attend to this personally.

Luckily, since I felt a trifle selfconscious about my errand, I had the post office to myself that afternoon. (Our post office has room for three people in it at once, and if all three have their boxes open, it is crowded.) While I was taking the letters out of my box, I said to Mary Ella, behind her bars, that I had some money to put into Postal Savings. Mary Ella is the most helpful postmistress in seven counties,

"Why," said I, "I got a letter from New York that said it could be done

at almost any post office."

"Not here," said Mary Ella, continuing to stamp loudly on the outgoing letters.

"Where do you think I could do it?" I persisted.

"Probably at some bigger post office," she said, "probably at Topping."

This was a setback, and I began to awaken a little to the burden that had been placed on me. The letter from Lee & Leatherbee told me to take care of the matter before March 1st; today was February 29th. I had to convert my check into Postal Savings on this very day, and the day was already more than half gone.

Topping was just six miles away, but we were in the middle of a thaw and the going was villainous. I decided I'd better telephone the Topping post office and have them get ready for me, but when I got my call through, the postmistress there said the same thing that Mary Ella had—they didn't do Postal Savings. "Well, where is it that I'll have to go?" I asked apprehensively.

"Crawford, I should think," she said. Crawford! All that distance on the roads as they were and get there before the post office closed!

"Have you got to do it today?" the Topping postmistress asked. "He might wait for you. Why don't you call him?"

I got the Crawford operator and asked for the post office. "There's no telephone at the post office," she said.

"Oh, Operator," I cried, "I've got to reach it somehow. What time does the office over there close?"

"At five," she said.

"I think I could get there by fivethirty. I'm over in Paugus Valley and the going is very bad, but I have to get some Postal bonds or whatever they

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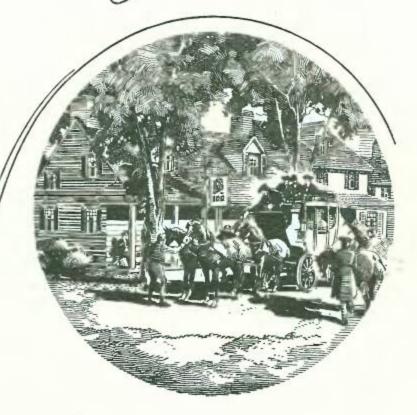
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are before March first, and this is the last day. What do you think I'd better do?"

"One moment, please," said the operator.

I held the wire and pretty soon she said, "He may be down at his house." "Who?" I said.

"Mr. Tilton," she said, "the postmaster. Would you like me to try?" "Oh, yes," I said.

I held the wire again and finally the operator said, "His wife says Mr. Tilton has been home and gone out again. She thinks you might get him at the barbershop and he'd likely open up the office if you wanted to come over. Shall I try to get him for you?"

"Oh, please," I said.

Shortly, Mr. Tilton answered. When he heard what it was all about, he said, "Got to get it in today, have you? If all you're going to do is buy Savings, seems if tomorrow'd be time enough."

I asked wouldn't I forfeit interest if I waited till March 1st, but he didn't see as I would. So I thanked him with the greatest relief and gladly said I would be over the following day. It had come into my head that there would also be a deposit box at the bank to get, to keep the securities in when I had bought them, and the bank would be closed before I could get there.

N Friday, then, I backed the Model A out of the barn. With us, a late winter thaw means four or five inches of water on top of ice ruts, and chains just make the slithering worse. That day a fine rain was also doing its part to increase the hazards of travel by frosting the windshield, and the highway was under construction for several miles, but at last I reached the Crawford post office. When I went in, Mr. Tilton came forward to the stamp window and let me greet him. How many bonds was I going to get? And in what denominations? I got out my check and said that all I knew was that I had been asked to put that \$2,500 into Postal Savings.

Mr. Tilton took the check and looked at it for quite a while. Then he looked at me. My ski cap was without doubt crooked. What he said was "We can't take a check here."

But, good heavens, it was a check signed by the First National Bank! "They won't let us take checks," he said.

"What do I do?" I asked. "I have to buy these bonds not later than today to get the interest." I felt rather faint about it.

"We got to have currency," repeat-

ed Mr. Tilton. "Better try over at the bank."

I glanced out of the post-office window at the Crawford bank, standing, foursquare and capable, across the street. I went right over.

The bank president, Mr. Grant, was, as usual, in his pew by the front door. He rose and took my check in his hand. He had learned banking back in the Great City before he was shipped upcountry for his health. He looked at me over his glasses with a smile. "Why, we couldn't give you cash for this today," he said in his soft voice. "We would have to send away for it. We never have cash to that amount on hand."

The outlook for my Stability Fund was fast getting dimmer. Probably I looked a little down, for Mr. Grant seemed to waver and have an idea. "Perhaps something can be done," he murmured. "I'll come over to the post office with you."

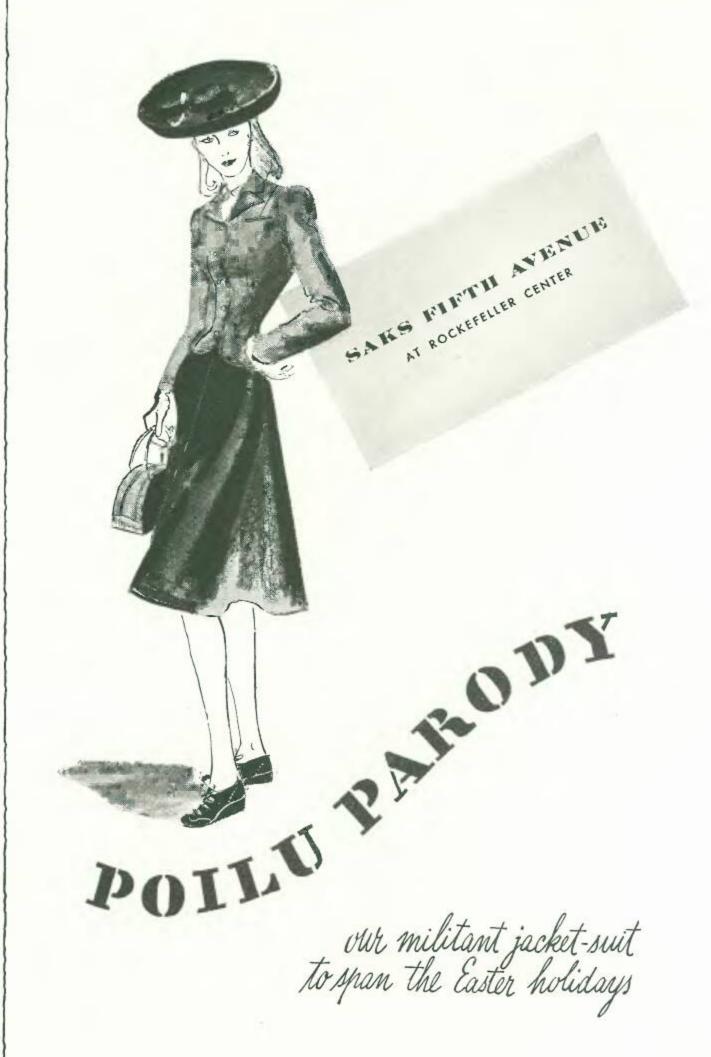
WHEN we got there, Mr. Tilton was busy selling four three-cent stamps and a postcard to a customer who took quite a time to settle for them. When the customer left, Mr. Tilton turned to me. "Is it Series B or Series C you want?"

I hadn't brought my letter from Lee & Leatherbee with me, but I was dead sure it had said nothing whatever about any Series B or Series C. Lee & Leatherbee had just tossed me into the water, and I could sink or swim. 'I suppose, in their marble corridors, it would be inconceivable that anyone shouldn't know Series B from Series C. But there in the Crawford post office, the postmaster, the bank president, and I were confronted with what looked like an insoluble problem.

"I had no instructions as to that" was all I could say. "What is the difference?"

Mr. Tilton took a paper book down from a shelf and read something out of it. Then he handed the book to Mr. Grant to read. I let them do the deciding; someone had to. Between them, they concluded it had better be Series B, and Mr. Tilton went to see if he had the \$2,500 worth of B's. It gave Mr. Grant and me a chance to talk about the going, which we agreed was unusually bad.

When Mr. Tilton came back, he had a bond in each hand. They were small, on stiff paper, and were discolored along one edge, where they had been exposed to the light for a long time. "This here is a B," he said, holding it up. "Not many of the B's in stock, not enough



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for you, I guess. We got more of the C's-there's quite a lot of them. Ain't you better take C's?" There seemed no help for it, so I said I'd take C's.

They did some figuring. It turned out that I would be getting ever so much more, really, than \$2,500 in bonds. That was nice. When the bonds came due, I would have \$3,325 instead of \$2,500. But they wouldn't come due for ten years. It didn't seem a particularly exhilarating kind of investment.

Mr. Tilton brought me three onethousand-dollar bonds, and three onehundred-dollar bonds, and one twentyfive-dollar one, and I got \$6.25 back in currency, to do what I liked with. I never did discover which one of the two men had decided to stand back of my First National check. I folded all the bonds myself and Mr. Tilton kindly looked around for an envelope to put them in. He couldn't find one, but Mr. Grant said he had one at the bank he would give me.

I picked my way across the street again, bonds in hand, was escorted to the vault, and given a deposit box—a thin one. I signed for it, put my bonds into it in their new bank envelope, received the keys, went out, and got into the Model A and went home.

I wrote Lee & Leatherbee the next day, reporting the successful accomplishment of their request.

You may have guessed the trouble. I suspected nothing until I got their answer to my letter:

After reading your letter of March 2, we regret to be obliged to inform you that you invested the money in the wrong thing. In our letter of February 26, we recommended that you open a Postal Savings account for \$2,500. This is just like a savings account with a bank except that the account is with the Post Office. Such accounts are limited to \$2,500 and pay 2% interest from the first of the month following the date of deposit. You purchased Savings bonds, which have the following disadvantages as compared with a Postal Savings account . . .

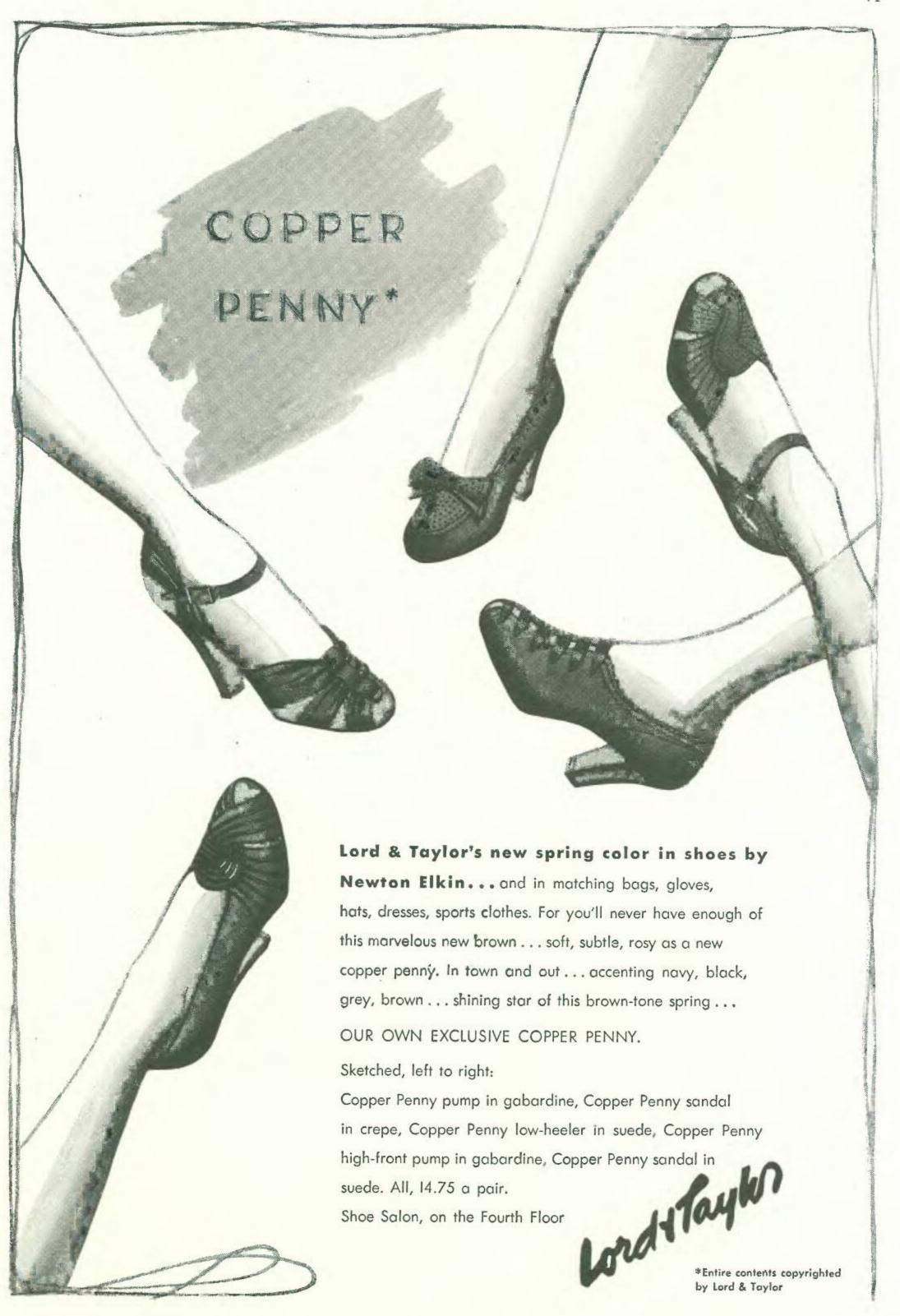
There was a statement of the disadvantages, in four paragraphs. When it came to disadvantages, however, I knew a few myself.

—Marjory Gane Harkness

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

In canned beans, a manufacturer knows in advance exactly what he has to exploit and sell. Not so the movies. Each picture is a gamble.—The Mirror.

Love on the screen is just as much a commercial commodity as are canned beans on a grocer's shelf.—The Times



REPORTER AT LARGE

OT long ago I spent an entire day with the recruits of the Police Academy. Every member of the Department, before beginning active duty, must take a three months' course which concentrates on physical training, classroom lectures, and visits to city institutions with which the police come into constant contact. I arrived at the school's centre of activities, at 72 Poplar Street, Brooklyn, shortly after nine o'clock. Classes had already begun, and after the captain in charge had given me permission to look on, I was hustled into one of them. A gaunt, black-jowled man whose insignia indicated that he was a police lieutenant stood on a platform at the front of the room. He paused in the midst of a question when I entered and waited until I took a seat in the back. Before me were the thick necks of the recruits, about sixty of them. They were dressed in khaki trousers and shirts, with black numerals sewed on their backs. Behind the lieutenant was a blackboard, and above it a sign which read, "Let us be Courteous and Civil under all Circumstances." To the right of the lieutenant, on a stand, was a scarlet fire-alarm box, and I was later told that it was used to demonstrate how to turn in an alarm.

"Now, O'Connell," the lieutenant the students always to remove bodies resumed, "if a man's seriously injured and there's evidence of neglect that of chalk and mark where the bodies lay. you don't see, do you make an arrest?"

A recruit stood up and said, "Well, sir, I think—I think—"

"Damn it," the lieutenant interrupted impatiently, there's evidence of neglect, if you see it or don't see it, you make an arrest. If a man falls off a building, or is hit by an auto, or any other damn thing, when there's evidence of neglect you make an arrest. Why? Because it's a felony. Where there's no neglect you make no arrest. Now, if someone's killed in an auto accident, do you make an arrest even if you didn't see it and there's no evidence of negligence?"

A rookie raised his hand and shouted, "Yes!"

The lieutenant was apparently exasperated. "You don't make an arrest. You just hold him," he said. "Bring him to the station house, if it's only for identification." This subtle dis-

COPS-TO-BE

tinction puzzled one of the class, who asked, "What's the difference between holding a man and arresting him?"

The lieutenant seemed to feel that this fine point was needlessly irrelevant. "Why, you don't charge him with anything," he said indignantly. "You just hold him until an investigation's made."

"What if he's pretty smart," the recruit persisted, "and says he didn't do nothing and won't go along?"

"Well, some cops are pretty smart, too. Lissen here, you. You just be smart enough to hold your smart guy if someone's been killed. The District Attorney's liable to come along and think up a law you never heard of. Another thing"—the lieutenant brightened as he changed the subject—"when you're investigating an accident, get the names of the witnesses while they're hot. If you wait until they've told you all about it and then ask their names, some smart guys cool off and decide they don't want to be mixed up in it. Get their names first, while they're hot. Little psychology, that's all," the lieutenant said carelessly, as if he had thousands of these gems stored within him. He continued his discourse, advising the students always to remove bodies from the street but first to get a piece

A recruit raised his hand and said, "What would you do, Lieutenant, if you were confronted with a big accident, eight or nine bodies in the street?"

"Well, don't bust out crying, that's all," the lieutenant said. "Remember, you can always call for assistance. You can get as much help as you need."

"What do you do after you remove the bodies from the street?" another student asked.

"Cover'em over with cloth. After the medical examiner gets finished with 'em, take 'em to the morgue. Make a thorough search of their clothing but be sure you make it before witnesses. Otherwise, if there's anything missing, you'll be holding the bag, won't you?" He paused for a moment and then asked, "Now, is there any question? I know damn well that you don't know one hundred per cent what to do, so don't be afraid to ask questions."

A recruit who spoke in a businesslike tone said, "Say there was a body right on the corner near here. What would you do with it?"

"Put it in the school right here," the lieutenant said promptly.

"What if the school wasn't here?"
"Put it up against the wall. Keep
the crowd moving along."

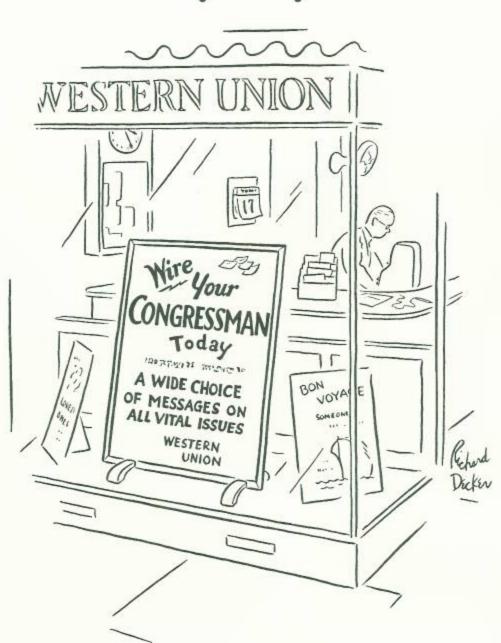
Another student raised his hand and asked, "Suppose a man's head is off? Do you have to have 'em pronounced

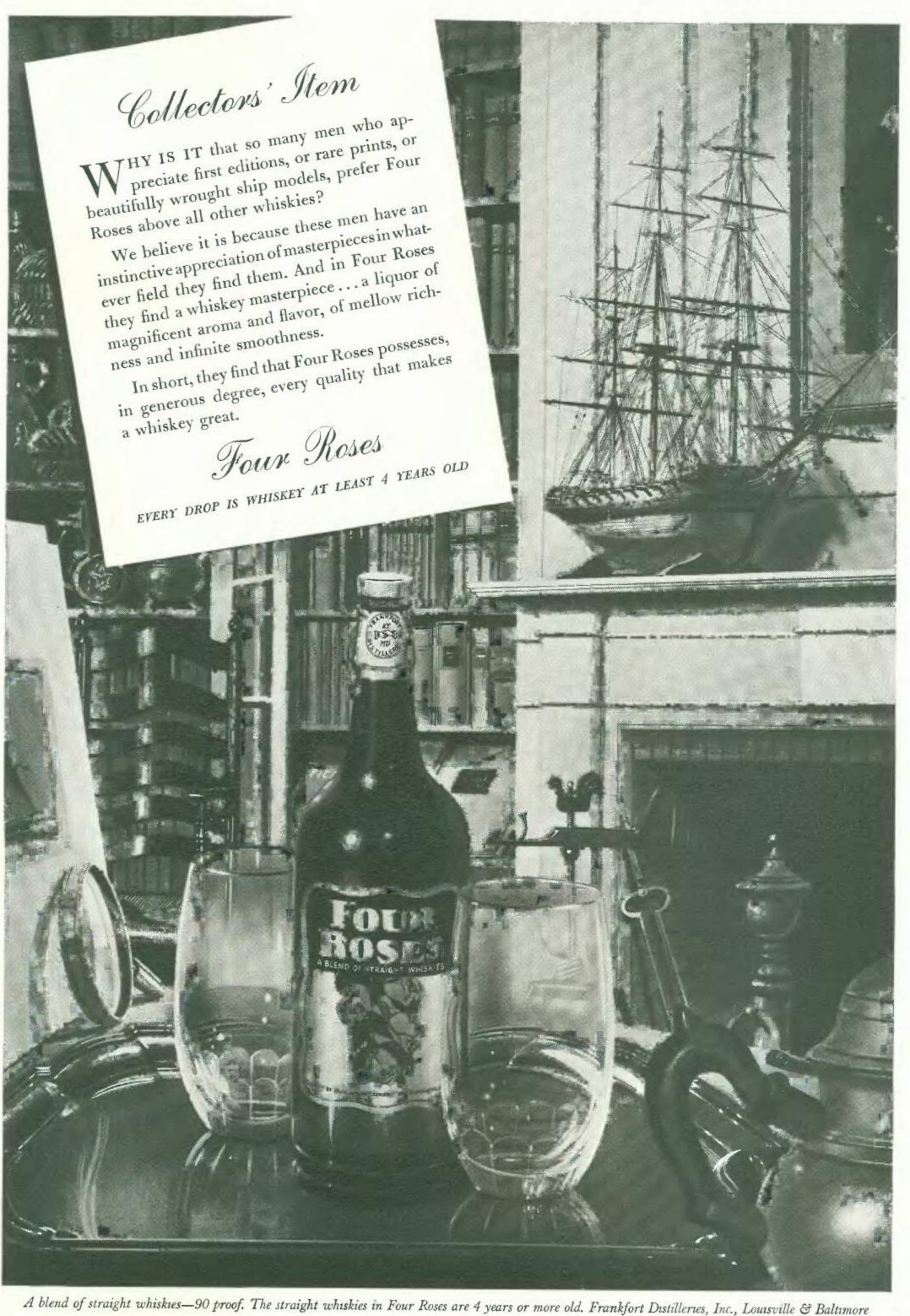
dead by the medical examiner?

Do you have to call an ambulance? I knew a cop once just called the morgue."

The lieutenant, as these questions were being asked, strode impatiently up and down the platform. "Where do you get these silly ideas?" he asked. "Of course you call an ambulance. If a man's dead three weeks, we call an ambulance. Get these ideas out of your head that because a man's head is off you don't call an ambulance. You call an ambulance and they notify the medical examiner. When I was a rookie a poor slob got dragged down the street by a horse. We had to pick him up in a bag. But we had to call an ambulance and wait for it to come and then wait for the medical examiner to come and pronounce him dead."

A recruit with another question had been waving his hand eagerly. "Lieutenant," he said





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Compare this photograph of an Ardane figure with your own profile before a mirror. Everyone can be Youthfulized. when it came his turn, "what would you do if you found a leg?"

"Start an investigation," said the lieutenant promptly.

The young man seemed disappointed. "What would you do," he persisted, "if you found a head?"

The instructor laughed. "If you find a head," he said cheerfully, "don't carry it through the streets by the hair, because a pregnant woman might come along and she might have a miscarriage and sue you." He turned back to the lesson, rather unwillingly, it seemed. "Now, what is a dying declaration?" No one volunteered and the lieutenant answered his own question. "Now, if John Smith told you Abe Lincoln killed someone, you don't know a damn thing about it. It wouldn't stand up in court. It's just hearsay evidence. But if John Smith had been shot and he was dying and he said Abe Lincoln had shot him, that's an exception and will stand up in court. Court assumes, rightly or wrongly, that if a person knows he's dying, he's got no reason to lie. But he's got to know he's dying." Making a swift transition, the lieutenant said that although usually an officer could not make an arrest for a misdemeanor unless he witnessed it, there was an exception. A patrolman could arrest a person who had left the scene of an accident without reporting it, even if he hadn't seen him leave. A rookie raised his hand and asked, "Can you arrest a man for leaving the scene of an accident without having seen him leave?"

"What the hell was I talkin' about?" the lieutenant bellowed. "Were you asleep? Didn't you just hear me say you could?" He shook his head wearily, took out a watch, and said listlessly, "Class is over."

THE recruits trooped out and into a L classroom on the other side of the corridor, and I went along. A moonfaced, bald-headed man was waiting for them-Lieutenant Lavin, the lecturer for this class. "Now, fellahs, I'm going to show you how to make an arrest," Lieutenant Lavin mumbled. His manner was mild and almost apologetic. He motioned to two recruits, bovine and solemn, in the first row. "Now, as an example, you two men get up." Lieutenant Lavin stood between the two, holding each one by the arm. "You," he said to the one on his right, "are a police officer and you," indicating the other young man, "have committed a crime. You say"-he turned to the first-"'You are under arrest,' and he says, 'All right, Officer, I'll go along.' You



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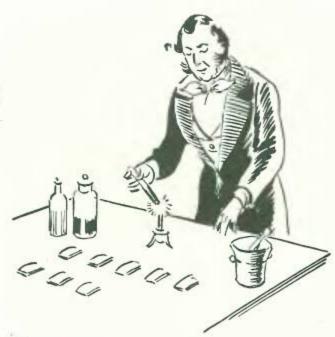
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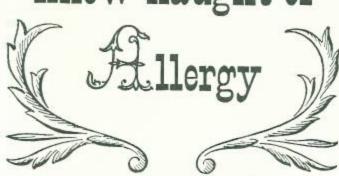
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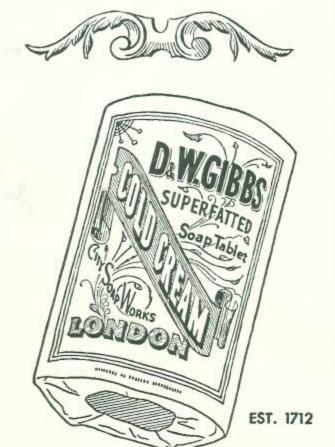


ALEXANDER GIBBS

knew naught of



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don't have to abuse him or even put a hand on his shoulder." Lavin's tone was patient and plodding. "You walk along to the station together and if you, the officer, can give him a friendly word, why, do it. You'll make a friend and someday he may do something for you. Treat him kindly. At any rate," the lieutenant said, almost shyly, "that's the way I look at it!"

Lavin did not seem to enjoy his work. He plugged along like some kindly old priest warning children against sin. His method of teaching was chiefly anecdotal. He told long, rambling stories of how patrolmen got into trouble and ended each one with the plea "In the name of God, don't be doin' these things, fellahs!"

At the conclusion of one of his stories, a husky young recruit got up and said, "Whattaya gonna do when a motorist locks himself in his car and won't come out?"

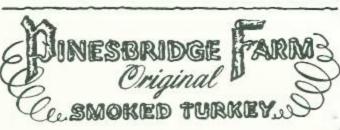
"Whattaya mean locks himself in his car?" Lavin asked cautiously.

"A cop, a friend of mine," the recruit said, "saw a motorist pass a red light and when he told him to pull over so he could give him a summons, the guy locked himself in and the cop couldn't give him a summons. The cop told him to open up and he wouldn't, so the cop smashed in the glass. Did he have a right to do this?"

The incident aroused Lavin's fighting spirit. "There's lots of things that a cop hasn't got the right to do that he's gotta do," he said. "What you gonna let this guy that's locked himself in do? Sit there and laugh at you?" The class chuckled approvingly and Lavin looked pleased. "Never heard of that," he said. "Lockin' yourself in. Get something new all the time."

AT noon, a few minutes later, the 1 lieutenant dismissed the class. One of the recruits, who told me he had been a pharmacist's apprentice before he joined the force, said they were now going to the armory at 166th Street and Franklin Avenue, in the Bronx, for physical instruction. After that, he said, they would have firearm instruction at the police pistol range on Transverse Road No. 3, in Central Park, and complete the day with a tour of the morgue at Bellevue. There were a hundred and fourteen in the class, he said, half of them taking physical instruction in the morning while the other half attended classes. In the afternoon the procedure was reversed. He told me that every recruit was already a probationary patrolman, appointed to the force after passing Civil





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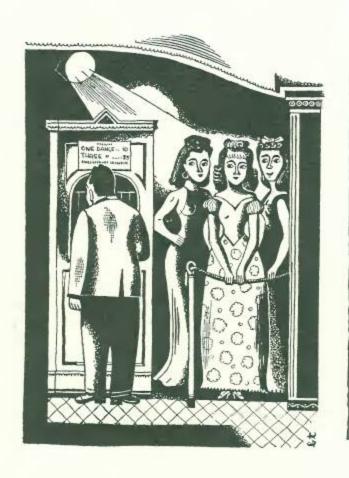
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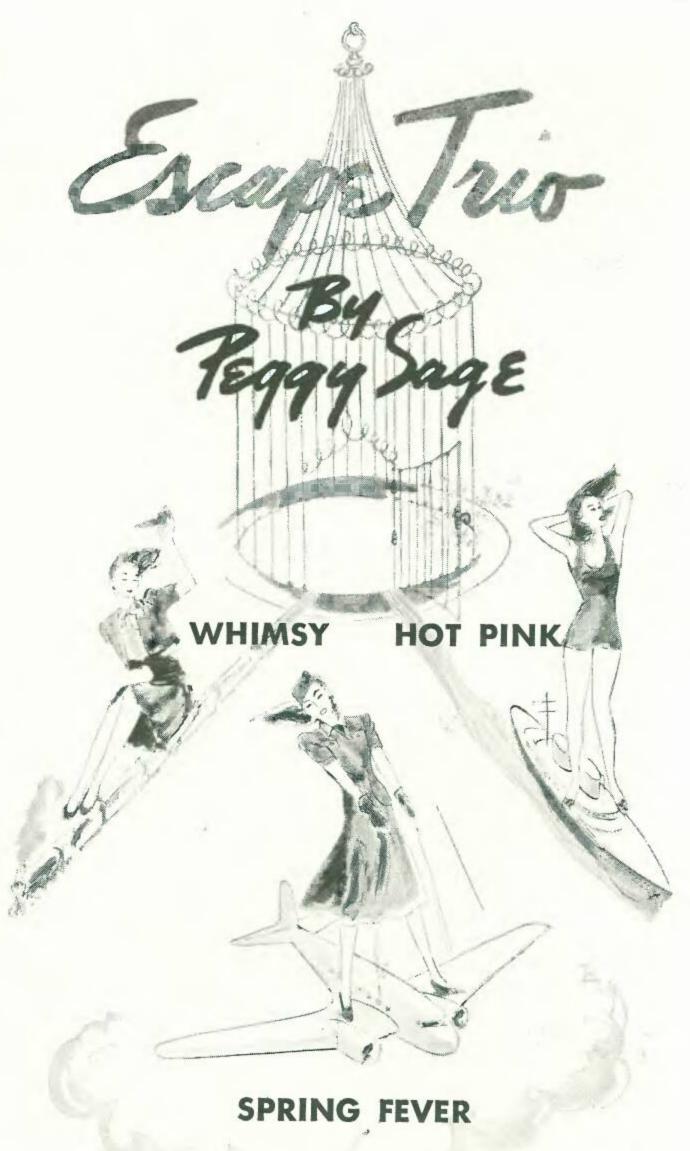


Service examinations, and receiving a salary of \$1,200 a year. None of them could be flunked out, because they were already Civil Service employees, and none of them could be discharged except for a breach of discipline or physical or mental disability. They were, he said, a fairly high-class group of men; about twenty-nine thousand had taken the Police Civil Service examination last April and only thirty-six hundred had received passing marks. An applicant for the Police Department must be no younger than nineteen, no older than twenty-nine, an American citizen of good health and character, weighing at least a hundred and forty pounds and at least five feet eight inches in height.

After eating lunch in a nearby restaurant, we took the subway to 149th Street, in the Bronx, where we changed to the Third Avenue "L" and continued uptown. I became acquainted with some of the other recruits on our way to the Bronx. All of the young men had their service revolvers and holsters now, and they seemed proud of them. I learned that they left the weapons in their lockers at the school while in the classroom. None of them acted tough or aggressive; they were clearly nice boys from good homes. They had the innocent, indecisive look that cows and puppies have. There was something hybrid about them, possibly because they wore ordinary hats and coats with their uniforms. They already possessed some attributes necessary to officers of the law, however. They had a firm belief in the moral order of the universe, in the infallibility of authority, and in the certainty that a clear difference always exists between right and wrong. One did not get the impression that any of them were revolutionary or even mildly eccentric.

After we arrived at the armory, one of the students introduced me to Lieu-





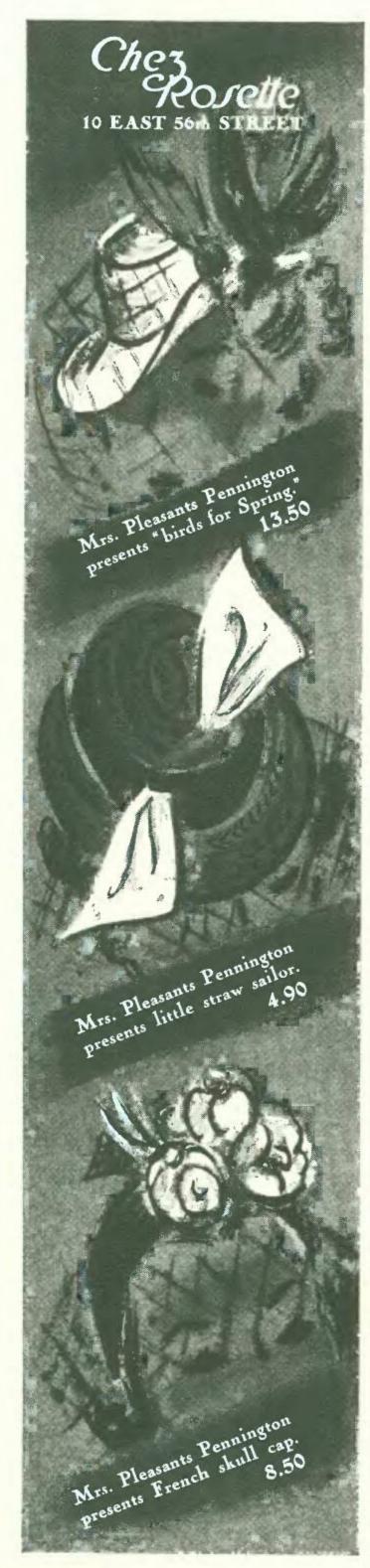
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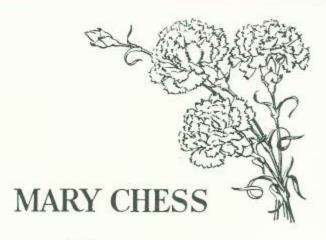
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tenant Julius Briller, who seemed to take an almost equal satisfaction in his muscular development and his reputation as a martinet. "I don't let these rooks get away with a damn thing. They call me Simon Legree," he told me proudly. "If any of 'em gives me the Bronx cheer, I assign the whole damn outfit to an extra tour of duty."

The Lieutenant said that because of the trip to Bellevue, which was not part of the daily routine, he would eliminate the usual calisthenics, jujitsu, wand drill, and close-order drill. "We'll have only boxing today," he said. When we walked out on the huge floor of the armory, the recruits were already lined up. After the roll was called, boxing gloves were distributed. The boys formed a ring and in the centre of it two of their number boxed for three minutes and then two more were matched, until all had had their turn. Briller weaved in and out between the contestants, calling "Break!" every time there was a clinch. He carried on a constant patter of "Keep that left out! Get that left moving! Keep those gloves closed when you punch! When you see an opening like that, take it!" Presently two of the recruits were slugging away with more venom than any other pair had shown. One of the boys was evidently unpopular, for his fellows danced around yelling, "Kill him, Mac! Kill him, Mac!" One of the fighters, whom I took to be Mac, was knocked down. He jumped up and began slugging away again. The yelling was so loud that several officers ran out on the floor from an office in the armory to see what was going on. Briller suddenly stopped the fight, although it had more than a minute to go. Mac's opponent was bleeding from a cut lip and Mac was groggy. Exhausted and dishevelled, they managed to smile and shake hands.

CORTY-FIVE minutes later we were It at the pistol range in Central Park. It was in an L-shaped building, the short part of the structure serving as an office, the longer part as the firing range. We were met by Sergeant Robert Pardua, the instructor. As the recruits crowded around him, he talked in the tone of a kindly older man who was pleased to draw on the depths of his experience for the benefit of the young. "Now, fellows," he said, "remember if you jerk that trigger, you break up the coalignment of your sights. Remember to squeeze with a slow and gradual pressure." He took out his own revolver and held it at arm's length. "You cannot hold the revolver absolutely still,"



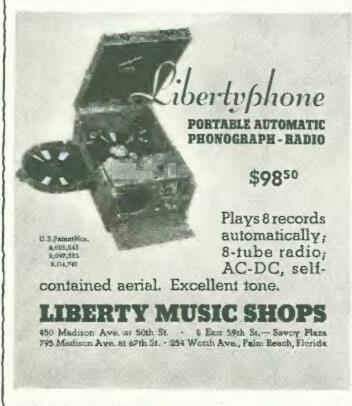
Carnation

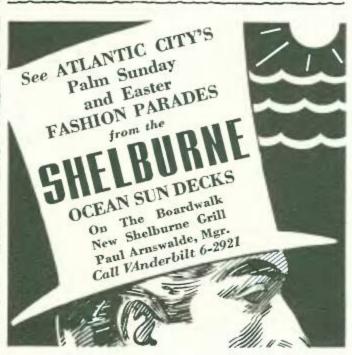
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he continued in the musing tone of a serious student. "There's a natural body swing due to the heart beat and the flow of the blood stream. We call it buck fever." He lowered his revolver and said, "When you go home to your families, do not display your firearms. Unload your revolver when you get home. Remember, there's always family troubles."

"Well," said a recruit, "everybody don't have family troubles, do they?"

"Happens in the best of families," Sergeant Pardua said firmly. "Keep your bullets in your pocket and your revolver under lock and key. Remember that case a few weeks ago when a patrolman's wife got a little thick and pumped five through the door at him? Friction between a man and wife's natural and can't be avoided."

A moment later four recruits entered the range, which adjoined the office. They took positions in booths which opened on a dark, corridorlike area, with four white targets twenty yards away, secured to sandbags. Sergeant Pardua stood behind the men. "Don't turn around," he said. "Inspect pistol." The four pulled their revolvers from their holsters. "Load five cartridges. Don't close cylinders until you get order 'Raise pistol!'" He paused and then said, "Raise pistol!" The four recruits extended their weapons. "Five shots, slow fire," said Sergeant Pardua. "Watch sights and squeeze." There were a series of irregular, deafening blasts and the acrid smell of powder. As the recruits fired, the Sergeant stood beside each one for a moment, giving advice. "Straighten your free arm," he said to one. "Squeeze that trigger, don't pull," he said to another. "Let's see no movement whatsoever on the part of your front sights." After all four had fired their five shots he said. "Unload," and added to one of the recruits, "Now, don't point that muzzle hack."

When the men had unloaded their weapons, he said, "Now put up new targets and get the ones you have just shot at." Each of the four picked up a target from a pile in their booths. They walked down the range, unfastened the old targets, and put up the new ones. The recruits trudged back and another group of four took up positions in the booths. The four who had finished took their targets to a patrolman, seated at a desk in the office, who computed the scores and recorded them. Every few minutes another quartet of recruits emerged from the range, and the patrolman, as he figured up their scores, fre-

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- Another product problem is that of electric voltage and frequency. Here in the United States 110 volt 60 cycle current is standard almost everywhere, but in export territories these voltages range anywhere from 90 to 380 volts, and from 16% to 133 cycles.
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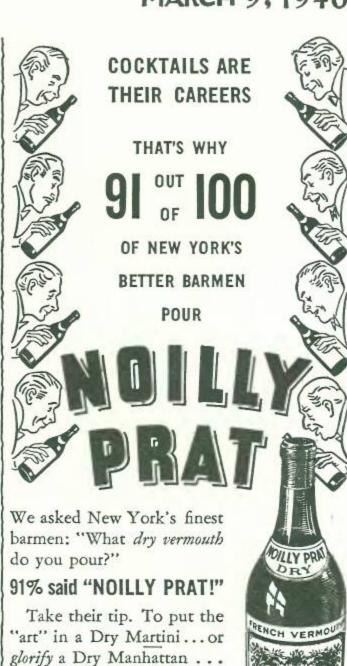
SEASONING

MAGGI CO., INC. 76 Varick St., New York, N.Y. quently said, "For crissake, my wife can do better'n you."

TE had to wait for a Lieutenant Sellman at Twenty-ninth Street and First Avenue, in front of the Bellevue Hospital morgue. He was to be in charge of the recruits on this tour. They talked uneasily about their approaching ordeal. One of them asked me if I had ever been in a morgue, and when I said I had, he said, "Oh, well, you'll be all right." He thought for a moment and then said, "Did you bring smelling salts? All of us got smelling salts or ammonia. My mother poured out some ammonia for me she had in the pantry." He showed me a small bottle and said nervously, "A pal of mine went through three weeks ago and he's still dreaming about it." A tall, skinny officer, bucktoothed and grinning in a friendly sort of way, approached us-Lieutenant Sellman. I asked him why the recruits were being taken through the morgue, and he said in a cheerful, high-pitched voice, "These boys never seen a body except at a wake. We want to show them death in all its grimness."

He explained that we would now have to wait for Detective Canali, who was regularly on duty at Bellevue, working mostly on the identification of the dead. Canali was to take us to the psychopathic ward, thence to a room where autopsies were performed, and then to the morgue. "This is an old chestnut to me," the lieutenant said jauntily, "but to these boys it's pretty grim, pretty grim. It will be a wonderful lesson to them."

At this point, Detective Canali joined us. He wore a black suit and his skin was a sallow olive color. We fell in behind him, entered a nearby hospital building, walked up a stairway, and down a hall which led to a barred door. This, Detective Canali said, was the prison psychopathic ward. The door was unlocked. We were ushered into a large room with a desk in front and benches before it. When the students were settled, a mild little man, introduced as Dr. Goldberg, took his place at the desk and said, "Now, I'm going to present for your attention patients with the more obvious symptoms. I'll try to make it as practical as possible." He motioned to an attendant, and a flabby man, whom the Doctor called Mike, slapped along the floor. He was wearing slippers which seemed too large for him, pajamas, and a faded gray bathrobe. His eyes were heavy-lidded and he was apparently sleepy. "Mike,"



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the Doctor said, "these men are college students and they are interested in your case." Mike nodded indifferently, sat down on a chair, and folded stubby hands over his stomach. He seemed bored. The Doctor said Mike was suffering from paresis and declared that one symptom of the disease was difficulty in enunciation. The Doctor asked Mike to say "Methodist Episcopal Church" five times. Mike's lips fumbled over the words. "See how his lips tremble?" the Doctor asked. The physician then told him to repeat swiftly "Third Artillery Riding Brigade," and Mike patiently attempted the words. "See how his lips tremble? Come up here, men, and see how Mike's lips tremble." Mike doggedly kept trying while the recruits bent close to his face. "You happy, Mike?" the Doctor asked. Mike nodded sleepily. "A man with paresis," the Doctor said, "is always filled with a complete sense of well-being."

The recruits returned to their chairs and Lieutenant Sellman exclaimed, "What a lesson in clean living for these boys!" There were a number of other exhibits-poor, befuddled creatures, most of whom somehow attained a certain dignity-but Mike was the hit of the show. After the last one had left, Detective Canali stood before the class. He had a little smile on his face, as if the presence of so much innocence was amusing. "Now, lissen, men," he began. "You'll be here often. F'rinstance, you put a man in the Tombs and he's used to outdoor exercise and he goes crazy. You may have to bring him here. Remember, people will come to you for everything when you go into uniform. They'll call you to give birth to babies or if the baby gets locked in the toilet, or to throw a scare into a daughter because she stays out too late. Oh, you'll meet all kinds of persons on the street, some sane, some drunk, some insane. They may look sane, but they're insane," he said firmly. "Now, they call this place 'psycho.' When you get a psycho, handle him carefully. Don't search him, but give him the frisk. A short time ago we had an experience with a psycho who wasn't given the frisk. He whipped out a gun and fired three times. One shot went into the wall, one into the floor, and one through a nurse's cap." Detective Canali laughed gaily. "Didn't hurt her. Now, we advise you to be careful. Hell! Give a psycho the feel! It don't cost nothing."

At the conclusion of this advice, Detective Canali left the room and we followed, gathering in a group in the hall, where Lieutenant Sellman told us that





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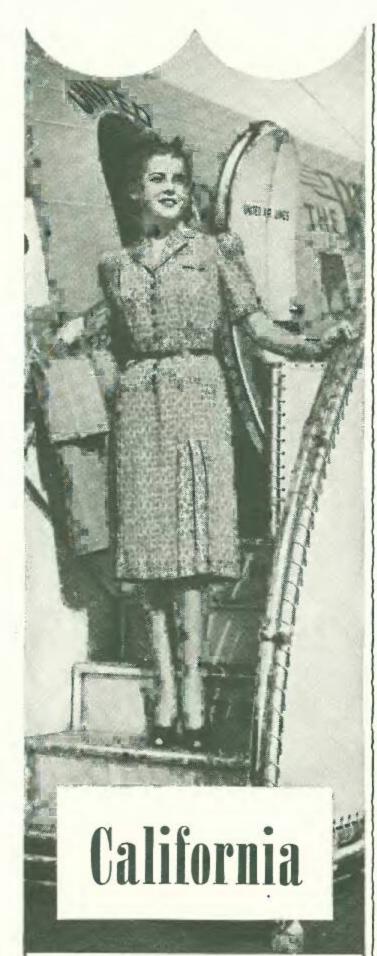
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58 East 42nd Street MUrray Hill 2-7300 we were now going to the autopsies and gave a talk on etiquette in an autopsy room. As he discussed this subject, some of the recruits swallowed hard and others took out their bottles of ammonia. "Now, these men performing the autopsies are doctors, professional men, see?" the Lieutenant said. "And after all, we're only cops, so no wise-cracks, see? We know you're all wise. Last time a recruit said, 'Gee, this is just a butcher shop,' and it made the professional men mad. If you feel bad, don't say anything. Just sniff your smelling salts."

There was no conversation as we followed Detective Canali up a long, narrow stairway which opened into a large room. Before us were five mortuary slabs, on each of which was a body. Around each body was a group of men in white surgeon's gowns-doctors and assistant medical examiners. The recruits stopped at the door and made no move to enter. Detective Canali strode over to one group, slapped a corpse on the thigh, and called jovially, "Get in close to this. It won't bite you!" Unwillingly the students edged nearer, and one of the doctors, a large, hairy man with a mustache and a surgeon's rubber gloves, stopped his work. Resting one hand on the face of the corpse with easy familiarity, and holding a knife in the other, he said professorially, "Now, men, these autopsies are very important. Take the case of an automobile death. An autopsy might reveal that he was blind in one eye. I want you men to remember," he went on, unconsciously contradicting the advice the recruits had heard earlier that day, "to leave the body in the position you find it until the medical examiner comes. Don't believe what the ambulance surgeon says, because he hasn't had enough experience. Now, this fellow"-a tag on the dead man's toe bore the name George Edwards-"was found in an alleyway. The question is-did he fall or was he pushed from a roof? He might have an insurance policy. If he fell, he might get double indemnity." The doctor resumed work and presently said, "The breastbone is broken right in half!" A recruit took out his smelling salts, and presently ten or twelve men were industriously sniffing away. The doctor again went back to his task and in a moment or two remarked in a tone of discovery, "This guy's full of booze!" Most of the other recruits were whitefaced and uncomfortable, but Lieutenant Sellman was still jovial and ready to point a moral. "Full of booze!" he

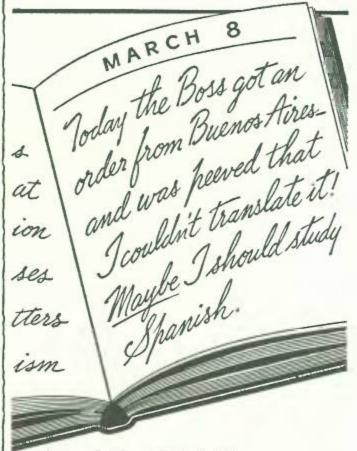


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exclaimed. "What a lesson in clean living for these kids!"

The kids were glad to leave, and as they did so the doctor called out, "Send up a stenographer, will ya?" Outside, the Lieutenant said admiringly, "That doctor will dictate his findings while he works over the body, just like a man dictating a business letter." In the wake of Detective Canali, we descended a stairway until we reached the morgue, in the basement. The room contained long rows of lockerlike structures which were painted gray. They were divided into horizontal compartments and the bodies in them were on slabs that could be rolled in and out. Boxes of pine and tin rested on small rubber-wheeled wagons here and there about the floor. Detective Canali, with brisk professional interest, showed us everything there was to show with a simple, childlike pleasure. He ended his lecture all too graphically, and with a joke. "Now, if you find a head like this on the sidewalk, don't walk through town with it," he said gaily. "If you find one, wrap it up, put it under your arm, and scare the desk sergeant with it."

Most of the recruits were shocked and sniffed smelling salts. "Who is that guy? Who is that guy?" they whispered, and seemed unable to believe that he was a detective. Lieutenant Sellman was irked by the repeated question. "Canali's enthusiasm for bodies," he said with dignity, "shows a good policeman." Even after it was all over and the recruits were out on the sidewalk, they found it hard to reconcile Detective Canali's actions with his membership in the De-

partment.

"I wouldn't have that job," one of them said. "It would make me morbid."

"You would have that job," said Lieutenant Sellman, "if you was assigned to that job."

-RICHARD O. BOYER

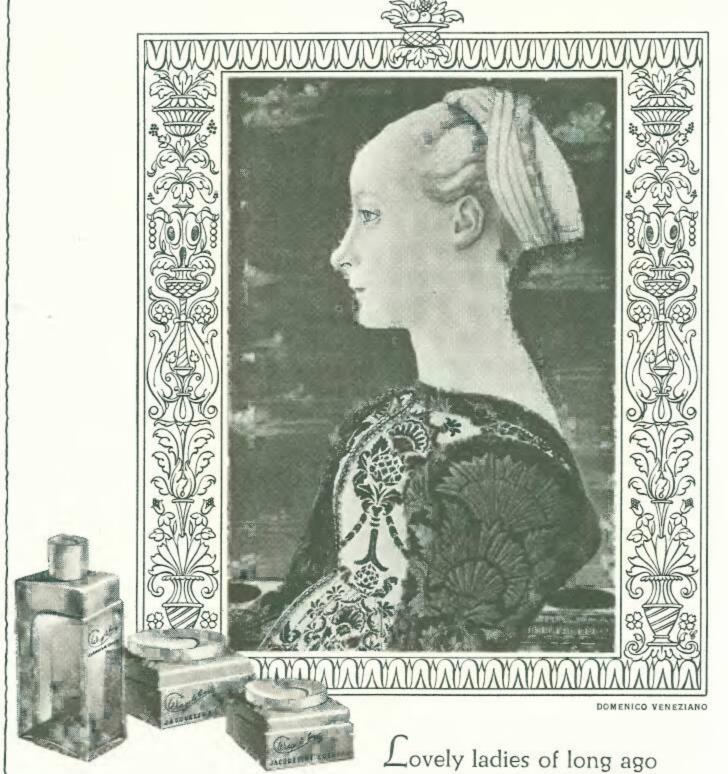
Franklin Roosevelt, President of the U.S., sat at his desk pondering U.S. history. In his mind was a winter day in 1815, when a tall, gaunt man with small, hot eyes, heading a motley horde of volunteers, whipped the British at the Battle of New Orleans.—Time.

Bet you can't read our mind.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK (DREAM COME TRUE DIVISION)

[From the Dallas Morning News]
Saturday she [Elsa Maxwell] received a telegram from Norma Shearer. It went, "Elsa Baby, expecting you on the 11th." Said Elsa, "You haven't lived in vain if Norma Shearer calls you baby."

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SURVIVOR

THE moment I sat down at the bar he turned to me and began telling me how the torpedo struck this boat he was on, and how the crew and the passengers took to the lifeboats and bobbed around in the Irish Sea hour after hour until finally they were rescued by a Norwegian freighter. It was an interesting story and once I'd managed to get my drink I didn't at all mind listening to him. He was a large man, in his middle forties, apparently, with a tanned face and wet, dark hair and a voice that drowned out the orchestra in the further room. There was a woman with him, a rather tired but pleasantlooking ash blonde, who sat examining her nails while he reached the conclusion of his story.

"We got aboard then and we worked until dawn getting the other people out of the boats," he said. "I was so damned tired that I fell down on a hatch. Somebody came over and gave me a coat. 'Put it over your shoulders,' he said. I couldn't understand him. I was too damned tired. I just stood there looking at him. I didn't know what he meant, I was that tired." He pushed his empty glass toward the bartender and the woman covered the top of the glass with her hand.

"Please, Everitt," she said. "Please. No more."

"Don't be silly, dear." He pushed her hand away from the glass. "My was covered with ashes from head to

wife," he explained, facing me once more.

"Were you scared?" I asked.

"No, not much." His hand closed around his drink. "There was a minute or two there," he said.

His wife turned her back on us and sat with her chin in her hands. When the bartender asked

her if there was something she wanted, she shook her head. Then she got up and came around and sat down beside me. "Were you in Europe last summer?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Were you?"

"No." She turned slightly toward her husband. "He never takes me abroad. He goes over every year, but he's never taken me yet."

"No thanks," she said. "No. I can

under the table"—she nodded toward her husband—"but I don't like it. Now, he—he shouldn't be drinking. He has gastritis. You know what gastritis is? He has acute gastritis. And this is the fifth place we've been in. He must have put away more than a quart. Do you know what time it is?"

"Quarter after one."

"This is the fifth place we've been in -no, the sixth." She glanced at her husband, who had found a new listener. "Blah, blah, blah," she said quietly.

"I was talking with a steward," he was saying, "and an officer came running by and said the old Athenia had been torpedoed. I said to the steward, 'Do you think we'll get it?' And he said, 'Ut ud make a bootiful tarrgit,' he said. Then that night I ate a big dinner. I was in the second sitting. After dinner I went up on deck and I was eating an orange. When it struck, it knocked me about ten feet and threw the orange out of my hand. You could hear the water pouring into the hold and you could feel the ship settling. The stink was in the air the same minute the thing struck. It was rough and it was getting dark. I went up to my boat station and saw that I had plenty of time. Then I saw Carlson. He's an insurance friend of mine and he was travelling on the same boat with me. He was the funniest-looking god-damned thing I've ever seen. He

foot, white with ashes, and his hair was full of broken cork. I don't know what he'd been doing. I just stood there laughing at him."

The ash blonde counted her bracelets. "You'd think he'd been to Yale, wouldn't you?" she said to me. "Just to look at him, you'd think he'd been to

Yale. Well, he went to Rutgers. He played tackle at Rutgers. He's had a wonderful life. He played tackle at Rutgers and then he married me and then he was on that damned ship."

"I saw a woman throw her child overboard and then jump in after it," her husband was saying. "A couple of German refugees jumped off the stern. We got into the boat and they started "Won't you have a drink?" I said. letting her down. There was so damned much noise and everybody was shouting drink. I can take it. I can drink him orders and, Christ, one boat they were



lowering they dumped the whole kit and caboodle into the ocean. One girl, a Swede, was getting into a boat and she missed and dropped the whole distance. That was on the side where the torpedo had gone in and she came up in a lot of oil. She was a strong swimmer, so she managed to stay clear of the ship, but when they finally lowered the second lifeboat they conked her on the bean. 'We got a Negress here,' somebody said when they pulled her up. She was black with oil and they had to take seven stitches in her head. A big blonde Swede." He finished his drink and put the glass on the bar in front of him.

"Would you mind telling me what time it is again?" his wife asked me. "Twenty minutes after one."

She glanced at the door.

"We got clear of the boat," her husband said. "She was still lit up like a Christmas tree. It was rough and you'd be down in the hollow of a wave and then you'd be up again. There she was settling a little, the lines swinging when she pitched. The officers came around in a powerboat and told us the SOS had been answered. I saw a light on the horizon, but it turned out to be a star. About six hours later the freighter came along. When we came up to her a young kid in our boat had his hand on the gunwale and we hit the side of the freighter and he lost his hand. That was the only time anybody screamed."

HE signalled to the bartender and his wife swung around on her stool and smiled at a boy in a green covert-cloth topcoat who had just come in. The boy could hardly have heen more than twenty and he was not very attractive. When he had checked his hat and coat he came over and sat down beside her. They greeted one another tenderly and she took his hand and held it while he ordered a drink.

"Where were you when you telephoned?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Some joint on Fifty-fourth Street. This is the sixth or seventh place we've been in. I just wanted to see you." She began swinging his hand.

"I'm glad you called," he said. "I

wasn't doing anything."

"Are you sure that overcoat's warm

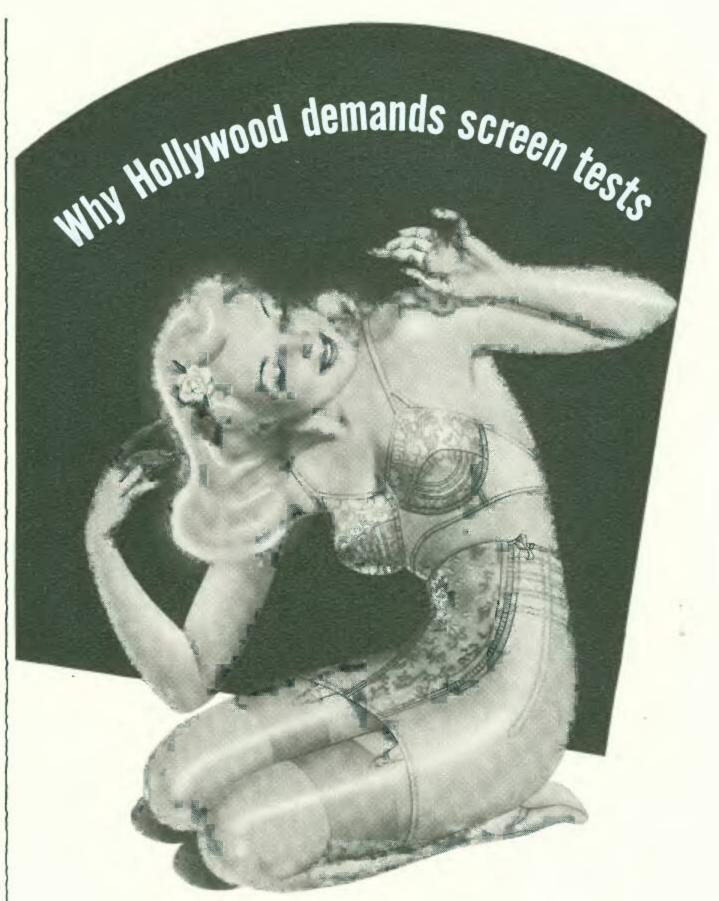
enough?" she said.
"Sure. It's plenty warm."

"I miss you," she said.
"I miss you."

"I'm so glad you could come."

"I'm glad you called."

"I guess I will have a drink," she told



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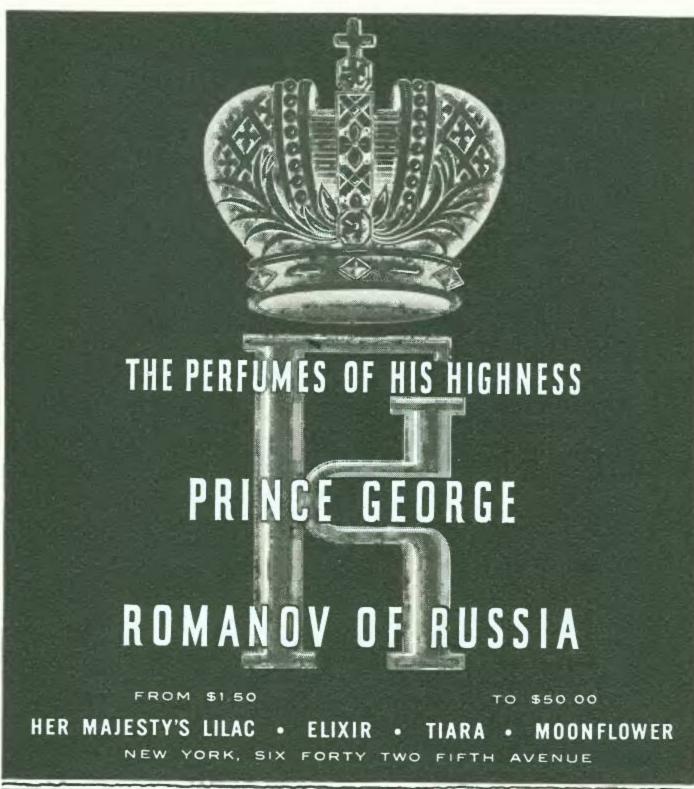
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Big Indian

Mountain Club

BIG INDIAN, N. Y.

the bartender. "Scotch-and-soda." She seemed quite happy now.

"Everitt's drinking a lot," the boy said.

"He's killing himself," she said.

"He's digging his grave with a bottle.

He's got acute gastritis. And he's still

talking about that damned ship. He must
have told a hundred people about it just
tonight."

"Well, you can't blame him," the kid said. He lengthened his face to express sincerity. "After all, he was darned lucky."

"I know," she said. "It would have been terrible if he had been drowned."

"Sure, it would have been terrible," he said. They were both talking in a melancholy singsong.

"Terrible," she repeated. "In all that cold water. Up there in the Irish Sea."

"Well, we worked until dawn," her husband was telling the bartender. "We worked until dawn getting the people out of the boats. By that time I was so damned tired, you know what I did? When a man offered me a coat to put over my shoulders, I couldn't understand him. I was lying down on a hatch and he came along with a coat and told me to put it over my shoulders and I was so damned tired that I couldn't get what he was saying through my head."

—John Cheever

A picture caption in The New York Times on Friday incorrectly described a cat as Don Beao of Twin Oaks, owned by Mrs. F. W. Freudenthal of Darien, Conn., first in the shaded silver male open class at the Atlantic Cat Club Show at the Hotel Taft. The cat shown, which was a winner in the white female yelloweyed class, was Lady Isabelle Jr., owned by Mrs. Eugenie R. Byrn of Cedarhurst.

—The Times.

You just can't believe anything you see in the papers any more.

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT (MARBLE BUST DIVISION)

[From the Rochester Times-Union]

Said the stocky, smiling sculptor who has hewn from the living rock of Mount Rushmore one of the greatest monuments of all time—portraits of the great Presidents:

"I have labored to make the record of the great men of my time. It is my privilege to come here from Mount Rushmore, where I have been carving in the mountains the portraits of Jefferson, who invented our government; Washington, who made it a fact; Lincoln, probably the greatest soul in our lives, who saved it; Theodore Roosevelt, the cousin of our President, and now, Mr. Gannett, I am to make a bronze and marble bust of you."

INDOOR POLO

Coach and Clubman



THE two most important figures in indoor polo so far this season haven't played in any of the tournament matches and weren't

expected to. One of them is Tom Brady, who has been known heretofore in the sport primarily as a highly capable referee, but has established an impressive record this year as coach of Squadron A. The other is Douglas Hertz, whose relatively new and, from the orthodox point of view, thoroughly cockeyed Pegasus Club out in Jersey has been the scene of half of the ten matches played by the Metropolitan High Goal League. By nature, Hertz and Brady are about as much alike as Phineas Barnum and a Trappist monk, but this did not prevent their getting along together perfectly well some time ago when Squadron A went out to the Pegasus Club in Rockleigh, just north of Closter, and lost, 15-12, to its host's team.

In view of his success this season, it would seem that Brady should make a career of coaching. Two of his Squadron A teams, the Yellows and the Blues, wound up by playing each other for the title of the ten-team Metropolitan Low Goal League in a match which the Yellows won and which Brady must have watched with conflicting emotions. On top of this, Brady's high-goal team came within a point of tying Winmont Farms for the championship of their division of the Metropolitan League. Brady, a slender, reticent man in his middle forties, used to take winter vacations from the downtown brokerage firm for which he works, so that he could be on hand to referee the Florida matches, but this year he stayed home in order to attend to his coaching.

Hertz is a stocky, voluble sports promoter who has out-Bostwicked Bostwick in trying to make polo a popular sport. He came East from California three years ago and bought a 360-acre farm in Rockleigh, which he named the Pegasus Club. He started out by offering polo, foxhunting, and show-ring riding at bargain prices. Next he got together such good polo players as Buddy Combs, Cyril Harrison, the three Fink brothers, and Tommy Lawrence, and they made so fine a showing in matches at armories



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indoor arena of his own in which they ould play. Last summer he bought an airplane hangar at Curtiss Field, moved it to Rockleigh, and decked it out as an air-conditioned arena with seats for 3,000, adding a wing for a bar and a night club, which he called the Sun Beau Room, after this country's greatest money-winning race horse. Then, to the complete bewilderment of the indoor-polo crowd, which has been accustomed to mixing its matches with regimental dances, he moved in a typical roadhouse band.

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Hertz presides at his indoor matches, using an amplifying system to bawl out his impressions of what's going on to a crowd which can see perfectly well for itself from seats costing from forty cents to \$1.10. "Fine shot, old boy!" he'll shout, and then, especially if interest seems to be lagging, "Why, it's terrific!" He claims the Pegasus Club cost his backers at least half a million dollars. Who those backers are he won't say, but his friends suspect they're in Hollywood, because Hertz invariably flies out there just before starting anything new. Hertz has always been a great one for getting around. He was born in London in 1883, ran away to this country at sixteen, later produced a show on Broadway, and punched cows out West. He brought the first rodeo to the old Madison Square Garden in 1922, introduced dog racing to New York with a track on Staten Island, and once, at Atlantic City, promoted a sixday indoor horse race. Recently Hertz put in a bid to buy the Tombs, which he thinks would make a nice museum.

No matter how gay Saturday nights are in the Sun Beau Room, Hertz is up early every Sunday morning to act as Master of the Pegasus Fox Houndsanyone who wants to can don pink, hire a horse from Hertz for five dollars, and join the field. The hunt meets at St. Anthony's Church at nearby Northvale, where the hounds are blessed by the priest in the traditional ceremony of St. Hubert. In hunting circles elsewhere, of course, the hounds are blessed only at the start of the season, but the Pegasus pack attracted such a large, curious crowd the first time it showed up at the church that Hertz decided to observe the ritual every Sunday. —T. O'R.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

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[From the Tulsa Daily World]

Under the Louisiana law, the candidate must deceive a majority of all votes to get the nomination.



THE NEW SIXTY SPECIA

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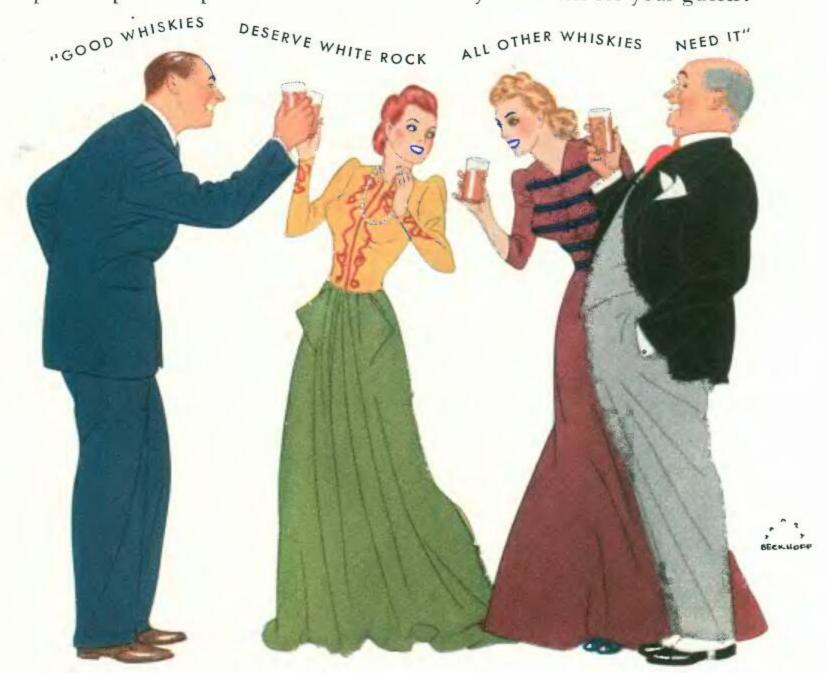
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LETTER FROM AMSTERDAM

FEBRUARY

THE Dutch are complacent and give the impression of being indifferent to the war in progress on all sides of them. Like so many rabbits nibbling unconcernedly at a carrot in the corner of a python's pen, eight million Dutchmen eat their rich cheese daily and enjoy their evening Bols, apparently oblivious of the eighty million

hungry and militant Germans looking enviously across the eastern frontier. Holland has evidently not learned that luxury too freely exhibited may incite hungry people to acts of violence.

Crossing the frontier at Bentheim, the only entrance now open into Holland from Germany, is like passing from beneath a thunder cloud into bright sunlight. Having traversed the last fifty miles of German territory in locked coaches with every window blind pulled down and black-uniformed guards of the Death's Head Brigade patrolling the corridors with flashlight and pistol, the traveller enters a country in which the house windows glow at night, where the train conductors are polite, and where there are signs of normal life. Unlike the German frontier station at Bentheim, which is blacked out and heavily guarded, the Dutch station at Oldenzaal is brilliantly lit. The numerous Dutch soldiers lounging about seem to have nothing more urgent to do than watch the arrival of the small shuttle trains which bring passengers-Jews who are on their way out through Holland and Gestapo agents mostly-across the six miles of no man's land separating the two frontiers. Fat, red-faced nurses in white Mother Hubbard caps and blue coats are on the platform to take charge of Jewish women and children, who usually require the attention of a nurse by the time they pass out of the hands of Himmler's boys. The rich aroma of genuine coffee and great showcases filled with chocolates complete the illusion of paradise for those just arrived from the Reich.

The Gestapo agents, who enter Holland at the rate of between thirty and fifty a day, leave their Party pins and papers at Bentheim, but even so they are easily recognized by the Dutch officers at Oldenzaal, who have watched their comings since the war began. In answer to a mild protest some time ago against this invasion of Nazi agents, Berlin blandly called the attention of the unhappy Dutch government to the

fact that the total number of Germans in Holland had not increased since the war began and that Holland, being a neutral country, could not refuse to admit Germans while welcoming English, French, and Scandinavian visitors. So the Dutch officers can only frown at their unwanted guests and keep an eye on them while the new arrivals crowd the small dining room at Olden-

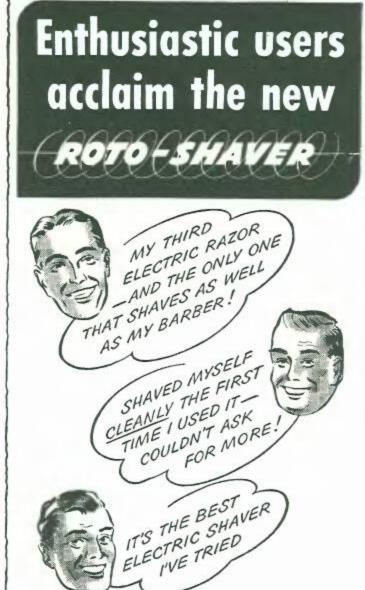
zaal and stuff themselves with rich food.

IT soon becomes obvious to a newcomer that Amsterdam is a centre of intrigue and espionage. The city is so packed

with agents from every belligerent nation that it's often difficult to realize that there are also Dutchmen in the city. The Germans' spying methods are crude and primitive; Gestapo agents peer from behind newspapers in hotel lobbies and cafés, make signs to one another, stroll with affected nonchalance past English-speaking groups seated in bars or lounges, and accost persons from other countries whom they mistake for Germans. Their hangout, the Victoria Hotel, is avoided by the Dutch, and the English journalists like to dare one another to stroll into its lobby and open up a copy of the London

The English agents, who are typically English even to the extent of wearing navy-blue tailored overcoats and bowler hats and carrying umbrellas, make no attempt to hide their identity. They crowd the bar at the Carlton, where nearly all the British and French visitors stay, and greet one another openly on the street. The most impressive agents are the French, who drive through the streets in Packards or Lincolns with Dutch licences and confer in hotel lobbies with prosperous-looking Dutch businessmen, or agents apparently from the Balkan countries. Then there are the agents from Russia, Italy, and the Baltic countries, who live in small hotels and try to slip around unobserved, by their very secrecy attracting more attention even than the cumbersome Germans.

BISMARCK herring has disappeared from among the forty-two hors-d'œuvres at the famous Excelsior Restaurant because French guests objected to the German name and the Dutch headwaiter insisted he could think of no other. Café orchestras resolutely refuse to play "Wir fahren gegen Engel-



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land" or "We're Gonna Hang out the Washing on the Siegfried Line," but it's possible, at a late hour, when the Gestapo boys have retired, to persuade the Viennese violinist at the Hôtel de l'Europe to sing anti-Nazi verses to Viennese songs.

The English enjoy relating an incident that occurred at the Restaurant Royale in The Hague on New Year's Eve, when a group of roistering Nazis bullied the orchestra conductor into playing "Deutschland über Alles." The first strains brought an unexpected number of irate Frenchmen and Britons to their feet, and "Deutschland über Alles" petered out in a quick and undignified manner while a battle royal threatened, with the Allies far outnumbering the Central Power. The French insisted that the "Marseillaise" be played to purify the atmosphere, but the restaurant manager demurred. Then the British suggested "Whistle While You Work," and the manager, overjoyed at what seemed to be such an easy way out, waved frantically for his orchestra conductor to begin. The British won the day, because with the first notes every Briton roared forth:

> Whistle while you work. Ribbentrop's a twirp, Hitler's balmy, So's his army. Whistle while you work.

CIMILAR situations arise in the Am-Sterdam waterfront dives, where burly deckhands from a dozen nations solemnly dance with one another to such tunes as "K-K-K-Katy" or "Three o'Clock in the Morning," produced when a coin worth two and a half cents is dropped into an ancient music box. Dive proprietors become apprehensive when men from the belligerent countries get together; a few weeks ago some Polish sailors killed a German because he was wearing a swastika on his coat, and most of the Amsterdam places now refuse to admit German sailors. Over on the eastern coast, German boats are still making the run from Emden to nearby ports in Holland, and, to avoid trouble, the Dutch authorities endeavor to keep other shipping away from those ports, but every once in a while crowds of English and French deckhands with time to kill in Amsterdam decide to go over that way for a weekend and clean up on the Germans. A mountainous Scotch sailor returning from one such foray said it was a "bloody shame" there were so few Germans about because it took all the fun out of coming into port. The Italian sailors either have not heard of Mussolini's Axis policy or they fail to subscribe to it, because they always side with the Allies. In one dive not long ago, two English sailors, five Belgians, and six Italians were heard lustily singing "Tipperary" together in three languages.

THE spirit of Holland is distinctly anti-German at the present time, although any levelheaded Dutchman will tell you without hesitation that his

nation's interest in the war is first and foremost commercial. Dutchmen will favor the side that seems to have the upper hand, and right now this is undeniably the Allies. Down at

The Hague, Queen Wilhelmina conducts her government in a genteel and generally satisfactory manner. Rheumatism has prevented her from strapping on her skates even once this winter and several of her palace attendants believe it will probably also keep her off her bicycle from now on. Princess Juliana, who is rapidly acquiring her mother's proportions and her talent for castigating elderly and obstreperous Ministers by shouting vituperation at them, has been skating daily in her short mink coat and Red Riding Hood cap trimmed with white fur.

THE streets, and particularly the railway stations, are full of contented-looking, red-cheeked soldiers in uniforms of much better quality and a slightly lighter tint of green than those of the German Army. Mobilizing the Dutch troops at the front constitutes

no great problem, because almost every section of the nation is within an hour's ride of some part of the front and the Army is not big enough to present transportation difficulties. All in all, the Dutch front is not a serious matter. Families visit it on weekends, usually with wives and children spending one Sunday at the front and the soldiers coming home the following one. Men returning to the front in crowded trains are laden down with cheeses, sausages,

fruit, and heavy woollen underwear and socks. They seem surprised when asked how the food in the Army is; evidently they are unable to conceive of an army in which the food is not

equal to that in a well-fed Dutch household. Telephone communications with the front are excellent, but families are urged in newsreel shorts not to bother the men with unnecessary calls, as it involves summoning them from their military duties.

Finland has inspired Holland, along with the other small countries. Rotund Dutchmen solemnly thump their tables in the Astoria Restaurant while waiting for the waiter to clear up the shells of a dozen Zeeland oysters or the remains of a brace of brown roasted pullets, and declare with all the conviction that comes of centuries of contentment that Holland will do to Germany what Finland is doing to Russia. There are British military experts here who think the Dutch Army could hold up a German advance for just about five minutes. —Bernard Lansing



Clear, true, sunlit red, fresh as the tropic flower which inspired it! Fashianed by Charles of the Ritz as a spirited accent for Spring's navy blues, greys, black.

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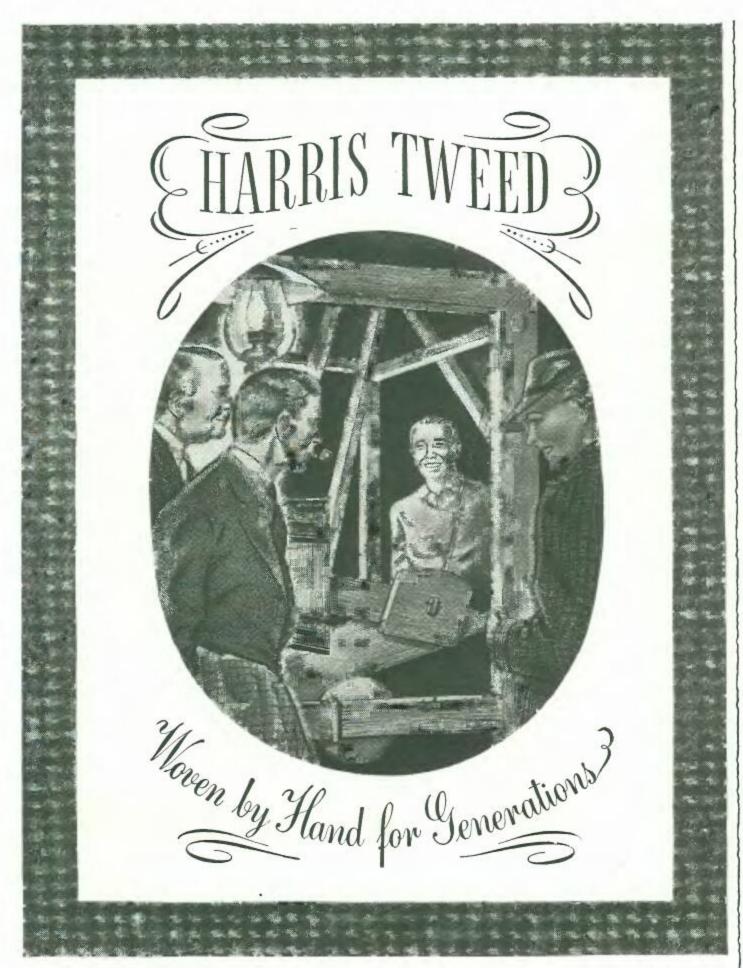
MARCH IN NEW ENGLAND

This is the moldy time of year
When gray neuroses leave their cave
And in the drizzling atmosphere
Their tattered pinions slowly wave.
From puffs beneath our eyes they leer;
They dull our razors while we shave.

These are the days when friendships snap And marriages rock to and fro, Dogs misbehave, the children scrap, The sundials rust, the clocks run slow, And worries yawn deep as the gap Of molars pulled two days ago.

Think not a change of clime would calm
The annual fits of this disease.
They run, with conscience and with psalm,
Down three New England centuries.
I'd sulk beneath a coco palm,
And punch your head in Celebes.

-ROBERT HILLYER





Sixty MILES west of the mainland of Scotland lies a group of small, rocky islands known as the Outer Hebrides. This is the only place in the world where Harris Tweed is made.

Blessed with infinite patience, the Hebridean has the ideal temperament for a skilful weaver. Since the making of Harris Tweed is the chief means of support on the Outer Hebrides, the Hebrideans are intolerantly proud of the fabric's character and beauty.

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OF ALL THINGS

THIRD-TERMERS are going ahead on the assumption that Roosevelt will run. If he does not volunteer, they will catch him with a Selective Service Act.

Not many freeborn American citizens would like to be Sumner Welles. He has to listen to all the arguments in Europe and never talk back.

Our Undersecretary of State made an important discovery in Berlin. If the British want to get this war off their hands, all they have to do is lose it.

The French have started rationing food, but they don't plan to do anything about wine. Everybody wants to help, but there is no use in going to silly extremes.

Canada finds that refugees from Germany are adding materially to the wealth and prosperity of the Dominion. Population may not be as bad a thing for a country as some people think.

Since his defeat in the primary, Governor Earl Long has completely lost control of his legislature. Louisiana politicians are now trying to keep up with Jones.

The conviction of the racketeer Lepke is another fine victory for Dewey. Admiring New Yorkers are saying that district-attorneying should be his lifework.

The Administration is trying to think up ways to bring together the idle man and the idle dollar. These two loafers ought to know each other better.

According to the *Herald Tribune*, forty-nine "unterrified" countries will be our guests at Flushing Meadows this year. None but the brave deserve the Fair.

Bedloe's Island is being turned into a beautiful national park. The Statue of Liberty will soon become a lovely spot for New Yorkers never to go to.

—Howard Brubaker



SEAGRAM'S "v.o." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old. SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Copr., 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices: New York



LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 2 (BY CABLE)

R. CHURCHILL hit off the mood of these last few days exactly when he ended his speech at the lunch to the officers and men of the Exeter and Ajax in the Guildhall with the now famous phrase "The Navy is here." The Navy is here all right, bang in the centre of the spotlight, which excellent showmanship has

focussed on it at precisely the psychological moment. The march through London of the men who helped do in the Graf Spee was one of those things that are managed super-

latively well in these parts. The police, forgetting for the day their wartime regulation that crowds must be kept moving, good-humoredly tried to keep the excited crowds stationary. Everybody told everybody else sentimentally that it was just like dear old King George's Silver Jubilee all over again, and people struggled out of the mob saying, "Hope Winnie lets us take a look at the Cossack chaps, too."

On the morning after the Altmark incident, even the mildest City gentlemen toddled off suburban trains with their bowlers at a sea-dog angle and cutlasses figuratively between their teeth. Some of the Altmark men were the guests of honor recently at a cocktail party held in the Press Club at the Press and Censorship Bureau, which takes up a wing of the Ministry of Information Building. The men sat in a row, cheerfully holding their own against the questions of the newspapermen around them, and had warmed up to the party nicely by the time one of the lady censors got a peek at them. She asked a sailor if it had been very cold on the Altmark, and he said that it had been warm enough while they were in the tropics but that after they turned north none of them had taken off their clothes for a second. Presently he asked her if she would like a souvenir of the Altmark, and fished out of his pocket a pair of gloves he had made while he was a prisoner-ingenious things which he had pieced out of scraps of blanket and which, quite possibly, he had been saving for his best girl until he got carried away by the Press Club cocktails. The lady was thrilled, naturally, and tucked them away in her handbag before he could change his mind.

Perhaps all this excitement about the sailors spurred the aviators on to make their dramatic flights over Berlin this week. People say with a chuckle, "They

popped over again last night, I see," but they can't understand why the Germans let them get away with it. Londoners like to think that a squadron or two of Heinkels droning over Piccadilly would be given a warmer reception.

RECRUITING of volunteers to go to Finland is going ahead briskly. Some of them are already over there

and a skiing battalion is now being formed under the auspices of Captain Hubert Martineau, well known to St. Moritz regulars, who had the crack skiing pro, Bill Brack-

en, help him get up a list of names of likely recruits. It must have seemed like old Suvretta Week to the crowd who went down to Hampshire last week to start training. After a short course there, the volunteers are going to a French winter-sports resort to polish up a bit on ski soldiering.

A good deal of speculation has been roused by the questionnaire which has been sent around to each volunteer and which, after the usual questions about physical fitness and so on, asks whether the individual is thoroughly experienced in mountain and glacier work. There being hardly any mountains and no glaciers in Finland, it's a nice point whether this is somebody's geographical slipup or whether it means that the battalions are eventually destined for a terrain where mountains and glaciers are plentiful. Again, it may be just the official way of making the recruits hazy as to where they're likely to end up, since people will talk in spite of the amusing new Fougasse posters that tell them not to. One of the officials concerned with getting this ski unit together sat at dinner the other night next to a woman who, not knowing who he was, started telling him all about it. After she'd given him chapter and verse as to where the battalion was going and what all (frightfully hush-hush, of course, and coming from someone very high up in the War Office, as stories like that are always supposed to), the official replied gravely that, as a matter of fact, she was wrong. The men, he said, were being sent to Egypt; hadn't she heard about these marvellous new skis adapted for desert travel? She was impressed as anything and said she'd suspected all along that it was Egypt.

THE first directory of emergency addresses has just been issued and makes fascinating browsing. One or

two firms give alternative addresses to be used only "if London is rendered uninhabitable," but the majority appear to be already installed elsewhere, with new telegraphic addresses and everything. Among the film companies, Columbia is rusticating in Kent and United Artists in Bucks, while the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company of Canada has moved to the Barrie-ish address of The House in the Wood, Hindhead. It's ironical to note that the Royal Society of Arts moved for safety to a Georgian mansion at Uckfield, Sussex, which burned to the ground the other day.

A great many of the firms listed have probably brought their staffs back to London by now, although spring is only just around the corner and spring is when everyone seems to expect that "something will happen." It's a fine state of affairs when a primrose by the river's brim isn't a simple primrose any more but simply a reminder to keep the gas mask handy and make sure you're spry at beating it across the road to an air-raid shelter.

-Mollie Panter-Downes

Flashing a light in the murky surroundings he found the partially opened package exposing a human hand. Nearby was another newspaper-wrapped bundle. Gingerly loosening the paper, the patrolman was shocked to find a human leg.... Just before dark another gruesome find was made in a sewer at Lombard and Wolfe streets. It was part of a woman's torso and a heart which was scarred with stab wounds. Murder was the only answer.

It's good enough for us.

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[From the Havana Post]

Harry C. Wood, auditor in chief for the Pan American Airways, Eastern Division, Miami, went home yesterday on the regular Pan American plane. On return from a recent trip to South America he became somewhat indisposed of health, suddenly and permanently recovered as he set foot on Cuban soil. Local doctors who had been asked by Miami to look him up at the hotel failed to reach him in several instances. Unaware of worries for him, unthoughtful of any kidding, he stepped out to savour country life in the wilds, huge rats in rapid training amusements over his head in the thick of night to contemplate, enough attention left to sneak an ear switch at Mike Rodriguez snoring in the next room, unperturbed from his own private experience. Both were in hunting for quails for two days at finca Pilar, located on the road to Rancho Boyeros, the visitor, sound of health, in no need of medical prescriptions.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THERE has frequently been loud yammering in these columns about our big shops not specializing sufficiently. Fearful lest a competitor grab a customer for so much

as a scarf, each shop is likely to buy a little of everything to be found elsewhere. (To be sure, considerable ingenuity is exerted to make each offering sound like something else again; a new brown is publicized as "Terra del Fuego brown" at one place and as "Buenos Aires loam" in a rival establishment.) Customers who just shop around can always find wonderful temptations scattered in their path, but such careless progress maddens women who are in quest of a definite item. You want, say, a wine-colored wool suit at a specific price. Every shop in town always has one or two wine-colored suits for what you want to pay, and it will always order your size or have the gray model you like made up in wine color, but you have to do plenty of searching, unless you are awfully lucky, to find the right wine-colored suit on the same day you set out to find it. There is still too much sameness in the character of our departmentalized shops, but the situation is improving. For a couple of years now, there has been an increasing inclination among the shops to concentrate on models that are their very own. These are designed by members of the staff and executed in various sizes in the establishment's own workrooms. They have come to be known as "originals," which is unfortunate, since this word, like "tolerance," "genius," and "Americanism," has been so kicked around that its meaning is all but lost.

Sophie Gimbel and Emmett Joyce are turning out a thousand such models a year at Saks-Fifth Avenue. The mood of these models betrays the fact that these designers are mourning the retirement of the great Chanel and yearn to create fashions to meet the needs her dresses met—you know, lacy and sheer and exquisite by night, tailored but dainty by day. Their current models, some of which you will find in the custom Salon Moderne on the third floor and many of which you will find on the ready-to-wear fifth floor, have all the youthful invention you could desire. There is the glorified shirtwaist dress that is so smart on a poised woman; it's in a gray-and-white print with pleats below the waistline released in time to give a slightly rounded hip. Right in line with Paris, another print, in pink and purple, achieves the rounded hip with slight gathers on a hip yoke. There are numerous printed dresses with circular full-length aprons or hiplength aprons pulled tight around the body and edged by a ruffle matching another around the square neck. Some printed dresses have short, tailored jackets to match; some have redingotes in plain color and lined with the print. Among the latter, look at a dress combining black and a pale turquoise blue (a color they love at Saks this season and which they have named Sophie blue); it has black lace edging its ascot and a fitted coat of the turquoise to match. The prints here are all imported and are perfectly lovely.

For evening, there are enchanting full-skirted filmy dresses with simple tops; one of gray net has a high-necked, long-sleeved, transparent top of gray lace that makes deep V's in the skirt. Another is made of white organdie with an embroidered pattern in navy blue; white organdie is used again to make a dress that has deep splashes of cerise flowers here and there in the skirt. Black-and-white striped marquisette appears in a gown with butterflies—some printed and others applied—on it. These clothes are memorable, well-bred things, and even the oncoming French models (the buyers for the Salon Moderne picked up no less than eighty when they were last in Paris) will be proud to be seen with them.

DONWIT TELLER'S frivolous mind takes especial delight these days in the negligee department, and small wonder, for imaginative doings at low prices seem to be the rule here. A group of pinafore negligees includes a gingham-plaid taffeta one, the kind you could wear dancing, which has a basque top, a zipper down the back, and a full skirt; it's \$16.95. A challis-type negligee of printed spun rayon is ruffled and puff-sleeved and girlish; a blue- or redand-white gingham-checked taffeta affair looks, unfortunately, like an elongated house dress. Bonwit Teller are also making a renewed to-do over onepiece tailored pajamas with pleated or



"There isn't much I can do. This one eyebrow is naturally quizzical."

Birds in a gildled cage

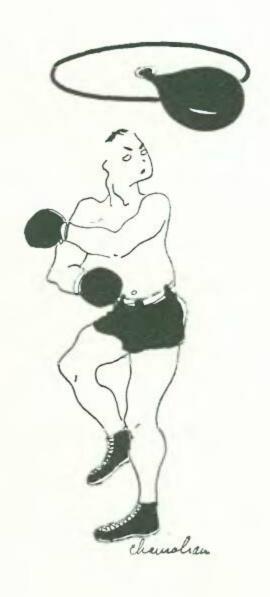
Gift presentation of Lenthéric Perfumes • Flacon each of Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai or A Bientôt \$4.00

Lenthéric



flowing bottoms so wide that they give the effect of house coats—something for all day long at a resort and for lounging around the house anywhere. One made of a dusty-green-and-white print with a handsome coppery leather belt is particularly impressive at \$15. Other pajamas have robes to match; some are made of a spun rayon which resembles a thin, spongy wool. A deepblue robe with striped sash, revers, and cuffs goes over striped pajamas consisting of pleated pants and a round-necked, buttoned top; robe and pajamas are just \$12.95 each, for all that Charvet look. A house coat of the same striped fabric has a fitted back and two straps, making a high waistline, across the front; it is divine and costs \$10.95. A set of two-piece pajamas is made of a print on which Red Caps laden with luggage are scampering across a white background; the robe accompanying this may be of blue or red spun rayon with printed revers.

When it comes to more intimate underwear, they are having fun (and success) here with hospital nightgowns made of crêpe de Chine. Little ruffles grow around the neck and wrists of these, and they're box-pleated for fullness, but otherwise they conform to regulations, being buttoned down the back and thigh-length. They would cheer up an invalid more than that twenty-third box of tulips, and they cost \$12.95. The shirtwaist type of long-sleeved nightgown with drawnwork and bits of applique are here, too; \$7.95. Flaming-youth petticoats in brilliant rayon taffetas have pleated flounces at the bottom, or—for fancy—



pleated lace ruffles. There is even one petticoat in a candy stripe.

T may still be news to three or four readers that the Rose Laird cosmetics are inspired and expert, both for adults and for youngsters and adolescents. You can buy them at her salon or at Bonwit Teller. Miss Laird has a new kit called Beauty Fair, containing eight of her preparations in ample quantities and costing \$3.50. This includes her superb face lotion, Solo cream, Chaperone hand cream, cologne, and makeup. The salon is still improving on a permanent that up to now I had thought was perfection. They give you a shampoo with cream (not soap, which is drying) both before and after the permanent and apply a new milky lotion to the hair when it is wound. The result is that your hair is softer and silkier than you would believe likely.... Charbert is all ready for an early Easter with new colognes, scented with Deep Lilac, Pink Hyacinth, or Mountain Greenery. A dollar for a two-ounce bottle of any one of them.... It's about time we got around to mentioning Jay-Thorpe's new Hearts and Flowers in cologne and bath-powder form. It arrived on our desk Valentine's Day and looked right in key, what with the lace ruffle and rosebud at the neck of the bottle, but it is a scent that should make you feel adorable all through the year. It's very sweet (so be careful not to give it to a tailored type), with lots and lots of —L. L. rose.

Warfield, 1001, corner Fairbanks— Modern, spacious three-room dinette, bedroom; exclusive panoramic view.—Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

For the better class of beholder.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin of New York told the congress that a "needlessly high maternal morality still exists very widely throughout the country" despite all the work which has been done by private and governmental agencies in reducing it.

—Boston Herald.

Well, let's keep hammering away.

NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[From an adv. in The New Yorker]

Mrs. Gail Borden—chic round-theworld traveler, much-sought-after member of Chicago's North Shore set—enjoys entertaining at home. As she herself says: "I love having friends in for dinner." And since her friends include artists, musicians, and literary figures, her dinners are always great fun.



Wouldn't You like to be a Perfect 12...14...or...16?

Have alterations made on your figure at the Elizabeth Arden Salon to avoid having alterations made on your clothes!

You can have your waist-measure, your hip-measure and your bust-measure in perfect proportion to your height. There are courses available for every need...exercise, body massage, Ardena Baths. Make an appointment to come in and let us tell you how long it will take (and how much it will cost) to have a lovely figure.

Elignteth Anden

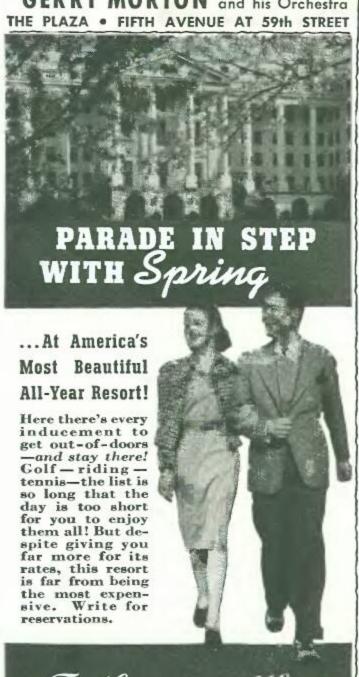
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AT DINNER AND SUPPER Henry King at Saturday Cocktail Dansant Ann Francine at Sunday Cocktail Dansant Maurice & Cordoba Sunday at Dinner TEA DANSANT DAILY & SUNDAY Tea \$1. Weekdays- \$1.50 Saturday and Sunday

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. FEBRUARY 21, 1940

To the Editors of The New Yorker, DEAR SIRS:

S a recent Hill boy ('38), I read your Profile on Miss Mildred Dilling, the Harp Lady, in the February 3rd issue, with great interest and pleasure. I was particularly charmed by the last paragraph of the Profile, dealing with the recital at The Hill during which Miss Dilling told the assembled school of a wad of gum once deposited by Harpo Marx on her harp bench. She kept it there always, she said, for good luck. The gum, you will remember, was promptly stolen. I, for one, have good reason to recall the missing wad.

After I had been at The Hill for a while, I deserted my first roommate, a fellow named Pittis, for a spectacular, hollow-eyed Ohioan named Hubert Merryweather. Merryweather was called Stormy at The Hill, and has since become a minor tradition there, mainly because he used to climb roofs, smash furniture, and break windows. He had a collection of odd bits of Americana which contained, among other things, a wrapper of gum thrown away by an ex-Governor of Georgia and a book that had been read by Al Capone.

At the fatal recital I was seated between Merryweather and Pittis. When Miss Dilling told the story behind the gum, I glanced at Merryweather and found him positively aglow with kleptomania. Pittis, too, had a queer light in his eyes. Merryweather saw the expression on Pittis's face and nodded significantly at me.

When the recital was finished, we dashed for the stage, together with about half the school. On the way I bodychecked Pittis into the orchestra pit, where he remained, scrambling about among the kettledrums. While a dozen

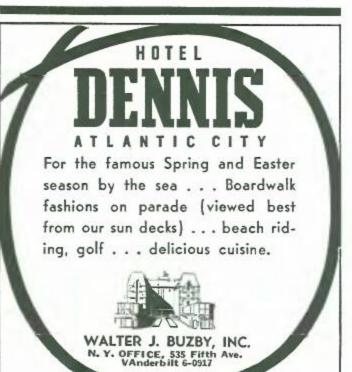


ULTIMATE IN MODERN!



Did you know that Modernage designs and makes the greater part of all Modern furniture shown in its display?

Open Mon. and Thurs. 162 East 33rd St. till 9 P.M.





or so lower-form boys crowded around Miss Dilling, who was showing them the calluses on her fingers, Merry-weather and I—the "mischievous urchins"—dislodged Harpo's wad from the underside of the harp bench.

For a day or so we exhibited it proudly to a select group, but after the Head, at Miss Dilling's request, gave us a lecture on manners, we grew nervous. As things stood, Merryweather had two strikes on him at the Dean's office, and he didn't want to take any chances. We finally decided to return the gum, after Merryweather had shaved a small piece from the wad to add to his collection. We sent the gum in a bottle to Miss Dilling, together with a dollar bill (mine), which we urged her to use for the purchase of a glass cover to protect it from further tampering. Mr. Kahn, in your Profile, says that no one will ever know whether the gum Miss Dilling got back was chewed by a Hill boy or by Harpo Marx. I can assure Mr. Kahn that Miss Dilling now possesses at least ninety-five per cent of the original wad.

Penitently yours,
Coles Phinizy

THERE'S AN ECHO IN THIS ROOM

[From "Sam," by John Selby]

She looked Sam over and smiled in spite of herself. "You're getting a little watermelon there in front." —Page 12.
... the watermelon stomach a little larger... —Page 121.

Mary watched Sam strain forward over the little watermelon... —Page 145. ... and the watermelon gurgled as it

rocked. —Page 166.
Sam slowly turned his watermelon about... —Page 205.

Sam grinned and looked down at his flourishing watermelon. —Page 219.
... his watermelon seemed a little bigger and sagged a little more than it had in the

Sam folded his hands on his watermelon, and watched.

-Page 246.

-Page 252.

... pains shot about inside his watermelon whenever he got nervous.

Both his hands flew to his watermelon... —Page 270.
...he was having trouble with his

watermelon. —Page 274.
... the little legs were contracting to furnish the expanding watermelon and

neck with material. —Page 277.
... a shooting pain in the core of the

watermelon. —Page 280.
... but the watermelon was not reduced and the pains inside it were not allayed.
—Page 293.

He pulled up the watermelon ...

-Page 298.

Sam began laughing, the watermelon shaking like a huge jellied pudding.

-Page 332.



FOUR TIMES AS USEFUL

As their name implies, Brooks Country Suits are designed primarily for suburban or rural wear...but many of them are quite appropriate for general use in town, too. And with the jackets wearable with odd trousers (frequently with odd waistcoats or sweaters, as illustrated)...or the trousers with odd jackets...their utility is not merely doubled but actually quadrupled. Herringbones and Diagonals from Scotland, hand-spun and hand-woven Harris Tweeds from the Island of Harris and Lewis, Donegal Homespuns from Ireland... ready-made in three-piece suits ranging from \$62 to \$78.





SI, SENOR! Like the difference between a tropical cruise and a boat ride!

Make your next Daiquiri, Old-Fashioned, Collins, Highball, or Cuba Libre with Bacardi, the world's finest rum and taste the wonderful difference!

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The world's finest RUM

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Dollar, a Violin, and Two Pianos

THE Metropolitan would increase that endowment fund considerably if it could collect a dollar from everyone in town who thinks he knows how to produce "Le Nozze di Figaro." There is

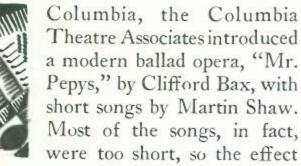
Nozze di Figaro." There is something about the current presentation that starts arguments in the lobbies between acts. You may be talking to a friend you had known up to that time only as somebody who went to the opera as a spectator; suddenly, you discover that this apparently passive customer has become an expert on Mozart, da Ponte, Beaumarchais, Salzburg, Glyndebourne, and eighteenth-century architecture. Then along comes his wife, and she says, "Don't pay any attention to that. I've been reading up on this opera, and what they should have done is . . . " It all indicates that the Metropolitan's revival is one of the season's most stimulating events, even if some of us don't turn in three rahs, seven rays, and a locomotive for all the details.

Mme. Jarmila Novotna joined last week's cast as Cherubino, doing delightfully by herself and by Mozart. It would be interesting to see what would happen if Mme. Novotna and Mme. Bidu Sayao swapped rôles, the former singing Susanna and the latter taking over Cherubino. That's another of these "Now, if it were up to me" suggestions, and I think I'll start a useful precedent by sending the Metropolitan a dollar for having indulged in it.

"Tristan und Isolde" also enjoyed a change in its cast last week when Alexander Kipnis went on as King Mark. There have been times in other years when the King appeared to be a loquacious lull, but Mr. Kipnis managed to make him one of the most human and moving persons in the entire Wagnerian gallery.

Mozart was represented uptown as well as on Fortieth Street last week, for the students at the Juilliard School presented "Cosí Fan Tutte" four times in their auditorium under the able direction of Albert Stoessel. The music of "Cosí Fan Tutte" seems to be more attractive at every hearing. It was a tidy production, and the young singers were especially efficient in their management of the Italian recitative, which isn't so simple as it sounds.

A few blocks away, in Earl Hall at



sometimes was scrappy. The show, however, was fetching entertainment, charming and adroit both in the words and the music. The Columbians sang agreeably, and the young ladies of the sextet were the best-looking ensemble on view in any musicianly enterprise hereabouts this season.

NE of the wisest of musicians once observed that a very young man with a fiddle starts as a Wunderkind, continues as a violinist, and then may become an artist. Ruggiero Ricci, who was a prime Wunderkind about ten years ago, is apparently going through this routine. At his recent Carnegie Hall recital, he was far beyond the "violinist" stage, and most of the time he was an artist. Technically and musically, he apparently had everything, and his performance revealed no fancy mannerisms. There were points where he didn't make complete contact with what he was playing, but there's no doubt that he'll take hold all along the line before he has given many more concerts here. The more he plays, the better he gets.

ANY students of pianism can tell you how this master or that plays a certain item-let's say Chopin's Bflat minor scherzo. These scholarly concertgoers are stumped, however, when it comes to finding a formula for Josef Hofmann's performance of the scherzo or of almost anything else he plays. Mr. Hofmann, at his only scheduled recital here this season, was still finding unconventional treatments for familiar music. Next time, Mr. Hofmann undoubtedly will have entirely different approaches to some of these compositions, and they'll seem as definitive as the ones he offered Sunday night. That's the astonishing element in Mr. Hofmann's art. It's always fresh because, after all these years of giving concerts, the pianist continues to find new and interesting ways of treating the mu-SIC.

The weekend also brought the only recital of the semester for Mme. Guiomar Novaes, who remains one of the most enjoyable of pianists. Her play-

ing continues to be engagingly romantic, and there's an unaffected musical intelligence back of the romanticism.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

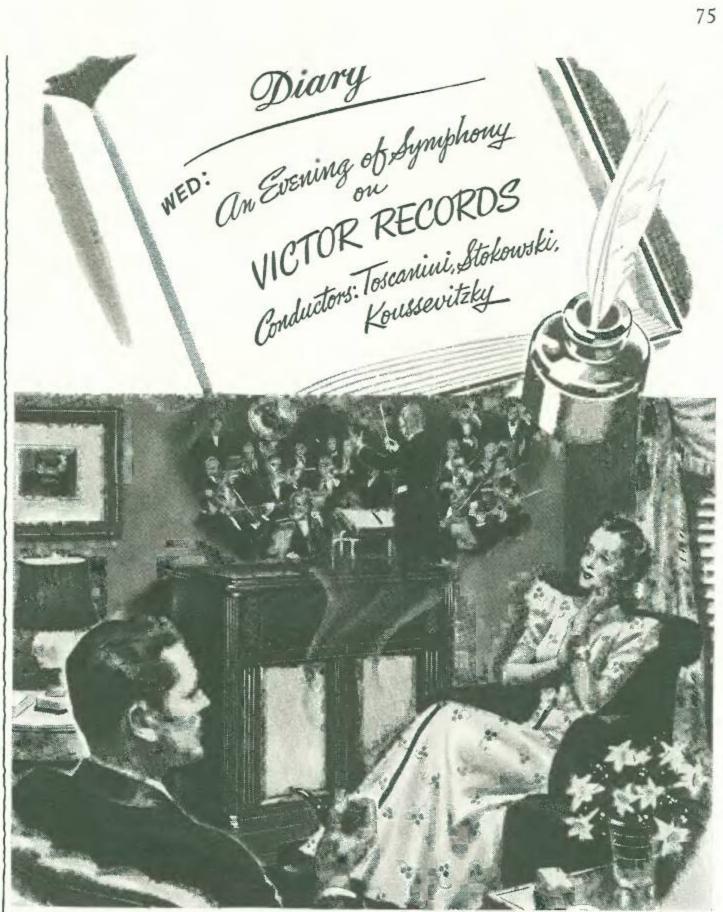
POPULAR RECORDS

Puppets and Parlors

OST of the recording companies have climbed aboard the "Pinocchio" band wagon, and the result is a pretty thorough coverage of the music from the Walt Disney film. Victor seems to have had the preferred seat, for it has been able to record its pieces direct from the sound track of the picture. The album containing them (P-18) is a fancy business full of color reproductions from the movie's scenes. It holds three discs, with recordings of "When You Wish upon a Star," "Little Wooden Head," "Give a Little Whistle," "Hi Diddle Dee Dee," "I've Got No Strings," and "Turn on the Old Music Box," as sung by Pinocchio, Jiminy Cricket, J. Worthington Foulfellow, and the others. The songs are executed in variable tempi and shot through with bits of dialogue, so you won't be able to do much in the way of dancing to them. This won't seem a drawback, though, I'm sure, once you've listened to these enchanting performances.

ANOTHER of those parlor games in which everyone is expected to take part more or less violently is suggested by an album issued by a new company called Star Records and sold only at the Liberty Music Shops. The album goes under the title of "Hollywood Screen Test," and in it Ray Foster, an experienced film director, puts you through the paces of six actual screen tests, telling you what gestures to make and what lines to speak. He directs and you're supposed to act. If, under his guidance, you can "emote" before all your friends without breaking down, you've got something-nerve, probably. There is no music to this; it's all talk.

HAVING exhausted, or come very near to doing so, the possibilities of a "six-man quintet," Raymond Scott now turns to a large band for further experimentation. With it, he has made two excellent records for Columbia; one of them (35363) brings us "Huckleberry Duck," a Scott original, and "Just a Gigolo;" the other (35364), "Business Men's Bounce" and "The Peanut Vendor." The playing is symphonic (or)



Thurs.: We played our new Victor Album-Scenes from Wagner-"Tristan and Isolde," sung by Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior -the finale of "Götterdämmerung," sung by Mme. Flagstad ... Fri .: Party for Katie's birthday, and the children danced to the music of the popular bands they

love on Victor Records ... Sat.: Guffawed at Alec Templeton's newest musical whimsey on Victor Records. Went out later to see friends. Told

them to be sure not to miss the new Templeton records ... Sun.: Aunt Sue and Uncle John dropped in. Entertained them with chamber music . . . Then Uncle J. to our surprise, said: "Don't Victor

Records furnish snappier music, too?" So we finished off with Tommy Dorsey and Larry Clinton which they adored.

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crisp and see you through sum- thereabouts), expressive, and remark-

THE vocalists are always with us, 1 but it's something of an event when Hildegarde, Lee Wiley, and Jerry Colonna pop up almost at the same time. Hildegarde does charmingly soulful things with "All the Things You Are" and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" on Decca 23115. Miss Wiley's new album (Music Box Album No. 1), this one released by Rabsons Music Shop, offers such pieces by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart as "I've Got Five Dollars," "Here in My Arms," "You Took Advantage of Me," and one never heretofore published or recorded—"As Though You Were There." Miss Wiley is accompanied at times by Joe Bushkin's orchestra, at others by Max Kaminsky's. Colonna, on Columbia 35371, does extremely funny burlesques of "I Love Life," a serious song, and "My Mother Was a Lady," which was serious back in 1896.

THE waltz has been getting some attention from swing bands lately, and this time, at any rate, most of the best recordings seem to be non-swing. In fact, you'll find only two real swing pieces (marked with an asterisk) in the following list of choice items:

BEAUTIFUL OHIO and MISSOURI WALTZ— Glenn Miller and his orchestra. If the waltz does come back, we can credit Glenn Miller with starting it on its way. Here's one of his experiments, in which two old melodies are beautifully played. (Bluebird B-10587)

DARN THAT DREAM and My FANTASY—
Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. The
familiar Whiteman symphonic treatment
comes off particularly well here. "My Fantasy," borrowed from the Polovtsian Dances in Borodin's "Prince Igor," responds
well to his rhythmic touch. (Decca 2937)
Too Royantic and Sweet Porato Piper.

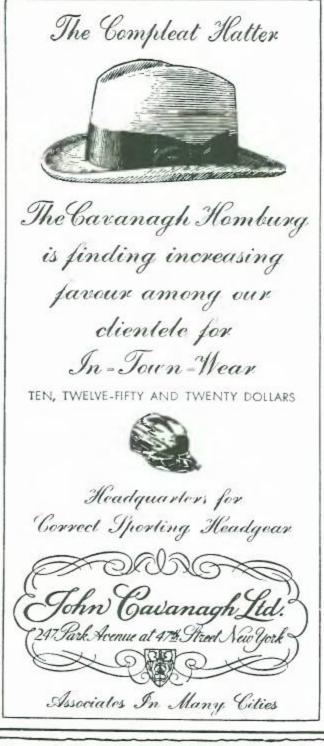
Too Romantic and Sweet Potato Piper— Johnny Green and his orchestra. Neat arrangements, effective vocals (by Jack Smith in "Too Romantic" and Louanne in "Sweet Potato Piper"), plus the leader's pianistic fillips make these worth while. (Royale 1839)

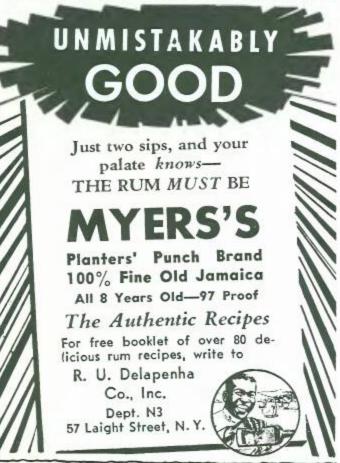
Comanche War Dance* and Tappin' at the Tappa*—Charlie Barnet and his orchestra. The first is played at a medium tempo, the second at a slow one, and both are fluently delivered. An imaginative group of variations entitles "Tappin'" to special mention. (Bluebird B-10584)

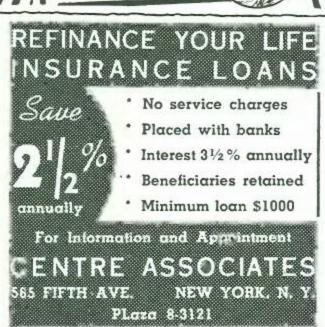
I Concentrate on You and I've Got My Eves on You—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Clever and uncluttered orchestrations and smooth playing mark both pieces, yet they would somehow lack something if it weren't for the singing of Anita Boyer in the first and of Allan DeWitt in the latter. (Victor 26470)

ALBUM OF TANGOS—Nano Rodrigo and his orchestra. The suave rhythm of the tango richly demonstrated by a gifted group performing ten melodious selections, including the wistful "Piedad" and "Jealousy." No question about it, this is a fascinating collection. (Decca Album 70)

-Offbeat







THE RACE TRACK

Many Dollars-Many Stings



I SUPPOSE Seabiscuit's success in the Santa Anita Handicap might be called a triumph of persistence. Twice—in

1937 and 1938—he missed winning the \$100,000 event by an inch or two, and last year, just before he was ready to try again, he went lame. After that mishap he spent ten months at Charlie Howard's San Ysidro stock farm, which must have thoroughly rejuvenated him, for last Saturday he carried 130 pounds and did the mile and a quarter in 2:01 1/5, a new track record. Seabiscuit's share of the purse was \$86,650, which brought his earnings to date up to \$437,730-\$60,986 ahead of Sun Beau's grand total. So at last Sun Beau's owner, Willis Sharpe Kilmer, will have to take down the huge sign on his farm in Virginia advertising the place as the home of the world's greatest money-winning horse.

I confess to a momentary feeling of anxiety as I listened to the broadcast of the race, which, except for bad-weather reports, is about the only news out of California that the Miami radio stations have time for. I was afraid Seabiscuit would tire from following the fast pace of Whichcee so closely. Of course, if he had weakened, his stablemate, Kayak II, who finished second, would have won, as he did last year, but that wouldn't have been quite the same to Howard, who was determined to put Seabiscuit at the top of the winning list.

Now, barring bad luck, there's no reason Seabiscuit can't in time win half a million dollars, for he's only seven years old. He has already run eightynine races, but he ran thirty-five of them when he was a two-year-old. Lots of good horses have run a hundred-Exterminator, Display, Dr. Freeland, and Gallant Sir, to name a few. Sellingplaters run oftener—some are out every other day, apparently-but nobody really bothers to keep track of them. I do recall two, though: George de Mar, who ran in 333 races, and Tippity Witchet, who was no bigger than Victory Morn and used to crouch in his stall and whine before he was saddled. He ran in 266.

THE race for the Widener Challenge Cup at Hialeah Park last Saturday was a frantic, cluttered-up affair,





Where d'ya think you're goin', lady, to a fire?

No, handsome! I'm looking for a cup of delicious hot BOYRIL to take the ice out of these gear-shifters.

Hot BOVRIL is it? On your way, lady! Sure, and I'm getting some meself the minute I'm off duty.

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typical of big, final-day-of-the-meeting sweepstakes. The Chief made the early pace, but Jock Whitney's Woof Woof galloped so easily behind him that for a moment Whitney must have thought that a hunch of his might come true. When Whitney, who flew from Hollywood to see his colt run, stopped at Albuquerque, he saw a bulldog dashing around the airport, obviously a favorable omen for Woof Woof, who is by the stallion Bull Dog.

For all that, Woof Woof didn't run so well as he did in the Flamingo Stakes. Technician and Sir Damion tired quickly, too, and at the stretch turn Many Stings took the lead. Half a furlong from home, Big Pebble moved into second place. At that instant Many Stings swerved and bumped him, and then went on to win. As soon as he could get back to the weighing room, Seabo, Big Pebble's jockey, claimed a foul against Donoso, Many Stings' rider. The stewards talked it over for ten The stewards talked it over for ten minutes—ten minutes in which Joe Widener waited to present the cup; Mose Shapoff, Many Stings' trainer, went into a dither; and even Donoso, who is a Chilean and usually speaks through an interpreter, put in a few words. Finally the stewards decided the bumping wasn't serious.

I ELL, Hialeah Park has closed for the season and everyone is sorry. Many Stings won more money than any other horse at the meeting —\$52,000 in the Widener and \$10,625 in the McLennan Handicap. Flinchum was the leading jockey, with forty-nine winning mounts, ten more than Arcaro. Although Maemante won the Hialeah Juvenile Championship Stakes, it is anyone's guess who the best two-year-old is. Joe Widener's track had a perfectly amazing meeting; more people saw the races there than ever before, and bet more money. In all, more than \$25,000,000 was handled in the tote, which gives you a rough idea of what the betting should be in New York this season.

—Audax Minor

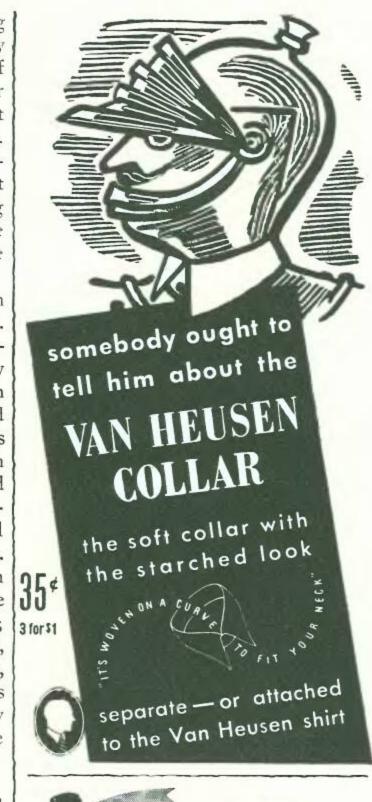
Dusk has fallen. The reporter recalls the Sandburg quatrain from "The People, Yes":

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.

And drowsy tinklings Iull the distant folds.

-Michel Mok in the Post.

"The People, Yes;" the Sandburg quatrain, no.





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HEH-VEN, PAWNBROKER

O long as Heh-ven had the pawnshop, he was rich. The minute he lost it, his morale seemed to crumble, and if the war had not made us all too busy in Shanghai for such trifles, he would probably have felt obliged to advertise in the Chinese newspapers that he was bankrupt.

Before the coming of the Japanese the pawnshop, upriver in a little country town near Nanking, had figured each month in the Pan family's calculations. Whenever they were faced with bills they could not pay, they said to each other, "There is the pawnshop." Whenever somebody threatened to sue Heh-ven for the large sums he was forever guaranteeing his friends for, he would first curse the friends who had let him down and then he would brighten up and say, "Fortunately we are still having the pawnshop. I am sending my second brother up there tomorrow to see if we cannot get a little money from them."

I cannot remember that Second Brother ever brought anything back, but by the time he returned, empty-handed and ashamed, all the principals in the case had met so often, for such long hours of talk, and they had consumed so many quarts of tea and smoked so many Abdulla cigarettes that somehow the case never came to court. By some obscure reasoning process, Heh-ven attributed this also to his pawnshop.

There were treasures in the pawnshop, which the Pans would tell each other about. There was the sable coat which Hehven generously decided to give Pei-yü, his wife; it was worth only about eight hundred Shanghai dollars, and when I heard of its beauty I was so excited that I bothered them for weeks to know

when it would arrive.

At last Heh-ven said, reassuring me, "What difference is it, there or here? Pei-yü has so many coats she would never wear it anyway."

"But somebody else will buy it," I insisted. "Have you told them yet to keep it for you? Have you paid for it?"

He looked at me pityingly. "Am I having eight hundred dollars in cash?"

"No," I admitted.

"Very well. They know I want it. They know how many thousands dollars are mine in that pawnshop's capital -you say 'capital'? -so do not be worried, for they will not worry for a little sum of eight hundred dollars," said Heh-ven. "Shall we send out for a bowl of noodles? Good. Have you sixty cents anywhere about you?"

IF I had not seen the pawnshop with my own eyes, I would not believe it ever existed, but I saw it. I was conducted there by three Pans-Father Pan, Pei-yü, and Heh-ven. It was in the spring of 1937, when the Japanese were still only an ever-present threat, off in Manchuria—something we thought of the way people in California think of the next earthquake-inevitable, of course, but not today.

We took the Nanking express train and got off at one of the way stations. The usual two Chinese soldiers were at the station gate at the end of the platform, waiting to inspect our luggage for contraband from Shanghai. Heh-ven stood on the train, peering at them; then he turned to me and reached out his hand.

"Your bag, please. Will you let me to put something in?"

Though puzzled, I naturally permitted it. He slipped a small package inside, zipped the bag closed, and ushered his little party through the customs inspection. The soldiers glanced at my bag, felt Heh-ven's clothes for weapons, and let us go through. In the large and rickety rickshaws which carried us away,

> the Pans looked at each other and giggled.

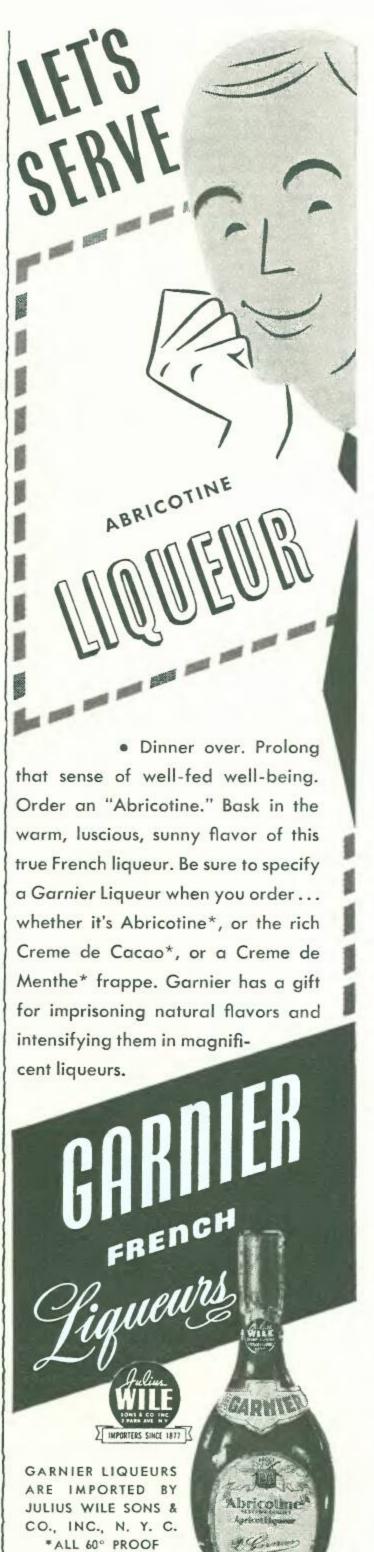
> "It is so convenient to carry a foreigner about, isn't it?" said Heh-ven. Father Pan smiled broadly. Pei-yü looked at me approvingly and reached over from her rickshaw for my bag, which she patted.

> "What is all this?" I asked.

With a beautiful simplicity, Heh-ven replied,

"My father's opium. You can now give it back to him. There will be no more customs."

I was still wondering if I should resent being imposed on in this way when we left the cobbled lanes and ancient yellow walls, continued along by a slowflowing river, and eventually turned into a pathway leading straight to the big city wall. We dismounted at a door set in this wall and knocked. After a long time the door was opened. We stepped inside, to follow a shambling, pale coolie





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who looked like a cellar-grown potato; he led us past a barred gate and several more doors, through pitch-dark corridors, and out at last into a courtyard with green-lit rooms beyond.

Everything was dark and cold. Three old men in caps with buttons on top bowed before us-bowed and bowed. We all repaired to one of the greenish rooms, where incense burned before a faded god. Then there was a lot of talk, some of it acrimonious, while I sat for hours, silent, in a stiff, short-legged, long-backed chair, my feet frozen, my hands curled for warmth around a tiny cup of tea. The argument went on and on; the Pans wanted money and the old men said the shop couldn't spare it. They refused with all the respect in the world, but they refused. I don't know how it turned out in the end, because I went into a sort of trance. Just before we left to catch the train back to Shanghai, Heh-ven offered to show me the pawnshop. We all walked through a gallery which seemed miles long and was lined with shelves. On the shelves were bundles-old clothes, from the look of them—all ticketed and dusty.

"Those farm peoples are pawning them in the spring," Heh-ven explained, "and taking them out again when it grows cold. Our treasures are in the treasure room. I will show you."

The oldest man led us downstairs and along a damp passage to a high door, crossbarred and locked and bolted, and, underneath all these precautions, made of ordinary wood. He unlocked it with a couple of enormous keys, and there we were in a small den, surrounded by high wooden file cases. They, too, were locked and double-locked, though I could have cut my way into any of them with a penknife.

"Here," said Heh-ven impressively, "are the jewels. Oh, wonderful treasures, you must know!" Then, tantalizingly, without having opened a box, we had to run for our train.

WHEN the Japanese came, in August, 1937, there was a good deal of scurrying back and forth between Shanghai and the inland cities along the Nanking railway. One couldn't take the train after the first few bombings, but there were other ways. An automobile road had been opened shortly before, all the way to Nanking; there had been a lot of fuss about it and proud pieces in the Chinese papers. Now it came in very handy. Lots of families sent representatives to their home towns to look after things, and as the Japanese crept around Shanghai, nearer and nearer to the back

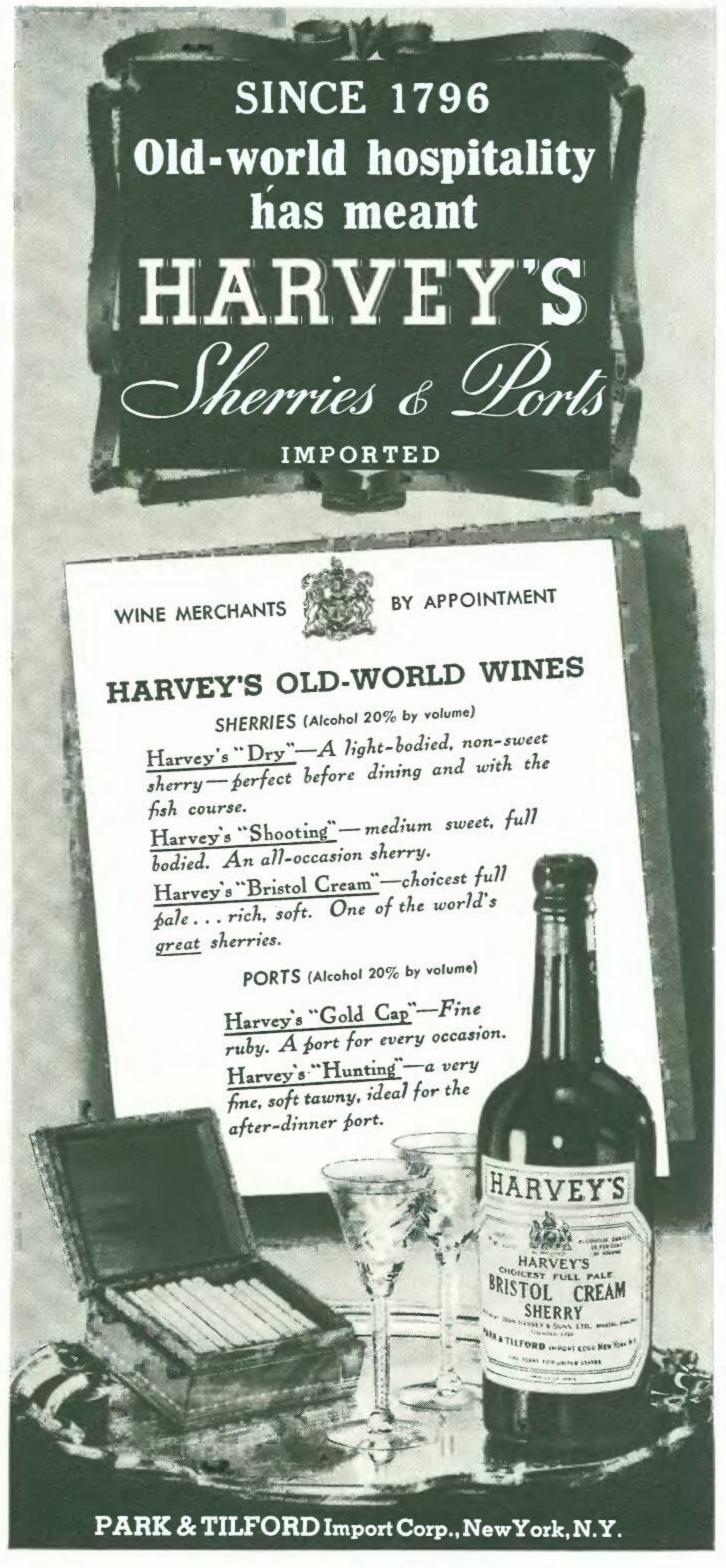
gate, the traffic grew confused. All that time, Heh-ven wondered if he had not better go and take care of the pawnshop. Once he actually did send Second Brother, but the old men refused to be looked after or to consider transporting themselves with the valuables to Shanghai. The Japanese, they said, would never get so far upriver.

The Japanese did, of course. They went further. They passed through that little town so quickly that it was scarcely worth a mention in the dispatches. The Pans were perturbed, and fretted, wondering about their pawnshop. For months it was impossible to get news. Even after the fall of Nanking, when the first traitor Chinese gained permission to leave Shanghai and wander over the smoking, empty fields around Nanking at will, nobody in the Pan family would apply for a pass. Word came at last about the old men-I never knew how. The pawnshop had been looted and burned to the ground. "But that is impossible," Heh-ven said stubbornly, "unless they burned down the whole wall, you must know." Then he heard that nothing had been touched, thanks to bribery. Then he heard that the old men had been captured and imprisoned by Japanese officers until they had disclosed the hiding place of the treasure. Then he heard that the old men were safe in hiding, out in the country. Hehven and Pei-yü believed every rumor implicitly, just as though they had not heard a different one the day before. It was terrible on the day they learned of the old men's death by torture. Everybody wept. Fortunately, on the day following, Heh-ven actually received a letter from the oldest old man. As soon as I arrived at the Pans', Heh-ven read the letter to me. It was cryptic and mysterious: "All goes well. I am selling the oil and will bring the drawings as soon as circumstances permit."

Heh-ven was overwhelmed with relief and joy, Pei-yü smiled, the children danced. Only I was puzzled. "What does he mean?" I asked.

"Why, it is perfectly clear," said Heh-ven. "He will change all the gold—oil, you see, yellow oil—into money, and the jewelries. All those heavy things. And then he will bring bank notes—drawings—to me. Oh, wonderful! Such a clever old man! He must have buried all those things safely. You see," he added in kindly, indulgent tones, "you need not have been worried. Everything turns out all right in China. Just as I told you." A few minutes later he left—left to borrow money on the pawnshop.

Some days later I dropped in again

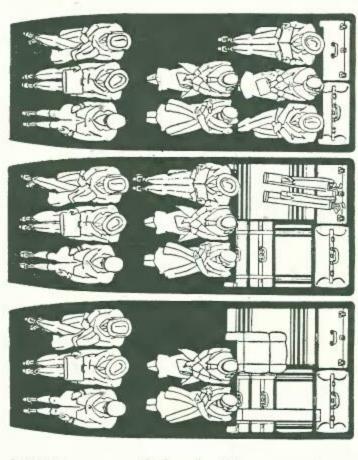




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STATION WAGON

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delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. and found the Pan family seething and boiling with excitement. The old men had arrived at last, eight months after the sack of their town. They were all gathered in the back room downstairs, which was the nursery. I peeped at them as I passed on my way to Pei-yü's quarters upstairs. They looked the same as ever and quite untortured. There was a young stranger with them, doing most of the talking. Heh-ven was smiling and drinking tea. Everything must be quite all right, I thought, climbing the stairs. I was happy that the Pans had not been ruined.

But when Heh-ven came up to report to Pei-yü, his face was dark with wrath. I found out very slowly what had happened. The young stranger was a nephew of one of the old men, and he had just explained to Heh-ven how the message sent by the oldest old man had been sent too soon, in ignorance. The fact was that everything was gone. The old man had indeed given orders to his servants to bury all the buriable treasures; he had seen the things covered up just before the Japanese arrived, and the stones stamped down on top of them, and the cellar put to rights. Then he had taken his goods and fled after all the others, who had already gone hours before. The pawnshop, it seems, had been left quite unguarded. The old men, through the young nephew, excused themselves by saying that they had figured it would look less suspicious that way.

After the occupying army had settled in, the old men had gone back to have a look, making their tottering, cautious way through shattered streets. Everything in that cellar under the wall looked the same. They had not, of course, dared to investigate, but they were so sure it was all right that they had sent the message to Heh-ven. When at last people began to go back, to find houses or ashes according to their luck, the old men returned again to the pawnshop. They found the cache empty. Only a jade earring remained, and three dollars of ancient coinage. The earth had been put down again and the stones stamped in on top. That, the old men said, was the story. Everything was lost, finished. The Pan pawnshop was no more.

Dramatically, Heh-ven exhibited the earring and the three dollars. I examined them in my turn. "... perfectly clear," Heh-ven was saying. "Eighty people knew where it was hidden. Some of our own men, they are saying, must have come back with those Japanese and digged it up and divided it. But that is nonsense, you must know. Nobody would really be so stupid, to let all those

men to know. Why have those old men been so long in coming to tell me about it? They could have come a long time before, isn't it? And that nephew! I never trusted him. And he has been living here in Shanghai for three months in a hotel. Where comes the money for a hotel?"

We fell silent, playing with the earring and the three dollars. I wanted to
comfort the Pans. I wanted to say that
it didn't really matter, the pawnshop
had never done them the slightest good.
But Heh-ven didn't give me a chance.
"It is perfectly infuriating, you must
know," he said suddenly. "I thought
we had lost only one hundred fifty thousands dollars. That is what those old
men were telling me we had before the
war. But no! It was much more than
that! I did not know. I have lost three
hundred thousands dollars! Oh, terrible!"

As I made my way out later, I peered again into the back room. Hehven had returned to the old men. They sat stiff and upright, drinking tea together, talking copiously, taking their time. For days there was talk of a lawsuit against them, against the old men and the young nephew. The suit has not yet started. However, there is, it seems, new reason to hope. Possibly there remains property and leases on which to base a skeleton pawnshop and future financial mysteries and juggling. Nothing is ever simple in China, not even disaster. —EMILY HAHN

LETTER FROM FLORIDA

The sun is so warm and the sea is so clear,

The beach is so clean and the surf is so near,

The breeze is so balmy, the palm trees so neat,

The men are so handsome, the women so sweet,

The days are so pleasant, the nights so divine,

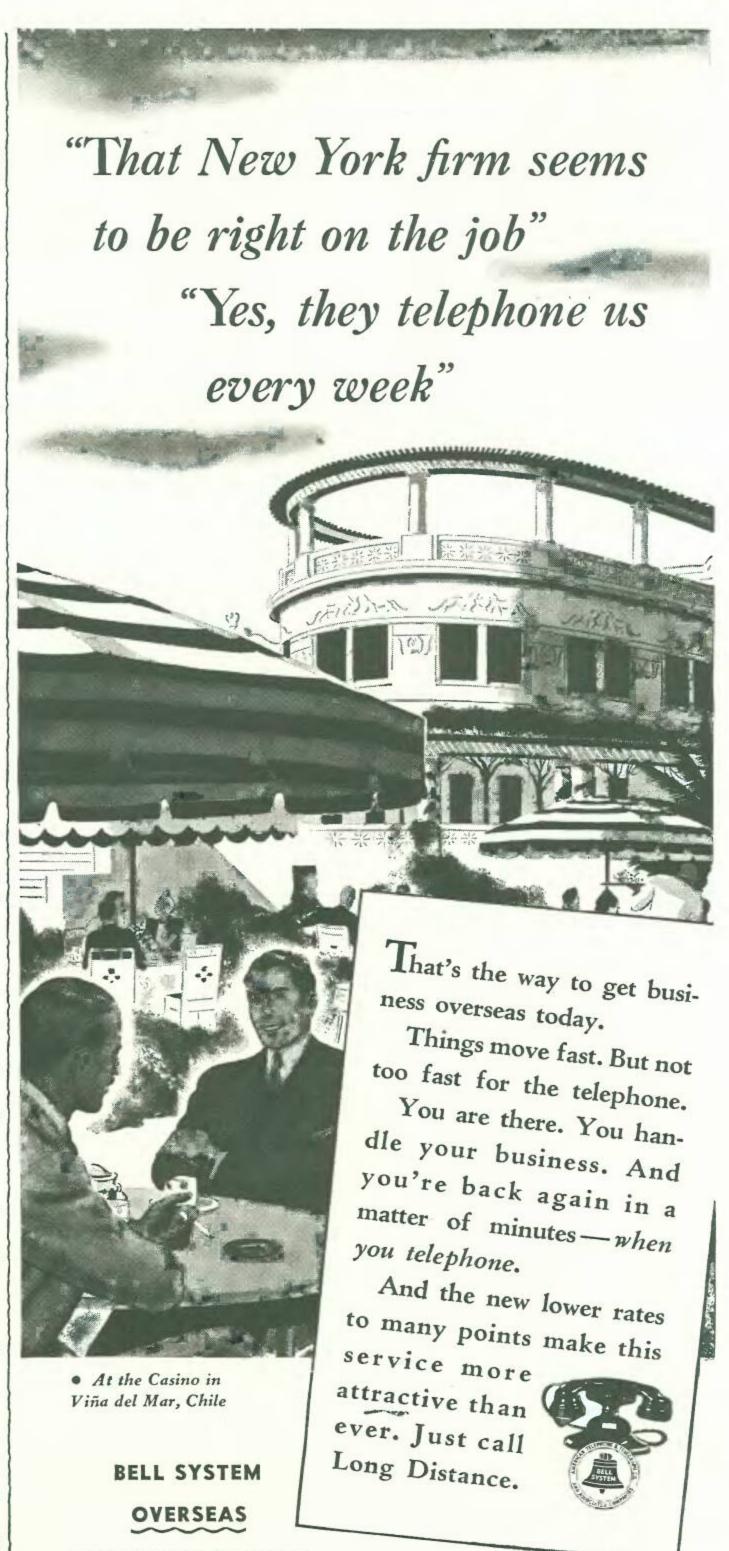
The food's so delicious—and as for the wine,

It tickles me clear to the gizzard, tra-la!
(I hear you are having a blizzard,

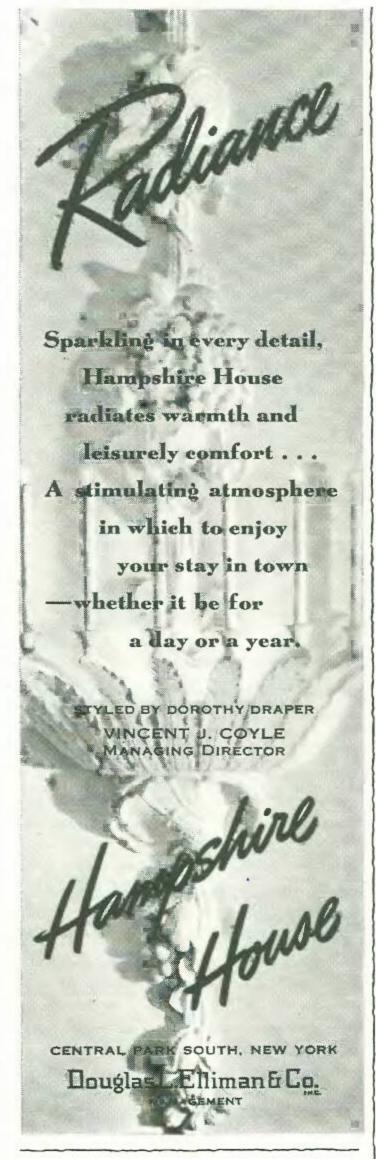
tra-la!) —ELEANOR GRAHAM

The 1914-19 period in Hollywood history was its period of greatest progress. Will the second European conflict provide as glittering an era?—Chicago Daily News.

That's something for Germany to ponder well.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Another Lorentz



In "The Fight for Life," Pare Lorentz has turned his attention to problems very different from those he handled in "The River" and "The Plow That

Broke the Plains." The maternal-welfare chapters of Paul de Kruif's book, from which the film's title comes, provide Mr. Lorentz with the basis of this picture, but he has approached the material in his own fashion, adjusted it to the requirements of a movie of some seventy minutes in length, and left upon it the imprint of his own authorship. The movie indicates the same pictorial care which marks his other films; the running comment has the same rhythmic effects, rhythms which can, to be sure, at times disconcertingly suggest "Hiawatha," and there is also in this picture the same admonishment to those oblivious of our social needs. This last, this admonishment, is not, I might say, directed toward the medical profession (though the fact is once stated that, with all the advance of science, as many women are lost now in childbirth as were twenty-five years ago) but has to do with housing conditions in our slums. It amounts to a digression as presented here, and is itself too big a subject for a reference so brief. It is implicit, naturally, in the scenes of childbirth in a tenement and need not have been commented on as a separate issue. Seventy minutes is all too short a time for what there is to say.

Death in childbirth in a great hospital, with all the equipment ready to hand, is the opening scene of the picture, and the saving of a woman's life after a hemorrhage in a tenement is the ending. How doctors, internes, and nurses are trained and how they cope with the various emergencies that constantly arise are given us with literal care and very honest force. The effect at last is to impress us with the amazing fact that so many women are saved rather than so many lost. I think that such is the intent of the picture. The quality of its honesty is not impaired because the idea is presented with full knowledge of camera demands. There is excitement in that last scene, that crisis in the miserable tenement, but it is not stagy. There is a notable musical score by Louis Gruen-1



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berg, the orchestra being conducted by Alexander Smallens, which is suitable to the highest degree. And, though Dudley Digges is the only actor known at large, all the performances are discreetly and ably managed. Mr. Lorentz has added another consequential and distinguished item to his significant and inventive and valuable series.

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT," from an A. J. Cronin novel, also has to do with the medical profession, but it's on the other side of the tracks. The beauteous, glowing, resplendent, perfected Carole Lombard, that dream of delight, steps forth upon the screen in the humble guise of a trained nurse, and Brian Aherne is the physician whom she meets in the course of her career. The story opens with a snack of self-sacrifice, of such unjustified self-sacrifice that one's patience is lost at once, and I don't think it's ever recovered during the moments of agony that follow. Anne Shirley, also beauteous, glowing, and so forth, is beheld as a sister of the nurse and is herself a frivolous student nurse who lets a patient die while she sips a cup of tea. Sister Lombard takes the blame, which is quite wrong of her, as obviously Sister Shirley ought to be spanked and sent up to London to go on the stage. However, on trundles the film, ending up with an epidemic of cerebrospinal fever, with the beautiful nurses in a high fidget, seething around Mr. Aherne.

JUST plain landscape has its points, as I am in a position now to believe, and you can get two hours and more of it, Technicolored and all, in "Northwest Passage." This is about the Lake Champlain district, and in spite of the Indians and hostile French forces that run in and out of this screen version of Kenneth Roberts' novel, you can see you're looking on country destined for great resort hotels. Boy Scouts, we assume, will revel in the hardships of the Rangers of the pre-Revolutionary story, and both Spencer Tracy and Robert Young are properly energetic and reliable.

—John Mosher

Teasing little tidbits, delectable with fruit juices, cocktails, or midnight snacks, are Sage Crackers. Start with regular salted crackers, spread with a mixture of 1 package of cream cheese, 1 tablespoon cream, ½ teaspoon salt, few drops onion juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon sage. It's the sage that makes the canapé an automatic repeater.—G. F., Jacksonville, Texas.—Better Homes & Gardens.

With us, it's the onion.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BOOKS

How to Read a Book



MORTIMER J.
ADLER'S
"How to Read a
Book" is the only self-improvement
volume I have ever
read that did not
make me want to go
out and start im-

proving things by assassinating the author. I wish to recommend it generally to all literates who would like to learn to read. Specifically I recommend it to myself and my fellow book-reviewers that miserable tribe "tortured," as Mr. Adler puts it, "by the need to express the same few insights differently for every book, and driven by competition to avoid the obvious." Whether or not you find "How to Read a Book" as important and helpful as I think it is, you owe its author an almost imperceptible debt of gratitude, for reading him is going to make your correspondent attempt to supply better service in the future. From "How to Read a Book" I have actually learned how to read a book.

May I digress for a moment? Perhaps you've been noticing a good deal of publicity lately about the educational experiments being carried on at St. John's College at Annapolis, and also, on a more restricted scale, at the University of Chicago under Robert Hutchins. These experiments aren't experiments at all, really, but a carefully worked out return to the traditional system of liberal education that was given a body blow when Eliot introduced the elective system at Harvard, thus putting education in the hands of the students rather than of the teachers. The idea behind the St. John's curriculum is very simple and, I think, profoundly sound; namely, that the basis of a liberal education is to be found in the close and direct study of the great literary, philosophical, and scientific classics of our Western World, from Homer to Einstein. At St. John's the students spend four solid years at the job. At the end of that time they emerge prepared to become free men, citizens of a democracy, prepared to read, to reason, to compare. I have watched the St. John's scheme in action. It works. Give it half a chance (and permanently anaesthetize half the "higher" educators in America) and it will revolutionize our colleges; that is, it will return them to the intellectual discipline that makes for freedom.

Well, Mr. Adler's "How to Read a Book" is really the primer of this movement. It is not, except incidentally, about how to read any book. It is mainly about how to read a good book and, more pointedly, about how to read a great book. It lays down, clearly, pedagogically, the rules governing "the art of getting a liberal education." It tells you what reading is (a thing quite removed from the passive blotting up of words that you and I call reading). It explains why the schools have failed in their primary task, which is to teach the student how to read, talk, and think—all parts of the same mental activity. It shows you how to take a book apart, how to determine whether you really understand it, and how to align it in your mind with other books you have read. Finally, it demonstrates that reading, when it is undertaken seriously, can and should be not a drowsy evasion of life but a part of life, and more especially a part of a democratic life.

This is a condensed book, written without literary charm, without trickery. It makes no empty promises. It says flatly that proper reading is serious work, but it shows concretely how that serious work may be accomplished and how much it may yield in the way of instruction and delight.

Most of Mr. Adler's discussion revolves around the great books used at St. John's, because he believes that they are the only persistently contemporary ones. In an index he lists them in their handiest editions. Just for fun, I'll copy off the list of the authors (or the works) involved. With how many have you a nodding or even a dozing acquaintance? I refuse to tell you how wretchedly low my own score is.

Here they are in roughly chronological order: Homer, the Old Testament, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Cicero, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Ovid, Quintilian, Plutarch, Tacitus, Nichomachus, Epictetus, Lucian, Marcus Aurelius, Galen, the New Testament, St. Augustine, Volsunga Saga, Song of Roland, Burnt Njal, Maimonides, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Chaucer,



"Good Lord! I've killed him!"

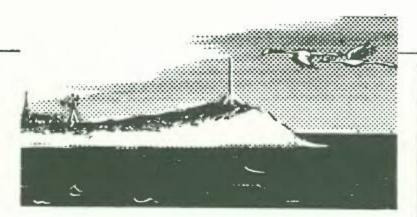
Thomas à Kempis, Leonardo da Vinci, Machiavelli, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Rabelais, Calvin, Montaigne, Cervantes, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Galileo, Harvey, Grotius, Hobbes, Descartes, Corneille, Milton, Molière, Boyle, Spinoza, Locke, Racine, Newton, Leibnitz, Defoe, Swift, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Berkeley, Fielding, Hume, Rousseau, Sterne, Adam Smith, Blackstone, Kant, Gibbon, Stendhal, "The Federalist Papers" (along with the Articles of Confederation, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States), Bentham, Goethe, Ricardo, Malthus, Dalton, Hegel, Guizot, Faraday, Lobachevski, Comte, Balzac, Lyell, J. S. Mill, Darwin, Thackeray, Dickens, Claude Bernard, Boole, Marx, Melville, Dostoevski, Buckle, Flaubert, Galton, Riemann, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Dedekind, Wundt, Mark Twain, Henry Adams, Charles Peirce, William Sumner, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Nietzsche, Georg Cantor, Pavlov, Poincaré, Freud, Veblen, Lenin, Proust, Shaw, Boas, Dewey, Bergson, Whitehead, Santayana, Russell, Thomas Mann, Einstein, Trotsky, Joyce, Maritain.

Don't be intimidated. Mr. Adler doesn't suggest you read all these. He does suggest that they're about the best reading that exists. These are authors of truly original communications, the founders and continuers of the world of thought and feeling we all, as civilized men and women, vaguely feel to be ours. To read even some of them well is to claim our common birthright. Mr.

Adler's book shows us the path.

AS if to back up his argument, there is published this week an odd anis published this week an odd anonymous work entitled "Meditations in Wall Street," with an introduction by Albert Jay Nock. The author-Mr. Nock refers to him as "A. B."—was a successful financial operator who refused to let ticker tape garrote the rational being in him. From time to time, in between quotations, he seems to have jotted down uncommonplaces in his commonplace book. Mr. Nock's verdict on A. B.—"one of the most acute, powerful, original, and interesting minds that I had ever encountered"-is justified by these aphorisms and gnomic utterances, many of them worthy of Joubert or Emerson. A. B. was a businessman, not a scholar. But he was a businessman who kept in his office an extraordinary collection of books: Xenophon, Juvenal, Homer, Lucretius, Montaigne, Plato, Marcus

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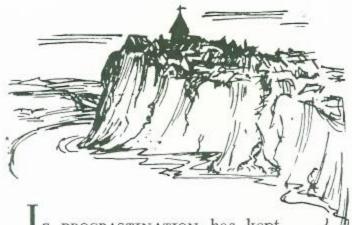
THE YOUNG MAN FROM MOUNT VERNON

by Arthur Pier

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-Boston Transcript.

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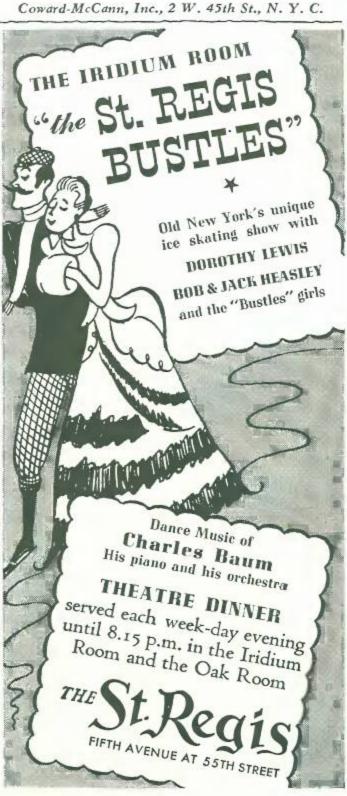
you from obtaining Elizabeth
Hollister Frost's novel THE WEDDING RING I am sorry for I
think it is a rare book you would not

willingly miss.

Let me remind you of what *The New Yorker* said: "Mrs. Frost describes the lives of her French peasants with a rare beauty of language and with deep feeling for the traditions of an ancient people." And *The Saturday Review of Literature*, not given to overpraise, called THE WEDDING RING, "... good, earthy stuff... with cruelty and ugliness cropping up in it but with a quality of poetic emotion that gives it impact and beauty."

"Gothic" is the word most often used by critics in attempting to describe its strange, impressive loveliness. Perhaps you will think of a better word when you, too, have read THE WEDDING RING. It is on sale at all bookstores for \$2.00.

Thomas R. Coward



Aurelius, Epictetus, Pascal, Rabelais, Pater, Arnold, Swift, Emerson, and Ruskin. In Mr. Adler's sense of the word, he knew how to read. From his reading grew reflection of that grave and impartial variety so seldom to be found today. I select a few of these "meditations" (though it isn't quite fair to him) to suggest A. B.'s rare mental quality:

"Through millenniums of human evolution and suffering, ours was the immunity of not having been born. To pay for this by a short lifetime of hazards does not seem extortionate." "The echoes have to applaud." "Whistling to keep up courage is good practice for whistling." "Marriage is a noose often endured around the neck, but seldom endured around the feet." "Few heads are sensitive to coals of fire." "Mankind will probably continue to fight for permanent importance until evolution gives in and humors him."

Wall Street Journal please copy.

TT would be silly to deny that Kay ■ Boyle writes mannered prose. It is at least worth asking whether mannered prose isn't better than prose with no manners at all. Her peculiar and private sensibility may appear baffling to many, but at least it is a sensibility. At a time when the crude instinctual gestures of such books as "Christ in Concrete" are mistaken for the movements of talent, the rarefied art of Miss Boyle seems doubly valuable. Though you may not always care for what she does, she always knows what she is doing. She does not merely write; she is a writer. There aren't many around these days.

"The Crazy Hunter" consists of three long short stories—the publisher calls them "short novels," but he's wrong—of which one seems to me an interesting failure, one a semi-success, one very beautiful indeed.

The failure is "Big Fiddle," the story of a nervous American bass-viol player adrift in Europe, and of how his pitiful desire for human companionship causes him to be tracked down for a crime





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576 FIFTH AV. COR. 47 TH ST TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074 GIVE HER JOY AND SAFETY it's as necessary as making your will! he didn't commit. The characters just aren't Kay Boyle characters, being too close to the ordinary world we know; and besides, there's an odd infusion of police melodrama that consorts ill with the psychological nuances in which the author largely deals.

The longest tale in the book is the title story, which has to do with the emotional impact of a blind horse on the three members of a strange family. The veterinary atmosphere is too thick, and I'm convinced that the full value of the narrative is wasted on anyone who, like myself, knows nothing of horses and doesn't believe that the death of one is as tragic an event as the death of a human being. But even to casual readers, "The Crazy Hunter" will seem an original, and in spots a moving, story, very D. H. Lawrence in effect.

"The Bridegroom's Body" is a wild and perverse tale in which two unhappy women are brought together through the death of a swan. (I know this makes no sense, but Miss Boyle's plots are the despair of summarizing book-reviewers.) It is as original a tale as I have read in years, sombre, completely removed from conventional life, existing in a world of its own. Also, you don't have to care about swans to feel its force.

-CLIFTON FADIMAN

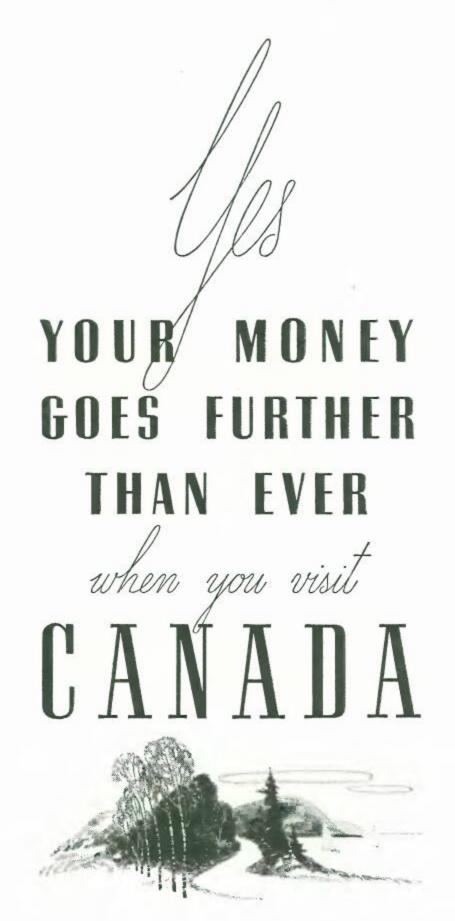
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A STRICKEN FIELD, by Martha Gellhorn. Fictionalized account of Prague after Munich and before the Czecho-Slovakian Anschluss. As Miss Gellhorn is a foreign correspondent, one has an uncomfortable feeling that her fictions have more than a little basis in fact. The torture, both mental and physical, to which her German refugees are subjected could hardly have been invented. A painful, pitiful book.

The Happy Land, by Eric Knight. Life among the Yorkshire colliers when the mines shut down. First, if you are provident, you use up your savings, then comes the dole, and labor camps, and stolen coal, and perhaps prison. But this is more than a hard-luck story; Mr. Knight's characters are real people and meet their trials in different ways. A warm, human tale.

THE STRANGER, by Rose Albert Porter. Story of a Jewish immigrant whose passionate desire to become an American makes him deny all of his heritage, the good as well as the bad. He gets to be a fight promoter in



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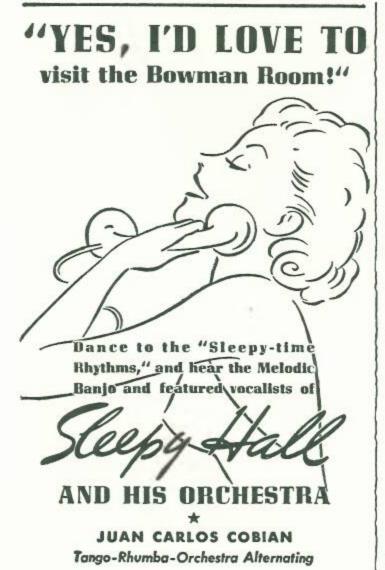
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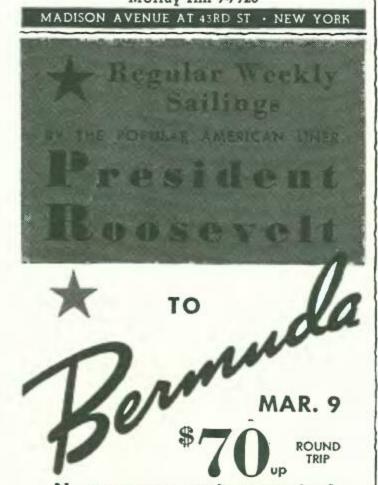
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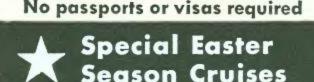
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216 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 665 Market St., San Francisco; 19 King St., East, Toronto. Offices in other principal cities. Montana, betrays his best friend, deserts his own wife and children, and is unhappy about it all. A long list of sharply realized characters gives the story color and variety.

HIGH SIERRA, by W. R. Burnett. The author of "Little Caesar" stages a stickup of the richest and gaudiest hotel in California. Things go wrong, but not before the development of a tender romance and a lot of hairraising suspense. A good, rousing melodrama with its heart in the right place.

A Man of Forty, by Gerald Bullett. Starts out as an interesting study of how life begins to be complicated at forty. The hero, besides being forty, has just retired to the country on a pension, is bored with his family, and by accident meets a beautiful girl. In the end Mr. Bullett solves this problem with a murder, which is hardly fair of him.

THE Two WIVES, by Frank Swinnerton. Troubles, mostly marital, of a man described as "England's most beloved comedian." On the stage he is a success and his friends and his public love him, but his family uses him for a good thing and his wives are most unpleasant. There are murder and suicide, too, in this plot.

The Great Debureau, by Francis Kozik, translated by Dora Round. Story of a Czech pantomimist in the early nineteenth century, based on the life of Jean Gaspard Debureau. Long, sympathetic, full of detail. Czecho-Slovakian winner in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition.

CUBA LIBRE, by MacKinlay Kantor, illustrated by Ruth Lepper. Mr. Kantor brings a Cuban boy to Iowa after the Spanish-American War, then lets him die in Havana many years later at the hands of Machado's gangsters. A pathetic if thin story of patriotic zeal, with a romance thrown in.

GENERAL

Calvin Coolidge, by Claude M. Fuess. Full-length biography of the Vermont President, derived in part from new material supplied by Mrs. Coolidge and the late Frank W. Stearns. The author is critical only in detail. He defends Coolidge's record in the Boston police strike and makes almost no mention of his inactivity in the face of Harding's scandalous legacy. Slow going, but Dr. Fuess performs the first service of a biographer: he gives us a believable human being in whom, oddly



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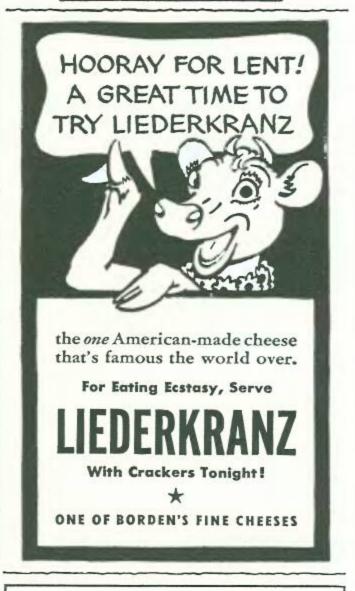
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9 East 46th St., New York, N. Y. Wickersham 2-2730 Naturally, no charge for service enough, there burned a faint flame of genuine sensibility. Illustrated.

Bouquets and Bitters, by Julian R. Meade. Brisk and amiable diary of a literary gardener who visited the gardens of distinguished people from Maine to Hollywood. Some of it has already appeared in magazines. Illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II.

Stalin's Russia, by Max Eastman. Sharp factual and theoretical criticism of Stalin's policies, plus a hailand-farewell to Leon Trotsky. Mr. Eastman believes we need a new scientific-radical party in the United States.

A NAVY SECOND TO NONE, by George T. Davis. Intelligent, well-documented survey of the trends in American naval development since the eighteen-fifties. The author thinks we should decide on a coherent foreign policy before we go the whole hog in naval construction.

Chip off My Shoulder, by Thomas L. Stokes. A liberal Washington reporter who has covered national events for the past twenty years does a plain-spoken and moving account of his education as an American.

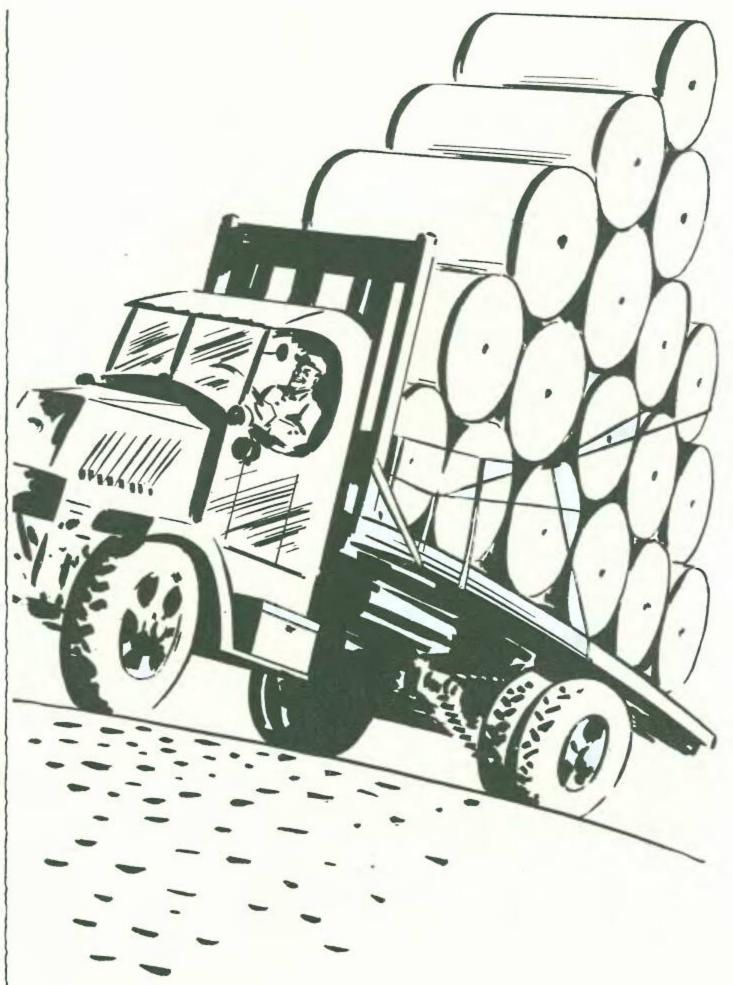
Our Arabian Nights, by Ruth and Helen Hoffman. The twin authors of "We Married an Englishman" give us another arch travel record: house-furnishing in Bagdad, chicors (mountain pheasants) for pets, and a sojourn in the harem tents of Sheik Fulan of Iraq. Illustrated by the authors.

Heil Hunger!, by Dr. Martin Gumpert, translated by Maurice Samuel. A German refugee physician shows, almost entirely by material from Nazi sources, that the Hitler regime has fostered a striking increase in the national death rate, a decline in the birth rate, and a rise in epidemics, mental diseases, undernourishment, etc.

GANG RULE IN NEW YORK, by Craig
Thompson and Allen Raymond.
This is a shrewd, patiently detailed
social history of the New York gangs
from the pre-prohibition era to 1939.
The authors, two Manhattan crime
reporters, think the boys will be back.
Illustrated.

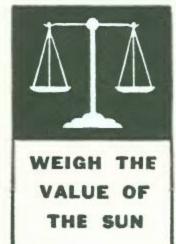
Aretino, by Thomas Caldecot Chubb. Engaging biography of Pietro Aretino, "the first blackmailer, the first journalist, and the first publicity man," framed in a broad landscape of Renaissance Italy. Illustrated.

Conquering the Man in the Street, by Ellis Freeman. Witty



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U. S. Agents: MAXFIELD & McLEER, INC., 90 West Broadway, New York analysis by a professional psychologist of the principles and devices used to produce the "muscle thinking" of Fascism. The author believes that we have a good chance of avoiding it. A LIBERAL IN WARTIME, by Walter Nelles, edited by Lewis Gannett. Charming and significant memoir of a practical liberal, Albert DeSilver, an old-family New Yorker and Yale man who became associate director of the National Civil Liberties Bureau during the original World War. Introduction by Roger N. Baldwin.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

UNEXPECTED NIGHT, by Elizabeth Daly. A rich young invalid is murdered in a Maine seacoast resort, and it's up to Mr. Henry Gamadge to postpone his golf date and get on with his ferreting. Pleasant characters in this first mystery, which is so neatly written that it is almost restful.

THE BROKEN FACE MURDERS, by Darwin and Hildegarde Teilhet. Baron von Kaz, the irrepressible Viennese, meets murder face to face on his wedding night in a small California town. Slightly confusing, what with cults and Blue Shirt organizations, but sound enough on the whole.

THE CRIMINAL C.O.D., by Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Lighthearted story involving young Jane Lennox, who stumbles over a corpse in the dark, and Asey Mayo, the Cape Codder who is as smart as a whip. Fresh and humorous, with some of the best dialogue Miss Taylor has written in a long time.

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband smokes in bed and frequently falls asleep and sets the bed on fire. We haven't a mattress in the house that hasn't great holes in it from burns. Is there any way I can break him of this dangerous habit? Lettie

Answer: It will take death to cure him, but unless you have a fancy for being cremated yourself you are foolish to stay in the same room with him at night. Put your bed next to the fire escape, for it is just a matter of time before he sets the house afire. Dorothy Dix—Cleveland paper.

Next question, please.

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[From the Providence Journal]

What a Republican governor, Saltonstall, has accomplished here in Massachusetts the other New England governors have done, so today New England States are able to offer efficiency with corruption.





The luxury taste of Forst Tendasmoked Ham is the secret of the Forst Family. The savory flavor, too, is our own recipe, imparted in air-conditioned smoke-houses to richly cured hams hung over smoldering, southern hickory embers. Try some today.

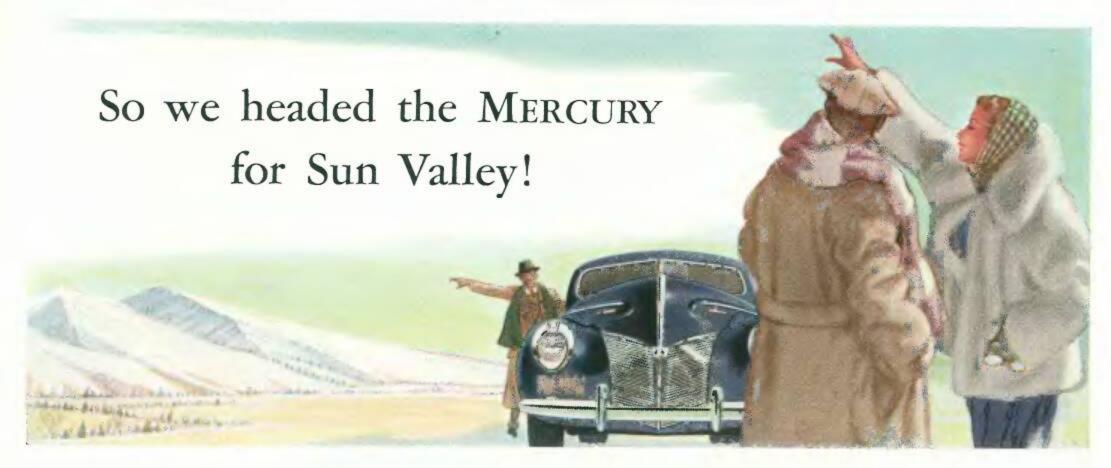
FORST'S Format Tendasmoked HAM

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BEL PAESE SALES CO., 71 Hudson St., New York

MARCH 9, 1940



"Weather clearing—skiing good," the paper said. "Four feet of snow at Sun Valley." Six of us went, so we drove my big Mercury 8. The way that car's lines widen out means just the difference between crowding and comfort. You'd be surprised how many miles we made a day—I could drive that car 500 and never know it! You don't really drive the Mercury—you guide it!



Mountain driving in winter is something! Rutted snow underfoot, hairpin turns—and plenty cold—a great test for the Mercury and that smooth, quiet 95-hp V-type engine. In fact, with the new Controlled Ventilation and the car's way of hugging the road, it was easy as watching a travelog. We did 200 mountain miles the last day, and had a ski before dinner!

A long trip emphasizes Mercury 8 advantages—and explains this car's sensational success. When you reach the end of a day's drive relaxed and unwearied—you'll thank the Mercury's easy wheel, its extra-wide seats, and the restful comfort of its stabilized, soundproofed construction. The high power-to-weight ratio and big hydraulic brakes justify your confidence. And you're sure to approve the Mercury's outstanding feature: real ECONOMY (up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, say owners!).

Mercury 8

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers



