Nov. 18, 1939

THE NEW YORKER

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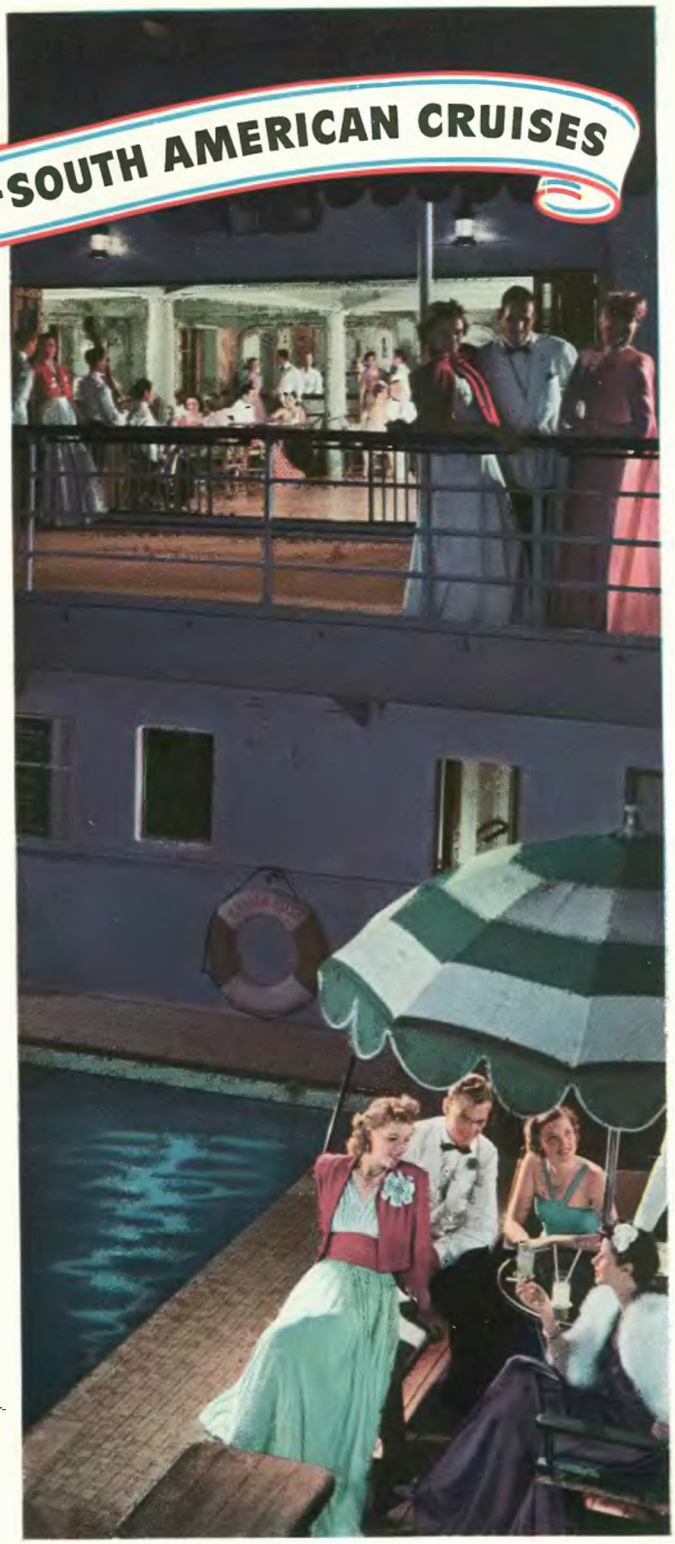

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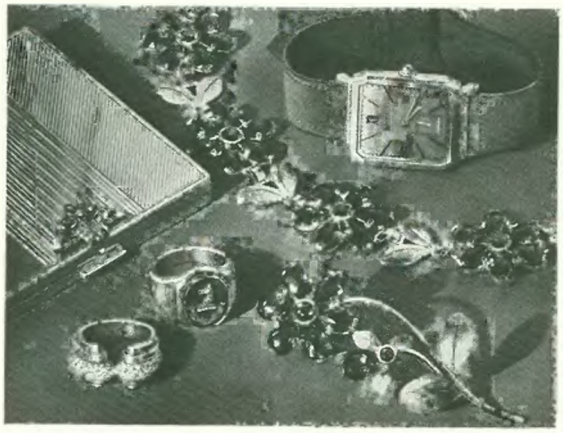

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Next week, as noted below, several regular midweek matinees will be switched to Thanksgiving Day, Thurs., Nov. 23. There may be further changes in matinees, so, to be on the safe side, check with the newspapers.)

PLAYS

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—The course of this very great life from the New Salem days up to the White House. Deservedly the winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. Richard Gaines now has the part originally played by Raymond Massey. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:35. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23. Closes Sat., Nov. 25.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—The play has something to do with the California jury system, but you will be happier if you just concentrate on Helen Hayes. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Little Foxes—Tallulah Bankhead and an adept cast showing how far a family of "good businessmen" will go to eat each other alive. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Heysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—Any one of six people might have liquidated the German consul, but it won't be the one you think. Otto Preminger and Sam Levene are in the cast of Clare Boothe's fairly exciting melodrama. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The Philadelphia Story—Whether or not you believe a magazine writer could really reform a wayward heiress, you ought to enjoy Philip Barry's comedy about Philadelphia society. With Katharine Hepburn, Van Heflin, and Joseph Cotten. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

See My Lawyer—Something about a firm of shyster lawyers and a Broadway playboy, handled with George Abbott's customary gusto though without much of his skill. With the exception of Milton Berle, the cast is mostly made up of old Abbott alumni. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Sat. Eves. at 9:05; other Eves. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Skylark—Gertrude Lawrence does a remarkably thorough job of winning her husband back from the advertising business. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The Time of Your Life—William Saroyan loves everybody and doesn't hesitate to say so. Recommended, however, for a lot of funny scenes. Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling have the leading parts. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

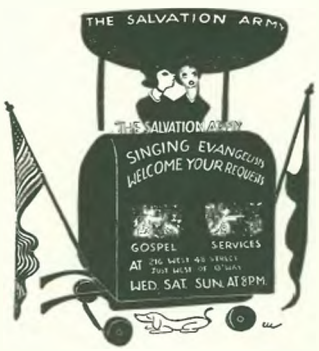
No Code to Guide Her—A comedy by Mark Reed. Heading the cast are Violet Heming, Jane Wyatt, and Walter Abel. Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Thunder Rock—The Group Theatre's first production of the season—a play by Robert Ardrey, with Frances Farmer, Luther Adler, Morris Carnovsky, and Myron McCormick. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; also Thurs., Nov. 16.)

WITH MUSIC

George White's Scandals—A little something run up for those who like their humor rough and easy. Willie Howard, Ella Logan, and the Three Stooges help to give it to them that way. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Right out of vaudeville, those two



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

strange men called Olsen and Johnson have put on one of the funniest shows of the year. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Pins and Needles, 1940—This has been revised again and is still well worth your attention. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The Straw Hat Revue—Imogene Coca and a lot of other nice youngsters in an informal show that is always lively and nearly always bright. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 6-6134. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The Streets of Paris—Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, Carmen Miranda, and several other funny and handsome people cavorting around in the strange Paris of Olsen and Johnson. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Too Many Girls—What happens when old Pottawatomie unexpectedly gets hold of an All-American football team. An excellent musical comedy, with Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. Rodgers and Hart wrote the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

Yokel Boy—Some musical nonsense about Hollywood, not too bothersome if you haven't anything much else to do. Buddy Ebsen, Judy Canova, and Dixie Dunbar are in the big and rather beautiful cast. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

OPENINGS

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

Very Warm for May—A musical by Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern, with Jack Whiting, Eve Arden, and Hiram Sherman. Staged by Mr. Hammerstein and Hassard Short, and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Fri., Nov. 17. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Nov. 22, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Nov. 23.)

The World We Make—Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of Millen Brand's novel, "The Outward Room," with Margo. Produced and staged by Mr. Kingsley. Opens Mon., Nov. 20. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Aries Is Rising—Constance Collier, Blanche Sweet, and Mary Mason in a comedy by Earl Blackwell and Carolyn North. Opens Tues., Nov. 21. (Golden, 45, W. CH 4-0144. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Ring Two—A comedy by Gladys Hurlbut, produced by George Abbott. The cast includes June Walker, Betty Field, and Tom Powers. Opens Wed., Nov. 22. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs., except Nov. 23, and Sat.)

I Know What I Like—A comedy by Justin Sturm, with John Beal. Opens Fri., Nov. 24. (Hudson, 44, E. CI 6-9500. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

The Yale Puppeteers—Presenting "It's a Small World," a topical revue: Mon., Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (Women's National Republican Club, 3 W. 51. BU 8-1319.)

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)—Neila Goodelle, Paul Gerrits, and Del Courtney's orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Dress preferred.... The new Gold Room downstairs is really a red-white-and-gold room. Joe Howard heads the entertainment there.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—George Olsen and his orchestra provide the music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

Ciro's of London, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 5-7525)—Val Olman's orchestra plays at this supper club, which was transplanted, in name at least, from England. Dress preferred.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the nicer small spots, with Nicki Raymond's and Don Marion's orchestras, the Trouble Trio, and Anne Francine's songs.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The zebra has changed its stripes but is still as lively as ever. Music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—Colorful Spanish entertainment in a nautical setting, with music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Oscar de la Rosa's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as art rather than exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras provide the music.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This opened less than a year ago, and now look what a fine big place it is. Richard Smart and Maggi McNellis sing, and Ted Straeter's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band play. Must dress.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far away from the beaten track as you might think, and worth a visit. Music by Cornelius Codolban's and Larry Rogers' orchestras. Closed Mon.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Designed for the younger set, and frequented by it, too. Music by Ray Benson's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Richard Himber and his orchestra are playing in the Corinthian Room. Dress preferred.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Draper and Jane Pickens perform gracefully in the Persian Room, and Eddy Duchin leads the band with

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corp., 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. Bowes, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XV, No. 40, November 18, 1939. Entered as second-class matter, February 15, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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You will welcome, too, the provision for 30% more luggage space in the Sedan. The deeper Panorama Windshield and windows in this body type contain nearly 500 added square inches of safety glass.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

his hands and his teeth. Must dress if you're going to dance.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The Rockefellers' big and lofty music box now has Ben Cutler's orchestra, Eddie Le Baron's rumba band, and, through Tues., Nov. 21, John Hoysradt and Gali Gali. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael are in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a swift-moving ice show in the stately Iridium Room, where Charles Baum's orchestra and Don Marton's rumba band play for dancing. . . . Downstairs in the Hawaiian Maisonette, you'll find Waikiki Beach, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Elmer Lee's music.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske's lilting lectures on the facts of life are the main attraction in the Cafe Lounge. Music by Emile Petti's orchestra.

Sherry's, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan and his orchestra play for dinner dancing. Dress preferred.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A few new decorative effects, but otherwise the same as ever. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Adelaide Moffett is here, and so, at supper, are Abbott and Costello. Maximillian Bergere's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play. Dress preferred.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The antic Hartmans are in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for dinner dancing and Benny Goodman and his band hold forth at supper. . . . Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Sert Room at the dinner hour and alternates with Mischa Borr later in the evening. Carmen Miranda will sing there for the supper trade until Wed., Nov. 22, when her place will be taken by the De Marcos. Must dress. . . . Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—The **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910), gives you Central Park at your feet and a nice-smelling log fire at your back, while a gipsy orchestra plays softly. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760), has Vincent Bragale's and Frank Mandella's orchestras, and a dance floor no bigger than a minute. . . . Casper Reardon will replace George Lloyd at **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787), on Wed., Nov. 22; Elsie Houston stays right on. The entertainment starts at 11 P.M. . . . Paul Whiteman is at the **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000). . . . Artie Shaw is playing at the **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000). . . . The Casino at the **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300), has Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . Sammy Kaye is at the **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000). . . . The **st. moritz**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800), has Eddie Varzos and his orchestra. . . . Guy Lombardo plays at the **roosevelt**, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200). . . . Gerry Morton's orchestra will be replaced by Fred Oliver's on Mon., Nov. 20, in the Raleigh Room of the **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700), a cozy little place. . . . There's lots of White Russian atmosphere—soulful songs and the like—at the **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116), where Nicolas Mathey's orchestra plays. . . . Basil Fomeen is at the **glass hat**, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200). . . . Louis Prima and his hot band keep pounding away at the **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524). . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), specializes in swing, with, except Mon., Bud Freeman and his orchestra and, except Tues., Muggsy Spanier's band. . . . **cafe society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737), has Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . If you're staying out late, there's always the **kit kat club**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), with Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—Billy Rose has a Gay Nineties revue at his **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500). . . . The **international casino**, B'way at 44 (CH 4-2244), puts on an elaborate revue. . . . Diosa Costello and, at the supper hour, Desi Arnaz head the show at **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980). . . . The **havana-madrid**, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461), has Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a vividly Latin show. . . . Vincent Travers' orchestra plays for the girl show at the **paradise**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080). . . . Jack White's broad humor seems to keep everyone happy at his **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858). . . . The **cotton club**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), has Stepin Fetchit, Louis Armstrong's orchestra, and a show.

Greenwich Village—There's lots of singing and piano-playing at **barney gallant's**, 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209). . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot for the sturdy.

Harlem—It's fun to watch the regular customers at the **savoy ballroom**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), where Benny Carter's orchestra (to be replaced by Erskine Hawkins' on Wed., Nov. 22) is playing. . . . If you go to **dickie wells**, 169 W. 133 (AU 3-8060), go late.

Foreign Flavor—Russian: **kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **queen mary**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **club gaucho**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

ART

Cassatt and Morisot—Small and extremely well selected group of oils by the two great women Impressionists. Worth seeing: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Cezanne—Centennial exhibition of oils and water colors, including five canvases never before shown in this country: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Citron—Lively satirical observations on contemporary Americana, including our law courts: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 20.

Contemporary American Genre—A fine Marin and good paintings by Kuniyoshi, Cikovsky, and others in a generally interesting show: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

De Creeft—Smooth, suavely archaic sculptures, including one or two pieces that must be ranked among this artist's best to date: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Drawings—A rare Raphael, as well as fine things by the Tiepolos, Jan Both, and Renoir, in a collection that ranges from the thirteenth through the nineteenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Eakins—Paintings from the artist's estate, including some especially good portrait studies: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 25. . . . Smaller paintings, sketches, and preliminary studies for several of his larger compositions: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Early American—William S. Mount, Asher B. Durand, and Winslow Homer represented in a historically interesting, sentimentally appealing collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

French—At the **bignou**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Picasso, Dufy, and Braque. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **matisse**, 51 E. 57: works by most of the French moderns, including a swell big early Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **keppel**, 71 E. 57: works by Delacroix, Degas, Daumier, Cezanne, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Grosz—Vigorous water colors and drawings of Cape Cod scenes, carefully observed: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Marin—A retrospective, small but inclusive enough to give an excellent idea of this artist's development: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Mattson—New scenes of the sea, among other subjects. As always, they're deft, expert, and rather romantic: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Menkes—Mildly Renoiresque landscapes, and some studies of clowns and carnival people that show real feeling for the tatterdemalion side of circus life: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 20.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—The big Picasso show—a comprehensive and certainly illuminating presentation of all phases and all aspects of his work. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 7.

Paris in the Nineties—Nostalgic little show of paintings of the period, many of them by artists barely known nowadays, but gay and charming nevertheless: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Quintanilla—Large, exhaustive, and generally interesting showing of oils and drawings, including a number done recently in this country: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—Women artists of eleven countries represented in a big, varied show. Some good things, particularly among the French and Swiss. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

Sculpture by Famous Painters—Some rather random and some highly successful pieces by Daumier, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, and others: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Souverbie—Oils, very much in the manner of Picasso's classic period, painted with taste and distinction: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Comprehensive exhibit of paintings, other graphics, and sculptures from this downtown institution's permanent collection. It all adds up to a remarkably authoritative survey of the last forty years in American art. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Miscellaneous—At the **kennedy**, 785 5 Ave., at 59: original drawings by Ludwig Bemelmans for some of his books. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24. . . . **uptown**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Chris Ritter. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 8. . . . **milch**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Carlos Ruano Llopis. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils and water colors by Russell Cowles. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: water colors by Eleanor King Salley. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 25. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57: loan show of paintings by Albert Ryder and Robert Newman. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **a.c.a.**, 52 W. 8: recent paintings by Joe Jones. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: recent and early drawings by Picasso; also gouaches by Wifredo Lam. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

ROBERT GRANT III,

this country's greatest exponent of court games—racquets, squash racquets, court tennis, squash tennis—just swinging into a new and doubtless triumphant season. He was born in London and educated at Eton and Harvard. He has lived in the United States for the past nine years. He reads European history for fun. His favorite dish is English sole, he works on the floor of the Exchange with other extroverts, and his hobby is cutting stories about his friends from the newspapers and pasting them up in a scrapbook.

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 3 (soloist: Francescatti, Nov. 18-19). Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Nov. 18, at 11. (CI 7-7460.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:45; Sat.

Aft., Nov. 25, at 2:30. . . . At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Rudolf Serkin, Fri. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30; Albert Spalding, Mon. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:30; Emanuel Feuermann, Wed. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon. Eve., Nov. 20, at 9.

TOWN HALL—Rosalyn Tureck, Fri. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30; Zlatko Balaković, assisted by Hellmut Baerwald and the Stradivarius Quartet, Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:45; New Friends of Music (Budapest Quartet and William Primrose), Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 5:30; Dorothy Maynor, Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:30; Katherine Bacon, Mon. Eve., Nov. 20, at 8:30; Lucy Bigelow Rosen, Sat. Aft., Nov. 25, at 5:30. (BR 9-9447.)

ELSEWHERE—At the McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116: Roland Hayes, Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:30. (UN 4-3200.) . . . Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92: Budapest Quartet, Wed. Eve., Nov. 22, at 9. (AT 9-2400.)

BALLET

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Leonide Massine's troupe in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Rouge et Noir," "Ghost Town," "Bacchanale," and "Gaite Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16; "Lac des Cygnes," "Scheherazade," "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," and "Gaite Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Nov. 17; "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Bluebird," and "Gaite Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Nov. 18; "Giselle," "Igrouchka," and "Ghost Town," Sat. Eve., Nov. 18; "La Boutique Fantasque," "Scheherazade," "Bluebird," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., Nov. 19; "Rouge et Noir," "Ghost Town," "Bacchanale," and "Gaite Parisienne" (final performance of the fall season), Sun. Eve., Nov. 19. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Nov. 18—Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover, at 1:30. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . Columbia vs. Tulane, Baker Field, at 2. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Michigan, Philadelphia, at 2. . . . Army vs. Penn State, West Point, at 2. . . . Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, at 2. . . . Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2. . . . Harvard vs. New Hampshire, Cambridge, at 2. . . . Williams vs. Amherst, Williamstown, at 2.

Sat. Aft., Nov. 25—Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, at 1:45. . . . Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, at 2. . . . Manhattan vs. Villanova, Polo Grounds, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, at 2. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, at 2.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for Hanover, from Grand Central, Fri. at 11:50 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Pennsylvania Station, 11 A.M.; for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, special train, 11:30 A.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M. on Nov. 18 (arriving South Station, Boston, at 1:40 P.M.), and at 7:40 A.M. on Nov. 25; for Williamstown, from Grand Central, 8:40 A.M. (arriving North Adams at 1:45 P.M.); for Princeton, from Pennsylvania Station, special train, 11:50 A.M.

Professional game: New York Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 3.

HUNT RACE—Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 1:30.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 16; Americans vs. Rangers, Sat., Nov. 18; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Nov. 19. . . . Amateur games: Sat., Nov. 18, and Sun., Nov. 19, at 1:30 P.M.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—The annual grind at Madison Square Garden will start Mon. Eve., Nov. 20, at 9, and will keep going through Sat. Eve., Nov. 25, at 11.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Billy Conn vs. Gus Lesnevich, for the light-heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 17; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

OTHER EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY—Exhibition of daguerreotypes and early photographs: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82; weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 7.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—First editions of English and American authors, from the library of Efrem Zimbalist: Thurs. Aft., Nov. 16, at 2. . . . Chinese porcelains, collected by the late William H. Whitridge: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 16-18, at 2. . . . Autograph letters and manuscripts, from the William Randolph Hearst collection: Tues. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:15, and Wed. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2. . . . Arms and armor, from the Hearst collection: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 24-25, at 2.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

NOTE—The Gay Blades Ice Rink, 239 W. 52, has opened its big indoor skating arena for the winter.

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Billy Conn vs. Gus Lesnevich: Fri. Eve., Nov. 17, at 10, WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Yale vs. Princeton: Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 1:45, WOR. . . . Northwestern vs. Notre Dame: Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 4:15, WOR. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell: Sat. Aft., Nov. 25, at 2, WOR.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking from Hyde Park at the dedication of his library: Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 3, WJZ. . . . Delivering a Thanksgiving Day message: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8, WJZ.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—Soloist with the Ford Symphony, Ormandy conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues. Eve., at 6:30, WABC. . . . Elliott Roosevelt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR. . . . John Gunther, Tues. and Fri. Eves., at 11, WEAF.

TELEVISION—Professional football, Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Green Bay Packers, Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 2:15, W2XBS.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Times P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Great Singers Series, 9, WQXR. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Iturbi conducting, 9, WJZ. Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF.

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. "Young Man with a Band," 10:30, WABC.

SATURDAY—Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting, 11 A.M., WABC. "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ. Benny Goodman, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Perole String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF.

MONDAY—Andre Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR. WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 9:30, WOR. Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. Bob Crosby, 9:30, WABC. Hal Kemp, 10, WABC. Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

BACHELOR MOTHER—Bright absurdity, with Ginger Rogers as a perplexed yet able young shopgirl. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., Nov. 16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20.)

BEAU GESTE—The old story furbished up a bit for Gary Cooper with some strenuous Foreign Legion interludes. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20.)

BLACKMAIL—Oklahoma oil wells, chain gangs, Edward G. Robinson, and moments of excitement. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20.)

THE CITY—Pare Lorentz's film of town life yesterday, today, and tomorrow. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Thurs., Nov. 23.)

DUST BE MY DESTINY—Priscilla Lane and John Garfield in a sketch of underworld love—and marriage. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 16-19.)

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—Just a casual little comedy, with Ginger Rogers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Nov. 24. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Sat., Nov. 25.)

GOLDEN BOY—The Clifford Odets play screened with considerable ability and force. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden sustain the major burdens. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 19-21. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 21-24. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 23-24.)

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—A minor item, but with some nice early Mack Sennett interludes. Alice Faye and Don Ameche are in it. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., Nov. 16. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 18-21. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 23-24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., Nov. 24.)

NINOTCHKA—Garbo's comedy, charming and frivolous, of a Red Russian in capitalistic Paris. Also involved are Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11 A.M. on weekdays and from 12 noon on Sunday.)

PORT OF SHADOWS—A foggy, strange, interesting French piece about life along the waterfront of Le Havre. With Jean Gabin. (Central, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Nov. 16.)

PRISON WITHOUT BARS—A Korda film about lady convicts and their grim lives. With Edna Best. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 17-18.)

THE REAL GLORY—A Gary Cooper account of the Philippines in the days after the Spanish-American War. Native difficulties. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 23-24. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Thurs., Nov. 23.)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—French, with Jean Gabin, and very sombre and eloquent. The dead of the last war protest the new one. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; continuous from 1 P.M.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Neatly done, if slightly improbable, story about a pianist and a waitress who get caught up in a hurricane. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 17-18.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ—The Singer Midgets in Technicolor, and Bert Lahr dressed up like a lion. All right for the younger generation, but probably nothing much for the elder nostalgics. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Thurs., Nov. 16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20.)

THE WOMEN—The women: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard—and never still a minute, not one of 'em. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Nov. 17-21.)

NOTE—"The First Film Concert," with performances by Alfred Cortot, Gregor Piatigorsky, Alexander Brailowsky, Jacques Thibaud, and others, is being shown at the Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Thurs., Nov. 23.

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22.)

THE CITADEL (1938)—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17.)

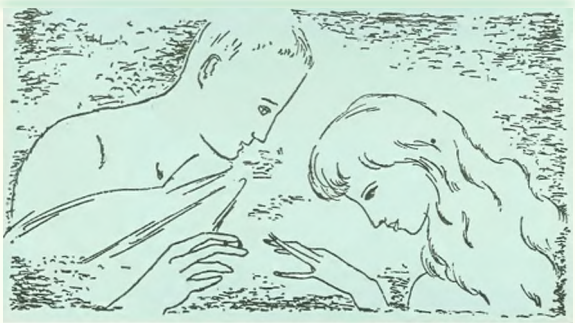
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1932)—Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 16-18.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 21-23.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers and James Stewart. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 22-23.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting programs of significant films daily at 4 P.M. Some of the more notable pictures scheduled are: SUNRISE (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor, Sat., Nov. 18. ANNA CHRISTIE (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Sun., Nov. 19. MADAME SANS-GÊNE (1911), with Rejane; LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; VANITY FAIR (1915), with Mrs. Fiske; and CENERE (1916), with Duse, Mon. through Sat., Nov. 20-25.



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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

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

FIRST RUN

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"The Mill on the Floss," Geraldine Fitzgerald, Frank Lawton.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., Nov. 16: "At the Circus," Marx Brothers, Florence Rice.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—From Thurs., Nov. 16: "Sabotage," Arleen Whalen.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Nov. 17: "Fugitive at Large," Jack Holt, Patricia Ellis. . . . From Sat., Nov. 18: "Beast of Berlin," documentary film.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., Nov. 21: "Rulers of the Sea," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lockwood. . . . From Wed., Nov. 22: "The Cat and the Canary," Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600) NINOTCHKA, Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Claire.

Rialto, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: "Missing Evidence," Preston Foster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"First Love," Deanna Durbin.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Drums Along the Mohawk," Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7 5900)—The Roaring Twenties," James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, Humphrey Bogart.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Cameo, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"Marseillaise" (French), Pierre Renoir.

Central, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., Nov. 16: PORT OF SHADOWS (French), Jean Gabin, Michel Simon, Michele Morgan. . . . From Fri., Nov. 17: "Torture Ship," Irving Pichel, Lyle Talbot.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—"The End of a Day" (French), Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen; also "Montmartre" (French), a René Clair short.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—"Rasputin" (French), Harry Baur.

Filmarte, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—THAT THEY MAY LIVE (French), Victor Francen.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—"My Man Godfrey," revival, Carole Lombard, William Powell.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 16-18: DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, revival, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins; also "Maedchen in Uniform" (German), revival, Dorothea Wieck. . . . Sun. through Wed., Nov. 19-22: "Betrayal" (French), Annie Vernay, Suzy Prim.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"Harvest" (French).

EAST SIDE

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs., Nov. 16: "Torpedoed," H. B. Warner, Noah Beery; also "Winter Carnival," Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. . . . Fri. and Sat., Nov. 17-18: WHEN TOMORROW COMES, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also PRISON WITHOUT BARS, Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Sun. through Tues., Nov. 19-21: GOLDEN BOY, William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck; also "Housemaster," Otto Kruger. . . . From Wed., Nov. 22: "Black Limelight," Raymond Massey; also "Blondie Takes a Vacation," Penny Singleton.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Nov. 16: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche; also "Full Confession," Victor McLaglen, Sally Eilers. . . . Fri. through Tues., Nov. 17-21: THE WOMEN, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell; also "The Man They Couldn't Hang," Boris Karloff. . . . From Wed., Nov. 22: "On Your Toes," Zorina, Eddie Albert; also "20,000 Men a Year," Randolph Scott, Margaret Lindsay.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "$1,000 a Touchdown," Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye; also "The Challenge," Robert Douglas.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Nov. 17: GOLDEN BOY, William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20: "The Star Maker," Bing Crosby. . . . From Tues., Nov. 21: "Honeymoon in Bali," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-6040)—Thurs., Nov. 16: THE WIZARD OF OZ, Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Bert Lahr. . . . Fri. through Sun., Nov. 17-19: "The Moon's Our Home," revival, Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda. . . . Mon. and Tues., Nov. 20-21: "Lady of the Tropics," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor. . . . From Wed., Nov. 22: "The Rains Came," Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17: "Peter Ibbetson," revival, Gary Cooper, Ann Harding; also "Crime in the Maginot Line" (French), Victor Francen. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20: "Climbing High," Jessie Matthews; also "Lady of the Tropics," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Always Goodbye," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall; also "Three Blind Mice," revival, Loretta Young, Joel McCrea.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17: "The Under-Pup," Gloria Jean. . . . Sat. through Tues., Nov. 18-21: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche. . . . From Wed., Nov. 22: VIVACIOUS LADY, revival, Ginger Rogers, James Stewart.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20: THE WIZARD OF OZ, Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Bert Lahr. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Here I Am a Stranger," Richard Greene, Brenda Joyce.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "$1,000 a Touchdown," Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye; also "The Challenge," Robert Douglas.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Nov. 16: BACHELOR MOTHER, Ginger Rogers, David Niven; also "Torpedoed," H. B. Warner, Noah Beery, Jr. . . . Fri. and Sat., Nov. 17-18: "Heart of Paris" (French), Raimu, Michele Morgan; also "Student Romance," revival, Patric Knowles. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20: BLACKMAIL, Edward G. Robinson; also "Lady of the Tropics," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor. . . . From Tues., Nov. 21: GUNGA DIN, revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen; also "Inside Information," June Lang.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17: THE CITADEL, revival, Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20: BEAU GESTE, Gary Cooper. . . . From Tues., Nov. 21: GOLDEN BOY, William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 16-17: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche; also "Full Confession," Victor McLaglen, Sally Eilers. . . . Sat. through Mon., Nov. 18-20: "Honeymoon in Bali," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray; also "Fast and Furious," Franchot Tone, Ann Sothern. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "A Woman Is the Judge," Frieda Inescort, Otto Kruger; also "Bulldog Drummond's Bride," John Howard, Heather Angel.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: THE WOMEN, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell; also "The Man They Couldn't Hang," Boris Karloff.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Black Limelight," Raymond Massey.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: THE WOMEN, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell; also "The Man They Couldn't Hang," Boris Karloff.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Nov. 16: The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone; also "Hotel for Women," Linda Darnell. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20: BACHELOR MOTHER, Ginger Rogers, David Niven; also "The Saint in London," George Sanders, Sally Gray. . . . From Tues., Nov. 21: GUNGA DIN, revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen; also "Pack Up Your Troubles," Jane Withers.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Nov. 18: "Honeymoon in Bali," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray; also "Fast and Furious," Franchot Tone, Ann Sothern. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20: "Island of Lost Men," Anna May Wong; also "This Man Is News," Valerie Hobson. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "A Woman Is the Judge," Frieda Inescort, Otto Kruger; also "Bulldog Drummond's Bride," John Howard, Heather Angel.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Smashing the Money Ring," Ronald Reagan, Margot Stevenson.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "$1,000 a Touchdown," Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye; also "The Challenge," Robert Douglas.

Colonial, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Your Toes," Zorina, Eddie Albert; also "20,000 Men a Year," Randolph Scott, Margaret Lindsay. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, revival, Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim; also "Everybody's Hobby," Irene Rich.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 16-18: "The Affair Lafont" (French), Corinne Luchaire; also "Exclusive," revival, Frances Farmer, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19-20: MADE FOR EACH OTHER, revival, Carole Lombard, James Stewart; also "First a Girl," revival, Jessie Matthews. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "The Rains Came," Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent; also "Just Like a Woman," revival, Ralph Graves.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche; also "Full Confession," Victor McLaglen, Sally Eilers. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Legion of the Lost" (also called "The Legion of Lost Fliers"), Richard Arlen, Andy Devine; also "Irish Luck," Frankie Darro.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: THE REAL GLORY, Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, David Niven; also "Those High Grey Walls," Walter Connolly. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Murder Is News," Iris Meredith; also "Spy of Napoleon," Richard Barthelmess.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., Nov. 16-19: DUST BE MY DESTINY, John Garfield, Priscilla Lane; also "Pack Up Your Troubles," Jane Withers. . . . Mon. through Wed., Nov. 20-22: "The Star Maker," Bing Crosby; also "The Magnificent Fraud," Akim Tamiroff.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1010)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "$1,000 a Touchdown," Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye; also "The Challenge," Robert Douglas.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs. through Wed., Nov. 16-22: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen.

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

Rio, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., Nov. 16: HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, Alice Faye, Don Ameche; also "Full Confession," Victor McLaglen, Sally Eilers. . . . Fri. through Mon., Nov. 17-20: THE WOMEN, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell; also "The Man They Couldn't Hang," Boris Karloff. . . . From Tues., Nov. 21: "On Your Toes," Zorina, Eddie Albert; also "20,000 Men a Year," Randolph Scott, Margaret Lindsay.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. though Mon., Nov. 16-20: "Thunder Afloat," Wallace Beery, Chester Morris; also "What a Life," Betty Field, Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "$1,000 a Touchdown," Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye; also "The Challenge," Robert Douglas.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Nov. 16-20: "On Dress Parade," Dead End Kids, Cissie Loftus; also "Rio," Basil Rathbone, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues. and Wed., Nov. 21-22: "Conspiracy," Allan Lane; also "Cowboy Quarterback," Bert Wheeler, Marie Wilson.

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NEW YORK

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

I AM too humane to send out the bombers that will lay waste England, Hermann Göring told the reporters, just before the time bomb went off a few minutes too late in Munich. We are too humane to use a secret weapon that will wipe out Germany, the British propaganda service said. Both these remarks, *we* say, call for a redefinition of the word "humane." Noah Webster, writing in the age of innocence, gave a list of synonyms: kind, merciful, compassionate, forgiving. From time to time we do a little work on our own dictionary of current usage, and this week we added a brief note under H. "Humanity," we wrote, "formerly used to describe the quality of universal kindness; now signifies timidity disguised as benevolence or restraint."

In the first chapter of "Tom Sawyer," Mark Twain told about the time Tom met a new boy on the street:

"Say—if you give me much more of your sass I'll take and bounce a rock off'n your head."

"Oh, of *course* you will."

"Well I will."

"Well why don't you *do* it then? What do you keep saying you will for? Why don't you do it? It's because you're afraid."

This seems to us the almost perfect example of humane conduct.

GEORGE THE WEASEL worked hand in glove with Dorothy the Finger, spotting bejewelled night-club patrons and following them home. Night after night Dorothy sat around with café society, spotting the ice and then slipping out to tell the mob. Our life, we feel, might have been different if we had met a broad like Dorothy in time. In her own special way, she is our dream girl. In our imagination, she is always sitting there at the first table near the door, a sinister little smile on her face, her fingers toying with the lemon peel in her horse's neck, her eyes calmly fixed on the fashionable suckers. When the time comes, she hurries out and jumps on the

running board of our powerful Cadillac. We have dreamed the rest of it so much that it has fallen into the strict pattern of a moving picture—the chase to the entrance of the Plaza, the stickup, the jewels in our side pocket, the wild ride home to the secret hangout in Brooklyn, the low, husky laughter as we pry the rocks from their settings.

"FREE Spending Returns to City on Wings of War and Recovery," said a headline in the *Tribune* the other day. The story that went with it was lighthearted and full of cheerful details. The theatre is doing wonderfully, some scalpers getting as much as $11 for a single $3.30 seat. Hattie Carnegie, Gunther, and Pol Roger et Cie. are riding high. The Rolls-Royce Service Garage is swamped with work. Champagne sales are two hundred and fifty per cent better than they were a year ago. The Stork Club, El Morocco, and the Persian Room are having their best seasons in five years. "There is a forty-per-cent increase in the demand for fine foods flown fresh from their point of origin," wrote the *Tribune* man merrily. We felt rather merry, too. It was nice to know that Fifty-second Street was running with champagne, not blood; that the airplane over our rooftop carried pheasant, not bombs. It was a brief mood, though. That very afternoon we picked up the *Post* and read a message to the women of America from Miss Anne Hirst. "The next time you feel like crying or think you are going to pieces," she said, "run to your pantry and eat a few crackers with cheese . . . when you get sick of cheese, switch to jam . . . substitute some definite action for the vague fear that is trying to envelop you!" In an instant we recognized the *Tribune's* roll call of gaiety for what it was—the story of a city doing its best to stave off a nervous breakdown. Enveloped once more in vague fear, we ran out to our pantry and ate some crackers and jam. We washed them down with a magnum of champagne.

LUCIUS BOOMER, president of the Waldorf-Astoria, thinks that à-la-carte menus are uneconomical and doomed. He favors the serving of meals that offer the diner a limited selection at fixed prices. We have never had anything to do with running a hotel, but we are opposed to the table-d'hôte idea as a matter of democratic principle. A man given his choice only between tomato juice and shrimp cocktail, consommé and vegetable soup, veal cutlet and

Yankee pot roast has been robbed of a small but precious part of his heritage as an American citizen; he has surrendered his freedom of action, and in a subtle but definite way he is being regimented. The thinkers of our time, with their eyes beyond the horizon, have warned us often enough of the dangers of imported Fascism. Here, it seems to us, is the peril breeding at home, striking at the soul through the abdominal cavity. We don't approve of it. Our crusade for November is simple: preserve the Constitution of the United States and the

à-la-carte bill of fare. The organizing committee will meet next Friday evening at Longchamps, and it will order any damn thing it wants.

Demonstration

WE have loved Abercrombie & Fitch ever since the time we bought a pair of dice there and the clerk asked if we wanted them delivered. Now comes a nice story from a girl named Virginia, who recently went in for one of those high-frequency dog whistles, the kind that dogs can hear but you can't, because they're so high-pitched. The clerk was just about to wrap it up when Virginia, struck with a sudden inspiration, said, "Are you sure it's in working order?" The clerk blew on it as hard as he could, but of course it didn't produce any noise audible to him or Virginia. "It's supposed to be inaudible, Miss," he said. "But how do I know it's in working order?" she asked, settling down for some quiet fun. The clerk wiped his brow and went away to consult a colleague. Then he disappeared through the street door. He was back in a moment, escorting an astonished young girl with an astonished Sealyham on leash. "This young lady and her dog have kindly consented to help us out," he told Virginia. Once more he blew soundlessly on the whistle. The Sealyham winced, and howled angrily. "Seems to be quite satisfactory, Miss," he said. "And now could I show you some of our new leashes?"

Walter's Career

YOU may or may not know that "Tobacco Road" has for the past six months held the record for the longest consecutive run on Broadway, having passed "Abie's Irish Rose," without knowing it, last May 28th. It seems that Burns Mantle's yearbook was taken as the authority in this matter and that it led everybody astray through having accepted the statement of a press agent some years ago that "Abie" had had 2,532 Broadway performances. A *Times* investigator discovered, only last week, that this figure included 205 Bronx, Brooklyn, and other non-Broadway performances. Subtracting 205, the *Times* got a Broadway run for "Abie" of only 2,327 performances. The "Tobacco Road" management is going to celebrate on the evening of November 18th, as originally and extensively planned, but its heart isn't really in it any more. It would have been kinder if the *Times* hadn't told.

All this is water under the bridge, and we mention it merely by way of introducing Mr. Edwin Walter, the only member of the original company still with the show. He has never missed a performance, and has undisputed claim to the all-time, world-wide record for playing the same rôle in consecutive performances. He plays George Payne, the hard-hearted banker who turns up at the end of Act II and warns Jeeter Lester that he is going to foreclose the mortgage. He is on for exactly thirteen minutes, and has two pieces of business; one is to clean his nails with an indifferent expression, as Jeeter pleads with him, and the other is to turn to the audience and register disgust when Jeeter tells him, "Sister Bessie just married herself to Dude." His part consists of 286 words.

Mr. Walter looks pretty much the same offstage as on. He's a well-built, silvery-haired gentleman with pince-nez, and he speaks in an actor's rich voice. He was sixty-two when he went to work in "Tobacco Road," and now, of course, he's sixty-eight. He was born in Passaic and made his stage debut when he was sixteen, as a juvenile in a play called "The Danger Signal," presented in a theatre on 125th Street. After that, he grew from juvenile to character man, in a succession of plays like "The White Slave," "The Tavern," "Elmer the Great," "Crime," "Potash and Perlmutter," etc. When "Tobacco Road" opened, he didn't even bother to unpack his trunk, because he didn't think the play would run. Not that he didn't think well of it; he didn't think the public would take to it, that's all. He has kept the same dressing room, No. 11, since the opening. He has also maintained bachelor quarters in the same hotel, the Empire, up on the West Side. He always walks to and from the theatre, and hasn't stayed to watch the last act since 1934. His afternoons he spends mostly at baseball games, in season, or cinemas. His costume, a gray business suit, has had to be replaced once, because it got shiny. Mr. Walter has of course seen all the backstage excitements and tragedies of the past six years—the sudden death of Maude Odell, who played Sister Bessie; Mr. Barton's difference with the management about the matter of extempore profanity; the succession of actors in all the rôles except his—but he doesn't venture an opinion about such things, doubtless feeling that it's a family affair. Once, in April, 1936, a brief moment of excitement came to him personally: a woman sitting in the second row stood up, shook her fist, and shouted, "Don't you dare put that old man off his property!" Through the intervening years, he has been wanly hoping for something like that to happen again, but it never has.

•

IN the matter of theatrical records, another one of some sort has probably been established by Edward J. McNamara, who has for long been something of a specialist in cop rôles. He opened with "Margin for Error" last month, speaking only the last, or "tag," line of the play, which consists of nine words (which he wasn't allowed to utter, at least out loud, during rehearsals, because there is a theatrical superstition against speaking a tag line at rehearsal). This was McNamara's first appearance on the stage in four years, but three years ago he went to Hollywood under a six months' contract and there played an even briefer part. After sitting around for months, he was called to a studio to portray a cop, and after he had been carefully outfitted for his rôle, with many an argument among the experts as to where he should wear his badge and so on, they finally began taking the scene he was in. He was a police captain seated at a desk in a station house. The phone rang and he picked it up, listened, scowled, and exclaimed, "What, *murder?*" That was the extent of the part. That was the extent of his six months' service in Hollywood. Four years, eleven words is probably a record.

Tote Man

THE fact that New York State voted in favor of legalized parimutuel betting is naturally gratifying to Mr. Lindsay L. Raymond, general manager and one of the owners of Automatic Totalisators, Ltd., of Sydney, Australia, but he could wish that our legal processes were not so leisurely. As the world's biggest manufacturer of tote machines—he has eighty-odd now in operation, in almost every country in the world—he hopes to get the

"Attention! Do you need money?"

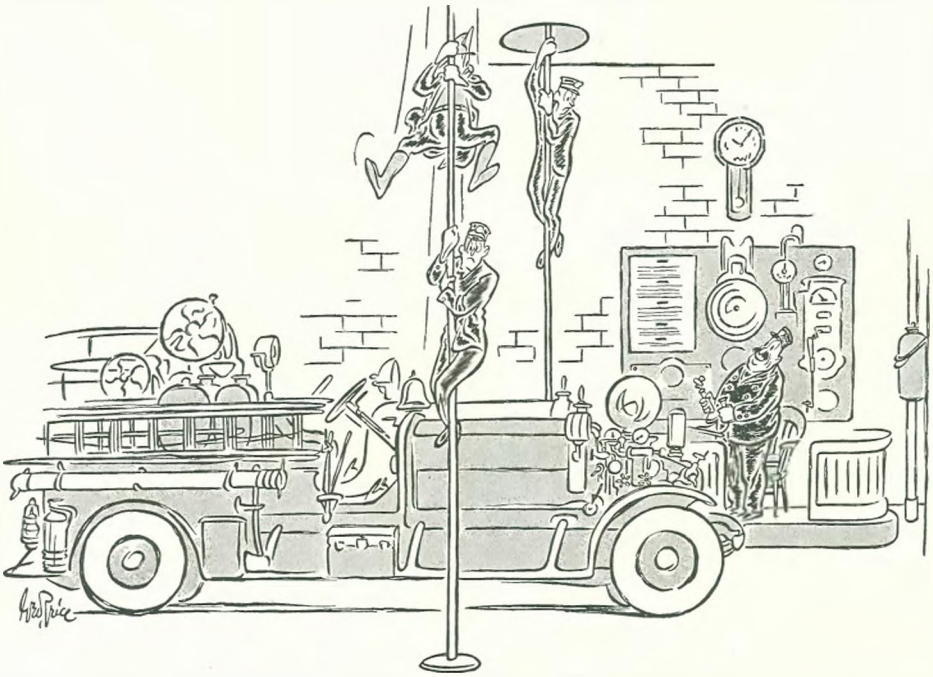
job of building machines for the five tracks in the state. However, nothing can be done until the passage of enabling legislation, fixing among other things the percentage of the take that is to go to the state and to the operators, and that won't be until after the legislature convenes, on January 2nd. The big hitch is that the Jamaica track will be opening up in April, three months after the earliest possible time the legislature could attend to the matter, and it ordinarily takes the manufacturers six months to make a machine.

We found Mr. Lindsay sitting in a room at the Roosevelt, worrying over this situation. He's a spectacled, iron-gray man of about sixty, who looks, talks, and acts like a conservative small-town banker. He was careful to say that he himself doesn't bet, and that he doesn't allow any of his employees to do so. He wouldn't say that he had never bet. "Everybody *has*, I guess," he said. "One bet, and you're out" is his rule for employees, and he doesn't want them to be able to say, "Well, the boss does it." He didn't know whether, if he placed his machines in New York State, they would be staffed with his own people or simply rented out in return for a royalty based on the gross take. The arrangement is different at every track, depending partly on the percentage of money that stays in the kitty. (If you don't believe that a tote machine makes money for somebody, just consider this: If a crowd of people with a total of $20,000 in their pockets went to a track where the machine kept ten per cent and bet all they had on each of seven races, covering each horse equally, they would come home with exactly $9,565.93 in their pockets. The rest would stay in the kitty.) Percentages range from six to fifteen, generally.

Mr. Raymond says he can build a little tote for a cost as low as $30,000. The most expensive one in operation is at Longchamp: $625,000. The totalisator is merely a giant adding machine that figures up odds and issues printed receipts. There are three or four other companies in the business, the leader in this country being the American Totalisator Company of Baltimore, which has installed machines differing slightly from Mr. Raymond's at more than twenty American tracks. The only Australian machine now operating over here is the one at Hialeah. It has 157 windows and can handle 400,000 transactions a day. Mr. Raymond figures that all the New York tracks will need machines of equal capacity. He also told us something we hadn't known before—that the totalisator was invented as a voting machine. The inventor was an Australian consulting engineer named Sir George Julius, and he perfected the device thirty years ago. It was snapped up by the betting men, however, and has never recorded a single vote.

Ruse

A Well-Known lady interior decorator has a favorite carpenter whom she employs regularly by the month, for which reason he has not bothered to join a union. She never had any trouble because of him until this fall, when she started to fix up an apartment for a client who was moving into a new building then in the final stages of construction. The management informed her that if her non-union employee so much as touched an awl, the electricians, plasterers, and other workmen would strike immediately, and the management couldn't face *that.* The lady was only briefly retarded by the situation. She dressed her carpenter up in a tailcoat, complete with gardenia, top hat, and walking stick, and told him to report for work each morning, weaving a bit. The faithful employee staggered in every morning for a fortnight. His tools had previously been delivered in Vuitton luggage. His lunch was delivered by the decorator herself. At the end of every



"It's the Blue Ribbon Frankfurter Company. Better take mustard."

day he redressed in his evening outfit and strolled forth, bound for his wife and family in Astoria.

Maynor

THE great discovery of the new musical season is undoubtedly Dorothy Maynor, the Negro soprano. Season, hell! Let's make her the discovery of the decade. Miss Maynor is the protégée of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony. It's a matter of public record that the first time she sang for him, last August, he called her "a native Flagstad." After giving him plenty of time to cool off, a friend of his recently asked him if he still meant it, and he cried heatedly, "I meant *more* than that!" And if you don't believe Koussevitzky, maybe you'll believe the *Times*: "One of the outstanding voices of the day." Anyway, most of the musical folk we know think that her début, which takes place this Sunday evening, will be an event comparable to the débuts of Galli-Curci and Heifetz. Town Hall has been sold out for more than a week, and you couldn't get a seat now for love or money.

Miss Maynor was absolutely unknown last August when she turned up at the Berkshire Music Festival, an annual outdoor affair held near Stockbridge. She had come to hear the music, and to try her luck at getting an audition with Koussevitzky. This was arranged for her by one of the patronesses of the Festival, and she sang one afternoon after a concert. The conductor jumped up and down, shouting, "It is a miracle! It is a musical revelation! The world must hear her!" This happened to be the day before a picnic which Koussevitzky was giving for his men, and he insisted that she sing for them. On less than twenty-four hours' notice, Miss Maynor did a little program of German *Lieder*, Negro spirituals, and the "Ho-Yo-To-Ho!" from Wagner's "Walküre." It was kind of a tough job, since she had never before sung solo in public and her audience was made up of professional musicians, with a sprinkling of critics; but she did so satisfactorily that the next thing she knew, she was making records with the Boston Symphony.

Miss Maynor is twenty-eight. She's very short, very buxom, very dark, and excruciatingly modest. She told us (speaking with no trace of a Southern accent) that her reactions when the heavens opened last August were "fear and daze." "I didn't sleep for three nights," she added. She has been training only three years for solo work, but her musical background is extensive. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, where her father, now dead, was a Methodist minister. When she was fourteen, she entered Hampton Institute, near Norfolk. Four years later, in 1929, she toured Europe as a member of the Institute's famous choir. After Hampton, she attended the Westminster Choir School in Princeton, planning eventually to become a voice teacher. Her friends kept urging her to study for concert work, however, and in 1936 she came to New York to do it; first she studied with Wilfred Klamroth, then with John Alan Haughton, who is still her teacher. She and her mother have a small apartment on Seventh Avenue, near 114th Street, where, at the moment, she is working like a dog. "It has all come so suddenly that I must make every moment count," she told us. She's up at six, does two hours of memorizing, then an hour of French and an hour of German. Then she has a lesson, lunches, takes a walk in Central Park, and returns to her apartment for an afternoon of study almost as concentrated as the morning's. We asked if she felt nervous about her début, and she said, "Well, you can say I'm anxious. You can say I'm hoping and praying I'll prove acceptable." At this point, her modesty almost floored the interview completely. "You can say," she said, "that I hope I'll be able to give the best interpretations I'll be able to give."

Chattel

A GIRL from Texas went to Paris this last summer and wound up by marrying a Frenchman she met there. They came to the United States for their honeymoon, and spent some time in Texas with the bride's family. There, in hospitable Southwestern

fashion, they were showered with all sorts of gifts intended to start them off right in their new life. They were recalled to France rather suddenly, by the outbreak of war, and came back to New York to sail as soon as possible. It was only when they were on their way to the pier, with their accumulated presents accompanying them in an extra taxicab, that they realized they were going to let themselves in for a bad time at the French customs. So, an hour before sailing time, they called up the French Consulate and asked if there was anything they could do to lighten the financial burden of taking all that stuff to France. The consular clerk thought for a while, then asked, "You haven't got a bed with you, by any chance?" They said no, and what good would a bed be, anyway? The clerk said that there was an old French law which permitted a Frenchman to import his household goods duty-free, but that *La Patrie* considered a bed an indispensable part of any householder's goods. "Buy yourselves a bed, and you won't have to worry about the duty," he told them.

The young couple took a cab right down to Macy's, but Macy's refused to sell them a bed off the floor. With only half an hour left before sailing time, they asked their cabdriver for advice. "Sure, I know where you can buy a bed," he said. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted a bed?" He took them to a place over on Eighth Avenue, where they got a fine bedstead, springs, and mattress for $4.85. They were very conscientious about it, too—got a double bed, although a single would have been cheaper. They kept it in their cabin on the way over, and threw it away as soon as they were safely repatriated.

Franksgiving Plans

WE called up a number of Tories and made discreet inquiries about their plans for November 23rd, a legal holiday known to the young Wall Street bunch as Franksgiving. First on our list was Hamilton Fish, who took a deep breath and said, "I have to confess that it's a very confusing situation, rather typical of the New Deal, which has a knack of making confusion more confounded. I'm surprised that our President doesn't change Christmas and the Fourth of July. That's all I care to say." Then, before we could even thank him, he added moodily, "Probably I'll celebrate *both* Thanksgivings." The *Herald Tribune's* chief whither-whither man, Geoffrey Parsons, told us with hoots of laughter that he, too, was going to celebrate both days; seems he has to, because relatives are coming both times. Another journalist, Lucius Beebe, sturdily said, "Why, I'll celebrate the thirtieth, if only as a Republican gesture." Mrs. Ogden Reid, the wife of his employer, said the Reid family was undecided. Mrs. Preston Davie, the anti-Roosevelt columnist, is having her turkey on the 23rd, but was careful to add that she and her family were still Republicans.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt said, "I'll celebrate Thanksgiving on the day it has always been celebrated on, namely the last Thursday in November. I shall also celebrate Christmas on its usual day, no matter what's done in Washington." At the District Attorney's office, Mr. Dewey issued a statement to the effect that, as an officer of the law, he was bound to recognize constituted authority and celebrate the 23rd. The Union League Club and the Knickerbocker will observe the 23rd, too. The Bruce Bartons are going to observe both days, principally because they have a son coming home from Harvard on the 30th, which is Massachusetts' legal Thanksgiving.

We called Raymond Moley, although he did not, strictly speaking, come within the field of investigation. He said, "I have always celebrated November twenty-third. I had twins born on that day."

Precaution

TWO mathematicians, Professors N. J. Lennes and H. S. Merrill of the University of Montana, recently compiled a five-place logarithm table, which was published by Harper & Brothers. The copyright provision on the flyleaf includes this warning: "All rights in this book are reserved. It may not be used for dramatic, motion- or talking-picture purposes without written authorization." Nothing said about any resemblance of the characters to any persons living or dead being purely coincidental; Harper's is chancing that.

"Are you sure you love me for myself, Miriam, and not just because I'm your section manager?"

"*Now?*"

ROPE ENOUGH

HENRY FRASER, well assured that almost everything is done by mirrors, was given a job in India. No sooner had he set foot on shore than he burst into a horselaugh. Those who were meeting him asked in some alarm the cause of this merriment. He replied he was laughing at the mere idea of the Indian rope trick.

He emitted similar startling sounds, and gave the same explanation, at a tiffin at which he was officially made welcome; likewise on the Bund, over chota peg, in rickshaws, in bazaars, in the Club, and on the polo ground. Soon he was known from Bombay to Calcutta as the man who laughed at the Indian rope trick, and he gloried in the well-deserved publicity.

There came a day, however, when he was sitting in his bungalow, bored to death. His boy entered and, with suitable salaams, announced that a mountebank was outside, who craved the honor of entertaining the Sahib with a performance of the Indian rope trick. Laughing heartily, Henry consented, and moved out to his chair upon the veranda.

Below, in the dusty compound, stood a native who was emaciated to a degree, and who had with him a spry youngster, a huge mat basket, and a monstrous sword. Out of the basket he dragged some thirty feet of stout rope, made a pass or two, and slung it up into the air. It stayed there. Then the boy, with a caper, sprang at the rope, clutched it, and went up hand over hand. When he reached the top, he vanished into thin air. Henry chuckled.

Soon the man, looking upward with an anxious expression, began to hoot and holler after the boy. He called him down, he ordered him down, he begged him down; he began to swear and curse horribly. The boy, it seemed, took no notice at all. Henry roared.

Now the man, clapping his abominable scimitar between his teeth, took hold of the rope himself and went up it like a sailor. He, also, disappeared at the top. Henry's mirth increased.

Pretty soon some yelps and squeals were heard coming out of the empty air, and then a bloodcurdling scream. Down came a leg, thump onto the ground, then an arm, a thigh, a head, and other joints, and finally, no ladies being present, a bare backside, which struck the earth like a bomb. Henry went into fits.

The man came sliding down the rope, holding on with one hand, fairly gibbering with excitement. He presented to Henry, with a salaam, his reeking blade for inspection. Henry guffawed.

The man, seemingly overwhelmed with remorse, gathered up the fragments of his little stooge, lavishing a hundred lamentations and endearments upon each grisly member, and stowed them all in the giant basket.

At that moment, Henry, feeling the time had come for a showdown, and willing to bet a thousand to one they'd planted the whole compound full of mirrors before calling him out there, drew his revolver and blazed away right and left in the expectation of splintering at least one of those deceiving glasses.

Nothing of that sort happened, but the man, doing a quick pirouette in alarm, reached down in the dust at his feet and picked up a villainous little snake, no thicker than a lead pencil, which had been killed by one of Henry's random bullets. He gave a gasp of relief, touched his turban very civilly, turned round again, and made a pass or two over the basket. At once, with a wriggle and a frisk, the boy sprang out, whole, alive, smiling, full of health and wickedness.

The man hastily hauled down the rope and came cringing up to Henry, overflowing with gratitude for having been saved from that villainous little snake, which was nothing more or less than a krait—one nip, and a man goes round and round like a Catherine wheel for eleven seconds, then he is as dead as mutton.

"But for the Heavenborn," said the man, "I should have been a goner, and my wicked little boy here, who is my pride and delight, must have lain dismembered in the basket till the Sahib's servants condescended to throw him to the crocodiles. Our worthless lives, our scanty goods, are all at the Sahib's disposal."

"That's all right," said Henry. "All I ask is, show me how the trick is worked, or the laugh will be on me from now on."

"Would not the Sahib," said the man diffidently, "prefer the secret of a superb hair restorer?"

"No, no," said Henry. "Nothing but the trick."

"I have," said the man, "the recipe of a very peculiar tonic—"

"The trick," said Henry, "and without further delay."

"Very well," said the man. "Nothing in the world could be more simple. You make a pass—like that."

"Wait a minute," said Henry. "Like that?"

"Like that," said the man. "You then throw up the rope—so. You see? It sticks."

"So it does," said Henry.

"Any boy can climb," said the man. "Up, boy. Show the Sahib."

The boy, smiling, climbed up and disappeared.

"Now," said the man, "if the Sahib will excuse me, I shall be back immediately." And with that he climbed up, threw down the boy in sections, and speedily rejoined Henry on the ground.

"All that," he said, scooping up legs and arms as he spoke, "all that can be done by anyone. There is a little knack, however, to the pass I make at this juncture. If the Sahib will deign to observe closely—like that."

"Like that?" said Henry.

"You have it to perfection," said the man.

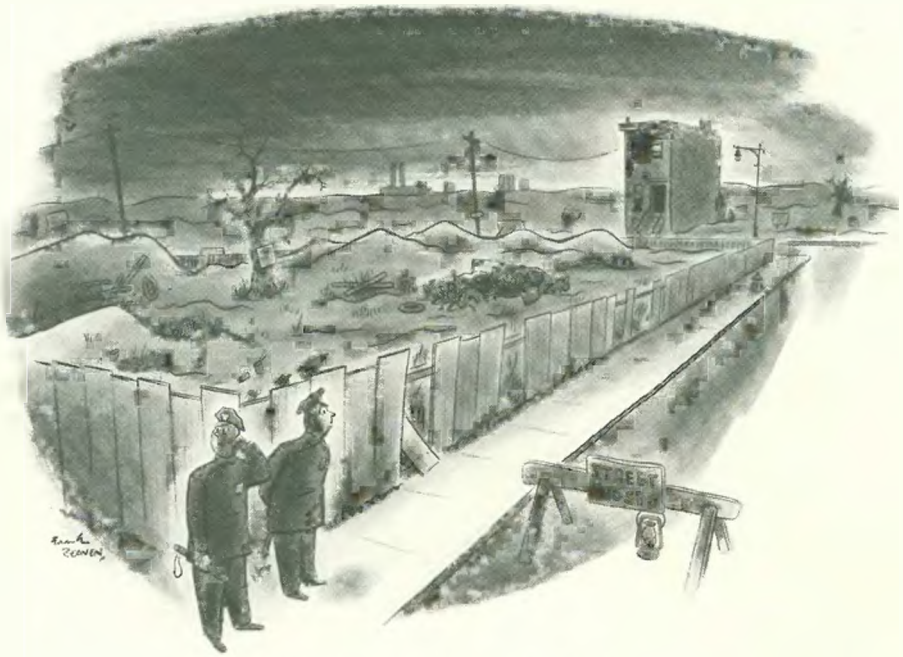
"Very interesting," said Henry. "Tell me, what's up there at the top of the rope?"

"Ah, Sahib," said the man, with a smile, "that is something truly delightful."

With that he salaamed and departed, taking with him his rope, his giant basket, his tremendous scimitar, and his wicked little boy.

HENRY was left feeling rather morose; he was known from the Deccan to the Khyber Pass as the man who laughed at the Indian rope trick, and now he could laugh no more. He decided to keep very quiet about it, but this unfortunately was not enough. At tiffin, at chota peg, at the Club, on the Bund, in the bazaar, and at polo he was expected to laugh like a horse, and in India one has to do what is expected of one. Henry became extremely unpopular, cabals were formed against him, and soon he was hoofed out of the Service.

This was the more distressing as, in the meantime, he had married a wife—strong-featured, upstanding, well groomed, straight-eyed, a little peremp-



"Well, here it goes getting dark again."

tory in manner, and as jealous as a demon, but in all respects a mem-sahib of the highest type, who knew very well what was due to her. She told Henry he had better go to America and make a fortune. He agreed, they packed up, and off they went to America.

"I hope," said Henry, as they stood looking at the skyline of New York, "I hope I shall make that fortune."

"Of course," she said. "You must insist upon it."

"Very well, my dear," he said.

On landing, however, Henry discovered that all the fortunes had already been made, a revelation which usually awaits those who visit America on this errand, and after some weeks of drifting about from place to place, he was prepared to cut his demand down to a mere job, then to a lesser job, and finally to the price of a meal and a bed for the night. He reached this extremity in a certain small town in the Midwest. "There is nothing for it, my dear," said Henry. "We shall have to do the Indian rope trick, and you will have to take the place of the boy."

His wife cried out very bitterly at the idea of a mem-sahib performing this native feat in a Midwestern town, before a Midwestern audience. She reproached Henry with the loss of his job, the poor quality of his manhood, with the time he let her little dog get run over on the Bund, and with a glance he had cast at a Parsee maiden in Bombay. Nevertheless, reason and hunger prevailed; they pawned her last trinket and invested in a rope, a roomy valise, and a monstrous old rusty scimitar they discovered in a junk shop.

When she saw this last, Henry's wife flatly refused to go on unless she was given the star part and Henry took that of the stooge. "But," said Henry, drawing an apprehensive thumb down the notched and jagged edge of this rusty old bilbo, "you don't know how to make the passes."

"If you could learn," she said, "you may be quite sure I can."

So Henry showed her, and certainly no tutor was ever more thorough in his instructions. In the end she mastered them perfectly. Henry improvised a turban and loincloth; she wore a sari and a pair of ashtrays borrowed from the hotel. They sought out a convenient waste lot. A crowd collected and the show began.

Up went the rope. Sure enough, it stuck. The crowd, with a multiple snigger, whispered that everything was done by mirrors. Henry, not without a good deal of puffing, went up hand over hand. When he got to the top, he forgot the crowd, the act, his wife, and even himself, so surprised and delighted was he by the sight that met his eyes.

He found himself crawling out of something like a well onto what seemed to be solid ground. The landscape about him was not at all like that below. It was like an Indian paradise —full of dells, bowers, scarlet ibises, and heaven knows what all. However, his surprise and delight came less from the features of the background than from the presence of a young female in the nearest of these bowers, or arbors, which happened to be all wreathed, canopied, overgrown, and intertwined with passionflowers. This delightful creature, who was a positive houri and very lightly attired, seemed to be expecting Henry, and greeted him with rapture.

Henry, who had a sufficiently affectionate nature, flung his arms round her neck and gazed deeply into her eyes. These were surprisingly eloquent. They seemed to say, "Why not make hey-hey while the sun shines?" He found the notion entirely agreeable and planted a lingering kiss on her lips, noting only with a dim and careless annoyance that his wife was hooting and hollering from below. "What person of any tact or delicacy," thought he, "could hoot and holler at such a moment?" and he dismissed her from his mind.

You may imagine his mortification when his delicious damsel suddenly repulsed him from her arms. He looked over his shoulder and there was his wife, clambering over the edge, terribly red in the face, with the fury of a demon in her eye and the mighty scimitar gripped firmly between her teeth.

Henry tried to rise, but she was beforehand with him, and while yet he had but his left foot on the ground, she

caught him one across the loins with the huge and rusty bilbo, which effectually hamstrung him, so that he fell grovelling at her feet. "For heaven's sake," he cried, "it's all a trick. Part of the act. It means nothing. Remember our public. The show must go on."

"It shall," said she, striking at his arms and legs.

"Oh, those notches!" he cried. "I beg you, my dear, sharpen it a little upon a stone."

"It is good enough for you, you viper," she said, hacking away all the time. Pretty soon, Henry was a limbless trunk.

"For the love of God," he said, "I hope you remember the passes. I can explain everything."

"To hell with the passes!" she said, and with a last swipe she sent his head rolling like a football.

She was not long in picking up the scattered fragments of poor Henry and flinging them down to earth, amid the applause and laughter of the crowd, who were more than ever convinced it was all done by mirrors.

Gripping her scimitar, she was about to swarm down after him, not from any softhearted intention of reassembling her unfortunate spouse, but rather to have another hack or two at some of the larger joints. At that moment she became aware of someone behind her, and, looking round, saw a divine young man with the appearance of a maharajah of the noblest lineage, an absolute Valentino, in whose eyes she seemed to read the words "It is better to burn upon the Bed of Passion than in the Chair of Electricity."

This idea presented itself to her with overwhelming appeal. She paused only to thrust her head through the aperture and cry, "That's what happens to a pig of a man who betrays his wife with a beastly native," before hauling up the rope and entering into conversation with her charmer.

The police soon appeared upon the scene and began to ask questions.

"He was doing a trick with mirrors," said a man in the crowd.

"Poor guy!" said the sergeant in command. "The biggest one must have broke right on top of him." —JOHN COLLIER

MADAME LA MARQUISE, TOUJOURS EXQUISE

LOIS GRAVES came into the living room and glanced critically at her sister Judy. "Mother," she said, "Judy has her sweater tucked in again."

Without looking up from the magazine she was reading, Judy ran her fingers around the band of her skirt and pulled out her sweater. "Mom, have we any relatives who are employed by Procter and Gamble?" she asked.

"Even if one has the figure for it," Lois went on, "it isn't smart to tuck one's sweater in this year."

"I don't want to have to speak to you about your sweater again," Mrs. Graves said. "Take it out and leave it out."

Judy got up and went over to her mother's chair. "Well, have we any relatives who are employed by Procter and Gamble?"

Mrs. Graves spread her knitting across her knees and admired it. "Procter and Gamble?" she repeated. "I don't know where you get such outlandish ideas. Why should we have anyone in the family working for *them?*"

"I just wanted to know," Judy said. She left the room with the magazine under her arm and went to the kitchen. Hilda was washing the dinner dishes and the noise was deafening. Judy stood at the door and raised her voice so that it would carry above the sound of the running water. "Hilda, what kind of soap flakes do we use?"

"Don't come in here," Hilda said. "I'm going to mop up the floor in a minute."

"I had no intention of coming in. I merely wanted to know what kind of soap flakes we use."

Hilda glanced at the row of packages on the shelf over the sink. "Ivory, they are."

"Oh!" Judy exclaimed. "That's wonderful! Do you *love* them?"

"Oh, sure," Hilda said. "I'm crazy about them. I use them instead of sugar."

"No, *really*. Can't you think of why you like them?"

"Go away, there's a good girl. I've no time to play."

Judy walked across the room and leaned over Hilda's shoulder to reach for the box of Ivory Flakes. "I'll bring them right back," she promised. "If you would give me the faintest idea why you prefer Ivory Soap Flakes to other brands, I would give you part of my prize money."

Hilda turned off the faucets. "What money?" she asked.

"Well, you see," Judy said, "all you

"He's just a sweet old darling when you get to know him"

have to do is to write down why you like Ivory Soap Flakes in twenty-five words or less, send it in with the top of the box, and win twenty-five hundred dollars, first prize."

"Oh, one of them things. I never heard of anyone winning one of them."

"The people in this house," Judy said positively, "have absolutely no imagination."

IN the room she shared with Lois, she set the magazine and the box of flakes on her bed and took off her bloomers. They were peach-colored rayon ones, a gift from Lois on her twelfth birthday last August. The elastic at the top had been stretched to the breaking point so often around Judy's solid waist that there was no spring left in it. She carried the soap flakes and the bloomers into the bathroom and poured a good handful of the soap into the basin. When she had washed the bloomers, she put them on the radiator to dry. At her desk, she took several pieces of paper and a pencil, and sat down to write. Her thoughts came easily. "I use Ivory Soap Flakes," she wrote, "because as a bride I find them indispensable for my priceless lace wedding veil, an heirloom, and my dainty handmade silk bloomers. They do not fade things either."

Seeing that she had run over her word limit, she crossed out "handmade" and "either." She copied what she had written on the printed form in the magazine, signed it "Mrs. Judith Graves, 36 East 82nd Street, New York City," and enclosed it with the top of the soap box in a small pale-pink envelope.

Once more she read the instructions given in the advertisement. They stated that the prizes would be awarded on the grounds of sincerity, originality of thought, and conciseness. Satisfied that she had scored a hundred on all three counts, she turned the pages of the magazine, looking for more contests. As she began to read, her face was clear and untroubled, but as time passed it took on a worried, apprehensive look.

She walked thoughtfully back to the living room. "Mom, what do you do when your club meets?" she asked.

Mrs. Graves looked up sharply. "My club!" she exclaimed. "What club? I don't belong to any club."

"Oh," Judy said. "Well, a girl at school has a mother who belongs to a club, and they were playing Truth, and they asked one of the women whose wash looked the worst, and she pointed right at this girl's mother."

"That was very rude," Mrs. Graves said. "You'd better be getting ready for bed."

"She made that up." Lois blew on her nails to dry the polish. "I can always tell when she is making up something by the tone of her voice."

"Whether she made it up or not," Mrs. Graves said, "it's a horrid little story. And take that polish off your nails before you go to bed. It's perfectly absurd for a fifteen-year-old girl to paint her nails."

"I did not make it up," Judy contradicted. "It's an absolutely true story."

"Rat whole?" Lois asked.

"Rat whole."

At this sacred verification, Lois sighed. "Well," she said, "anyway, you heard what Mother said about bed."

BACK in her own room, Judy undid the top of her plaid skirt and tucked her sweater in. She refastened the skirtband tighter, using a safety pin, which made the front of her skirt bulge alarmingly. Turning on the light over the dresser, she leaned toward the mirror and examined her face. She saw with displeasure the two chicken-pox scars on her forehead, the way her dark-brown eyebrows met in a soft, fuzzy line, and the several small red spots on her cheeks. Her mouth set with determination, and going to the desk, she took out a notebook and wrote in capital letters: "Things to do from now on. 1. Pluck eyebrows. 2. Scrub face with complexion brush and pure Castile soap. 3. Do not eat more than enough to keep healthy. 4. Eat wholewheat bread. 5. Eat no candy except twice a week. 6. Bathe daily. 7. Wash socks and underwear daily. 8. Do not bite nails. 9. Use jewelry in moderation. 10. Sleep nine hours every night."

She felt better when the list was finished, and she tucked it in a cubbyhole which held other lists. Taking off her two rings, her charm bracelets, and her locket, she opened the top drawer of her bureau. It was filled with small boxes, each one containing a single piece of finery lovingly wrapped in cotton. The boxes were all labelled in a cryptic manner: "S. ring with initials," "Snake bracelet, Aug. 12th, 1938, A.D.," "Piece of chain?," "Perfume bottle," and "Lipstick found on floor of Trans-Lux Theatre, May, 1939." She put the rings, bracelet, and locket in the boxes reserved for them, closed the drawer, and began rearranging the things on the top of her bureau. She set her small blue enamelled mirror squarely in the centre and arranged her comb and brush on either side. Toward the back she placed a large bottle of pink bath salts, unopened, a bottle of violet toilet water, a tin penny bank made in the shape of a suitcase, a stuffed Scottie, an empty bottle of Shalimar, a small tray filled with bobbie pins, and a gilt Easter egg with her name on it; toward the front she set her assortment of glass animals in a neat row.

Fishing into the bottom of the second drawer, she took out a flowered silk nightgown, and after undoing her skirt again, she slid out of her clothes and slipped the nightgown over her head. It had lain in the drawer for two years waiting for an occasion of some sort, and now it was too short, hitting Judy in the middle of her calves, and too tight, pulling uncomfortably across her chest. She seemed unaware of these things and only noticed the beauty of the small pink roses with their yellow centres and the entrancing bit of lace around the neck.

She opened the bath salts, putting the blue ribbon that had been around the top of the bottle away carefully, and went to the bathroom to run her tub. Remembering her resolve about washing her face with a soft complexion brush and pure Castile soap, she laid the nail brush on the edge of the tub before she ran the water, and took off the flowered nightgown.

Her bath was warm and generously scented. For a while she lay on her back, her dark, clear eyes staring rapturously at the ceiling. With one foot she reached for the washcloth and pushed it against the opening to stop the overflow until the water was a bare inch from the top of the tub. Her hands, moving about in the water, looked brown and stubby, and she sat up to scrub them vigorously. Then she soaped the brush again and again, and, beginning at her toes, washed herself all over until the water was thick with suds. Exhausted, she lay back once

"Please, Mr. Carstairs! Not here!"

• •

more, the ends of her straight hair floating at her back. She resolved on a nightly routine of washing, brushing, and grooming herself, and was filled with a sense of well-being. Remembering the none too subtle insinuations of the advertisements in the magazine, she grew cold with the thought of how her former carelessness might have ruined her life. It was pleasant in the tub, she admitted, and she felt strangely grown-up lying there spotless and white with the room heavy with steam and the smell of rose geranium.

She heard Lois come into the next room, and she reluctantly got out of the tub and dried herself. It took her over five minutes to brush her teeth with a gentle rotating motion, and then, slipping the flowered nightgown over her head once more, she opened the door to the bedroom.

It seemed cold after the moist warmth of her bath, and Lois looked cool and pretty sitting by her dressing table brushing her hair. With no effort at all, she seemed to have achieved the state of perfection that Judy had set her heart on.

"What's the matter?" Lois asked. "What have you got that thing on for? Didn't the laundry come back?"

Without answering, Judy walked toward her and, leaning over, sniffed delicately at Lois's hair. It smelled sweet and rather like the kitten they had in the country last year.

Lois lifted her shoulders. "Go away," she said. "You smell funny."

Judy stepped back, stricken. The flowered gown swayed against her hard brown legs. "What do you mean, funny?" she asked.

Lois wound a soft curl around one finger. "Oh, you know, funny," she said. "Like soap." —Sally Benson

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WHAT FUN TO BE, ETC.

What fun to be Picasso and landscape an oh so
Formal torso! What fun to be Picasso!

What fun to be Gris and—seated vis-a-vis—
Draw, quarter, and cube some noted portraitee,
Put a fluttering nose, an eye in the midst of him,
Interlocking jaws, and a double chin
(One, that is, that besides coming out goes in),
A tie, and limbs with a synonym!

What fun to be Braque, to shock, to paint bric-a-brac
Like bottles and guitars that say A B C!
Or Klee. What fun to be Klee, Gris, Picasso, or Braque!

—Rosalie Moore

PROFILES

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE–I

COMMONLY, when a family achieves such fame that it has a street named in its honor, it moves to a better part of town. There are no Roosevelts on Roosevelt Street, no Astors within blocks of Astor Place, and no Vanderbilts on Vanderbilt Avenue except when Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt pays an occasional visit to the Yale Club. Lee and J. J. Shubert, however, live almost entirely in, above, and around Shubert Alley, which runs from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth Streets between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. The Alley, although it has a sidewalk and a roadway for automobiles, is a private street, part of the property rented to the Shuberts by the Astor Estate in 1912 on a lease which still has seventy-two years to run. The rest of the leased area is covered by the Shubert, Booth, Plymouth, and Broadhurst Theatres. Lee Shubert's private office is in the turret at the southeast corner of the Shubert Theatre building. His desk is directly above the "u" in the theatre's sign. J. J., who long ago conceived a seignorial disdain for his given name of Jacob, lives just across Forty-fourth Street, on the tenth floor of the Sardi Building, which the Shuberts own; the sixth floor is given over to his offices. J. J. often says that he likes to live upstairs from his business. Lee has an apartment adjoining his offices on the fifth floor of the Shubert, but he seldom uses this suite except for shaves and sunray treatments, both endured in a barber chair which he has had installed there. He prefers to sleep in the Century Apartments, on the site of the old Century Theatre on Central Park West. Even there he is not outside the Shubert sphere, for the brothers hold a second mortgage on the apartment building.

Lee and J. J. Shubert

THE Messrs. Shubert have been the largest operators in the New York theatre for so long that only a few persons remember that they were once boy wonders in Syracuse, where both of them were running theatres before they had reached their twenties. City records in Syracuse show that Lee was born there sixty-four years ago and J. J. five years later, but the brothers still have the brisk and querulous quality of two combative small boys who feel the teacher is down on them. A few years ago they addressed a manifesto to New York dramatic editors, insisting that they be referred to by the collective designation of "the Messrs. Shubert." "Lee and Jake," they felt, sounded much too flippant. Lee takes a quiet pride in being known as the fastest walker on Broadway. He walks fast even when he doesn't know where he is going. J. J. is distinguished for his bitter vehemence at rehearsals. "There is only one captain on this ship," he once shouted while rehearsing a musical, "the director and me!"

When Lee, in his office in the Shubert Theatre, wishes to communicate with J. J., in the Sardi Building, he summons Jack Morris, his secretary, and says, "Take a letter to Mr. J. J." When J. J. wishes to communicate with Lee, he says to his secretary, "Take a letter to Mr. Lee." This custom has given rise to a theatre-district legend that the brothers are mortal enemies and do not speak at all. The legend is not founded on fact. When either of the Shuberts is really in a hurry to discuss something with the other, he walks across the street to do so. An even more fanciful theory has it that the story of animosity between the two has been fostered for business reasons by the Shuberts themselves. The exponents of this theory contend that when Lee wants to get out of a deal, he says that J. J. will not allow him to go through with it, and that when J. J. wants to get out of a deal, he blames Lee. Actually there is no overt hostility between the brothers. Mr. J. J. says that it was the intention of the Messrs., when they collaborated in the construction of the Sardi Building in 1926, to move all their executive offices there from the somewhat constricted quarters on the upper floors of the Shubert Theatre. That summer, Mr. J. J., who sometimes explains a predilection for foreign musical shows by saying, "I am more dynamic and Continental than Mr. Lee," made his annual trip to Europe to inspect the new vintage of operettas. When he returned, he found that his office furniture had been moved into the new building, but that Mr. Lee had treacherously remained in the Shubert Theatre.

The Shubert enterprises have been a two-headed organism ever since, with Mr. Lee's casting department and executive staff on the north side of Forty-fourth Street and Mr. J. J.'s on the south side. The publicity and auditing departments are on Mr. J. J.'s side of the street; the real-estate, theatre-booking, and financial departments are on Mr. Lee's. The balance of power is worked out to the last milligram: Mrs. Lillian Duffy, the plump, white-haired receptionist in Mr. Lee's office, has the authority to hire all girl ushers for Shubert theatres; Mrs. Loretta Gorman, Mrs. Duffy's practically identical sister, is Mr. J. J.'s receptionist and hires all the theatre charwomen. But the brothers, like most two-headed creatures, have a single life line. All their real estate is held in common and they have a joint checking account. The separate-office arrangement resembles one of those dual households advocated by married female novelists. The Shuberts retain community of interests, but avoid friction; each produces shows without interference from the other. Failure of one of Mr. J. J.'s shows is made easier for Mr. Lee to bear by the knowledge that it was Mr. J. J.'s idea. Success is sweetened for Mr. Lee by the reflection that he will share in the profits. Things work out the same way on the other side of the street.

The brothers' chauffeurs amicably share the parking facilities of the Alley, which are also made available to pro-

ducers and stars of companies playing the Shubert Theatre if the shows are hits. Katharine Hepburn, for instance, has been parking her car there regularly during the many months "The Philadelphia Story" has been filling the theatre. Mr. Lee has three automobiles, all of them foreign—a Rolls-Royce, a Hispano-Suiza, and an Isotta-Fraschini. Mr. J. J. favors American cars. Mr. Lee explains that he has never owned any but European automobiles because when he is in this country he is too busy to go shopping. He finds his only moments of relaxation during cruises and trips abroad, when he sometimes has half an hour to spare. It was during one such trip last spring that he signed up Carmen Miranda in Rio de Janeiro and brought her to New York to star in "The Streets of Paris," the Shubert revue now at the Broadhurst.

MR. LEE comes to work every day shortly before noon. He leaves his desk to go home to the Century Apartments at three or four o'clock in the morning. When people ask him why he works such long hours, he says, "I am not a loafing kind of boy." The habit goes back to the days of the great commercial rivalry which existed for fifteen years between the Shuberts and the firm of Klaw & Erlanger. Abe Erlanger was an early riser. Once he told a friend, "I am up and at my desk while the Shuberts still are sleeping." Mr. Lee decided that the only way to beat Erlanger was to stay up all night. Erlanger and Marc Klaw, his partner, are now dead, but Mr. Lee still can't sleep nights. J. J. attributes his brother's outrageous workday to the fact that Lee has always been a bachelor. Although J. J. himself has not had a wife since he was divorced in 1918, he says that the experience of marriage, no matter how far in the past, so changes a man's metabolism that he never again wants to work more than twelve hours at a stretch. Shubert employees—house and company managers, play-readers, and publicity men—have the sympathy of their professional colleagues, because they must remain virtually on call until Mr. Lee decides to go home. The Shubert play-reading department gets about fifty manuscripts a month throughout the year and filters the best ones through to Mr. Lee's office. Authors of these promising works are sometimes summoned at a grisly hour shortly before dawn to read their scripts aloud. Mr. Lee never reads a play himself; he merely looks at synopses drawn up by his readers. During an author's reading, Mr. Lee sometimes appears to fall asleep. This is a frightful experience for the playwright, who is afraid to offend the producer by awakening him and, in desperation, continues reading. Mr. Lee always maintains that he has heard every word. The concentration of the Shuberts on their business is looked upon by most theatrical people as unsporting. If the brothers were going to work so hard, these critics think, they should have taken up a trade instead of the theatre. Mr. Lee's incessant activity, even though some of it is undoubtedly superfluous, has served him well during his forty years on Broadway. He has simply outworn most of his opponents.

Mr. Lee is a short man whose appearance is so ostentatiously youthful that he is usually suspected of being very old. His face is a deep copper red all year round, a result of the sun-ray treatments and sun baths which he takes whenever he gets a chance. A musical-comedy director, strolling near the Mazzini statue in Central Park one morning, saw Mr. Lee asleep in the open tonneau of one of his automobiles with his face turned toward the sun. Mr. Lee's chauffeur, also asleep, lolled in the front seat. Before the invention of the sun-ray lamp, it was customary for writers to mention Lee's "midnight pallor." Because of his

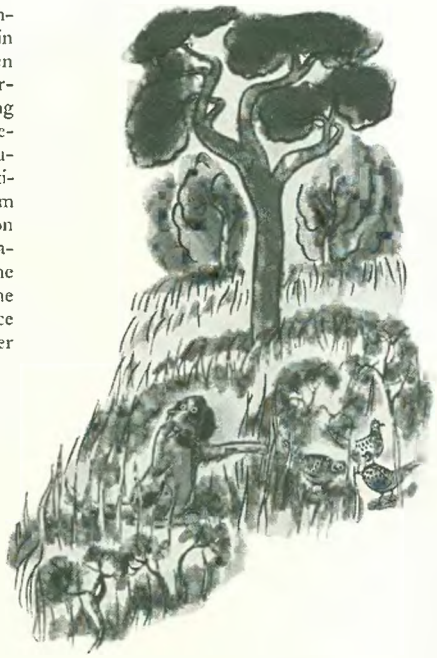
"Never mind, Drummond—we've decided to grab a bite on the way."

high cheekbones, narrow eyes, and lank black hair, it was also customary to say that he looked Oriental. Now that he can take sun-ray treatments, his upturned eyebrows and the deep wrinkles at the corners of his eyes make him look something like a good-natured Indian —Willie Howard, perhaps, in war-chief makeup. Mr. Lee always wears conservative, well-fitted suits made for him by Gray & Lampel, on East Fifty-third Street, at $225 each, and he has a liking for thick-soled, handmade English shoes and pleated shirts, which he wears with stiff collars. He admires his extremely small feet. There is a sedulous avoidance of flashiness in his dressing, but nothing pleases him better than a compliment on his clothes. Joe Peters, Mr. Lee's valet, shaves him at eleven in the morning and at seven in the evening. When Mr. Lee needs a new valet, he goes to the Hotel Astor barbershop and hires a barber. It was there he got Peters and Peters' predecessor. He has had only three valets in thirty years. Mr. Lee takes good care of his figure. He often lunches on half a cantaloupe and an order of sliced tomatoes.

In contrast to his older brother, Mr. J. J. seems dumpy and rumpled. While Lee's hair is preternaturally black and lank, J. J.'s is gray and wavy. Although he is a small man, there is something taurine about the set of his neck and head, and there is a permanent suggestion of a pout on his lips. Mr. Lee's voice has an indefinable foreign intonation; he is always polite, tentatively friendly, and on guard. Mr. J. J., who has no trace of accent, can be an unabashed huckster, choleric and loud, but he can be warmer and more ingratiating than his brother when he wants to.

IT is pretty nearly impossible to make a living in the American theatre without encountering the Shuberts, because they own, lease, or manage twenty of the forty-odd legitimate theatres in New York and control about fifteen theatres in other cities, a very high percentage of the total theatres, considering the low estate to which the road has declined. As theatrical landlords, the Shuberts have practically no real competitor in New York City, although Sam Grisman occasionally gets his hands on two or three theatres at a time. Theatres not owned or controlled by the brothers are for the most part in the hands of independent producers. Since the producer of a play usually turns over at least thirty-five per cent of the gross receipts as theatre rent, the Shuberts, even if at any given time they had no show of their own running, could still conceivably be sharing in the profits of twenty attractions. This would give them by far the largest single stake in the success of any theatrical season. In point of fact, however, they do produce shows—at this writing they have three on Broadway and three coming in. Like the movie-makers, they have to schedule their product with an eye to the number of theatres they must keep busy. If they have six theatres empty and only one manuscript of promise, they must go ahead and produce six shows anyway.

To make tenants for Shubert theatres, Lee, who is more active in theatre management and real estate than his brother, will often finance another producer by lending him Shubert money on condition he brings his show into a Shubert house. The Shuberts have backed such desperate enterprises as the Group Theatre production of "Success Story" and a jai-alai tournament at the late Hippodrome. They supplied most of the money for "The Children's Hour" and "Shadow and Substance," both earnest plays that the public would consider out of the Shubert line. Last season, Mr. Lee backed Olsen and Johnson, a pair of vaudeville comedians, in expanding their seventy-minute unit show into a knockabout entertainment called "Hellz-a-Poppin," which is still keeping the Shuberts' Winter Garden comfortably filled. When the Messrs. were sounded out last spring on the production of a musical comedy for the World's Fair, Mr. Lee's reply—"Why should I make competition for my own houses?"—was typical. His creative instincts are weighed down by several thousand tons of concrete and twenty long-term leases. Inevitably the Shuberts make more bad bets than good ones. This does not mean that they lose money. "If we could hit one out of three," Mr. J. J. says very reasonably, "we would be doing fine."



"Almost human, isn't it?"

WHEN the Shuberts produce shows on their own account, they are likely to fall back on formulas that have served them well in the past. "The Student Prince" is typical of the Shubert tradition—the darling of the firm in retrospect and its present ideal. It made more money than any other show the Shuberts ever produced. When, in the season of 1925-26, there were nearly a dozen road companies of "The Student Prince" out, covering North America and Australia, the production sometimes grossed as much as $250,000 a week. Yet "The Student Prince" was only a musical adaptation of a German play that had already served the Shuberts well. On the first occasion, in 1903, they produced the play done into English and called "Old Heidelberg," at the Princess Theatre. It was not conspicuously successful. Then they changed the name of the show to "Prince Karl," got Richard Mansfield to play the title role,

and put it into the Lyric, where it became a very remunerative hit. After the war a musical version of the original play appeared in Germany. The Shuberts commissioned Sigmund Romberg to write another score for the American edition. The late Dorothy Donnelly did the American book. Even today "The Student Prince" is not dead; he merely slumbers. The costumes for ten complete "Prince" companies hang in the Shubert storerooms at 3 West Sixty-first Street. In the Shuberts' opinion, "The Student Prince" is still a great show. Lee thinks it is not yet quite the time for a revival. He says that the time has to be right for any kind of show and that if the time is right for it, any kind of show is likely to catch on. "The trouble with a lot of producers," he has been known to explain, "is they have a couple of hits because the time is ripe for that sort of a show, and then they think they are geniuses, so they do the same sort of a show right over again and it flops." A piece like "Hellz-a-Poppin," for example, is not so much an innovation as a type of fast, unsubtle comedy which had been absent from Broadway so long that by 1938 it was new to a whole generation of playgoers. The Shuberts, true to form, followed through by having Olsen and Johnson more or less repeat themselves by working out gags for "The Streets of Paris," which is currently doing nicely, too. If the brothers accept Mr. Lee's own advice, however, they won't attempt the same thing again —at least not right away.

The Shubert clichés are like an assortment of dry flies on which they try the public periodically. They don't expect a strike every time. J. J. is strongly committed to operettas, even though, as a concession to modernity, he will accept Cole Porter lyrics and an interpolated dance by the Hartmans now and then. Lee is more susceptible than his brother to current influences, because he gets around more. He takes advice from Harry Kaufman, a blocky, Broadway sort of chap with a wide, shining face, who began in the cloak-and-suit business and progressed into ticket brokerage. Kaufman, now in his middle forties, is active in the Tyson and Sullivan theatre-ticket agencies, but he has a desk conveniently across the hall from Mr. Lee's in the Shubert Theatre. He divides his time between the agencies and Mr. Lee. Kaufman, through his ticket-selling connections, keeps his patron informed of box-office trends. "Mr. Shubert is the greatest affection of my life," says Kaufman. "He built the entire mid-section of town, which is a weighty accomplishment. There is a bond of affection between us and we have certain mutual ideas which we believe to be mutually sound, and in the long run we hope it will win." Kaufman serves as a scout for new talent. He saw some young people giving an impromptu Sunday-night revue in a camp at Bushkill, Pennsylvania, last summer and suggested to the Shuberts that it would be an inexpensive way of filling one of their theatres. Mr. Lee agreed, brought the show to New York as "The Straw Hat Revue," and made a reasonably successful production of it. Kaufman also acts as a buffer between the Shuberts and stars already under contract to them. Kaufman has been known to send flowers to a sulking comedienne at his own expense. He is always the first to suggest that the star or the director of a Shubert company accept a cut in pay because the business is falling off. In one busy evening, Kaufman will go to dinner at a Broadway night club, where he hears a singer do a single number; to a play, to catch the big scene; and to a prizefight, timing his arrival to coincide with the round that promises the most action. In the intervals between these high spots he will stop in backstage at a couple of Shubert shows to see how things are running.

After such an eclectic three hours, Kaufman will return to Mr. Lee's office to play pinochle with him. Toward midnight, Mr. Lee's conferences with press agents and company managers begin. He often sandwiches hands of pinochle between conferences. When he has seen the last of his visitors, he and Kaufman sometimes make excursions to new night clubs to watch performers. Mr. Lee drinks very little—perhaps one brandy in the course of an evening—but he gets a certain stimulation from seeing lots of people around him. He returns to his office at three, to look at telegrams giving the receipts at theatres on the Pacific Coast, where the time is three hours behind ours. Mr. Lee and Kaufman sometimes wander

ORACLE HOUR SPEAKING

Tonight's advice is: Ladies, be beautiful,
each eye awake and sharp as stars,
new clothes, new shoes, new laughter in the hall,
each new face happy—evening in smiles
and moonlight out of doors.

Say now, very polite to everybody: Yes. Thank you. Please.
Polite as waitresses, moving, yet quiet,
dancing to music that no one hears,
to dance a dance that almost no one sees.

Then, ladies, dry your tears
for the lost lover in the lost land
fallen; dry fallen tears.
Here meet the man whose hand
is big as God's hand holding you in air
closely at night, then slowly open
the body free and the great hand is everywhere.

His heart your heart,
his heart a cure to keep you pure.

Be beautiful and do not look
behind you at years fallen: take, take advice,
responding with one body and one voice
before light turns to dark
into one room to enter when day's done
and cold outside the top-flight hall-room door;
only the sound of trains through sleep.
And no bright dial where the arrow points—
Beauty, War, Politics, Health, Fashion—
no eyes, no lips, no after-midnight morning any more.

—Horace Gregory

about the streets even after that, with a Shubert limousine trailing a short distance behind them. They wind up at Reuben's, on Fifty-eighth Street, where Mr. Lee usually drinks three cups of black coffee before heading for bed. These nocturnal walks have long been a habit of Mr. Lee's, and Kaufman is not the first of his walking companions. In former years, it is said, Mr. Lee on these walks paced off the dimensions of sites he intended to assemble for theatres. Now, at any rate, he walks just for exercise.

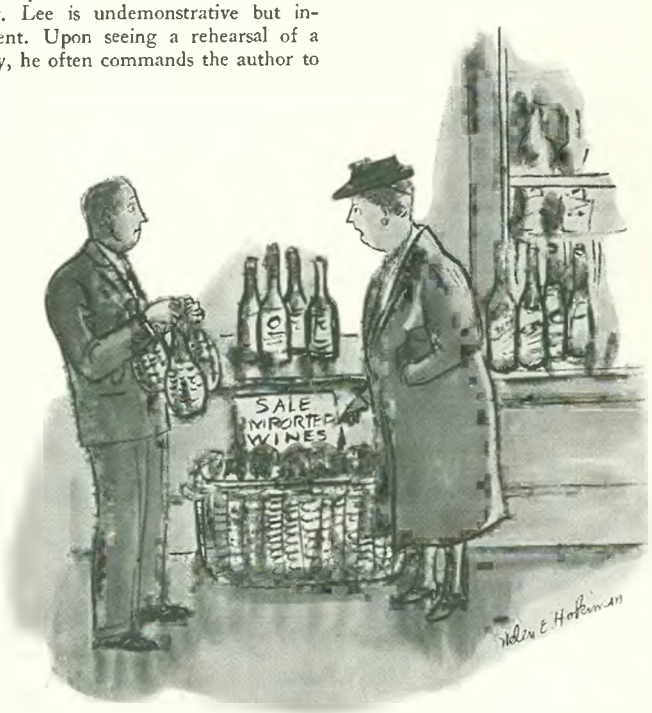
It was Kaufman who introduced Vincente Minnelli, the young designer and director, to Mr. Lee. Some of Minnelli's revues at the Winter Garden, like "At Home Abroad," in 1935, and "The Show Is On," in 1936, called for an investment entirely alien to the conservative Shubert tradition and shocked Mr. J. J.'s sensibilities. Mr. J. J. persists in preserving costumes and props, as well as ideas, from old productions. He sometimes escorts parties of 1939 chorus girls to the Sixty-first Street storerooms to try on the high headdresses and sequined pseudo-Orientalia of the 1913 Winter Garden show.

THE Messrs. have entirely different styles of behavior at rehearsals. Mr. Lee is undemonstrative but insistent. Upon seeing a rehearsal of a play, he often commands the author to make the second act the first, the first act the last, and put the third act in the middle. This sometimes improves a play immeasurably. In theatrical matters, Mr. Lee has a tender heart. The late Sam Shipman once wrote a play about a boy brought up by his mother, whom the boy supposed to be a widow. In reality the mother was a divorcee. The brutal father returned and won the boy's sympathy. The boy deserted the mother at the end of the second act, before discovering what sort of cad the father had been. In the third act, of course, son came back to mother. Mr. Lee wouldn't stand for the boy's being away from the mother during the intermission. He made Shipman arrange to have the reunion before the second act ended. "What will I do for a third act?" Shipman asked him. "That's your business," Mr. Lee said. "I have a lot of other things to think of."

Mr. Lee often acts out bits in backstage corners for the benefit of his directors. "Look," he once told one of them, "anybody can play Cyrano. See?" He turned a chair around and straddled it, arms folded on the back, legs thrust out stiffly, as if in jackboots. Then he leaped lightly to his feet, flung an imaginary cape over his left shoulder, took two or three long strides, and jumped to *en garde*, an imaginary rapier in his right hand. "Da dill de-da," he said, thrusting briskly at an imaginary opponent. "Deedle dee dum! That's the way Mansfield used to do it. An actor like Everett Marshall can't miss!" When Mr. Lee feels that something is lacking in a musical show, he often says, "What we need here is a song that goes like this: 'Da, dum, de-dum-dum—da-da, dada, de-dum, de-dum-dum.' " The tune always turns out to be "Sing Something Simple," but he never says so. Mr. Lee admires good actors, although he has spent the better part of his life trying to conceal that fact, because he does not want to pay them more than is necessary. Once, discussing actors, he said, "They are not an everyday-going class of people. They are very conceited, but the intelligence is still above the conceit." His respect for actors is tied up with his inability to picture himself as one. "Myself," he says, "I can't make an after-dinner talk even to half a dozen people. I must have some kind of complex."

Mr. J. J. screams at the chorus people in the shows he produces; to principals he is often polite. He has always admired tall women and his shows are the last stronghold of the statuesque type of showgirl. No matter how engrossed he may become in the difficulties of putting on a show, he never forgets that he is first of all the owner of the theatre. At the dress rehearsal just before the opening of "You Never Know" at the Winter Garden last season, he was violently excited over the jerkiness of the production. "Such a stupid people," he repeated mournfully as he wandered, an incongruous little figure, among the ranks of showgirls, most of them six feet tall in their high heels. The chorus people were in costume; Mr. J. J., in his wrinkled gray suit, looked like a comedian about to liven up the scene. "Walk around some more!" he shouted. "Don't I get any use out of these dresses?" All at once he stopped the rehearsal and pointed in horror to a seat in the third row on which a Shubert underling had left a wet overcoat. Then he scrambled down off the stage, grabbed the coat, and held it aloft for the assembled cast to see. "Ruining my beautiful theatre!" he howled. Shows come and go, their fate a matter of almost pure chance, but theatre seats are the foundation of the Shuberts' fortune. —A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the first of three articles on the Messrs. Shubert.)



"It isn't made by foot, is it?"

A NAZI HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Kindly Roman Soldiers Care for Carthaginian Children after the Fall of Carthage

THE THEATRE

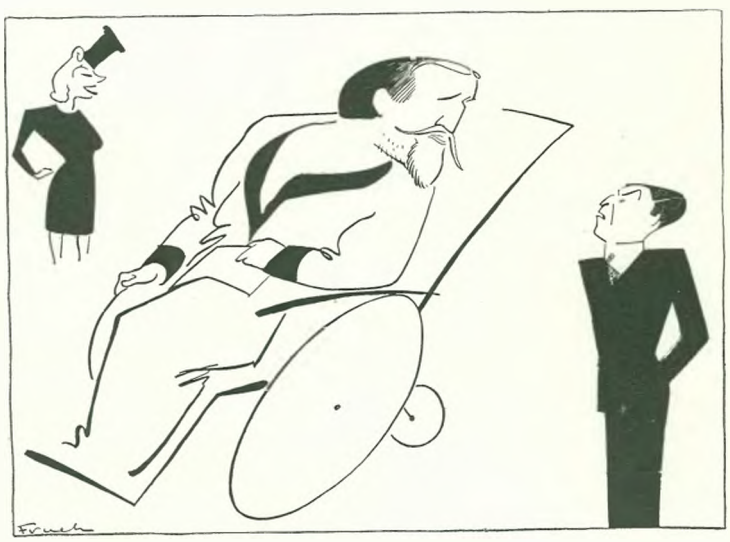
FATHER ON BROADWAY

THE late Clarence Day's father was apparently a very complicated man—violent, opinionated, upright, and logical, with the rather terrible logic of a mind that makes no concessions to the accepted hypocrisies of polite society. It is a mistake, I think, to say that he was merely typical of his time and class. Father was that, especially when it came to handling money, but he was a good deal more, too. The upper middle-class New Yorker of the eighties was more or less in awe of the clergy; Father never hesitated to argue with God Himself if he thought He was handling things inefficiently. His contemporaries had a powerful respect for culture, though preferring to leave the actual details of it to their wives; Father approached art and letters as he did everything else, with a furious determination to demolish them out of hand if they happened to conflict with his own prejudices. Most of all, he was a man who liked to get to the bottom of things, and perhaps the mainspring of his fierce behavior was his conviction that people were always trying to obscure the issue and mix him up.

This character came out in its three dimensions and certainly in full color in the books his son wrote about him. In the play done by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse there has been a very considerable simplification at, it seems to me, some sacrifice of vitality and depth. Father, as Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse have recreated him at the Empire Theatre, is very funny, but he is funny on moderately familiar lines—a domestic autocrat perpetually outwitted by his wife, a turbulent eccentric firmly conventional at heart. I suppose it was necessary to reduce Father, both in size and complexity, for the purposes of the theatre, but I can't help feeling that Mr. Crouse and Mr. Lindsay have made everything just a little too easy. Somehow I don't believe that Clarence Day, Jr., would have done it quite that way.

Considered without relation to its source, however, "Life with Father" is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest comedies you will see this season. There are times when not a great deal seems to be going on (getting Father to the baptismal font isn't, after all, a very substantial theme) but mostly it is pretty wonderful. Mother trying to explain that if you exchange a china pug dog for a suit of clothes at McCreery's the suit obviously doesn't cost anything; Father getting hold of one of his son's letters by mistake ("Some woman claims she's been sitting on my knee," he says with mystified disgust); young Clarence and his brother laying Mother low with a dose of Beneficent Balm—all these are agreeable moments, and, on the whole, the cast makes the most of them.

Mr. Lindsay is not exactly my idea of what Father was like, but since the part he plays isn't either, this is probably fairly captious criticism. Dorothy Stickney, on the other hand, *is* my idea of Mother, and she is very appealing and competent about it, too. The four Day boys, all violently red-headed, seemed fine to me, especially John Drew Devereaux as young Clarence, perhaps even then observing his parents with a speculative, literary eye. The rest are engaging enough, though I thought there were accents here and there that were neither nineteenth century nor Madison Avenue.



"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

This old fascinator, my puss, is Monty Woolley pretending he's Alexander Woollcott. Carol Goodner and John Hoysradt represent a couple of friends who have dropped in from London. At the Music Box.

"SEA DOGS," which blew into the Maxine Elliott, was hard for me to accept as a serious dramatic enterprise, undertaken for profit. The ship was on fire, the captain was drunk, and, from where I sat, the audience appeared to be either dead or asleep.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*News summary in the Herald Tribune*]

THE WAR

SMART NEW 1940 MODELS OF PLYMOUTH'S "Famous Sportsmen"

LOOK AT THE STUNNING BEAUTY... the luxury... you get in these brilliant new Plymouth "Sportsmen"! It's hard to believe they are so low priced.

The handsome Station Wagon is extra rugged... extra *thrifty!* The bigger, roomier, maple and ash body is mounted on the De Luxe Plymouth chassis. New designing and engineering give you the great *Luxury Ride!* And auxiliary seats are quickly interchangeable.

HERE'S PLYMOUTH'S BEAUTIFUL 1940 Convertible Coupe... a 4-passenger convertible with auxiliary drop-type seats in back. The smartly tailored top is power-operated... running boards are optional... and Plymouth's new Sealed Beam Headlights give much brighter night road lighting.

BRILLIANT NEWCOMER to Plymouth's great line of "Sportsmen" is the 1940 4-Passenger Coupe! The individual drop-type rear seats fold out of the way when not in use... there's an unusually roomy rear deck luggage compartment ... and don't miss the sensational Plymouth *Luxury Ride!*

1940 PLYMOUTH

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY WITH THE LUXURY RIDE

Scotland and the BLACK Label

1. FROM THE BLACK ISLE in the north to lofty Black Craig in the south, many a Scot lifts a rich Johnnie Walker Black Label and soda to people and places on whom history has significantly bestowed the label of "black."

2. "THE BLACK DOUGLAS" early cast his lot with Robert, the Bruce, and routed the soldiers of Sir John de Mowbray at Ederford Bridge, near Kilmarnock, home of world-famous Johnnie Walker Black Label.

3. AT INNS about East Lothian you may sip a Johnnie Walker Black Label and soda to the memory of the raven-haired wife of the tenth earl of Dunbar, famed for her defense of Dunbar Castle in 1339 and known as Black Agnes.

4. MANY a Johnnie Walker Black Label and soda has risen in a toast to the historic Scottish regiment known as the Black Watch—organized under James VI in the 16th century and distinguished for its daring ever since.

5. RICHLY MERITED is the designation of "black" in Johnnie Walker Black Label—whose regal mellowness has indeed made history. Among the world's great Scotches, Johnnie Walker Black Label sets the pace!

JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL

Blended Scotch Whisky. *12 years old. 86.8 proof.* Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importers.

LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 12 (BY CABLE)

ANYBODY who thinks there are no Americans left here should attend a Thursday luncheon of the American Club in the white-and-gold banquet hall of the Cercle Interallié, a scene which always suggests the Rotary Club in Babylon. At least five hundred male Americans appeared at the last one, bravely enduring the rigors of wartime Paris while their families put up with expensive and bad accommodations in far-away Brittany or the Massif Central. These families have been the sufferers from the arrangement, while the beneficiaries have been the owners of houses in places like Tours and Nevers. The luncheon attendance was particularly large because the speaker was Paul Reynaud, Minister of Finance, an eager man who talked English with the restrained impatience of a fox terrier on a strange and heavy leash. Before M. Reynaud made his address there was an introduction of guests of honor with applause for each one, exactly as at the Dutch Treat Club, and after he had finished, a simultaneous rush for the cloakroom in the best American tradition. Some members have fought off nostalgia in this fashion for years.

PARIS is a city which comprises a little of everything. The distance between the American Club and the tiny Cirque Médrano on the Boulevard Rochechouart cannot be measured by the changing figures on a taxi clock; the club and the circus belong in different worlds. Even the Medrano reopening has made a concession to the American mode, however; the row of extra-comfortable *fauteuils* around the rim of the ring has been christened *le rang des Pullmans*, a designation completely unintelligible to habitués. Jerôme Medrano, the proprietor of this family circus, has been mobilized, but a couple of employees are carrying on for him.

This will be the forty-second season for the enterprise. As in the nineteenth century, the clowns and the *haute-école* riders are the stars; the talking clowns hold the centre of the ring longer than any other act. The riders show their skill by galloping around the periphery without trampling *les mesdames et messieurs des Pullmans*. During the entracte the audience fraternizes with both clowns and horses, the bar being situated in cozy proximity to the horse stalls.

The artists are introduced from the ring as citizens of allied or friendly nations—a couple of American acrobatic dancers, the Arlette Sisters, are allowed to lead the *Défilé des Nations*; a troupe of Yugoslav riders is presented as Czech because this has a more sentimental appeal; and a program note assures the public that even the Arab tumblers are citizens of the French Empire and that several of the clowns were severely wounded in the other war. Having complied with the *convenances* of wartime presentation, the Médrano leaves the events of the day outside its orbit; it is a genre completely without malice, without even that element of danger inherent in the performance of acts like Clyde Beatty's or the Wallendas'. The soldiers on leave, nuzzling luxuriously against their wives in the *fauteuils de premier*, roar happily as the clowns act out the immemorial French jest of the deceived husband; the children (this is a brilliant year for the children left in Paris, because the elementary schools haven't opened) wriggle ecstatically when Boulicot, the clown grotesque, says "*des chevals*" instead of "*des chevaux*." Nevertheless, everybody gets a slip with his ticket telling where to go in case of an air raid.

THE Sorbonne has begun another year in the four major faculties: law, medicine, letters, and sciences. Ninety per cent of the students are women. There are still enough males either under age or of foreign nationality to give the Latin Quarter some animation at night, but the sight of two or three girls sitting around a café table after dark no longer means what it used to. The co-eds even drink tomato juice and milk shakes in the big Dupont Restaurant on the Boulevard St. Michel, formerly the Restaurant Soufflet. They go hatless and wear windbreakers and socks in a belated rush to repeat the errors of the flapper period. Many of the foreign students stay on because they do not want to lose the benefit of university careers on which they have already spent years; besides, they are probably safer in Paris than they would be in Denmark, say, or Rumania. Virtually all the French students fit for military service have been mobilized;

twelve hundred from the Sorbonne are in an officers' training camp.

Montparnasse has reverted to its pristine state of being a quiet residential section. On the sunniest afternoon of the last fortnight there were only two persons on the *terrasse* of the Dôme, three at Le Select, and none at La Rotonde or La Coupole. The *patron* of La Closerie des Lilas, which marks the boundary between the Latin Quarter and Montparnasse, says he might as well close his door on the Boulevard Montparnasse since what little trade there is comes through the St. Michel side.

THERE is, naturally, endless talk here about what they call *l'affaire de la brasserie* at Munich. In America, you probably have much fuller news of it. Practically everyone in Paris believes the explosion was staged by the Gestapo as a pretext, but people wonder for what —a purge in the Nazi Party, perhaps, or another massacre of Jews, or that absolutely definite attack on England which Hitler has so often promised? The most encouraging event of the week was the reported victory of French pursuit planes over a superior number of German fliers behind the French lines.

The aviators have become the first popular heroes of the war; even their unfortunate fashion of wearing a beard along the line of the jawbone, but no mustache (which gives them the aspect of early Mormon elders), cannot detract from the esteem in which they are held. The Royal Air Force uniform, rather like a Madison Avenue bus-driver's, is becoming common in Paris for the first time since the war began and one hears girls again speaking of *mon Tommy*. Yesterday, as you may have heard, was an anniversary.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

The staff of the 1939 Gumbo wishes to take this opportunity to rectify an error made by itself Friday in the publishing of the names of beauties to be submitted to artist McClelland Barclay.

Through no fault of the *Daily Reveille*, the name of Ruth Murphy was included. —*Louisiana State University Daily Reveille.*

Better inaccurate, lads, than ungallant!

•

More recently she has developed a hobby—color photography—that has led to a great collection of American scenes ... One of her group of scenes is entitled: "Behind New England Barns."

—*The Times.*

It may be a hobby, but it's morbid.

He's A Leading Bridge Expert, but

P. HAL SIMS

missed grand slam in Schenley Exam!

SCHENLEY'S "WHY *LIGHT* IS *RIGHT*" EXAM

1. What does a "light" whiskey mean? *Maybe "Length without strength"?* *Wrong! Schenley's light whiskies are full strength, 90 proof!*

2. Is a light whiskey short on flavor? *No sir! Rich Flavor is Schenley's long suit! I know Right!*

3. Is a light whiskey cheaper to make? *I guess so* *Wrong! It costs considerably more to make a rich whiskey light. But the huge demand for it keeps down Schenley's price to you.*

4. How is whiskey-lightness achieved without losing flavor or strength? *Sounds like a finesse to me* *If you mean "fine-ness"—right! Schenley's exclusive method of blending gives you exceptional richness and character.*

ONE MORE QUESTION: Have you found that "Light is Right" in whiskey? *My best teacher—Experience—says Yes*

P. Hal Sims
SIGNATURE

Taste What These Facts Mean to Your Enjoyment of Whiskey

You don't have to be an expert to learn that Schenley's is "The Light Whiskey that's Right for You"—in all these 4 ways:

1. THE RIGHT FLAVOR of rich mellow whiskies.
2. THE RIGHT LIGHTNESS—achieved by Schenley's exclusive method of blending.
3. THE RIGHT STRENGTH—mild and smooth, yet full 90 proof.
4. THE RIGHT PRICE—today's best value in fine blends.

Wouldn't you enjoy a drink of Schenley's Light Whiskey *right now*? Ask for Schenley's Red Label or Schenley's Black Label.

SCHENLEY'S *Light Whiskies*

OF ALL THINGS

IT was explained by the British that Chamberlain's absence from Parliament last week was caused by an attack of gout. That's their story, but everybody knows he was in Munich trying to blow up Hitler.

•

Experts tell us that cutting Holland's dikes would not seriously retard a German advance into the Netherlands. Nazis just love to be liquidated.

•

California flatly rejected the old folks' appeal for ham and eggs. The verdict was "Let them eat grapes."

•

Here in New York the election was a victory for mechanized civilization. The voters expressed their love for the Tammany and betting machines.

•

Garner, his manager says, will go into the Presidential race no matter what Roosevelt does. It might make some difference, though, in the way he comes out.

•

The Treasury Department observed Armistice Day by a simple but impressive ceremony. It issued a statement that Europe owes us over $14,000,000,000.

•

French authorities point out that the Soviet cannot possibly deliver that million tons of grain promised to the Reich. It looks as if Hitler paid too much for the Russian cereal rights.

•

Fritz Kuhn's associates say he has a right to spend the Bund's money for anything he pleases. He may have overemphasized the wine, woman, and song department, but none of us is perfect.

•

Senator George Norris is disgusted at the way Lewis and Green are acting. The labor leaders are shooting each other just as if they were hunters.

•

Prospective Thanksgiving guests are warned to make sure what day they are invited for. If you come a week late, you are exposing yourself to turkey hash.

•

This year government officials passed up the good refreshments of the Soviet Embassy party. Martin Dies might have a statesman analyzed for traces of caviar and vodka. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE NEWEST RAGE IS THE NEWEST BUICK — *it's th Buick "Super" Estate Wagon, model 59, $1242 delivered at Flint Michigan. White sidewall tires and wheel shields extra.†*

Want to join The Five Hundred?

A PISH and a tush for the late Ward McAllister and his Four Hundred of the gay 90's period.

They, you will recall, were merely the crème de la crème of a single city —when you pilot this richly finished Buick estate wagon around, you're riding with the crème de la crème of the entire country, coast-to-coast.

For our present production plans call for just five hundred of those luxurious handy wagons.

When that number's gone, we don't know, at the moment, where you're going to get a car of this type with a 107-horsepower Dynaflash valve-in-head straight-eight engine and all the other stellar features of the Buick Super "Fifty" chassis.*

We don't know where you'll find such a car with room for six on Foamtex seat cushions — with ash framing and mahogany panels glued *and doweled* for rattle-free strength —with fully carpeted floors clear to the tailgate and Safety *Plate* Glass in windshield and door windows.

In short, we don't know where you're going to find an *estate* wagon. For while "station wagons" are plentiful, that richer term applies only to this beauty with Buick recoil-mounted Knee-Action, micropoise-balanced engine, BuiCoil Springing that never needs greasing, and all the rest of the six-dozen new Buick features *including* the Fore-N-Aft Direction Signal with automatic cut-off!

• • •

*Barring, of course, a public mandate demanding production increases.

The price? A trifle, really, when you see the comfort, beauty, utility and downright luxury of this super-de luxe automobile. Delivered at Flint, Mich., the figures read $1242.†

At that price, places in the Five Hundred are going to go fast, so better see your Buick dealer in a hurry!

†Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra as usual. Price subject to change without notice.

Look at the luggage room—even without removing the removable back seat. Spare is carried in the double-locked compartment under the tailgate where you see the rear Flash-Way Direction Signal.

"Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 12 (BY CABLE)

FOR the first time since the last war there was no Cenotaph ceremony on Armistice Day and the pigeons in Trafalgar Square were not startled by the eleven-o'clock sirens—sirens would be too sensational for anybody these days. There were still, however, the poppies pinned to coats of people in the streets and tied to automobile radiators, and there were still the old sad thoughts made sadder by the feeling that it may be going to happen all over again in spite of the men whose blood these poppies represent. For the first time in their memory, English tots had to get along without rockets and bonfires on Guy Fawkes Night. The necessity of substituting a few mild squibs indoors must have brought the war home to them, although toy departments have already helped readjust juveniles to new conditions with such topical pleasantries as miniature balloon-barrage sets and gas masks for dolls complete in smart cases. Children's gas-mask cases are now available, too—jolly affairs that soften the whole sorry business with colored pictures of Donald Duck and Bopeep. It is said that the new masks for children under five are to be pastel-tinted so that the dreary functional design may not obtrude too horrifically against some tender nursery color scheme.

THE government white paper on Nazi concentration-camp atrocities was a best-seller here. Bookstalls were cleared out of copies as fast as they came in, and on the day of publication City men were reading the pamphlets on all the trains and taking them home so their wives could plod queasily through the indictment. There was a general feeling of satisfaction that the government had seen fit to release the evidence at last.

The first film to be inspired by the Allies' aims, which Low of the *Standard* describes as "the best cause in the world, with the worst propaganda," has appeared. It is Korda's "The Lion Has Wings," which opened at the London Pavilion last week. Made in six weeks and starring Merle Oberon and Ralph Richardson as a man and woman who get caught up in the march of events, the real stars are the planes and the airmen, including those who raided Kiel, seen taking off and coming back after the job. Although the picture had to be passed by the Air Ministry, the War Office, the Ministry of Information, and the regular film censor, enough remains from the cutting to make it a stirring document.

THE luxury shops, having boarded themselves up so that the Bond Street stroller has to squint at pigskin and emeralds framed as though they were peepshows, are now beginning to think up ways of getting back the custom that in many cases is still in rural retreat. Elizabeth Arden has circularized the various women's organizations, inviting them to use her salon as a place where Wats (Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service) and Waafs (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) can meet their friends, take a shower, and telephone. So far, Miss Arden has sacked no employees and her prices remain stationary. She was one of an enterprising combine which included Digby Morton, the young dress designer, and Aage Thaarup, the milliner, who decided that if women couldn't come to their clothes the clothes must go to the women, and, acting upon that premise, staged a show at Bristol this week. Morton did the suits, including a neat number for bicycling, Thaarup designed the hats, and Arden took care of the faces under them. The audience ordered new tweeds and complexions, briskly taking note that burnt sugar is the color Miss Arden boosts to go with khaki.

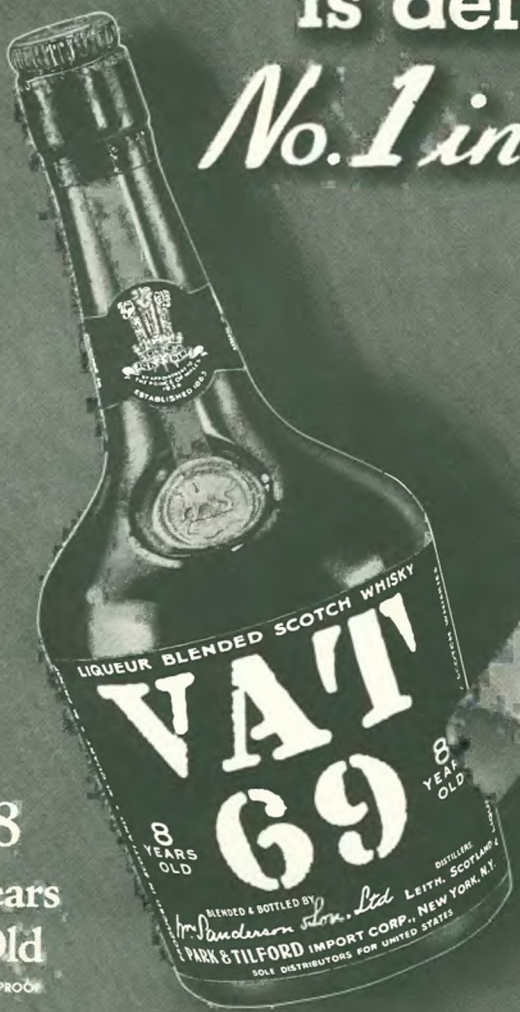
Officially, makeup is frowned on in the Services, but a good deal of bootleg lipsticking is done; Englishwomen have never looked prettier than they do these days when they are dressing more simply, often going hatless, and working so hard that sleep comes easy at night, bombers or no bombers.

LONDONERS are laughing over a story that came straight from a well-known firm which constructs A.R.P. shelters and numbers among its clients several of the embassies. At the Spanish Embassy, it seems, the Ambassador, the Duke of Alba, worked over the plans with the firm's representative and could not have been more cooperative. When the shelter was completed and the Embassy staff trooped down for practice, the Duke went along too and took up his position among the typists. On the other hand, at the Soviet Embassy things were very different. The A.R.P. people were not allowed to get within three secretaries' length of Ambassador

By Appointment to the Prince of Wales 1936

By Appointment to H.M. King of Sweden

Compare VAT 69 and you will be convinced that it is definitely *No. 1 in Taste!*



"Quality Tells"

8 Years Old

86 PROOF

Maisky and plans for the shelter had to include a special boudoir to which he could retire from the rabble. Mr. Maisky never even showed up for practice.

THE weather has been wet and mild, to the relief of people in the country who are patriotically trying to do without central heating as long as possible. Allowances on coke and coal were first cut to 75 per cent of what each household had used last year, then restored to a full 100-per-cent basis—but with requests to be economical. The hardy English sit around their houses wearing sheepskin-lined bootees, and women's shops report a tremendous run on good old-fashioned Viyella pajamas by chilly wives whose husbands have gone to France.

THE attempted assassination of Hitler caused great excitement here and some disappointment, which is being summed up in a calm British "Bad luck," as though someone had missed a pheasant. Everyone thinks that They will try again and that They may easily be a little quicker on the trigger next time. It is felt that some sort of big crisis is approaching and that the next few days may set the juggernaut properly in motion, or switch it over to different tracks altogether. Whichever way it goes, England is ready to meet it with resolution and good humor.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

To vote for Mrs. Olive A. Larson for School Director, the following procedure must be adhered to:

Pull the Republican (second) lever all the way to the right; then PUSH UP lever 15-B, on which will be "School Director for Two Years" but on which there is not any name; then reach all the way to the top of the machine, and PUSH UP slide 15; then stamp Mrs. Larson's name in space thus created. After thus setting the machine, leave the booth in the usual manner. This will record your Republican vote, your vote for Mrs. Larson, and permit your exit from the booth all at the same time.—*Delaware County (Pa.) Times.*

Could you arrange to have a committeeman waiting for us with a double brandy?

•

The 3-year-old Chicagoan flew 282.536 miles an hour—a scant mile behind his own record—to win the 300 mile Thompson trophy race yesterday for the third time. Afterward he announced his retirement from competitive racing because of age.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Well, he'll have his memories.

Isn't it worth it?

"SAY, HELEN, THE WHISKEY WE USE COSTS US 23¢ PER HIGHBALL"

"YET IT COSTS US ONLY 3¢ TO MAKE THAT HIGHBALL WITH WHITE ROCK"

See how little it costs to give your whiskey the benefit of White Rock's keen mineral-water tang

Liquor Cost per case 12—5ths (307 ozs.)		6 oz. serving 1½ oz. Liquor 2 oz. Ice 2 oz. Wh. Rock		8 oz. serving 2 oz. Liquor 2 oz. Ice 3 oz. Wh. Rock		10 oz. serving 2 oz. Liquor 3 oz. Ice 4½ oz. Wh. Rock	
$20.00	Liquor White Rock	.0977 .0208	12 cts.	.1302 .0312	16 cts.	.1302 .0468	18 cts.
$25.00	Liquor White Rock	.1221 .0208	14 cts.	.1628 .0312	19 cts.	.1628 .0468	21 cts
$30.00	Liquor White Rock	.1466 .0208	17 cts.	.1954 .0312	23 cts.	.1954 .0468	24 cts.
$35.00	Liquor White Rock	.1710 .0208	19 cts.	.2280 .0312	26 cts.	.2280 .0468	27 cts.
$40.00	Liquor White Rock	.1955 .0208	22 cts.	.2606 .0312	29 cts.	.2606 .0468	31 cts.
$45.00	Liquor White Rock	.2199 .0208	24 cts.	.2932 .0312	32 cts.	.2932 .0468	34 cts.
$50.00	Liquor White Rock	.2442 .0208	27 cts.	.3256 .0312	36 cts.	.3256 .0468	37 cts.
$55.00	Liquor White Rock	.2395 .0208	29 cts.	.3580 .0312	39 cts.	.3580 .0468	40 cts.

Basic of White Rock cost: Large Party Size bottle at 25 cents ($0.0104 per oz.) which is the retail price in all parts of the United States where sold without service. Note: Ice costs not included in above figures.

GOOD WHISKIES DESERVE **White Rock** ALL OTHER WHISKIES NEED IT

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S STARTLING NEW PERFUME...

"It's You"

WITH MAKE-UP TO HARMONIZE

It's You... lovely color harmony inspired by It's You Perfume ...synchronizes your face and fingernails with the new, new colors. Wear it with the new jewel tones... amethyst, turquoise, pearl gray. Wear it with mauve pink or violet.

It's You Perfume, $45.00...It's You Make-Up Box: lipstick, rouge and eye sha-do, $4.00...Special Rachel Lille de France Foundation, $2.00...It's You Cream Rouge, $1.25, $2.00...It's You Lipstick, $1.50...Bleu Lavande Eye Sha-do, $1.50...Rachel Illusion Powder, $1.75, $3.00...Special Mat Foncé Cameo Powder, $2.00, $3.00...It's You Nail Polish, $1.00...Black Cosmetique, $1.75.

Elizabeth Arden

A NEW JERSEY CHILDHOOD

"THESE MEN MUST DO THEIR DUTY!"

I

OUR grandmother lived at Laurelwood, and our parents used to send us to stay with her when they went away to Florida or Europe, or somebody had appendicitis.

This experience was always delightful. Our grandmother engendered about her a singular amenity and brightness. The essence of it seemed to reside in the exquisite odor of her house: the fresh fragrance of flowers combined with the seasoned smell of Oriental rugs. Whenever I catch a whiff of anything however faintly like it, I am pulled back to that floor of childhood: the polished and slippery hardwood surface, the enigmatic pattern of the rug, whose warm and unfaded reds matched the colors of the dinnertime fire; and then, on the upper level, the dark, shining mahogany table that reflected the rack of books like a lake. After dinner we would fold away the brass wicker-wire fire screen and supervise the progress of the blazing logs with the brass-handled poker and tongs; our maiden aunt, sitting before them with her skirt folded back over her knees, would dramatize the crumbling red grottoes and send flights of elves up the chimney by knocking the logs with the poker. Above, in the shadow of the mantelpiece, stood two big patterned Japanese vases and a cloisonne jar of dried rose leaves below a picture of a lazy young shepherd, whom his sheep were arousing from slumber. There was also a very pure and romantic photograph of a painting of Napoleon in his youth, which was thought to resemble Uncle Win, and companion pictures of Pandora letting the shadowy spirits of evil out of her box and of Psyche descending into the underworld, with the sullen heads of Cerberus in the background—both oval-faced and limpid-eyed maidens, as American and Anglo-Saxon as illustrations for Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whom no monsters could conceivably make away with.

On the other side of the hall from the living room was our grandfather's library and office. He had not, on account of his ill health, been able to practice much since they had moved into the new Laurelwood house, and I hardly remember it before his death, so that of the professional side of the room there is little now left in my picture except a desk and a faint odor of medicine. But at the opposite end of the longish room were the big globe, the backgammon board, the cribbage boxes, the red and white ivory chessmen, and the bookcases, which reached almost to the ceiling and were consecrated by two small stuffed owls on top.

The foundation of this library was histories and the old Bohn translations of the classics. My grandfather used to say in his old age that he had been reading history all his life and that he was never again going to read anything but novels. Nowadays, as I get older myself, I begin to see what he meant. But our grandfather had also in his library all sorts of out-of-the-way books that had appealed to his penchant for the marvellous: the Finnish epic, the "Kalevala," from which Longfellow had taken the meter for "Hiawatha;" the fascinating book on Russian folklore by that pioneer scholar William Ralston; several works of which all I can remember is that they contained frightening pictures of pagan gods and prehistoric animals; and a treatise on the spirit world, with many authentic pictures of ghosts, which had been given him by a spiritualist friend in the North American Phalanx. He had much frequented this Fourierist community, one of the most successful and longest-lived of the Socialist experiments of the forties, which was not far from his former home; had listened to their social theories, looked at their paintings, read their verse. He was also on excellent terms with all the best local chess players, and he had bound files of the chess magazines, which always supplied him with problems. It was one of the great legends of the family that he had once beaten the turbanned automaton which played chess in the Eden Musee in New York and which was supposed to be unbeatable; later on he had met a well-known professional, who had smiled and said, "Dr. Kimball, do you know that you beat me the other day?"

My grandfather's ideas on philosophy and religion were derived from Spencer and Mill, but he preferred those long, old-fashioned, formless books full of amusing or curious things, such as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and the "Noctes Ambrosianae," which one does not so much follow as go to live in. He loved "The Ingoldsby Legends" and

"Have you something that peels potatoes—just peels potatoes and nothing else?"

Percy's "Reliques," and used to read to his children out of them. He also read them the poetry of Scott, after whom he had himself been named by a mother infatuated with Waverley. His classical proclivities were such that it was always remembered by my aunt that one of the only extravagances which he had allowed himself at the time when he was cutting down on everything in order to send the children to school and college had been to buy J. A. Symonds' "Greek Poets." I was actually fed classical mythology as assiduously by my mother's family as I was instructed in the Scriptures by my father's. I remember that on one occasion at Laurelwood when I had been left alone with an uncle, a great sportsman and diner-out, who thought he ought to do something about me, his immediate and only idea was to read aloud to me, in spite of my protests, from Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," whose dry summaries I regarded as rudimentary.

AT the opposite corner of the house and opening out of the dining room was my grandmother's little conservatory, full of the warm odor of flowers and earth. Below the long panes that let in the winter sunlight were the boxes of raw dirt, on a shelf that ran around the room. In the corners stood or lay telescoped pillars of new red clay flowerpots, and there would be lines of little grasslike sproutings pricking up through the earth. She grew red geraniums, purple heliotrope, pink hair-dangling bleeding heart; orange-and-yellow nasturtiums and morning glories, purple or pink, climbed strings against the windows. My grandmother was wonderful with flowers. "Everything grew for her," my mother says. From the first warmth of neutral days of March, when white snowdrops and purple-veined crocuses broke the pale grass of the lawn, all the seeds and the plants and the bulbs and the big old-fashioned bushes seemed to come to life at her touch: white bridal wreath, yellow forsythia, all the variety of tulips, roses, peonies, that glowed and burned in summer, the delicate fairy columbine with hennins yellow or red.

Thus the library at one corner of the house and the conservatory at the other had something of the sacredness of chambers which had been set aside by our grandparents for their respective cultivation of intellectual and aesthetic interests apart from professional and family affairs, and in the case of my boy cousin and myself, the pursuit of literature and botany came to figure among our principal pastimes. We used to dic-

James Ogle

"Snow Angel" by Lanz — evening coat to make you shine — to send hearts skittering. Wonderful, wonderful Canadian blanket cloth — hooded, criss-crossed in forest green and lined with flower-printed wool challis. Sizes 9 to 15, 55.00 Exclusive with the Young New Yorker Shop, **Lord & Taylor,** Fifth Avenue

tate, before we were able to write decently, short novels to our literary aunt, who wrote them out in little paper books especially sewed together for the purpose. She also taught us an interest in wild flowers and made us look them all up in a book.

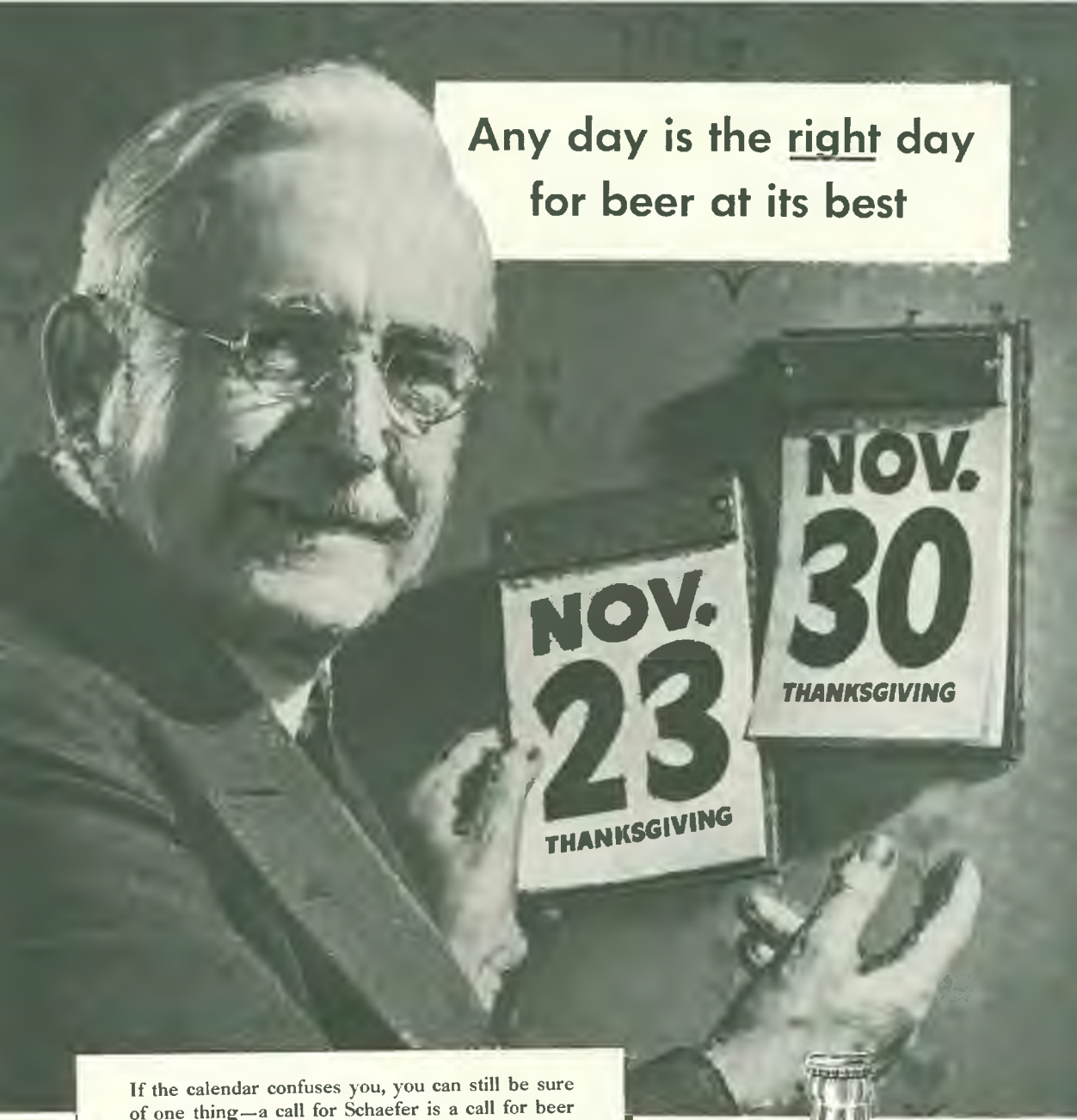
This interest gave purpose to our walks—walks in the afternoon among long residential streets full of trees lightly animated by squirrels, where downpours of acorns in autumn sprinkled the pavements and grass; walks around the dark lake through the pinewoods on paths of white sand and brown needles, where the pink coral pentagons of laurel or the red wintergreen berries that bit pulpy were growing beside the path. I remember, too, the waxy pipsissewa and the livid-white Indian pipe that seemed so much the appropriate flowerings of those silent and monotonous woods. There were more interesting things in the swamps: the fly-trapping pitcher plants, with their hair-lined and red-veined gorges, which we carefully used to dig up with their boggy turf clinging about them, and keep in a bowl and watch. Our great hope was to find the scarcer orchids: Arethusa and the yellow lady's-slipper. I remember my excitement and elation when I ran into a country boy selling the white and yellow water lilies of the ponds outside the Laurelwood hotel and saw that he had among them a stalk or two of lady's-tresses, a white and exquisite tiny orchid. I bought one from him and then felt qualms of conscience because I thought I ought to have found it myself.

II

ONE of the great motifs of life at Laurelwood was the canter of horses' hoofs that came in to us from the wood-paved road. There was a riding academy almost opposite the house, and I have remembered out-of-door Laurelwood as a place where people were always on horseback or driving around in smart turnouts: men and boys in leather puttees, and girls with long skirts sitting sidesaddle with black riding habits and derbies; glossy victorias and carriages, with now and then a tallyho or a tandem. And there were also the polo games: the green field with its straight white lines, sharply bright in the summer sun, the headlong riders with ballooning shirts, the melees of slender-legged horses. It was supposed to be a treat to watch polo, but I used to be worried by the horses' bloody flanks.

We had our fibres in this outside Laurelwood, but a good deal of it lay beyond us. It was both much wealthier

Any day is the right day for beer at its best



If the calendar confuses you, you can still be sure of one thing—a call for Schaefer is a call for beer at its best. Let this fine old beer help you spread good cheer on *your* Thanksgiving Day.

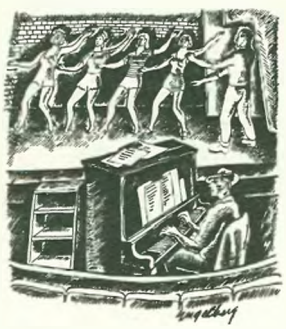
Schaefer

BEER AT ITS BEST

TUNE IN . . . WEAF 7:30 P. M. *every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue* . . .

and much gayer than we were. The more notorious scandals of the place were affairs that my mother and aunt used to talk and laugh about, but which did not touch them in any way. The story that made most impression on me involved the Episcopalian rector, who had been given a dig in *Town Topics* apropos of his supposed attentions to some widow or married lady. I think he threatened to sue the magazine. Its editor, Colonel Mann, was later convicted of blackmail. The off-color publicity of *Town Topics* tainted all such places as Laurelwood at that period.

My uncle, who had read me Bulfinch, was a part of this outer world. He had brown eyes, round, humorous, and bland, a handsome mustache in the style of Guy de Maupassant, and an attractive *blagueur* manner; his great retort was the baffling "You don't say!" He was always very smartly dressed and usually wore a flower in his buttonhole. He always carried his money in a roll and used to have bills of large denominations. He went to Europe every May and would invariably bring back for my mother and aunt a supply of silk stockings from Paris. He would produce them from the side pockets of his jacket and hand them over with an unconcern which elicited my admiration: his gaze had none of the personal concentration of one who is bestowing a gift, and he never acknowledged the expressions of gratitude but would be talking about something else. He would give me bright new dimes in the same way. He used also to pass on to my mother and aunt a good many of the presents of jewelry which people always seemed to be giving him. Periodically he would turn up at my grandfather's with a lady—a Miss who had been "out" a long time or a Mrs. whose husband had evaporated—whom he would present to his mother and sisters, in the same casual, wide-eyed way, as the woman he was going to marry. But none of these ladies lasted long: some of them never ap-



"ONE THING WE BOTH DO is read The New York Times"

WILLIAM KNUDSEN
president of General Motors

EDDIE CANTOR
star of stage, screen and radio

And hundreds of thousands of other citizens, as far apart in their interests and occupations, do the same. They read The New York Times because it is the only newspaper of its kind—complete, accurate, *undistorted by bias or sensationalism.* To know the *facts* of world affairs, you, too, should read it every day.

peared but once; the next summer, after his trip to Europe, he would come to see us with a different fiancee. What I most liked to have him do—though it was a part of his deadpan insouciance to pretend to pay very little attention to my requests—was perform that old popular number, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," with his derby or his straw hat tilted over one eye and with his cane horizontal under one arm.

ONE day he took me to call on the Finches; there was a Finch boy of about my age. My uncle drove me there in his light little runabout. The Finches were not only the richest people in Laurelwood but among the richest people in the world. Their house was hidden away in a large estate surrounded by a high enclosure. This enclosure was a thick black iron grille with a murderous row of spikes along the top, and it had roused in me the same kind of antagonism as the rowelling of the polo horses. Mr. J. J. Finch was the son of a great grabber and wrecker of railroads, one of the contrivers of a market-cornering conspiracy which had compromised a President of the United States. When old Sam Finch had died, he had left to the management of his son the greater part of a fortune of over a hundred million dollars. I did not, of course, know at that time all that I know now about the Finches—I did not know, for example, that old Sam Finch had become before his death one of the most generally hated men in America; but J. J. Finch had acquired for me some vaguely sinister value.

Certainly, however, there was nothing in the least formidable about Mrs. J. J. Finch, whom we found when we drove up before the big gray façade, standing at the top of her front steps in a light dress and a wide summer hat, just putting on her gloves to go out. She looked much younger than one might have expected. I had heard that she had been an actress, and I felt that her ready smile, her instinct to be nice and to be liked, especially derived from this. She sent for young Master James, with whom I had been brought to play.

Young James was a black-haired little boy in socks and a sailor suit. I remember him as having heavy eyebrows, and he evidently resembled his father. At his mother's direction, he showed me through the house as if it were a historic building. As I had never been to Fontainebleau or Versailles, it was the largest human residence I had ever been inside. I was struck by the fact that

"I'm Bradley from New York—"

ON the last day of August, a young man walked into a bank in Rochester. "I'm Bradley from New York . . ."

Bradley was expected . . . was ushered directly to a bank officer. "One of my company's biggest prospects is right here in Rochester," he explained. "Our New York office said you could give me some information . . ."

The banker listened carefully. He had lived in Rochester for 25 years, so he was able to tell Bradley about his prospect—its history, its problems and the men he should see.

Bradley thanked him and left. A month elapsed. Then one day he returned. "I just want to tell you," he said, "that the concern you told me about is doing business with us now."

"Bradley from New York" was able to obtain such useful information in Rochester because his company is a customer of ours . . . and because there is a Marine Midland bank in Rochester.

There are Marine Midland banks in 34 other trading centers throughout the state of New York.

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the furniture looked small in the immense rooms. Supplementing my memory at this point by a reference to Gustavus Myers' "History of the Great American Fortunes," I find that this furniture was Louis XIV and that it was "blazing with powdered gold and covered with deep crimson velvet." This was the "great main hall," which had also a "superb marble fireplace," a hundred and fifty cut-glass pendants, a "massive elliptical staircase of marble and bronze, supported by marble columns," and a mural of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which covered three sides of the room and which, I learn, was sixteen feet high and eighty feet long.

I cannot pretend that I was not impressed by all this, but it was a palace rather without enchantment. I asked about James's toys and was escorted upstairs to the nursery. This tour, like everything else, took place under the surveillance of a governess, who never left us to ourselves for a minute. The toys were the most colossal I had ever seen except as showpieces in glass cases at Schwarz's, and it was difficult for me to imagine playing with them. James himself seemed rather indifferent to them except in the case of such things as bats and racquets, and the soldier and Indian getups, which were actually complete suits of clothes instead of the usual flimsy trappings and which were hung up in a regular wardrobe. There was a rocking horse that pulsated on springs and a life-size woolly sheep, which belonged to James's younger sister. This little girl presently arrived and asserted a sort of sovereignty, which was also very unlike play.

The little girl's nurse was an oldish woman, who spoke with some sort of foreign accent, probably German. She talked constantly—humorously, rapidly, keeping everybody under control—and somehow I did not like her. In the conservatory, a great cage of glass, humid, luxuriant, and rank with plant smells—so exotic, with its palms and parrots, that it did not occur to me to compare it with my grandmother's conservatory—this staccato and glib old woman seemed to me particularly uncanny. She cautioned James sharply against fooling with a certain gorgeous red macaw, who sat, taciturn and savage-looking, chained by the leg to his perch, but she paid a great deal of attention to a very small and shabby old green parrot. She kept insisting, "He can whistle 'Yankee Doodle,' " but her wheedling elicited only hoarse monosyllables and wordless interrogations. It was a little as if she were a witch con-

versing with a cherished familiar, and the parrot itself showed some perversity, for when she had given it up and we had turned our backs to go out, a soft piping was heard behind us; it was indeed "Yankee Doodle," faltering and perfectly expressionless.

Outside, when we got to the stables, young James showed a little more interest. He had a miniature automobile, which his father had had specially built for him and which was a great wonder of the newspapers at that period, when automobiles of any kind were rare. There was also, it appeared, a private theatre. I assumed as a matter of course that it must be used for amateur theatricals, but was informed by James that his father had regular companies come down from New York and give musical comedies in it. I imagined an elegant audience in diamonds, white shirt fronts, and tails, sitting stiffly in a brightly lighted theatre to witness "Fantana" or "The Prince of Pilsen."

The walks ran between marble statues, which, however, seemed to me so remote from the classical gods and goddesses they must have been supposed to represent that I don't remember even trying to identify them. There was a sunken Italian garden—the estate was called Florentine Court—which I suggested might be a good place to play in, but it was made clear to me that this was out of the question. I was amazed and even appalled to discover that there was a man with a rake standing by whose rôle was to be always on hand when anybody drove or walked over the gravel, in order to rake it smooth again.

We amused ourselves—on this and on subsequent visits—in ways that rather bored me. James was not so entertaining as my cousin. He was a perfectly good-natured boy with neither humor nor imagination. Though he cared nothing about books or botany, he had learned something about the various sports, and we used to have jumping matches and play catch and knock out flies—contests in which he usually triumphed. One afternoon when it had been raining we sailed things on a big puddle in the lawn, while the governess—James's English governess—sat on a marble bench and kept telling him not to get his clothes dirty. James, however, had got hold of a large log, which he wanted me to help him drag to the water. I objected that the log wouldn't float because it was too big and heavy. James declared that it would. A considerable argument ensued, in which I upheld my position dogmatically and with

absolute assurance. I was abashed when we got the log into the puddle and it turned out that it did perfectly float.

But the incident at the Finches' which most impressed me occurred one day when we were driving around the place in a commodious wicker pony cart that belonged to James's sister. (I had been astonished to discover how little the Finch children knew about Laurelwood; they were not often allowed to see other children or to go out of their own domain.) James was driving and had stopped the cart and had ordered the footman—they had a footman even at the back of a pony cart—to get out and bring him some apples which he had seen under a tree in a field. The governess remonstrated with him. "They're too green. They'll make you ill." But James said he wanted the apples. The governess called him "James, dear," and tried to persuade where she apparently could not command, and the argument lasted several minutes. Then, "Get out and get them," James again gave the order to the man, who had sat without moving. "You should have done it when I told you the first time." The man got down and went for the apples. The point had apparently been not that James didn't want to be amiable with his governess, whom he treated with a friendliness just short of affection, but that he had taken exception to the fact that the footman had not jumped at his bidding. For when the man had gone after the apples, the boy turned to the governess and said, "These men must do their duty, Anna!"

These words long rang in my mind. I should never have been allowed to behave like that, and it would never have occurred to me to speak like that to or about a servant. The incident seemed to drop a sharp partition between the Finches and myself.

■

I FIRST wrote down the above memories in the winter and spring of 1918 on a table in a café in northern France. It is queer to be working on something from a manuscript of more than twenty years ago, written in a hand that is different from my present one and on pages of gray paper ruled crisscross, the only kind I could get at the *mercerie* in that little wartime town in the Vosges. It brings back the cold mists, the bad French stoves, the nights with everything darkened on account of German planes, and eating hot soup through smothering colds. That was the winter the French Army mutinied. It is strange to reflect that all that is already

longer ago than those incidents at Laurelwood were at the time I first tried to describe them.

And why *should* I have tried to describe them in 1917-18, when there was obviously so much else to think about? And why, more than twenty years later, should I go back to them again today? What I got out of them when I first put them down was a contrast, which I made rather smugly, between the old American society and the new. Today I know a number of things which I did not know or did not understand then. To be sure, what has happened to the Finch family has justified any assumptions about the unsoundness of millionaire princes. Old Man Finch, the son of a poor farmer, had worked assiduously at his financial villainy and had had no appetite for social exploits. But his son liked to give immense parties and to shine in foreign parts, neglected those trips to the West which would have been necessary to check up on his properties, and presently fell a victim to a rival brontosaurus who had just hatched out of the swamp and was still in the aggressive phase. The other members of the family, alarmed, had him removed as trustee of the estate, which was rapidly crumbling away. Some of the women supplied classical examples of the type of unfortunate American heiress whose family buys her a title. I think the little girl I saw was one of them. My friend James several years ago eloped with a girl from a Jersey drugstore not far from his old home at Laurelwood. That palace itself was disposed of some fifteen years ago to a Catholic college for girls.

Yet, after all, I know today that our own family were drawn into the orbit of the power that the Finches represented. The special sort of felicity we enjoyed in going to my grandmother's house was due to a peculiar peace and ease which depended on my grandmother's self-confidence. In our own homes—both my cousins' and mine—the tension of the times pressed upon us. Neither their father nor mine was the kind of man who thrived on those times. Both had had the old sort of professional education, and to maintain a place in that society of the period after the Civil War, when all the forces of exploitation had cut loose and nothing as yet had been done to check them, meant a strain for the old-fashioned American. Either one had to overwork, as my uncle did, to keep up with the new standard of living, or if, as my father did, one refused to keep up beyond a certain point and went on acting on a set of principles at variance with those

in the ascendant, one incurred a certain isolation. But I was surprised to learn later from my father that the Laurelwood house itself had been a product of the impulse to keep up. Another odor which I vividly remember from it is the smell of fresh reservoir water running out of nickel-plated faucets into the kind of white enamelled bath and basin which at our house we hadn't yet had installed to take the place of the old wood-and-tin kind. My grandfather had gradually abandoned his country practice for his rich patients on the Jersey coast; my grandmother had wanted to live at Laurelwood and she had wanted the beautiful modern new house (she liked to be thought to look like Queen Victoria); my grandfather still had his rich patients there, because that was where they went in the winter, but the expense of building the house had put a tax on his later years, when his health was seriously failing and when he would certainly have been content, so far as he himself was concerned, to spend his remaining time with his friends and his books and chess.

MY uncle, who took me to the Finches, went on with my grandfather's practice, and after his early days of promise as a surgeon turned into a fashionable doctor who came to spend more and more of his time on the yachts and at the bridge tables of the rich. In his fifties he was drinking pretty heavily and suffering from terrible depressions. One day, at the time when my cousin and I were growing up and going to prep school, he had us come to lunch with him in Laurelwood. He announced with his bland unconcern, which had impressed me so much as a child, that he was going to die very soon and that he had arranged to leave his library to me, and to my cousin his watch and his gun. We were shocked and didn't know what to say; I felt that the fine eyes that looked beyond us were now really indifferent to the effect which he was producing on those who were fond of him. He did die very soon, of apoplexy, all alone at night in his apartment in one of the Laurelwood hotels, which was the only home he had ever had in that place of magnificent residences. His books consisted partly of those elaborate sets—"Secret Court Memoirs of Europe" and so forth—which used to be got up in costly bindings to be sold to people like the Finches and which people like the Finches had given him; but they included also a good many things—the eighteenth-century novelists, Stevenson, Kipling—which were not on-

ly beautifully bound but worth having.

I know now that the tides of society can give a new configuration to all but the strongest personality, if they do not altogether sweep them away. Yet I have dug out again these memories, trifling enough in themselves, in order to make again the contrast between my grandfather's house and the Finches', and on reflection I have come to the conclusion that I am impelled to recur to these incidents under a stress, at first largely unconscious, of being scared about the fate of what seem to me the elements of civilization. It was so at the time of the World War, and it is so again today. For that ride in the Finches' pony cart was the first moment when it was definitely revealed to me that there were other kinds of people in the world, who did not think and behave like my own family and who were yet at the same time important—that they might be even more important than we; and the first moment when I asserted to myself the superior value, the virtue, of something which had reached me through my grandparents—of the spirit that studies and understands against the spirit that acquires and consumes; of the instinct to make life for other beings against the lethal concentration on power; of the impulse that acts to minimize the social differences between human beings against the impulse that acts to enforce them and which would always make them wider. —Edmund Wilson

•

SPARROWS AMONG DRY LEAVES

The sparrows
by the iron fence post—
hardly seen

for the dry leaves
that half
cover them—

stirring up
the leaves, fight
and chirp

stridently,
search
and

peck the sharp
gravel to
good digestion

and love's
obscure and insatiable
appetite.
—William Carlos Williams

BROKER

ON Second Avenue just below Forty-fourth Street, under the Elevated, a battered Chevrolet truck had broken down—broken apart, practically—and was slowing up traffic. The truck was headed south and it was loaded with mason's and plasterer's equipment—a plastery clutter of barrels, wheelbarrows, mortar troughs, and wooden horses. The two parts of the truck, body and motor, were still in contact with each other, but the load was tilted sharply upward as if it were still going uphill and the motor was tilted almost as sharply downward. The only thing, apparently, that kept the load from sliding into the street was the single heavy rope that went around the back.

What had happened was obvious at a glance. The truck had been going downtown and the driver, evidently unaware that the rising ground was bringing his rather lofty load closer and closer to the Elevated roadbed, had continued driving under the Elevated until, here at the very crest of the hill, load and Elevated had met.

On the southwest corner, near the truck, a Negro stood, his overalls and tattered gloves caked with lime and mortar like the materials aboard the truck. At times he gazed apologetically at the passing cars, at other times he peered down Second Avenue as though he were expecting someone. Presently the traffic lights changed.

Another Negro, who was driving a car that had just been halted in the van of traffic, leaned out of his window and called, "I never seen that before. No, sir!"

The Negro to whom the truck belonged stepped off the curb and laughed. "You sees it now, don't you?"

"Is that your rig?" asked the other.

"Yeah, tha's my rig! It ain't nobody else."

"Man, tha's trouble!"

"Man"—the owner threw his head back—"any kind of trouble is trouble enough. But that truck just keeps on bein' trouble. Don't pay no more attention to it!"

"What you mean, don't pay no more attention to it?" the other demanded. "I never seen that before. What you call that?"

"I call it broker."

"Broker?"

"Yeah," said the owner of the truck. "Every time somebody look at that truck, it get broker!"

They both laughed richly. Then the one in the car drove off and the other retreated to the sidewalk, where a crowd gathered round him.

"What did she feel like when she broke down on you?" a man in the crowd asked.

"Felt mighty funny." The Negro spread his tattered gloves. "Felt like I was about to fly away. Felt like I was about to sink right down."

"Felt like you was in an airplane?" someone prompted.

"Felt like you needed a parachute?" someone else said.

"No," said the Negro reflectively. "Felt a little slower than that—jitterbug!" The crowd laughed.

A patrol car with two policemen in it pulled up beside the curb.

"Your heap?" asked the cop at the wheel.

"Yes, sir," said the Negro.

The cop nodded. He was a lean-faced man with a sour expression and eyes set close together. "You ought to be locked up for just showin' up on a highway with that thing."

"No, sir, that truck'll haul anything," the Negro assured him. "I've hauled plenty of loads in that truck—up till today."

"Well, when the hell are you goin' to haul it out of here?"

"I phoned up my cousin with a truck in Brooklyn," the Negro explained. "He'll be comin' right along now."

"O.K. So will I," said the cop. "And if I have to look at that heap any more, there's gonna be trouble."

"Yes, sir," the Negro agreed.

The patrol car cruised off.

"Well, you're in trouble now," said someone in the crowd. "You better think fast."

"Thinkin' ain't goin' to do me no good," the Negro replied. "If thinkin' was goin' to do me any good, that truck'd be burned up by now. Thinkin' ain't goin' to help me. It's my cousin." He went to the curb and looked down Second Avenue. Then he shook his head and returned. "What you think that cop's goin' to charge me with?"

"Obstructin' traffic," a man in the crowd advised him.

"Well, that ain't my fault," said the Negro. "Tha's just an accident."

"You know what the judge is goin' to say?" the man said. "The judge is goin' to say, 'Why in hell doncha measure your load before you start out?' "

"You can't measure that load like you would with a tape," the Negro objected. "That load's uneven. You got to measure that load with the naked eye."

"Yeah, I know," said the man. "Why didn't you get a rough estimate before you started out."

"I did," the Negro answered. " 'Bout thirteen feet, I figured." He squinted at the truck. "Maybe a few inches more. 'Bout thirteen an' a quarter. Tha's better."

"Take a look at the sign then." The other man pointed up at the Elevated, at a sign just beneath the Elevated that read, "HEADROOM 12 FEET 2 INCHES." "That's all the clearance you got—twelve feet two."

"Mister," said the Negro, "which way you facin'?"

"East," said the other.

"Which way my truck facin'?"

The other man was silent.

"My truck facin' downtown," the Negro said. "How'm I goin' to see that sign?"

"Well, you could see the 'L' comin' down on you all the time, couldn't you?"

"No, sir," said the Negro. "I could see the hill gettin' higher. I couldn't see no 'L' comin' down. Climbin' a hill always look like it make more room, not less. I've climbed hills before."

The crowd was entertained. "Seems like your truck was wrecked by looks, too," someone said, and chuckled.

"Tha's just right," said the Negro soberly. "An' it keep bein' wrecked by looks. Every time somebody look at that truck, somethin' else go wrong with it. Man come up an' look at that truck an' say, 'Brother, your axle is shot.' Man look at that truck an' say, 'Brother, your rear end is shot.' Man come up an' look at that truck an' say, 'Brother, your universal is shot.' But nobody"—he lowered his voice to a whisper, so his ensuing laughter seemed immense—"nobody come up an' say, 'Brother, that truck so shot, here's a hundred dollars—buy yourself a new one!' "

"Hey! Hey, you!"

The men turned. It was the police patrol car again.

"What'd I tell you?" demanded the lean-faced cop at the wheel. "Didn't I tell you if I came back an' that heap was still there, there'd be trouble? What d'you think I'm doin', kiddin' you?"

"No, sir. I was just wonderin' what to do next," the Negro explained. "My cousin ain't come."

"Ah, t' hell with your cousin!" said the cop. "I don't believe you got a cousin."

"Yes, sir. I got a cousin."

"Listen, you don't need a cousin and you don't need any other kind of relative. You don't need a truck. You don't even need a pushcart. Start unloadin'

her, so's we can get her over to the side, out of traffic."

"I can't unload that truck alone," said the Negro.

"Why not?"

"Them girders up there broke all the lines I had around them tubs an' wooden horses. That load's liable to slide if I unlash that back rope."

"Take it off the top of the load first."

"I can't do that," the Negro objected. "There's no room for me on top of that load under the 'L.' "

"Take it off the side then."

"How'm I goin' to take it off the side without somebody to hand it down to?"

"Oh, that's what it is," said the cop sarcastically. "You want somebody to hand it down to. Well, hand it down to yourself and walk over to the curb with it yourself. If you'd of been doin' that all this time instead of chewin' the fat with those guys, you'd of had that truck empty by now."

"Well, I had to wait for my cousin to get here."

"Will you do me a favor?" said the cop. "Will you forget your cousin?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Start pilin' it out of the truck."

"But he be here any minute now."

"Like hell he will!" the cop roared. "Not if he moves like you—he'll never be here! Get goin'!"

With the cop watching him from the patrol car, the Negro trudged over to the truck. He surveyed the load anxiously a moment and then climbed up on the side, near the cab. The lighter pieces—gravel screens, buckets, mortar hoes—came off easily enough. He rested them on the cab top and then climbed down again and carried them to the curb.

"Hurry up!" the cop called to him.

"Yes, sir."

He went over to the truck again and climbed up. The heavy pieces—tubs and troughs and wooden trestles—were wedged in tight and he couldn't move them. He climbed down again.

"I got to loosen that back rope now," he said to the cop.

"Well, loosen it."

"Supposin' she slide?"

"She won't slide if you don't get on the back end. Anybody can see that."

"Them pieces are heavy," said the Negro. "I'll maybe have to drop 'em on the highway. Supposin' a car come along an' slam into one of 'em—who get a ticket then?"

"You ought to," said the cop. "Whatsa matter—you weak?"

"No, I ain't weak, but I ain't no der-

rick," the Negro answered. "Some of them troughs is all caked with cement. They weigh two hundred pounds."

"Well, lemme know when you come to 'em," said the cop. "I'll take care of that."

"Yes, sir."

The Negro went back to the truck and began loosening the rope that went around the back of the load. A wheelbarrow wobbled near the top. He dropped the rope, caught the wheelbarrow, and let it slide quickly to the ground. Then he looked up at the load. Nothing else had shifted.

"I knew that load'd stay there," said the cop.

AT that moment there was a crash as two northbound cabs collided. The cabdriver in front leaned out and yelled at the one behind, "What're you —blind?"

"G'wan! G'wan, will you! You're supposed to be drivin' a hack, not sightseein'," said the one in the rear. He threw his cab into gear and shoved the front cab. The man in the front cab immediately threw his machine into reverse and both bumpers were locked fast. It was only when they flung the doors of the cabs open to step out that they saw the cop striding toward them. They shrank back into the cabs.

"All right!" the cop snapped at the cabdriver in front. "I'm gonna burn you for that!"

"What d'ya want from me?" the cabdriver whined. "I happen to slow down and this guy bangs into me!"

"Slow down?" repeated the cabdriver in the rear. "He didn't slow down, Officer. He takes a gander at the truck and he throws his brakes on full. What the hell was I gonna do?"

"Well, what if I did take a look?" said the front driver. "What right's he got to shove me?"

"Lemme see your licence!" said the cop.

"For what?"

"For nothin'! For lookin'! For lookin' out of turn! What d'you think of that?" The cop glanced over at the truck. "What the hell're you waitin' for?" he roared at the Negro, who had stopped to watch the proceedings.

"You said for me to call you when I come to the heavy pieces," said the Negro.

"You picked a fine time! God damn it, I ought to give you the ticket I'm givin' these guys!"

"Why? I didn't do nothin'," said the Negro.

"That's the whole trouble," snarled

the cop. "You ain't done a damn thing! Get some of that other stuff off before you call me!"

"Yes, sir." The Negro trundled a wheelbarrow to the curb.

The cop began writing out the summons. By this time another lane of traffic was blocked—one of the two uptown lanes. A general honking of horns began behind the locked cabs. Traffic trickled through slowly. Cars were packed so close the Negro couldn't get out to the truck. He stood there on the curb, shaking his head. "Man," he said, "I seen trouble before, but I never seen trouble that just kep' on makin' trouble."

A CAMERAMAN appeared from nowhere and, tagging after him, a swarm of barelegged kids in football helmets. "He's from the *Mirror!*" they cried. "Hey, Mister, take my picture!"

The cameraman stepped into the street and maneuvered his camera for a clearer view of the truck. The kids were already in front of him. Darting recklessly through the pack of traffic, shouting "Take me! Git me into it, Mister!," half a dozen of them leaped onto the tailboards of the truck. The cameraman snapped his shutter.

"Get off there!" bellowed the cop.

The kids leaped for safety as the pile of troughs, barrels, planks, and wooden horses toppled into Forty-fourth Street with a roar.

Not a car could move—uptown, downtown, or crosstown. Horns continued their clamor. Summons in hand, the cop made for the fleeing kids and got as far as the debris on the ground. Then he stopped and took a step toward the cameraman. Then he stopped again and made for the Negro.

"Why, God damn you!" he said. He was almost strangling with rage.

"I didn't do nothin'," said the Negro. "That ain't my fault."

The other policeman, who had remained behind in the patrol car, came running up. "Whatsa matter, Tim?"

"Him! *It ain't his fault!*"

"What?"

"He didn't do nothin'!" roared the first cop.

"What d'ya mean?"

For a moment it looked as though a cop were about to arrest a cop. From the tangle of plastery iron and wood on the ground a cloud of dust rose up to the Elevated—rose leisurely upward through the checkered shade.

"Man! Man!" the Negro marvelled. "Every time somebody look at that truck, somethin' else go wrong!"

—HENRY ROTH

Here is a "Close-up" of the *Style Setter* for 1940

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GRANN, TAKEN AT OAKLAND HILLS COUNTRY CLUB, BIRMINGHAM, MICH. *Illustrating Torpedo Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

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FOOTBALL

Don't Block That Kick

THE late Leroy Mills, the celebrated volunteer football coach, had a profound love for the fine art of kicking a football. To him, a football was not an object to be desperately punted anywhere on fourth down; it was a sort of cue ball, to be addressed always with the purpose of putting one's opponent at a disadvantage and, if possible, forcing him to kick it right back. Now a restless group of football enthusiasts is trying to alter the rulebook so radically there would be little incentive for coaches to develop kickers. The present program, now that it's not so easy to kick field goals, is the elimination of the kickoff and the point after touchdown. This same group is also busy with simple-minded ideas for making tie games impossible, apparently blind to the fact that doing away with the point after touchdown would mean more tie games than ever.

Three of the most important games last Saturday would have been deadlocks if the decmphasizers of kicking had had their way. Unbeaten Notre Dame would not have lost to Iowa, 7–6; unbeaten Cornell would not have won over Colgate, 14–12, as it deserved to; and unbeaten Dartmouth would not have been upset by Princeton, 9–7.

Bob Peters, one of the last and one of the best of the hundreds of kickers coached by Mills, put Dartmouth in one awkward position after another with his punting. Cuffing the ball softly with the side of his foot, he kept dropping it out of bounds a few yards from Dartmouth's goal line, and Dartmouth several times had to get rid of the ball when it would much rather have run with it. Bob Hinchman, an earlier Mills pupil, contributed, on successive plays, the winning field goal and the best kickoff.

Good as these two Princetonians were, though, Bill Hutchinson was better. This year he hasn't been getting the luxurious interference Dartmouth's ballcarriers had become accustomed to, but on Saturday he provided his own, pushing the opposition out of his way and bursting again and again from the arms of tacklers who tried to grasp his powerful legs. Cornell, which appears rather tired after the schedule it's played this fall, meets Dartmouth at Hanover

this weekend. I think that will be a game worth seeing.

FOOTBALL players are, to the annoyance of second-guessers, still just a lot of grown-up little boys, quite capable of making mistakes under pressure. There were plenty of understandable errors of judgment and execution in that fiercely played game at Princeton. The most exasperating ones were Bob Van Lengen's two fumbles. After the second, Van Lengen stood miserably while his substitute came on the field; then he ran, head down, for the sidelines, to a half-hearted cheer from the Princeton side of the stadium. Just before the start of the second half the team ran on the field one man short. While people were still wondering whom Tad Wieman would send in now to play Van Lengen's position, Wieman and Van Lengen walked out from the Princeton bench. Wieman's right hand was gesticulating as he talked, his left hand was on the young man's shoulder as the pair marched out to the rest of the Princeton team. A few minutes later, Van Lengen obligingly picked up the Dartmouth fumble which made possible Hinchman's field goal.

Players can be forbearing, too. Last week Ducky Pond, Yale's head coach, got into the news because of a statement he was supposed to have given the press, denouncing his team as the poorest he'd ever seen, and so on. What actually happened was that a columnist on a New Haven paper, knowing what exit from the Bowl Pond uses, collared him after the disastrous Dartmouth game and asked what he thought of his team. Pond, usually a mild, silent man, told him casually and walked on. When the news associations picked up the story from the local paper, Pond probably wished he hadn't said anything. The Yale players, who knew how the story got out, didn't seem to mind Pond's blowing off steam a bit. They didn't, as it happened, play much better against Brown than they did against Dartmouth, but then I imagine Yale needs a rest just as much as Cornell.

THOUGH Columbia's defeat of Navy didn't settle any championship, the game was one of the liveliest of the day. Now that Les Stanczyk is able to play again, Columbia's backfield is the best it's had in some years. Stanczyk has to wear a mask on the field to protect his injured nose; evidently he isn't quite used to looking through it, for on Saturday he was involved in one of the strangest occurrences ever seen in a

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major game. Dropping back to punt in the fourth quarter, he missed the ball completely with his foot and then had a hard time finding it and picking it up before he was tackled. Columbia's passing worked better than it had all season, and Navy, since Cliff Lenz couldn't play, seemed unable to cope with it. Navy's newest back, Boothe, kicks left-footed and passes left-handed. Swede Larson uses him in the same play with which King, another left-handed Navy back, tormented Columbia half a dozen years ago. Boothe sweeps far to his left, then throws a pass to a receiver on the opposite side of the field.

Those who went down to Annapolis to see the game were surprised to find, when they entered the field, that Navy, according to the scoreboard, had already beaten Columbia 16–7. This turned out to be just a bit of wishful thinking on the part of a couple of midshipmen who had climbed up to the scoreboard and fixed things to suit themselves. Until the start of the third quarter, it didn't look like such a bad prediction, at that.

I CAN'T think what to make of Pennsylvania. Perhaps Penn State, which looked awful against Cornell, had been saving up for this one. At any rate, Pennsylvania was rather quiet when Reagan was not in its backfield, and not very much more active when he was. Reagan, who is justifiably proud of the way he can run back punts, got his hands on only one, and Penn State covered him so well that he ran the ball back something less than a yard. Connell, a Pennsylvania back I have always liked, gained forty-eight yards all told the twelve times he had a crack at carrying the ball; then he was taken out and never got back in.

ARMY ran off so many practice plays before game time on Saturday that the team seemed to be worn out before Harvard ever showed up. Harvard really looked pretty well in beating a team which had put on such a good show against Notre Dame the week before. Heiden appeared to sense exactly where the Army ballcarriers were going on their spinner and reverse plays, and stopped most of them. I guess it all goes to show that you never, never know. —J. W. L.

•

Chinese houses usually face south, and are not numbered in sequence. They never kiss in public, and dislike cheese.—*From "Inside Asia," by John Gunther.*

Good for them!

THE RACE TRACK

Horses in Boxes

AS you're likely to see the Puett starting gate on the Eastern tracks next season, it's high time you knew something about it. In shape, it resembles the Bahr gate, which is used most everywhere now, but the Puett stalls are longer, narrower, and more thickly padded. The important difference is that each stall can be closed in front by doors made of heavy wire netting and fastened by the same type of catches used to hold and release explosives on bombing planes. Horses are led into the gate from the rear, then a padded bar is placed across the back of each stall. When the runners are ready, the starter presses a button which opens all the doors simultaneously. The most obvious advantage of the Puett gate is that horses aren't handled by assistant starters.

Some doubts were raised about the efficiency of the machine when, at Pimlico, a catch jammed and the doors of Dixieland's stall failed to open, but they disappeared after it tamed Alfred Vanderbilt's Heelfly. Vanderbilt thought his horse would be a good subject because the animal has the temper of a peevish devil. Usually Heelfly has to be blindfolded when he goes to the post, and even then delays the start at least ten minutes. The first time he went into the Puett gate, in the Rogers Handicap last week, he behaved perfectly and the field was only a minute in getting under way. When Heelfly had a second go at the gate, in the Grayson Stakes on Friday, the field was at the post only half a minute. Heelfly, by the way, won both races.

Ordinarily, when a horse is left at the post it's just too bad for everyone who bet on him. However, the $6,206 wagered on Dixieland was refunded.

CLAY PUETT, the inventor of the gate, is a wiry little man who looks as though he were playing hooky from a rodeo. As a matter of fact, he comes from Colorado and used to be a cowboy. He drifted into racing as an assistant starter at small tracks in the Far West, and later became a starter. Two years ago at Vancouver he met George Stratton, an airplane manufacturer, who

owned a fractious horse named Red Pepper. Stratton believed that handling by assistant starters had ruined Red Pepper's temper and that nothing could be done about it. Puett told Stratton he had an idea for a stall gate to do away with assistant-starter trouble and Stratton volunteered to make one according to Puett's specifications. This is the first year that the device has been used; one is already in operation on the Longacres track in Seattle and several California tracks are planning to install the gates soon. Pimlico is the first track in the East to give the invention a try.

Frank Keogh, who rode in Europe before he became a patrol judge on the New York tracks, says that in Russia there are no assistant starters, or even starters. The jockeys simply line up their horses and off they go. Someone asked him if any boy ever delayed the start or tried to get a head start, as riders do here. "No," he said, "I never saw one try it. All the races are run by the Soviet and I guess if one did he'd be liquidated."

EVERYONE seemed entirely satisfied with the racing at Pimlico last week despite the fact that most of the winners of sweepstakes weren't favorites. For example, Challephen, not to be confused with his stablemate Challedon, who was taken out of training so quickly he couldn't meet Bimelech in a match race, brought off a 7–1 chance in the Riggs Handicap; Manie O'Hara galloped home at 12–1 ahead of eleven other fillies in the Lord Baltimore Handicap; Cockerel, at 9–1, beat a lot of two-year-olds in the Sagamore Handicap; and Lady Maryland, also 9–1, won the Ritchie Handicap.

WELL, the pari-mutuel amendment passed as easily as almost everyone thought it would. Things won't be so much different—rather better, if anything, I imagine. Colonel Martingale promises to buy his first Daily Double at Jamaica next April provided the improvements don't include a public-address system. His cars are still ringing from the roar of the loudspeaker at Pimlico. —AUDAX MINOR

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[From the Post]

Nazis announced with rage today that the bomb which wrecked their beer hall shrine at Munich, killing eight and wounding more than sixty persons, had missed Adolph Hitler by only ten minutes.

MUSICAL EVENTS

It Takes All Kinds

REMEMBER when music had to be either "classical" or "popular"? Most of the "classical" works had no relation to the classics, and some of the "popular" items had practically no friends, but people insisted on splitting music into these two sections, and anybody who believed that a saxophone solo might be played in Carnegie Hall and that a Mozart melody might be heard in a dance hall was considered at least a trifle impious. This notion of musical caste isn't altogether extinct, but it's been having a terrible struggle lately. Themes by Mozart, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, and Ravel are familiars where dance bands operate, and last week a ballet by a composer of musical comedies was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, a saxophonist was soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and a singer identified with a movie house gave a concert in Town Hall.

RICHARD RODGERS, currently represented on the musical-comedy stage by "Too Many Girls," has supplied the Ballet Russe with the libretto and music of "Ghost Town," in which you may see a mining centre in the Sierras peopled by such illustrious visitors as Jenny Lind; John C. Heenan, the pugilist; Adah Isaacs Menken, the actress; and Algernon Charles Swinburne, along with a variety of bonanza kings, miners, and ladies of questionable and unquestionable reputations. There is a slight love story that serves to give continuity to the goings-on, and the whole layout is a useful basis for a ballet. Mr. Rodgers' music, well orchestrated by Hans Spialek, also is a useful basis for a ballet, for the Rodgers melodies are, as usual, attractive. The same observation might apply to Marc Platoff's choreography. "Ghost Town" is a pleasant show, helped greatly by the settings and costumes of Raoul Pêne du Bois. What it seems to need is pointing up and perhaps a fuller development.

The Ballet Russe has in its repertoire a delightful affair that might be called "Krazy King," although in the program it's designated as "Bacchanale" (the music is from "Tannhäuser"). Salvador Dali, the scenarist and design-

er of the production, has interpreted the music in terms of the hallucinations of King Louis II of Bavaria, and Leonide Massine, the choreographer, has built up a gay succession of ingenious whims and whams. This probably is the first ballet that has its tongue in its cheek and sticking out at the same time.

ALTHOUGH the sound of the saxophone has been heard as part of the ensemble now and then in the almost one hundred years of the Philharmonic-Symphony's history, the first saxophone soloist in the annals of the organization appeared only last week, when Sigurd Rascher arrived to play Debussy's Rhapsody and Ibert's Chamber Concertino with John Barbirolli and the orchestra. The Debussy saxophone rhapsody, written on order for a lady from Boston who had to wait ten years for the composer to deliver (even then he didn't turn in a complete orchestration), has been revised for practical use by Ernest Ansermet and the result is B-minus Debussy, pretty good, but not especially inspiring either for the audience or for the soloist. Mr. Rascher played it neatly, which is about all one can do with the work. The Ibert concertino, in which the solo instrument sometimes was lost in the orchestral background, supplied Mr. Rascher with a better opportunity to show his abilities, and when he got to the cadenza, he demonstrated that he is a prime performer on Mr. Sax's invention. The vivacity of the score, however, didn't come through, possibly because so large an orchestra was used for a miniature composition.

JAN PEERCE, whom you may have encountered at the Radio City Music Hall, on the air, at the Stadium, or as soloist with Arturo Toscanini, reaffirmed his versatility at his first Town Hall recital. The fact that he has been successful as a singer in cinema stage presentations hasn't much bearing on his performance in a concert hall, for there are no traces of movie influences in his renditions of "classical" music. Mr. Peerce's unusually fine tenor voice was heard to great advantage in his operatic airs. His musicianly singing of concert songs lacked some interpretative elements, but it was a pleasure to hear so notable a voice.

Up to the time of her Town Hall recital, Mme. Rose Pauly's New York career had been made up largely of "Elektra" performances, either at the Metropolitan or in concert form, but it didn't take the audience long to discov-

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er that Mme. Pauly also was an interesting and persuasive artist in other than Strauss music. Mme. Pauly's singing is uneven, ranging from charming soft tones to edgy loud ones, yet she has no difficulty in establishing the mood and meaning of whatever she attempts.

OLD FRIENDS: Sergei Rachmaninoff drew a huge audience to Carnegie Hall for his recital, and rewarded it with the pianism of a musician with original and striking ideas about familiar music. . . . The orchestra of the New Friends of Music reappeared to play with skill, taste, and zing under the enthusiastic direction of the knowing Fritz Stiedry. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Feather on Swing

HUGUES PANASSIÉ, the French jazz critic, has already directed recording sessions in this country. Now along comes Leonard Feather, the English swing critic, to do the same thing. Mr. Panassié showed that his loyalties were all on the side of the New Orleans and Chicago schools of expression. Mr. Feather, on the other hand, favors a combination of orderliness, achieved by means of orchestrations, and on-the-spot invention of a modern nature. He has selected the seven instrumentalists and the vocalist he considers the best in their respective specialties and told them what he wanted. The job they have done with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is, for our times, a fairly conventional one, but in "Happy Birthday to You," which has been rechristened "Let's Get Happy," Mr. Feather has hit upon an unusual idea. For one improvised chorus, Cornetist Bobby Hackett plays the guitar, Alto-Sax Pete Brown plays a trumpet, and there are similar nutty switches all the way down the line. After that, everybody goes back to his own instrument. The curious part of the whole business is that the change-around chorus turns out to be the highlight of the record. The record is issued under the Commodore Music Shop label (C 528).

If you like stunts, don't miss hearing Lionel Hampton's amazing two-finger piano performance in "12th Street Rag" (Victor 26362), in which he uses his forefingers like vibraharp mallets to toss off difficult figures and jagged accents as if they were musical baby talk. There are few pianists who, even using ten fingers, can phrase a number with the assurance of Hampton. In "Ain't Cha Comin' Home," on the

other side, he plays the vibraharp, which, of course, is no chore at all for him. His band joins in with abundant spirit on both sides of this disc.

PERHAPS the recent recordings of Greta Keller and the Cy Walter orchestra may help to make the diehard devotees of serious and popular music like each other better. Miss Keller is heard in four of Schubert's most ingratiating songs, and she does them straight. The unusual feature is the accompaniment; it's jazz rhythm, although not quite swing. The pieces are "Der Neugierige," "Am Meer," "Standchen" (familiarly known as "Schubert's Serenade"), and "Die Krähe," four thoroughly delightful experiences. The two records are released by the Liberty Music Shops (L-277-8).

AMONG the recent performances, rhythm stuff and melody share the honors about equally. Here are some of the best (asterisks denote examples of pure swing):

OH! RED* and FARE THEE HONEY FARE THEE WELL*—Count Basie and his orchestra. The leader's smooth piano embroidery around "Oh! Red" is all very tricky; don't let that Basie nonchalance fool you. (*Decca 2780*)

I GOTTA RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES and SWEET AND SLOW—Ginny Simms and her orchestra. Both lazy, bluesy things in which Miss Simms gets right to the heart of the songs. (*Vocalion 5117*)

JACKIE BOY and SING SOMETHING SIMPLE—Maxine Sullivan with orchestra. Miss Sullivan's plaintive but unobtrusive voice made the more engaging by orchestrations of uncommon charm and a woodwind accompaniment which seems ideal for her. (*Victor 26372*)

I LIKE TO RECOGNIZE THE TUNE and ALL DRESSED UP SPIC AND SPANISH—Gene Krupa and his orchestra. The lyrics of the first refer to Krupa as one of those who "vary the tune," but he fools them and plays it straight. (*Columbia 35237*)

BOUNCING BUOYANCY* and A LONELY CO-ED—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. The first, an Ellington classic, offers more bounce than buoyancy. Remarkable skill is revealed in the arrangement, and the playing, full of contagious nip-ups and growl trumpetings, is exciting. The Co-Ed is a self-pitying creature whose woes are intoned by Ivy Anderson in a slower tempo. (*Columbia 35240*)

THE LAST JAM SESSION* and TEA FOR TWO*—Sonny Burke and his orchestra. The first item borrows a bit from Grieg, various members of the band being called upon to do their solo bits. "Tea for Two" is much simpler. (*Vocalion 5139*)

MANY DREAMS AGO and IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. The idea here is to get on with the music in lyrical and uncluttered fashion. The idea works. (*Bluebird B-10446*)

SHADOWS and BEAUTIFUL LOVE—Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. The band is at its best in this pair of tunes. A good deal of the credit, however, goes to the arranger, who has made two gems of their kind. "Beautiful Love," a familiar melody waltz, is fox-trotted here. (*Decca 2748*)

—OFFBEAT

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Coins and Crowds

BACK in the days of the Holland House, mustache cups, and "brushes" on the Harlem Speedway, it was the custom of the late Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt to conduct the National Horse Show in the old Garden down on Madison Square as though it were a private party for his friends. When a Vanderbilt horse won an event, champagne was served in the boxes, but the spectators in the galleries were lucky if they were able to find out so much as who the contestants were; it was the public-be-damned spirit all over again. Gradually, however, the leaders of that school dropped out until there was only John McEntee Bowman left. When he died, there was no one around willing to pay the bill for the National's customary deficit.

In recent years, a new regime has kept the Show alive by putting it on a paying basis. Under Amory Haskell, large amounts have been spent for publicity to persuade the public that it was welcome to attend. The International Military Jumping has always been the big selling point. This year, the war upset that applecart; only the Chileans and Mexicans were able to get here to compete with the United States cavalrymen. It was a crucial situation for the Show, for unless these teams turned out to be exceptionally well matched, the public might have been scared away by the thought that it was only a stodgy exhibition of horses. As it happened, each team scored two victories and the military classes were perfectly balanced. Everything would have been fine had not two United States riders, Lieutenant Franklin W. Wing, on Sir Conrad, and Captain Royce A. Drake, on King Hi, tied for first place in the $1,000 military stake. While the galleries sat back expecting another of the thrilling jump-offs that have filled the Garden during the last few seasons, Wing and Drake, reverting to the days of Vanderbilt and Bowman, retired behind the scenes and flipped a coin. Wing won the toss, was declared the winner, and the fences were taken down. Five nights later the Chilean team found itself in a similar situation when Captain Armando Fernandez, on Andina, and Captain Pelayo

Izurieta, on Gringo, tied for the Individual Military Championship. Following the example set by the United States, the Chileans refused to jump it off, tossed a coin, and Fernandez came out the winner. It really was too bad.

THE crowning of Mrs. Alvin Untermyer's chestnut, Illuminator, as hunter champion was the biggest surprise of the Show. At the start, everyone thought that Crispin Oglebay's Holystone was the one to beat and that the horse most likely to do so was either Mrs. John Hay Whitney's The Bear, Patricia du Pont's King Vulture, or Mrs. Untermyer's Hexameter. Well, Mrs. Whitney, after failing to place with The Bear in the ladies'-hunter class, took her horses home and Illuminator won the event. Holystone was three points behind Hexameter when they started in the hunter stake, and then put himself wholly out of the running by kicking over two fences. Hexameter gave a fine performance in the stake, but to everyone's surprise didn't jog soundly enough to suit the judges and was left out of the ribbons. For some strange reason, the judges didn't even ask to have King Vulture, who fenced superbly, jog. The upshot of it all was that Cappy Smith's new horse, Jambol, won the stake. Illuminator finished behind Jambol but in doing so added enough points to his previous total to win the championship.

ALONG THE RAIL: Fair City, which won the grand three-gaited title with Moreland's Maid, was practically the only large saddle-horse stable represented at the Show. . . . Illuminator, who used to race, is by Big Blaze out of a Man o' War mare named Problematical. Since winning the National title, Mrs. Untermyer has cancelled plans to race him at the hunt meetings. . . . My favorite horse was Little Squire, the tiny jumper champion, who, if you can take the word of his trainer, Mickey Walsh, was raised by Ireland's Little People. . . . And if you don't think times have changed, you should have seen an usher giving a hot-foot to Miss Neva Minton, of Greenwich, just before she mounted a hunter in the ladies' class. —T. O'R.

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
[*Headline in the Binghamton Press*]

SOVIET, FINLAND
RESUME TALKS;
BOTH ARE SILENT

WHOSE ARE YOU WEARING?

AFTER the bridge party that Mrs. Parsons gave to pay off her indebtednesses, she found a pair of strange overshoes, gray ones, in the dressing room. That evening Mrs. Sterling telephoned to say she believed she had left her overshoes, but it appeared that hers were brown, not gray. Mrs. Parsons was apologetic and hopeful, but there was nothing much that could be done.

Next day Mrs. West called Mrs. Parsons and said she had stupidly taken some brown overshoes away from the bridge party and left her own, which were gray. When she heard that the brown ones were Mrs. Sterling's, she felt very responsible, Mrs. Sterling being older and all, and said she would bring them right back the following morning. Mrs. Parsons said she herself might not be at home but would leave the gray overshoes in the front-hall closet, where the maid could find them.

Next morning Mrs. West had a board meeting, and meant to stop at the Parsonses' on the way home. It was a wet day, so for convenience's sake she wore the brown overshoes instead of carrying them. At the board meeting she pushed them off under the table, and when she looked for them after the meeting there were only two lefts left. One of the board members, Miss Sartell, had gone out early to catch a train and must have taken two rights.

Mrs. West went at once to the telephone booth at the board rooms and called Miss Sartell's house. Miss Sartell, it turned out, had gone to the city directly from the meeting and wasn't expected back for two days. "Well, it isn't my fault now," Mrs. West thought. "Mrs. Sterling will just have to wait till Miss Sartell can get back from the city with her right one." But being a particular little person, Mrs. West called Mrs. Sterling's house and left a message explaining the situation. Then, since naturally she didn't like wearing two lefts, she went right around to the Parsonses' to retrieve her own pair. When the maid brought them out from the closet, Mrs. West couldn't get into them; they were not hers at all but some just like them—the same gray, only slightly smaller and with higher heels. The maid said that a visitor had been in that morning—Mrs. Logan—and that Mrs. Logan must have taken the wrong overshoes from the closet. So Mrs. West had to continue to clump about that day in the two brown lefts—

Mrs. Sterling's left and Miss Sartell's left.

When the maid reported to Mrs. Parsons that evening that Mrs. West had stopped for her overshoes and not found them, Mrs. Parsons telephoned over to Phoebe Logan right away. It seemed that Phoebe had felt something queer about her overshoes all afternoon. They were clumsy. And she never would have dreamed she had a smaller foot than little Sue West. She would get the overshoes right over to Sue—would put them in the car, in fact, then and there so as to be sure not to forget them—and would stop in at the Parsonses' and recover her own in the morning.

In the morning, Fifi Logan borrowed her mother's car, to keep an early appointment at the Marguerite Beauty Shoppe. She had to park a block away from the beauty shop and it had begun to rain hard, so she slipped on a pair of overshoes she noticed in the back of the car. After having her wave, she left in a great hurry and drove home to get dressed for a luncheon engagement. Later, when Mrs. Logan was about to start from home to deliver Sue West's overshoes, she discovered they were not in the car. Then Fifi remembered having left them at Marguerite's, and since Fifi was a nice girl, she stopped at the Parsonses' and got her mother's overshoes that afternoon. Next day she went into Marguerite's shop after the pair that should have gone to Mrs. West. Marguerite was mystified. She didn't recall seeing any strange overshoes in the shop, but when Fifi insisted, Marguerite suddenly exclaimed that she herself must have worn them home, thinking they were hers. She was sorry, and would certainly look that night.

Miss Sartell came home after two days in town and called up Mrs. West. She had found herself in the city, she

said, in the absurd position of wearing two overshoes for the right foot, and she had had a lot of engagements. She had had to go into a shop and buy a new pair. She told the shoe-store man to send out the old ones, and the package had come, only now she didn't know which right one was which. Mrs. West promised to come over with the two lefts and see. It was awkward to inconvenience Mrs. Sterling.

That same day Mrs. Sterling went up to Marguerite's to get a manicure and heard the story about Fifi Logan's borrowed overshoes going home to Marguerite's and back. Mrs. Sterling had had no overshoes since the day of Mrs. Parsons' bridge party, but she didn't really care, as the chauffeur always held an umbrella for her. She kindly offered to take the ones at Marguerite's to Mrs. West, as she was going that way later. She didn't mind putting them on, in fact, as it was still raining and she was due first at the school to see her grandchildren in a play.

While the play was going on, Mrs. Sterling removed the overshoes. But she put them on again after the play and that afternoon took them over to little Mrs. West, who had been to see Miss Sartell and got everything sorted out. There were Mrs. Sterling's brown overshoes all ready to return to her. They had a cup of tea and laughed over the whole incident, and when Mrs. Sterling got home afterward she found she was still wearing the gray overshoes that belonged to Mrs. West.

—Marjorie Gane Harkness

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A Correction: In our August issue, on Page 395, we mentioned a horse which we called Dark Victory, stating that he belonged to George Swain of Millersville, Pa. The correct name of this horse is Dizzy Dean and he belongs, not to Mr. Swain, but to George W. Brown of Lancaster, Pa.—*National Horseman.*

You had the right state—that's coming pretty close.

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Deseret News, Salt Lake City*]

The snow lay several inches deep upon the ground, and the night was intensely cold. I sat down on a rock until morning with one child in my lap and one on each side, and reflected that I was now a widow, six or seven thousand miles from my native land, in a wild, rocky, mountainous country, in a destitute condition, the ground covered with snow, the streams covered with ice, and with three fatherless children with little covering to protect them from the merciless storm. I became somewhat despondent.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THROUGH the New York shops a new tribe of lost women is wandering, all of them extremely chic, all of them with the same bewildered look in their eyes as they contemplate the wonders of American ready-to-wear. For years they have been accustomed to going abroad and having their clothes made to order in Paris by the best houses at prices the moderately well-to-do can afford. They have been used to the smug feeling that though other women might wear precisely the same models, their own had been made for them, and for them alone. New York, for these women, now presents a number of shocks. Though they are amazed and delighted at what can be sold here at a profit for $19.95, they are also amazed and horrified at the discovery that there are many women who will spend $375 for an evening dress not made especially for them. (It must be admitted that several people who have stayed in New York for a decade share their consternation at this phenomenon.)

Consternation aside, though, it is certain that the ready-to-wear luxury on display in our best shops has never held more temptations. At Bonwit Teller, the designing wizardry of Louise Barnes Gallagher, Germaine Monteil, and Nettie Rosenstein (names long famous in The Trade) is a favorite topic of conversation. The suit department, for instance, has everything. There is one coat of ocelot with a wide black wool band to make the waistline slender. Below this is a gored fur skirt; the top of the coat hangs loose, giving the illusion of a separate jacket. This is worn over one of those incredibly simple tailored black wool dresses with a high neck, a scarf, and trimming of regimented black buttons. For town or country, look at a casual, belted coat of a wool so nubbly that it is very like Persian lamb in appearance. It comes in a bright dark blue and in wine color; the dress matches and is finished off at the neck with two fat tassels. For formal town wear, there are black wool dresses, fagotted in the skirts, and jackets with rippled collars of kolinsky, or coats of smooth gray wool nipped in slightly at the waist, with wide silver fox down the front. A full-length coat, of black wool this time, has a wide front panel of Persian lamb flaring out on the bodice to make extra-size shoulders. New fabrics developed in this country are to be seen here; one is a meshlike all-year-round wool that is slightly transparent and yet adapted to strict tailoring. Among the dresses on the sixth floor, there are many of the type that used to be called "dressy." One is black in back and bright green and softly draped in front; another has Spanish satin ball fringe for decoration around the neck and waistline. A purplish wool jersey dress is drawn to small bustle bows in back; a green-blue crepe dress with a zipper down the back releases fin fullness and intricate drapery upward and outward from a V on the stomach. There are evening dresses with tiny waistlines and padded hips which will make you sigh softly, too.

ON Saks-Fifth Avenue's fifth floor, there are plenty of evening dresses that have the gleam of lamé or the colorful intricacies of fine beading and embroidery to give you that high-powered, expensive look. There are slim black velvet skirts topped with flaring lame tunics that have square necks and long, tight sleeves. Flowing gray crêpes have tight, zippered jackets covered with fine gray beading. Dresses with long sleeves and modest necklines, and swept upward on the stomach, are made of the most luxurious possible brocade. Others of thin gold tissue, long-sleeved again, have sensual drapery through the bodice to emphasize curves, and a complete absence of it through the torso to give a slender look there. Beading and embroidery, massed and executed in vivid color combinations, make the short-sleeved top of an Empire sheath; and more beads and embroidery, in chartreuse and gold, form the shoulder-strap top of a formal chartreuse evening dress. A couple of charming dresses are presented in both day and evening versions. One is made in a thin, Alix-type jersey and consists of a circular skirt and a tight, zippered jumper with two bows slanting up the hipbones. The other, with satin-covered black ball

fringe accentuating the peg-top skirt, comes in red faille for evening and in red jersey for daytime.

REVILLON FRERES, believing that it is never amiss for a girl to start her Christmas hinting early, are coaxing the unwary through their doors with some of the most challenging fur jackets that ever made a woman feel completely desirable. For sports, there are two-pocket hip-length jackets made of Australian opossum, soft and deep and blue-gray. For any daytime occasion—and they didn't bat an eye when they told me that these things are also being worn for evening now—there are leopard jackets with straight fronts and sharp circular fullness hurtling out in back. A black Persian-lamb jacket is nipped in at the waist with one button and has a peplum jutting out below the waistline in back—you could wear this with any town dress and, because of its dinner-jacket look, would even be tempted to wear it with a severe black dinner dress. This is $450, and there is a muff—all alternating melon-shaped pieces of Persian and black suède—to go with it. For a formal evening, there is ermine with a Difference. One offering has a front like a gilet, caught in at the waist and coming straight up to the neckline; in back, it is a hip-length cape, with extra fullness provided by an inverted box pleat down the centre. An oddly shaped white ermine muff is recommended with this. If this doesn't allay your white-ermine fever, look at a trim jacket of the same fur, with a band of mink down the outside of the arm and another down the centre of the back. In an age when the fur jacket has become nearly as conventional as a maid's uniform in design, it is a delight to see such monkey imagination applied to furs that are ordinarily handled with obvious reverence.

MISCELLANY: Stern has a miniature carpet bag, with leather handles, which recalls post-Civil War days. Inside is a complete La Cross manicure kit, including two shades of Scarlett O'Hara nail polish. It's just one of those charming things and costs $3.50. . . . Lura de Gez, at 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), one of my favorite hairdressers, shows unusual talent for haircutting and new coiffures that are handsome and still so practical you can maintain them without too much trouble. She also has her own line of cosmetics, a particular delight being a hand-and-skin lotion. It is a milky fluid that is good for keeping the hands soft and is a fine pow-

der base as well—just sticky enough to make the powder cling but not sticky enough to make it cake. —L. L.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ONE more week has come and gone and here we are, right back with another list of gifts for you to cast your desperate eyes over. We're not quite halfway down the stretch yet and already our sermons have dealt with the ramifications of these things:

November 4th.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, gifts to order for the house, custom luggage.

November 11th.... Lingerie to order, custom gifts for men.

This week we come to the cozy questions of gifts for the home and beverages for gifts or to help make hospitality a gracious thing, as follows:

For the house, below
Christmas spirits, page 94

Next week we will return with brisk reports on jewelry, children's books, wrappings for packages, and food from back home.

For the House

QUITE a few New Yorkers, after all, do have homes and spend some time enjoying them. Seeking gifts for home-lovers is always a warm delight, and the shops listed below present only one difficulty—picking out just two or three things from among the many temptations they offer. There are a few highlights, however. More attention is being paid to hobby tables ("vitrines" to the Victorians); to Lucite, the new transparent plastic and upstart darling of designers; and to those giant drinking glasses, the latest threat to your constitution. More meaty and detailed information will be found at any one of the shops mentioned on the pages to come. Our list is a long one, and to help you find your way around in it we've put a few of the big stores first and followed them with some medium, medium-small, and downright small shops all grouped together. Thus:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Trying to make a limited selection of gifts here is a nerve-racking job; there are just too many good things. An eight-day clock and a barometer, brass-and-wood mounted, to serve as a pair of bookends; $30. A four-sided revolving stand holds a clock, barometer, hygrometer, and thermometer, all topped by a compass;

$75. A six-inch scale model of an old English bracket clock comes in a polished walnut case and really keeps time; $45. A portfolio to hold the Sunday-paper radio page for easy consultation through the week; $5, with a reminder pad for noting Must programs. A shoe-cleaning kit is an invaluable present for any country house; $5, complete with brushes, polishes, creams, and waterproofing oil. A slide-fastened, down-filled sleeping bag (don't laugh—we're serious about this) makes a good gift for sleeping-porch addicts; $18.

ALTMAN: In the Eighteenth Century Shop, a rich hunting ground for one-of-a-kind gems, are such things as old barometers, always prized as wall decorations ($65 to $250); and old Russian and Persian porcelain tea caddies (from $5). The Silver Shop offers Victorian biscuit jars of silver and cut crystal, nice for cocktail morsels ($23.50); and a jelly-spoon, lemon-fork, and sugar-tongs set ($4.25, and charming). In the Gift Shop are many table-centre flower arrangers, new and unusual, such as a shallow glass bowl holding green glass lily pads on which to float short-stemmed flowers; $3.50. The furniture department revives the past with reproductions of Victorian hobby tables. These have velvet-lined glass boxes for tops, good for showing off collections of small porcelains and the like. A Regency one with a lyre base is $85; a small Hepplewhite, $49.95.

BLOOMINGDALE: A reputation for style-at-a-price is a hard thing to live up to, but they manage it here somehow. A mahogany coffee table, big enough to support a complete fireside meal; only $15, and well done. A hunt table, scaled down to coffee-table size, has a tooled-leather top and castors; $49.98. Glassware with broad bands of fine-gauge copper wire is new, decorative, and different; tall wire-bound highball glasses are $19.08 a dozen; short squat ones (a new shape) are $16.68 a dozen.

FLINT & HORNER, 66 West 47th: For the current fad of exhibiting hobby collections, a good, glass-doored pier cabinet in bleached mahogany and Chinese wicker ($64.50) and well-done reproductions of old corner washstands (from $27.50) with matching glass-doored hobby cabinets to hang above them ($24.50). This shop does very nicely with desks—see a modern kneehole type, leather-topped, with bookshelves let into the back; $97.50.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th: De-luxe versions of homely comforts. The perfect bed back rest has arms, a removable tray, and can be adjusted to no less than six positions; $8.45. Transparent closet boxes in every possible shape, with lush Victorian flowered covers. An Even-Lite illuminated dressing-table mirror, superb for makeup; $37.50. A new pitcher-shaped electric saucepan is an invaluable liquid-heater for the warm drink just before bed; $7.95, A.C. only. A superior fan-type file for the businesslike housewife is nicely bound and has a locked metal cash compartment in its cover; $4.95. Birchwood spice cabinet holding twenty jars full of twenty spices; $5.

HATHAWAY, 51 West 45th: Hanging

letter racks, handmade reproductions in several Chippendale mahogany fretwork motifs, are fine for well-dressed studies; $16.50. Lamps of modern Lowestoft, Royal Doulton, and Staffordshire, with matching porcelain finials and attractive silk shades; $14.50 to $35. Hanging shelves in red or black and gold lacquer; $16.50 to $19.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (52nd): His hand-wrought modern silver isn't the whole story by any means. Be sure to see such treasures as porcelain lamps with one-of-a-kind shades (from about $30); and figurines of almost every animal there is, to say nothing of fauns, mermaids, and similar creatures. As everywhere this year, glasses for cocktails, highballs, and long cool drinks are oversize—double-Martini glasses are $36 a dozen; twenty-one-ounce (and that's big) highball glasses are $24. A china eggcup, with its own Jensen spoon, can be engraved with the greeting "Good Morning" in (for that romantic touch) the giver's own script. Soup tureens of wonderful Scandinavian faïence, in lovely blues and Celadon greens, are $8 to $12, and superb for one-dish supper parties.

LEWIS & CONGER: Fine things to give to children and their doting young mothers. A splendid kid's bed of maple has a footboard with deep storage drawers and a headboard with shelves for toys, lamps, and books; $49.50. A bottle-age baby's pillow, built to support the tot at the correct, non-colicky feeding angle; $3.95. For nervous adults, wakeful after bedtime, the Sleep Shop has quantities of soothing devices. If sleep is not a problem, visit the Coffee Shop, with its collection of coffee mills—anything from the old-fashioned lap type to the most modern electric grinders.

LORD & TAYLOR: They're barely able to keep in stock a grooved, spiked board for carving ham; $5.95. Ditto for a wood tray holding two salad bowls, three dishes, and a sandwich board—a miniature buffet; $5 complete. New short highball glasses, big enough to use as small flower vases; $3.95 for eight. Fascinating small presents, such as a two-compartment card or cigarette box, leather-covered to look like a book ($2, including three-letter monogram), and a glass-lined ashtray and cigarette lighter built out of many layers of sole leather ($2.95 each piece).

MACY: The Corner Shop is crammed with

collector's pieces as well as miniature furniture for hobbyists; tole trays (the real McCoy); Victorian portraits, stiff and charming; and fine old glass. It is really useless to list such singleton pieces, but just to give you an idea, old Venetian glass blackamoors dressed in trappings of eighteenth-century exquisites are $14.97 each. For earnest smokers, an English humidor cabinet in burl walnut holds a humidifier, tobacco jar, pipe rack, and cedar-lined cigar drawer; $98.50. In the basement: A new flour-sifter sifts twice instead of once, to make sure the crepes will be perfect; $1.95.

McCREERY: Russel Wright's new serving pieces, carved from wood in strange, irregular shapes suggesting seaweed, shells, and sea creatures. Among them is a five-compartment platter, looking something like a starfish, and a canape plate with snail-like spiral grooving; $5.95 and $4.95. Enormous salad bowls, wavily carved from solid chunks of elm; $6, with serving tools to match at $1.50 a pair. Among decorative American china pieces by Martin Freeman be sure to see the shell ashtrays in mat-finish white, pink, pale blue; seventy-five cents each, and good.

McCUTCHEON: Linens and Colonial Williamsburg glassware, but don't neglect their collection of boxes, either. These are made for every imaginable purpose and have music-box attachments. For instance, musical makeup boxes and cleansing-tissue holders; $12.50 each. Galleried metal trays with Audubon bird prints on them and wastebaskets to match; $2.95 each. A Williamsburg herb-and-recipe chest with six herbs for cooking; $2, and a dandy.

OVINGTON: Those elaborate one-jigger-at-a-time liquor-dispensers flourish here in two- and four-bottle styles; $37.50 and $65. For the gay and gaudy bar: a chromium wheel-of-chance with numbered highball glasses in a swivel holder; $35, and a cocktail-shaker goes with it. Small convex mirrors in gilt frames; $5 round, $6 oval—see them if it's Effect you're after. Dickens subjects in Royal Doulton table china; after-dinner coffee cups and saucers, $21.50 a dozen; dessert plates $18 a dozen.

WILLIAM H. PLUMMER, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th): All is not china in this glittering shop. Look at a cheese-holder, silver-plated copper, adjustable for Edam and pineapple cheeses; $15. It fits on a gadroon-edged round tray; $11.50. With these, or alone, give a good, stout, rigid cheese scoop; $3. Silver appears on copper again in a holder for wine bottles; $12.50. Lovely antique sterling ladles; $20 and $25. Giant English brandy-and-soda glasses, beaker-shaped; they'll hold an English pint; $35 and $45 a dozen.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: The Bath Shop has those shaggy mouflon-covered hassocks in two sizes—not new, but the sternest women continue to go mad about them; $23.50 and $29.50. Also, sparkling white shower curtains of a spun-glass fabric; $25. Among good things from the Bar Shop: a Royal Doulton toast-and-jam service for one

in a triple-plated rack ($10.50); a small glass service for iced caviar, likewise with a triple-plated holder ($12.50); and for a man's stocking, a boxwood corkscrew, very efficient ($1.75). The shop's own thermos ice tub is $10.75, with one initial.

W. & J. SLOANE: The Louvre Shop offers copies of prints and sculptures in French museums—prints of uniforms worn by Napoleon's generals and of costumes worn by Empire court ladies, handsomely framed; $22.50 each. Elsewhere: Handmade silver candle-snuffers, designed with d'Artagnan and Robin Hood motifs, make appealing small gifts; $2.25 and $3. Apothecary's scales in brass are graceful holders for a couple of plants; $12. Angel figurines (still enormously popular) in white porcelain; $1.95 and $2.75.

STEUBEN, 718 Fifth Avenue (56th): Glass, glass, glass. Ashtrays, hefty but handsome, with Yale, Harvard, or Princeton crests; $12.50. The deep inkwell they've always done so effectively comes in a new ball shape; $15. Sleek, shining, dolphin bookends; $50 a pair. Magnificent craftsmanship in glass pieces by Sidney Waugh—expensive, too; a Zodiac bowl, for instance, is $500. You probably saw this sort of Steuben work at the Fair.

TIFFANY: Silver at its best, of course, and equally fine things in glass and china. Vases of sand-blasted glass include a flared one with a deeply incised pattern of white orchids resembling intaglio work ($18) and a tall one, with a calla-lily design, for long-stemmed roses or lilies ($35). Collectors will respect the miniature china from England's best potters, such as a Crown Derby teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug ($12) or Coalport cups in the characteristic clear, gold-lined yellows, greens, and blues ($4 and $5.50). Don't forget our year-in-and-year-out loves—the little brandy-sniffers, scaled down to liqueur size; $4 a dozen.

WANAMAKER: Gifts from abroad as well as from home. Tall-stemmed Danish aquavit glasses; $2.85 each. Small and lovely spoons in Norwegian enamels on silver gilt, for demitasses; $2.85. Seventeen-piece luncheon sets of heavy, handsome, printed linen, made in Ireland; $6, and amazingly good. Old silver snuff, patch, vinaigrette, and taper boxes from everywhere start at $7.50, and go all the way up to $300 for a diamond-studded enamelled one with watch, memo book, and heaven knows what tucked away inside. Luxury item: Bed back rests for men (and about time) done in dark-colored, tufted moire with handy pockets; $12.50.

Now for some shops that, while not quite so large, are just as likely to come through with the hard-to-find gift you're looking for:

BAZAR FRANÇAIS, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th): Gourmets love their spectacular Gallic table-cookery and serving contrivances—the kind you see in fine French restaurants. A *café-brûle* maker of silver-lined copper; $16, with ladle and recipe. Turkish, Moorish,

and Russian coffee-makers, too, all alcohol-heated. Crepes-Suzette outfits start at $18.95. Cook-and-serve escargot plates are eighty cents each; fork and snail tongs, $1.25 a set. For a grand gesture, the Buffeteer set, consisting of copper chafing dish, crepes-Suzette paraphernalia, and soup tureen, all to fit on a one-burner alcohol stove; $32.

CAUMAN, 126 East 59th: An upstairs shop and a pet of ours, with its handwrought pewter, silver, brass, and enamels, all in exquisite taste. The Cauman sisters have recently bought up the remaining stock of the famous old Union Glass Works of Somerville, Mass. This includes, at prices like $5 and $7.50, some duplicates of blown lead-glass pieces now in museums. New jars and boxes in Finnish faience, with glowing enamel mushroom-shaped knobs on their handmade pewter tops; from $6.50. Beautiful smoky topaz glass makes a lamp base and finial; the cloth shade is hand-blocked in gold; $15. Porridge sets for children are decorated with animals and match the little Finnish mugs Cauman introduced last year. Plate, bowl, and mug; $1.25.

DAVIS COLLAMORE, 7 East 52nd: Don't, while admiring the fine English glass and bone china here, miss the American sort. These include china entree plates of the flowery Dresden type with lacy gilt edges (splendid at $17 a dozen) and a large rose bowl of plain, clear crystal ($2). As for the English wares, there are low, flared cut-glass vases, with crystal flower-holders, nice for pansies, violets, and similar problem flowers ($4.50), and floor-size crystal vases, four feet high, with bases that unscrew so you can store them. Single and duet breakfast-tray services (from $11 to $72) have extra-large coffee cups, a specialty of the house.

A. L. DIAMENT, 34 East 53rd: Any hospitable home would be pleasanter with a set of their nested tables. Three in dull-black finish with gold-bordered mirror tops ($47.50) or in the same finish with lacquered French-print tops ($42.50). Decorative trays, some embellished with Diament's celebrated French wallpapers, others with French prints, are liquor-proof; $11.50 up.

EDWIN JACKSON, 175 East 60th: High style in fireplace equipment, reasonably priced. Andirons inspired by chessboard figures (king and queen or knights, $70 a pair; bishops, $60); others with horses' heads copied from old hitching posts and finished in red enamel ($40). Reproduction Franklin stoves in all sizes. A wonderful collection of coal grates, including hobs and hanging ones for Victorian houses (the fireplaces in most New York brownstones have hooks to hold them); from $9.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd: A splendid breakfast tray for convalescents has a lifting top with a mirror on its underside; this whips up to reveal a makeup tray with room for everything,

even brush and comb; $25. A dish-warmer of glass is nice for outdoor service or country places where there is no electricity; two candles provide the warmth; $6.50. Individual casseroles (some for chicken have wishbone handles; others, for vegetables, have clusters of carrots and things on top); $12.50 a dozen.

MAYHEW SHOP, 603 Madison Avenue (58th): Surprises at every turn. One minute you're looking at a collection of Victorian and Edwardian china vases, and the next at brand-new Lucite furniture. Old bird prints in gold lace-paper frames resembling bird cages are hung by loops and bows of satin ribbon; $27.50 each. A large oval coffee table with a glass top and a gilt iron stand is delicately rococo and proves that iron furniture can be formal and not too costly; $59.50. Lucite salad bowls set upon scrolled pedestals, lovely for flowers; from $15.

MODERNAGE, 162 East 33rd: They love glass and use it well in decorative accessories. Mirrors with baroque molded-glass frames, similar to the costly Venetian type; $53.50 for a good wall-size one. A great round mirror, a full yard across, with edges cut in a wheel-spoke design; $45. Bent plate glass makes a coffee table ($69.50) and a magazine rack ($18.50). Their portable torch, a powerful reflector lamp, will light up a whole room; $10.95 in natural or bleached walnut.

MOSSE, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Linens here, modern or traditional, are unusual and handsome, and hostesses love them. New fingertip towels have bright nosegays in Swiss embroidery on fine linen; $18 a dozen. A seventeen-piece luncheon set for the bachelor sportsman has a polo design and sporting-pink borders; $19.50. A new Swiss linen called Bernina is used in unexpected colors in numerous handmade luncheon sets and (to order) table-cloths.

ALFRED ORLIK, 395 Madison Avenue (47th): French porcelain tête-à-tête fireside coffee service, with a small pot, sugar and cream jugs, and two demi-tasses on an oblong porcelain tray, all in pastels hand-painted with gold flowers or in white and painted with multi-colored flower bouquets; $40. Three-piece perfume-and-powder set with gold rose bouquets painted on dusty peach, turquoise, or soft-yellow porcelain; $35. *Pots a creme* (nice for your caramel custard, too) in the same French porcelain; $40 for eight, with tray. New and practical accessory pieces, matching the porcelain desk sets Orlik introduced last year, include porcelain-handled magnifying glasses, letter racks, and calendars.

PITT PETRI, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd): Modern American and ancient Chinese decorations in a shop with plenty of Christmas loot to offer. Brass Chinese hand-warmers with grillwork covers, nice for potpourri; from $4. New, dark American pewter for holding flowers and greens; from $4. Gold-speckled white pottery is used in leaf-shaped platters, shell and cabbage-leaf salad plates, and things like that. Table bells of Chinese enamels, with jade, carnelian, quartz, and lapis knobs and

clappers; $7.50 each, and highly ornamental. Sweetly tinkling glass table bells, Waterford-cut type; $2.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): A bleached Macassar-ebony table, low and round, with concealed shelves for magazines and newspapers; $82. A nest of three large rectangular tables made of pickled oak with pewter bands; $135. Fine small accessories, such as hand mirrors in Mitzi Otten's exquisite enamels ($25) and a brass or pewter desk box, lined with natural ebony ($22).

RICHARD L. SANDFORT, 155 East 54th: Crystal wall brackets, baroque and shining; $27 a pair. Lamps, 24 inches high, with bases of plaster Nubians dressed in brief gold-leafed skirts and barbaric jewelry; $46.50 without shade. Mirror-topped tables of rococo iron coated with pale gold leaf; $45 and $55, and elegant. Easel-type dressing-table mirrors framed with clustered glass flowers—for the froufrou boudoir; $47.50 and $51.

NANCY SHOSTAC, 137 East 55th: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century décor in Biedermeier furniture made of glowing fruitwoods; clocks that are both working timepieces and objets d'art; and museum-piece snuffboxes. Tiny porcelain figurines or wall plaques of rich red beeswax made from medieval molds are perfect presents for a lady of taste; from $2.50. Russian Victorian tea trays make useful gifts with a touch of humor; from $10 to $20, or thereabouts. Many fine old shawls, too, for piano throws, etc. Brussels faïence jugs and pharmacy jars to turn into country-house lamps.

CAROLE STUPELL, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd): Glittering as well as down-to-earth touches in a large and decorative collection. Dried-flower arrangements mounted on Bristol board and mirror-framed make a charming revival of an old art; $25. Twenty-ounce highball glasses in clear, green, or peacock-blue bubbly glass; $10 a dozen. Pottery dishes for sea-food cocktails resemble sea shells; grouped in threes around a centre well for sauce; $2.50.

SWEDEN HOUSE, 6 West 51st: Scandinavian wares, all the way from beautiful copper-on-tin jelly molds (you can use them as popcorn and potato-chip bowls) to those enchanting Hans Christian Andersen porcelains (Little Claus, the Little Match Girl, and other characters from the fairy tales), which start at $19.50. Squat glass beer mugs, a shape new in this country; from $12 a dozen. Lots of Argenta ware (silver arabesques on pottery) in new, small pieces such as cigarette boxes (from $12.50) and ashtrays ($3 and $4.50).

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, 162 Fifth Avenue (21st): The black basalt ware here

is particularly good this year. A basalt teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug; $10.75. Cups and saucers to go with these; $30 a dozen. A nine-inch bowl to set off bright flowers or fruit; $7.75. The plain-white Wedgwood covered urns with pineapple knobs are well worth considering, too; $25.50.

Christmas Spirits

PEOPLE who think their troubles are over when they have written "liquor" or "champagne" alongside a certain number of names on their Christmas lists might as well realize right now that their friends probably have grown much too wise for any such simplification. It's become something of a risk even to give the switchboard girl a bottle of cherry brandy without being mighty sure it's the proper kind. Quickly, though, before those of you who are scared to death of Christmas shopping feel that your last resource is being taken from you, let us say that we have investigated an immense quantity of beverages and are ready, in a slightly liverish way, to pass on our findings. Don't think we consider ourselves infallible, or anything near it; we have done a good deal of running around to shops known to handle the wines and spirits of reputable shippers, but we don't pretend by any means to have visited them all. If we are slightly off here and there about prices, it can't be helped, since these are constantly changing.

Contrary to what everybody has been telling you, you needn't worry over there being a shortage of good champagne for the holidays, and the rumor that there won't be enough to go around is, we suspect, being encouraged by the makers of inferior champagnes who would scare us into taking what we can get and paying handsomely for it. Some of the great brands of the famous 1928 vintage have been seriously depleted, but that has nothing to do with the war; it is just the inevitable result of America's having liked it too well. All the 1929 brand champagnes are plentiful and very good, although not, in our opinion, to be compared to the '28 vintage. Of the great *marques* of 1928, there is apparently enough Perrier-Jouët to see us all cheerfully through several Christmases, a fairly adequate supply of Moët & Chandon, and plenty of Ernest Irroy. All these can be bought from Sumner Wines & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (66th), and Bates & French, 96 Park (40th) for something like $50 to $60 a case. Julius Fischer, 16 East 58th Street, has them, too, except for the Ernest Irroy. Sound and inexpensive champagnes include the 1928 St. Marceau; $34 a case

at M. Lehmann, 374 Park (53rd). Macy has 1928 Etoile Rouge at $31, and a non-vintage Etoile Rouge at $21.38; Blondel Marchal Blanc de Blancs, 1928, is to be found at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison (88th), for $38.50 a case; and that most excellent importation of Frank Schoonmaker, Cramant Blanc de Blancs, 1928, is $38 a case at Lehmann, at Monro (2 East 57th), at Bates & French, and a number of other shops. We hate to report that the Bollinger, Krug, and Lanson 1928's must now be classed among the rarities, although a supply is still on hand at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison Avenue (61st), and at Lehmann. In an even more special class is the Moët & Chandon Dom Pérignon Cuvee of 1921, put up in a facsimile of the original eighteenth-century champagne bottle—a glorious wine, and, as a present, something more than just a bottle of champagne. Vendôme, 415 Madison (48th), Sherry Wine & Spirits, Lehmann, and Maison Glass, 15 East 47th, have it. Sherry Wine & Spirits also offers a 1921 Krug and a 1926 Lanson —both of them superb. It goes without saying that all these champagnes are either *brut* or English Market; we refuse to discuss any other type.

Before we start on Burgundies and clarets, maybe we ought to remind you that all the good wine merchants will store purchases of one case or more for a year free of charge. In view of the way wine cellars in so many New York apartments share closet space with the family's shoes and rubbers, that ought to make a difference in the degree of enthusiasm with which some people welcome wine as a gift. However, the problem this Christmas isn't so much where to keep fine claret and Burgundy as where to get them. Here are some answers to that problem:

Sherry Wine & Spirits still has a very little of that incredible estate-bottled Romanée-Conti of 1929—a sacred name and year to all who know their way around among the Côte-d'Or vintages—at $9.75 a bottle. Don't be shocked or outraged to find the same wine selling for as much as $16 at some other shops; merchants who have had to buy it during the last year or so aren't making much of a profit even at that price. Burgundies of great distinction

still to be found are a 1929 Clos de Tart, for which we are put to it to find words of sufficient praise, at $39.75 a case at Lehmann; a Grand Montrachet, 1928, imported by Bellows and sold for $4.65 a bottle by Bates & French, and by Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th); and an especially fine Charmes Chambertin of 1929, shipped by Armand Rousseau and sold by H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street, for $4.85.

Among clarets grand enough to give as presents to your dearest and best, or to serve at your own Christmas table, is a Château Margaux of 1904 ($7.50 a bottle at Sherry Wine & Spirits), a 1924 Château Cos d'Estournel ($24.75 a case at A. N. Luria), and a Chateau Pichon-Longueville of 1929 ($24 a case at Sumner Wines & Spirits and at Mabardi, 6 East 55th Street). People who mean to do a little Christmas drinking on their own account as well as make presents of wine will be glad to learn that M. Lehmann has received a shipment of that excellent Château Calon-Ségur of 1934, of which there has been a dearth since the war began. This admirable little wine is modestly priced at $15 a case, and although it is quite ready to drink now, it will go on getting better and better for a long time. Monro and Bates & French have a limited quantity of that delicious red Hermitage of 1929, imported by Schoonmaker ($17 a case), and Julius Fischer carries the 1929 Châteauneuf-du-Pape, imported by Bellows ($16.50 a case).

Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue (45th), have brought over an exceptionally soft old sherry, bottled by Findlater especially to commemorate the last Coronation. This is $8.60 a bottle, and what with the excellent quality of the wine and the impressive label, showing the Coronation and all, it makes quite a gift. The same firm still has a few cases of the Rich Old Bual Madeira of 1820; $6.50 a bottle, and a wonderful wine to serve after dinner instead of brandy. A. N. Luria carries the superior Corney & Barrow sherries, among them a light dry Amontillado Fino at $2.35. Both Lehmann and Sherry Wine & Spirits have large and carefully selected lists of the good sherries, running from the fine pale dry Amontillado of Williams & Humbert ($2.50 a bottle) and Gonzales, Byass & Co.'s beautifully dry Tio Pepe ($3.65) to the full, rich Dry Sack of Williams & Humbert ($2.99). An excellent medium-priced dry sherry suitable for aperitifs is the Cuvillo Amontillado; $2.19 a bottle at Sherry Wine & Spirits.

Americans have been taking their

standards in brandy from the British rather than from the French, with the result that their tastes in this spirit have grown steadily more discriminating. Consequently, it's a good thing that the supply of fine brandy over here is still about what it was before the war. The Frapin Grande Fine Champagne of 1860, sold by H. H. Burns and by Bates & French at $16 a bottle, is a perfect ending to a Christmas or any other dinner. Among the several magnificent Hine brandies, there is an unblended Grande Fine Champagne, to be found at Townall, 141 East 61st Street, and at Sherry Wine & Spirits ($14), and Macy has an 1818 cognac from the cellars of the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo which should be investigated ($14.39). A dependable cognac for brandy-and-soda is Bellows' V.E.; $3.70 at Sumner Wines & Spirits and at James McKernon, 44 East 53rd Street. Serious amateurs of armagnac will be glad to hear that Bruchaut, a fifty-two-year-old spirit, imported by Nicholas, is available at H. H. Burns; $12 a bottle.

We haven't space to go into the merits of the well-known brands of whiskey and probably wouldn't be listened to if we did, since everybody has his or her favorite. Here and there, though, we have come upon some not so well-known spirits which may solve the problem of your Christmas giving or Christmas drinking, or both. A. N. Luria imports the distinguished Corney & Barrow Blended Scotch, Vat 10 ($4.75), and Bellows' Choicest Decanter Liqueur Scotch at $6.10, for sale pretty much everywhere, is a mighty smooth, fine whiskey.

Lehmann still has a limited quantity of that splendid seventeen-year-old Old Grand-Dad bourbon; $12.50 a quart. Sherry Wine & Spirits offers a thirteen-year-old Mt. Vernon rye at $7.90, and S. S. Pierce's excellent New England rum at $3.95. Sumner Wine & Spirits has imported an exceptionally good Llandovery Estate Jamaica rum at $3.95, and Macy has a fifteen-year-old London Dock Jamaica rum at $4.49.

Nearly all the shops have stopped at nothing in the way of decorated Christmas baskets. One of the nicest is a maple replica of a Vermont syrup bucket into which Sherry Wine & Spirits will tuck ever so cozily a magnum of your favorite champagne.

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MISS DU BRISSAC
OBWS TO SOCIETY
—Headline in the Times.

And society obws to you, Miss D.

EVACUES

SEATED behind his desk in the American Consulate at Genoa, the blond young man had been explaining things to the man and woman who sat on a wooden bench facing him. Now he cocked his curly head, smiled disarmingly, and spoke directly to the man. "It's a shame to frighten you like this, Mr. Case," he said, "but, you see, the political situation is uncertain and so we are advising all our people to evacuate at once."

"But," Mr. Case said, "my wife here is pregnant and—"

The telephone rang. The blond young man raised the receiver and held it gently to his ear. "Yes? . . . Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Adams. Your cooperation has been marvellous! I was telling the Chief . . . Yes. . . . Well, why don't you try Marseilles?" He smiled into the mouthpiece. "Exactly! Why don't you try it? With that introduction you have, the captain would surely take your family and you could sign on as an ordinary seaman. Why, I think it's a grand idea! Let me know, won't you, what you decide? . . . Thanks."

Mrs. Case turned to her husband. "He looks like that movie actor," she said. "You know, the one who sings."

The blond young man got up from his chair. "Let's have a look at the map," he said. The Cases followed him to the end of the room, where the whole wall was covered by a detailed map of central and western Europe. "Bordeaux," he said, "is somewhere in here." He pointed at southwestern France.

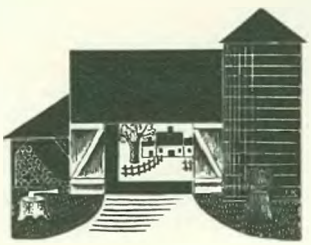
Mrs. Case put a red nail on the exact spot. "Right there," she said. "What do you want with it?"

"You might try it," the young man said. "We are urging everyone to go to places near there. Convoys will pick up all the left-over Americans at that point. We have a consul at Bordeaux, too. He would help you."

The woman kept looking at the map. She laughed.

"My wife," Mr. Case explained, "thinks these wars are very funny."

The young man bowed politely.



"Or," he went on, "if you prefer, there is Toulouse. They say it's the safest place in France. Way off here in the south. It won't be bombed for a long time. You could wait there." He paused. "Of course, if they took over the railroads for the military, then you'd be stuck, wouldn't you?" He smiled again and peered at the map. "Let's try to think of something else."

"We might fly to Paris," Mr. Case said.

"Impossible, my dear fellow" was the cheerful reply. "All non-official airplane traffic has been suspended. Anyway, they are evacuating Americans from Paris as fast as they can."

"If they'd just provide us with an edge," Mrs. Case said, "we could jump off."

The young man laughed. "You New Yorkers are delightful. So droll."

Mrs. Case turned to her husband. "Dick Powell," she said.

"What, darling?"

"I've just remembered who he looks like."

"Oh." Mr. Case took a folded blue envelope from his pocket. He opened it on the desk and pushed it at the young man. "There's a sort of map of where we've been." He traced various intersecting lines on the envelope with his index finger. "You can see we've been a lot of places in the last week."

The young man tried not to look at the paper. "I think a Channel port would be the best after all, since the border is still open." He spoke very quickly. "Havre or Cherbourg. You could get a French or British ship from either place. Now, if you are willing to sit up overnight to Paris, I'll try to get you tickets for tonight's train."

"We can't be sold that rotten apple any more," Mrs. Case said. "We did our last sitting up for this war between Rome and here."

"What was that you were saying over the phone about a boat from Marseilles?" Mr. Case asked.

The young man clapped his hands lightly together. "That would be just the thing! Why ever didn't I think of it? An American freighter has been ordered into Marseilles. Due any time now. Not a new vessel, exactly." He hesitated. "Carrying cargo of some sort from the East, I believe. But they're going to fit it up with ninety beds." He paused again. "Of course you know there is always a lot of desertion and so on with ships of this kind. So I'd advise you to apply to the captain for a job. Your wife will then get on as a passenger."

"Do you know if many other Amer-

icans have learned about this boat?"

The young man stiffened slightly. "I really couldn't say."

Mrs. Case looked at her husband. "You remember how it was in Naples when that boat came in," she said. "And they told us nobody knew."

The young man bowed gracefully in the direction of the woman. "Believe me, Madam—"

"I wouldn't believe a first-class miracle even if it had a gilt edge on it," she said. "Listen. No matter where we go, every train is crowded. That's because we take the advice of people like you. What do you think you're doing, anyhow, pushing us around like this? It must be some sort of game you boys like to play. Look. I'm in this town I never expected to see, and now that I'm here I don't like it. But I might if I was allowed to go to bed in it. I want to go to sleep. That's all. If it won't interfere too much with the war, I want to go to bed in something that doesn't move. If it's all right with you."

"Believe me, Madam," the young man said, not forgetting to smile, "I appreciate how you feel. But you should not stay here. I would be failing in my duty if I permitted you to stay."

"But," Mr. Case broke in, "my wife is really quite—"

"Oh, drop it, Bob." Mrs. Case got up and walked to the door. "Why didn't I go to the Grand Canyon if it's scenery I wanted," she said. "Or down the Mississippi for the boat ride?" She began to cry.

Her husband came to her and put his arm across her shoulders. "This isn't doing any good," he said softly.

"It's only that I'm so damn tired," she said.

The blond young man smiled at them and carefully turned his profile to the light. Then he put his hand on the telephone. "Don't you think I'd better be reserving those tickets for Paris?" he asked. —ELIZABETH DELEHANTY

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PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . .

You might as well pass by all the moderns and read Thucydides.—*Elmer Davis in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

I am convinced by your learning historical:
Though things change they are still the same thing.
Thucydides went and consulted an oracle,
We turn the dial to Raymond Gram Swing.
—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Garbo Can Laugh!

THAT laugh of Garbo's up at the Music Hall is, I suppose, to be considered just another of the surprises of this singular autumn. For mysterious reasons of her own, this exponent of the heartbreak of the world, this interpreter of personal tragedy, has seen fit at this phase of social history to be gay. Only once, to be sure, does she actually laugh aloud. I can imagine that a man arriving at the theatre at just that moment might stare amazed and fail entirely to recognize the face before him. A real laugh makes Garbo quite another person. You wouldn't know her. That what she laughs at in "Ninotchka" should be very simple horseplay seems perfectly right. Grim young ladies like this Ninotchka love their slapstick. One may go a step further and suspect that Garbo herself may love it; one is even tempted to conjecture that she plays herself and reveals her own self here. Perhaps the carrots are the clue; Ninotchka orders carrots, you will notice, and about Garbo herself the only personal item ever nearly established as authentic was a predilection for a choice raw carrot. Again, you know, Garbo may be misleading us, and what "Ninotchka" may alone reveal is the actress's capacity for comedy, which is enough.

The incident of her one candid laugh, her frank guffaw, doesn't establish the tempo of the picture. Far from being slapstick, "Ninotchka" is parlor satire on some of the odd mannerisms of Soviet Russia, and though I don't think it's just the movie I would pick for Earl Browder were I to be his host for an evening, I imagine few will work up a huff over its irreverences.

Grand duchesses, loose in our democracy, may feel that Ina Claire is ruder in her vivacious caricature of one of their type than Garbo is as a Soviet emissary in Paris. With anyone except Garbo, Miss Claire would probably have taken over the picture and made it hers. She hasn't done so—or tried to, one can assume—but that doesn't mean she falters anywhere, and her urbanity becomes a triumph when you realize that she plays a woman who must see her own jewels raffled off right under her nose and her

pet boy friend lured away at the same time, both by the same preposterous female. Urbanity, undermined by the startling impact of the beautiful emissary from Red Russia, is Melvyn Douglas's contribution, and with two such women as Garbo and Ina Claire to handle, it is not inexcusable of him to seem a bit shadowy and negative. Ernst Lubitsch has toned down the comedy for the two actresses, which is just as well, and even the three comic commissars, who might otherwise have been too much like the Ritz Brothers, don't get out of hand. In the Moscow scenes alone Lubitsch has let the picture approach burlesque, and the end is perfunctory and conventional. Paris prevails—the old Paris, of course, not this year's Paris—and is the real background for Miss Garbo's first comedy, which, after all, will probably get both grand duchesses and Communists giggling side by side.

THE version of "The Mill on the Floss," with Geraldine Fitzgerald and Frank Lawton, which has just been run over here from England may make you think George Eliot never could have known much about family life. Perhaps in those old days brothers could bully their sisters, but the film won't make you believe it. Nobody behaves with any degree of reality, and even the flood at the end looks as though someone had turned on a hydrant.

BETTER than the stage, the camera can manage the extremely difficult illusion of bringing the dead out of their graves without suggesting a flophouse on fire. The mystical concept has never seemed to me, though, to be very successful in any presentation whatsoever. The pictorial horror, with its significance of protest against war, is not to my mind the strongest aspect of "That They May Live." This French film, banned now in all countries at war, makes a far better argument for peace in its earlier scenes—incidents of the 1914-18 war, which are as forceful and realistic as any the screen has shown—than it does with its concluding gruesome and apocalyptic display. . . . Jean Renoir has not managed his "Marseillaise" to any very good effect. The Louis XVI of Pierre Renoir is the one plausible characterization; all the others seem lost in a mass of ill-assorted and clumsily presented material.

—JOHN MOSHER

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The measure would cut gasoline tax revenues from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000 annually.—*The Journal & American.*

Sure, we know.

BOOKS

Forty Years of Cathay

IF you wish to enjoy Lin Yutang's "Moment in Peking," a Chinese novel written in English, you must read it in a special way. Not in the Chinese way, whatever that is, but certainly in a manner very different from that with which we approach Western books. For the simpler conventions of the Western novel just do not seem to apply to Dr. Lin's book. There is no suspense as we understand it, no succession of climaxes; except superficially, it has no beginning, middle, or end; it is 800 pages long but might quite as well be 8,000; while it has a group of central characters, it has neither hero nor heroine.

Also, from our point of view, it appears to lack one emotional dimension: romantic love. The characters indulge in sensual amusement or have affection of varying intensities for one another, but of romantic love in our modern acceptance of the word, there is none, as there is none in Homer. In the same way, though many people die in the book, there is very little tragic feeling. There is sadness, but never Shakespearean woe. Though war and revolution occupy many of its pages, the net effect of "Moment in Peking" is one of serenity.

Another, but by no means insuperable, difficulty for the Western reader is the seeming chaos of characters. There are at least two hundred, of whom perhaps fifty are important. They are bound together by the most complex family relationships, involving concubinage, adoption, semi-feudal service, and the common or garden variety of illicit love. At the beginning there is a cast of characters, which I strongly advise you not even to glance at. A quick look at it will discourage you from reading a fine book; a close study will give you nightmares. The list is headed by the author's note: "Brackets indicate families, grouped by generations, and including maidservants important in the story. Names in *italics* indicate maidservants. Names followed by (!) indicate illicit relationships. Names followed by (*) indicate concubines." You see what you are in for.

I found by trial and error that the thing for a mere Westerner to do is not to worry about identifying the characters too closely but just to float along on the stream of narrative, casually picking up a dozen new acquaintances here and there, or encountering without much surprise or question personages who seem vaguely familiar from a couple of hundred pages back. It works out pretty well.

A few matters, however, you will have to get straight. "Moment in Peking," in its light and philosophic irony, is a typical Chinese title. Actually the story chronicles almost forty years of Chinese (and mainly Peking) life, from the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 down to the present Japanese invasion. To Dr. Lin, whose ironic relativity will be familiar to you from his previous books, forty years are but a moment, yet a moment that partakes of eternity. This time notion lends color and tone to the whole book, but it is not insisted upon or given philosophic treatment, as it is, for example, in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain."

Two families dominate the story—the Tsengs and the Yaos. Both are upper-class, extremely wealthy, and intelligent. Hence the China revealed to us differs in important particulars from that which emerges from the books of Pearl Buck. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Lin's picture is a Proustian one (though his mind is less subtle than Proust's) in its abundance of psychological and social detail, its delicacy, its concern with manners. "Moment in Peking," while it does not neglect history, is not a historical novel

"I consider it the most original murder mystery I've ever written. The reader is the victim."

but a social one. Modes of feelings, customs of address, niceties of etiquette, shifts of convention—all these are Dr. Lin's particular concern, as they were Proust's.

At times his desire to make us understand the behavior of the Chinese aristocracy leads him into a fullness of detail which he perhaps would not employ were he writing for his own people. Occasionally a ludicrous hyper-educational effect is thus obtained. It is as if an American, writing an American novel in Chinese for the benefit of a Chinese audience, should say (I translate from the Chinese), "Mr. Jones advanced and extended his right hand and arm a little below shoulder level. Mr. Smith, recognizing the sign of a friendly greeting, followed suit, and the two clasped hands for a moment. At the same time Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith said simultaneously, 'How are you?' Then they dropped their hands to their sides, and, this greeting over, proceeded to open conversation."

On the other hand, this emphasis on detail provides part of the charm of the novel. I do not know any other book that gives one more vivid pictures of Chinese family life, weddings, engagement ceremonies, funeral ceremonies, the rôle played by maidservants and concubines and sing-song girls, and the life—so brilliant, civilized, and indestructible—of Peking. Dr. Lin makes us understand the subtle and profound conventions that will induce a Chinese girl like Mannia, his classic old-style aristocrat, to vow herself to permanent widowhood after the death of her husband; or that will make another commit suicide; or that will impel old Yao, the wealthy Taoist, to leave his family for ten years and live as a poor monk; or that will permit a wealthy upper-class Chinese to marry a bond servant. The book is so full, so explicit, that in the end, if we read slowly enough and soak ourselves in its atmosphere, the Chinese way of life—at any rate the way of life of the cultivated bourgeoisie—becomes so real to us that it ceases entirely to have the shallow values of mere oddity and becomes as understandable and as precious as our own.

I repeat, you must read "Moment in Peking" slowly and, even if it may sound odd, with relaxed rather than rigid attention. The story is not exciting (though it contains a reasonable number of melodramatic episodes) nor are the characters absorbingly interesting. But the book is a remarkable panorama; you must sit back in your seat and allow it to flow past your eyes. Its charm

and significance inhere not in any detail or any particular episode but in the movement itself, the flow of time, the incessant flux of gesture, people, habits, architecture, interiors, relationships—all somehow loosely uniting to give one a sense of a life at once alien and beautifully familiar.

HENRY MILLER, a surrealist writer living in Paris, was born in Brooklyn and still seems sore about it. The worst parts of "The Cosmological Eye" are cosmological eyewash, consisting of various and sundry bellyaches, very much dated attacks on American philistinism, and boyish anarchist howls. The rest of this collection of his sketches, stories, and essays indicates a vigorous if morbid imagination and considerable skill with words, though I cannot quite subscribe to the enthusiasm of his literary backer, Mr. James Laughlin, who writes about Miller as if he were a second Joyce. Mr. Miller is a sort of surly Saroyan. His I-am-God attitudes are childish and may be discounted, but stories like "Max" (an X-ray of suffering) and "The Tailor Shop" (low-life horrors, powerfully exploited) are not in the least childish and are well worth shivering at. Those who have an affection for vanguard writers and are not afraid of a little sewerage should look up Mr. Miller and his Dali dialogues. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BELIEVE THE HEART, by Raymond Holden. Thoroughgoing and serious study of a troubled woman's mind and heart. Though young and beautiful, she is a widow, pregnant, and the owner of a steel company in financial straits. Her doctor and her lawyer help her through her difficulties, and Mr. Holden analyzes her—often cleverly and entertainingly, sometimes a trifle awkwardly.

AND SOME HAD WINE, by Ann Ritner. Unpretentious but extremely amusing story of an irresponsible family. No topical allusions, no fancy dress, no historical research. Just two brothers and two sisters, the wife of one of the brothers, a couple of children, a married man, and so on, with romantic complications rather cheerful than otherwise, not enough money, and no system. A good family to drop in on some evening.

BRIDE OF A THOUSAND CEDARS, by Bruce Lancaster and Lowell Brentano. The Civil War (1861-1865;

remember?) but in Bermuda this time. Dashing Southern blockade runners, and pretty girls whose fathers are poor but proud, and the short-lived prosperity that the war brought to sleepy island towns like St. George. Agreeable hoopskirt piece, not to be taken too seriously.

THE MARCH OF THE HUNDRED, by Manuel Komroff. An allegory of our times, the twenty-one years since 1918. The Hundred are marching through a lost world, out of the last war and toward the security of home and peace. Mr. Komroff seems to be hopeful at the end. He's sincere, too, and well-intentioned, but pretty dull and clumsy.

GENERAL

IN STALIN'S SECRET SERVICE, by W. G. Krivitsky. An expose of Russia's secret policies by the former chief of the Soviet Intelligence in western Europe. These are the articles you may have been reading in the *Saturday Evening Post*, plus new sections on the Ogpu and Krivitsky's break with the Soviet.

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPANISH WOMAN, by Constancia de la Mora. Moving story of a Madrid aristocrat who became chief of the Loyalist foreign-press bureau. Her escape from a medieval childhood into the blasting sunlight of war forms the substance of the book.

VICTORIA ROYAL: THE FLOWERING OF A STYLE, by Rita Wellman. Able, witty, non-facetious re-creation of the Victorian spirit—English, French, and American—in terms of its household decorative modes. Got up like something out of your grandmother's library and overpoweringly illustrated.

THE LINCOLN BATTALION: THE STORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT IN SPAIN IN THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES, by Edwin Rolfe. Out of his own and his companions' recollections, Edwin Rolfe has written a group history of the American volunteers in Spain. The human and descriptive record, done in compact, wiry prose, and carefully non-political. Maps and photographs.

OLD TIPPECANOE: WILLIAM HENRY

HARRISON AND HIS TIME, by Freeman Cleaves. Mr. Cleaves makes a thorough job of the doughty Indian fighter who was taken up by the Whigs and boosted into the White House on a log-cabin platform. Illustrated.

CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM, by Louis Filler. This detailed, sometimes too journalistic, history of the muckrakers gives them coherence and point as the spokesmen for one of our native traditions of reform.

IDEAS ARE WEAPONS: THE HISTORY AND USES OF IDEAS, by Max Lerner. Sixty-one interesting, unretouched Marxist-liberal essays and reviews on subjects as far apart as Jonathan Swift and William O. Douglas.

THE ENDING OF HEREDITARY AMERICAN FORTUNES, by Gustavus Myers. Traces the gradual whittling down of inherited economic privilege in the United States. A rather pedestrian book by the author of the classic "History of the Great American Fortunes."

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THE KETTEL MILL MYSTERY, by Inez Oellrichs. Matt Winters, the milkman sleuth, runs into a thoroughly disagreeable set of people in his investigation of the murder of an employee of the Plainsborough Trust Company. An honest effort and a good plot, but pretty drab.

THE STARS SPELL DEATH, by Jonathan Stagge. Dr. Westlake and twelve-year-old Dawn, one of the pleasantest children in fiction, have a time of it, what with strange wills, uncanny horoscopes, unexpected visitors, and mysterious neighbors. Fantastic plot but grand characterizations. Recommended for its refreshing portrayal of a small-town doctor and his enchanting daughter.

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