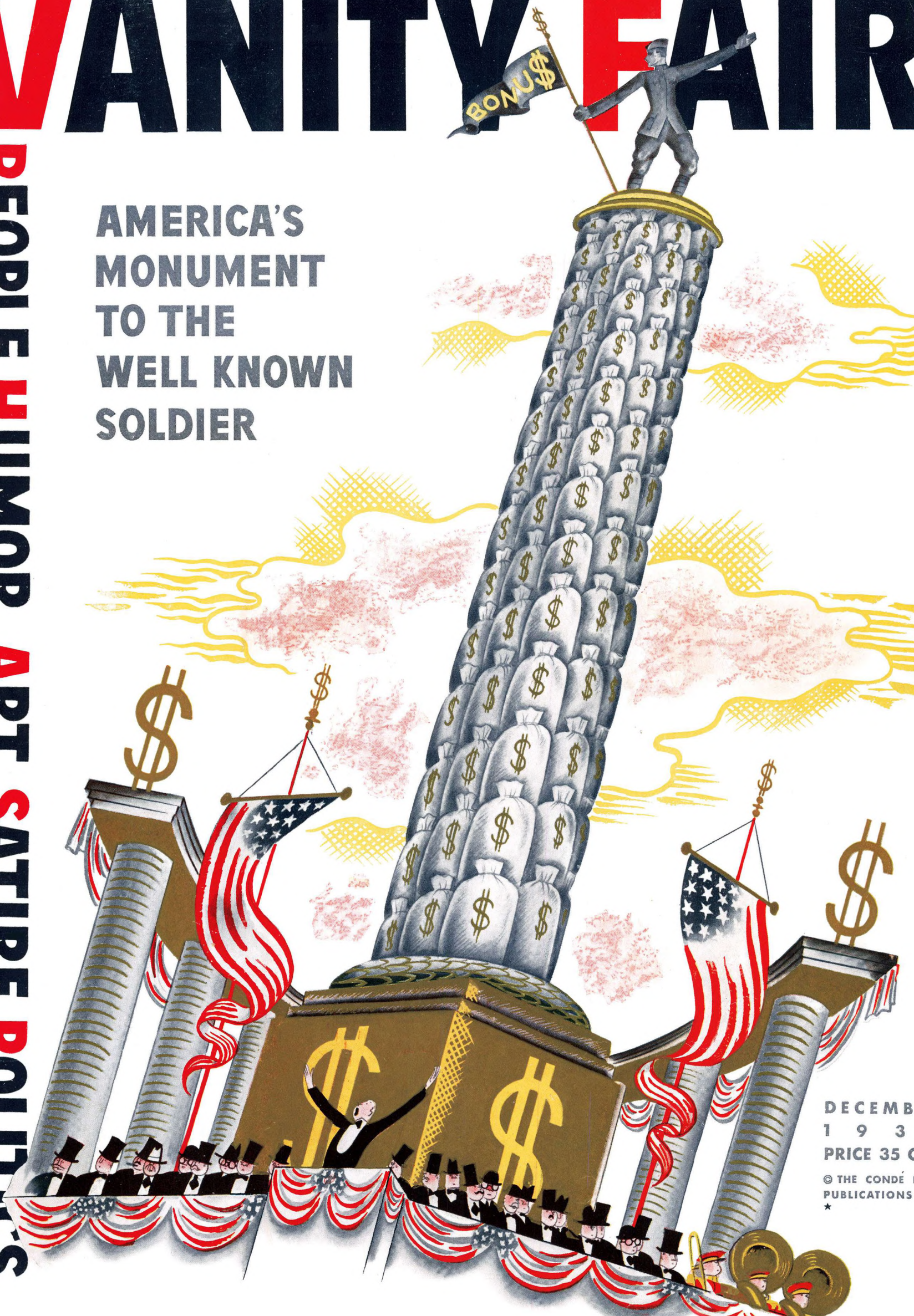


VANITY FAIR

PEOPLE HUMOR ART SATIRE POLITICS

AMERICA'S
MONUMENT
TO THE
WELL KNOWN
SOLDIER



DECEMBER
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PRICE 35 CTS.
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PUBLICATIONS INC.
★



THE PURE JUICE OF FRESH PICKED TOMATOES

vine ripened and full flavored ...



ONE OF THE
57

Ever eat a tomato right off the vine? ... that's

Heinz Tomato Ketchup
Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Chili Sauce

THE matchless flavor, deep color and tempting aroma of vine-ripened tomatoes you relish in every glass of Heinz Tomato Juice are the natural result of Heinz' exacting care in preparing this delicious drink.

Only the reddest, juiciest tomatoes are used. The plants are bred from choice seed in Heinz hothouses and transferred to the open fields at the growing season. Hand-picked, each day, as they ripen, these prize tomatoes are pressed into ruddy juice within a few hours.

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Order a few tins or bottles of this splendid juice from your grocer today. You will find Heinz Tomato Juice positively uniform in quality the year around—delicious as a summer or winter beverage.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ

Tomato Juice

NOMINATED FOR OBLIVION



... because like many another woman, she makes the error of taking it for granted that her breath is beyond suspicion—when as a matter of fact it is not.
 ... because by this oversight, she nullifies her charm and beauty and makes herself a nuisance.
 ... because she fails to recognize that due to certain changing processes in the mouth, anyone is likely to have halitosis—and not realize it.
 ... because, finally, she does not use Listerine before social engagements, when by so doing she

could perform a kindness for herself and her friends.

* * *

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). But you know that you will not have it if you use Listerine every night, every morning, and between times before social engagements.

Because of its germicidal power, Listerine quickly halts fermentation and infection, the cause of 90% of breath odors. It also overcomes the odors

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Use Listerine. It is the safest of antiseptics, the swiftest of deodorants, and, moreover, it is pleasant to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Send for our FREE booklet of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address Dept. V.F.12, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

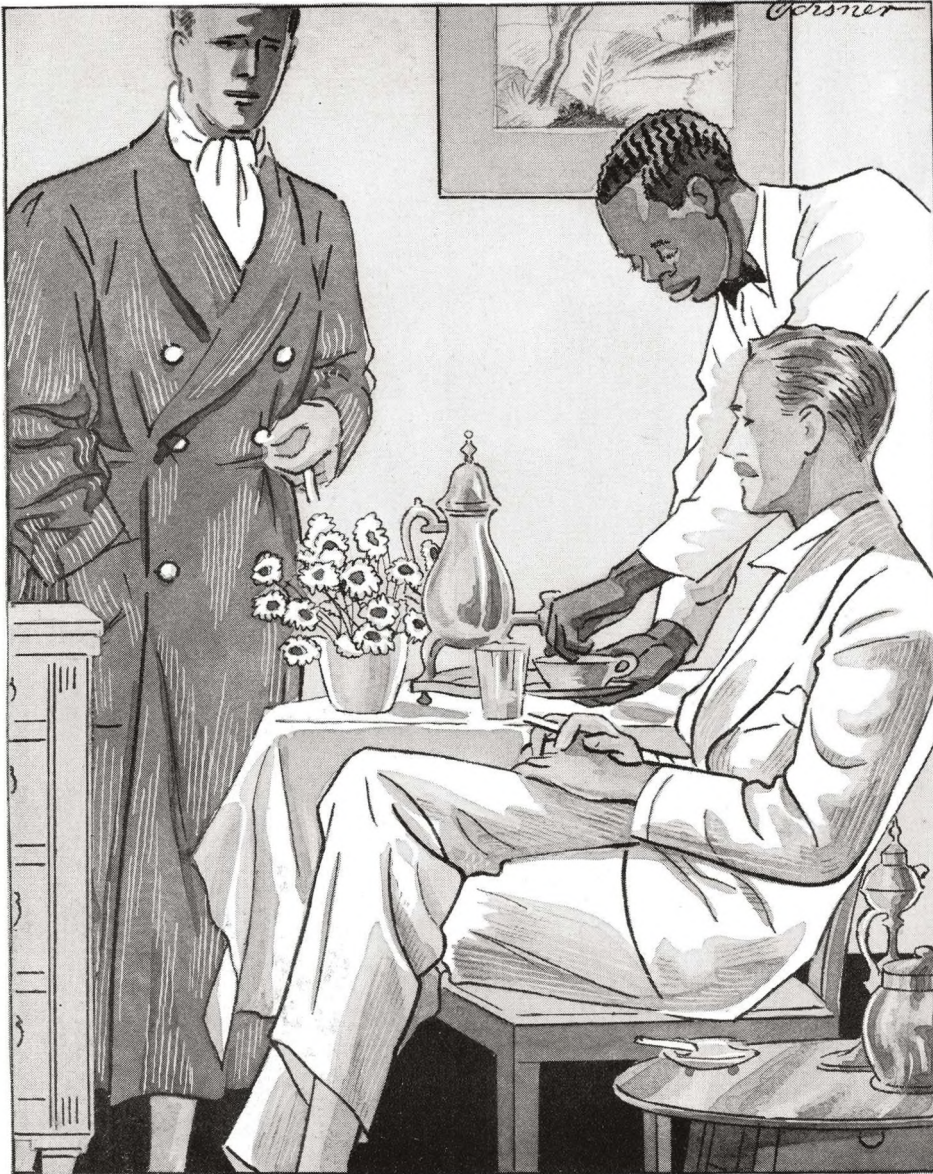
LISTERINE INSTANTLY OVERCOMES ODORS THAT ORDINARY MOUTHWASHES CAN'T HIDE IN 12 HOURS



Victoroy Slacks and Slip-On



Victoroy Sports Jacket and Trousers



Victoroy Lounge Suit



Victoroy Robe and Swim Trunks



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Victoroy Neckwear



Boy's Pullover Cap and Slacks

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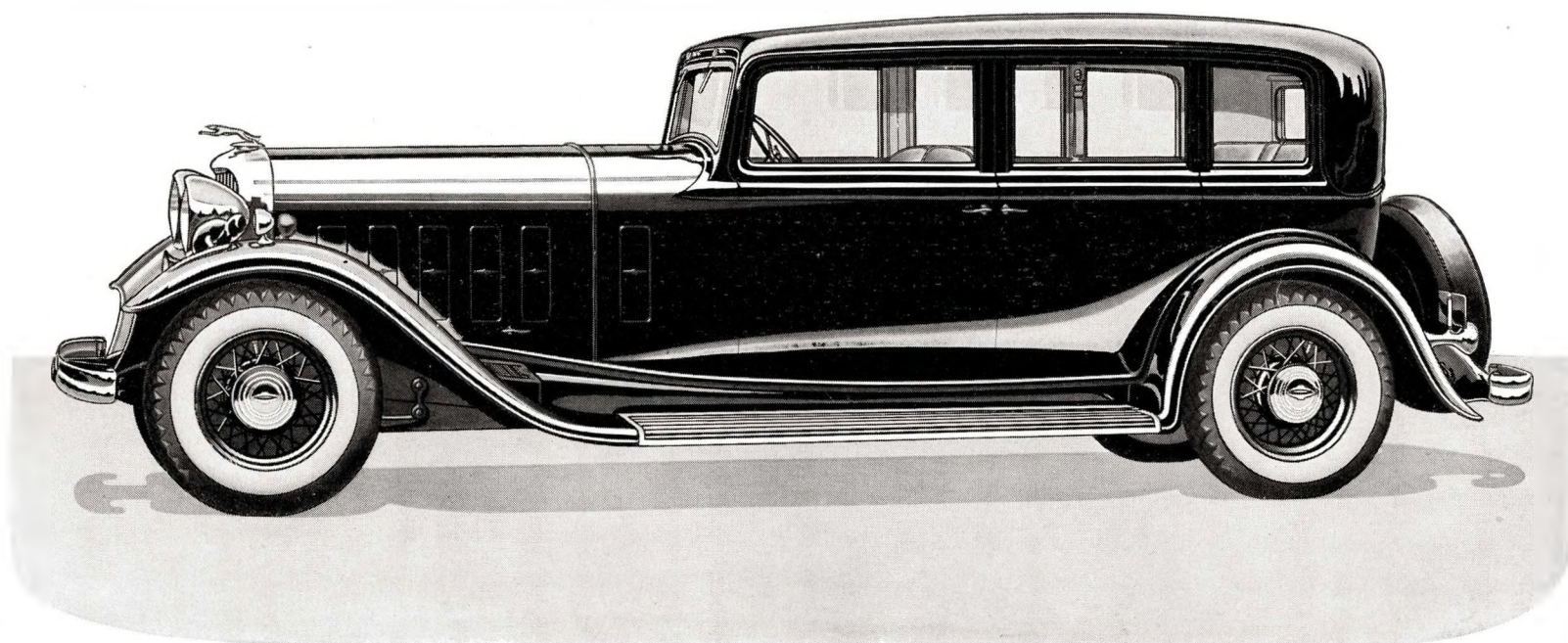
The adaptability of Victoroy and its popularity for jackets, slacks and sports suits has inspired the creation of all manner of Victoroy innovations for the coming season. Shorts, swim trunks, sleeveless slip-ons, belts, braces, caps and ties are reflecting the Victoroy trend. You'll like them — in the smart new shades of 1933.

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Enclosed find \$..... for Dog Dresser, \$1.50 each. For Terrier Trimming Chart, \$1.50 Mounted (\$1 unmounted).

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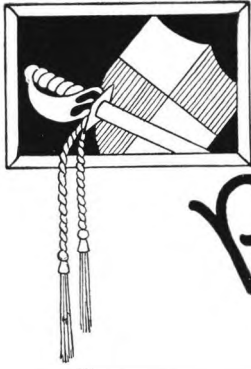
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 In Finest Smooth Black Calfskin.
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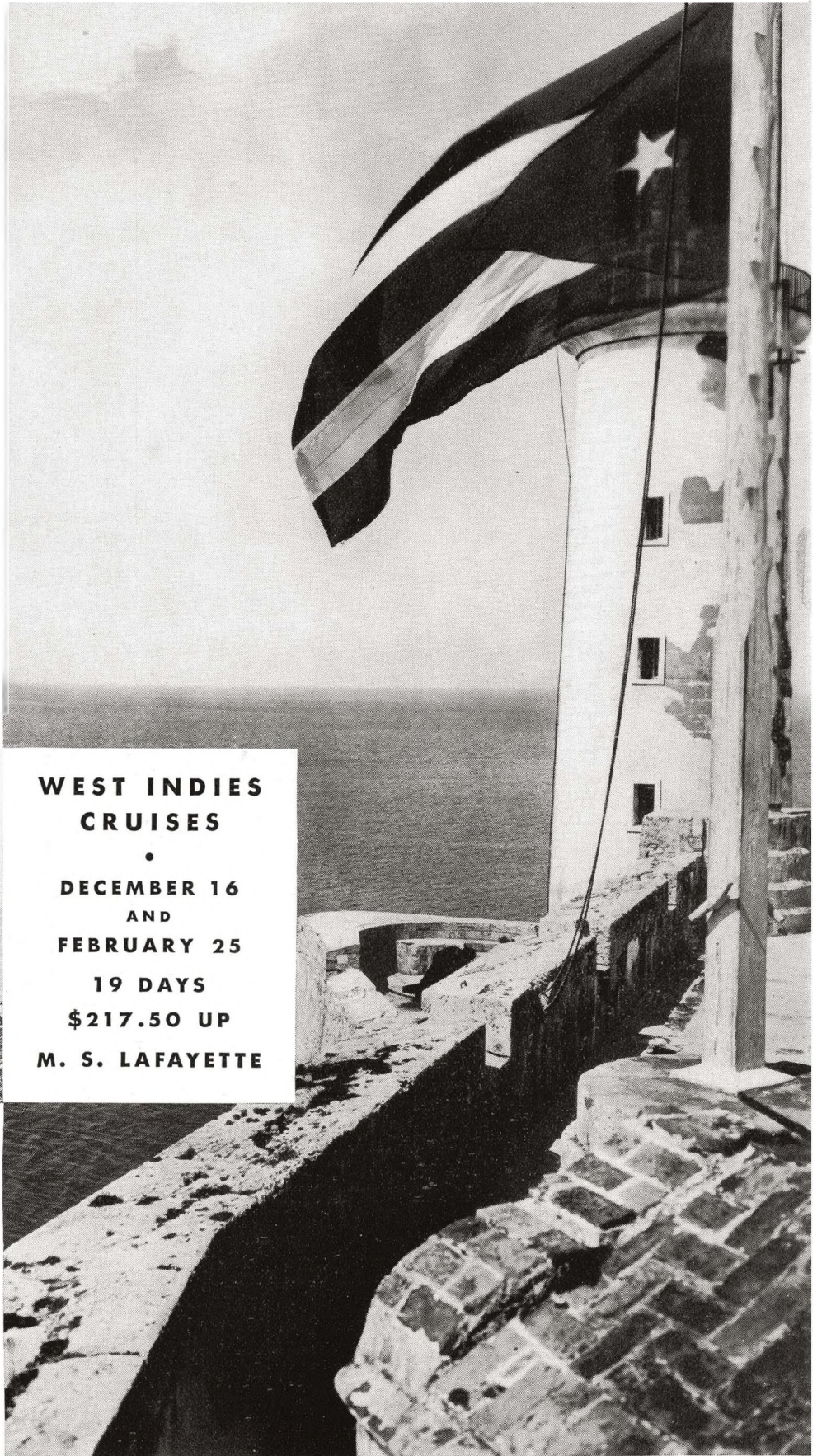
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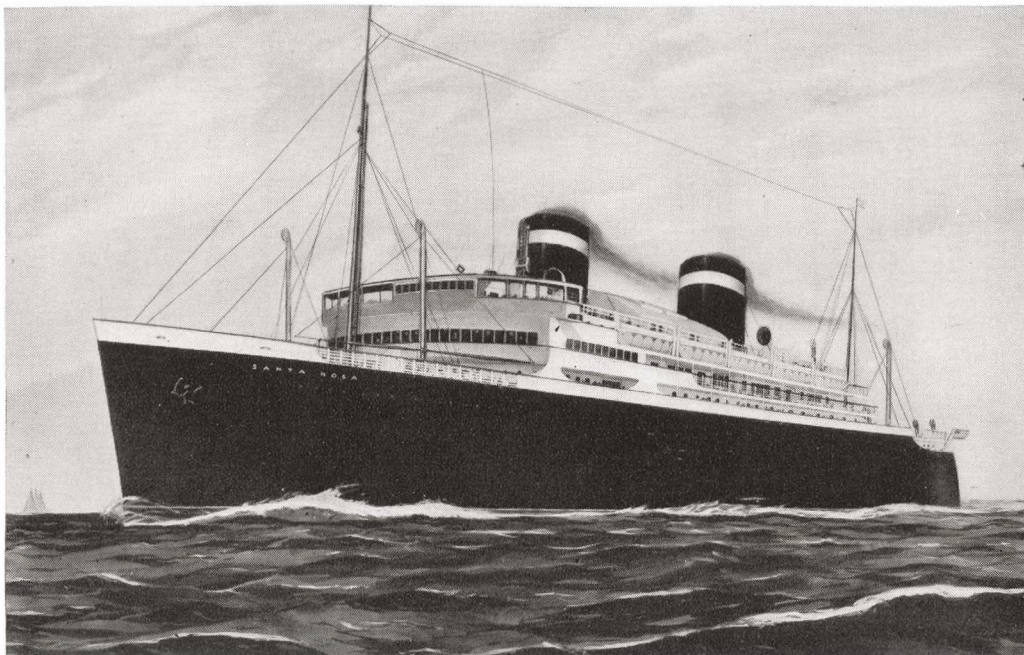
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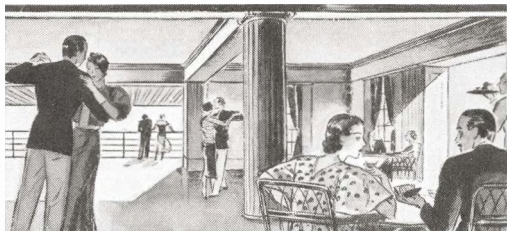
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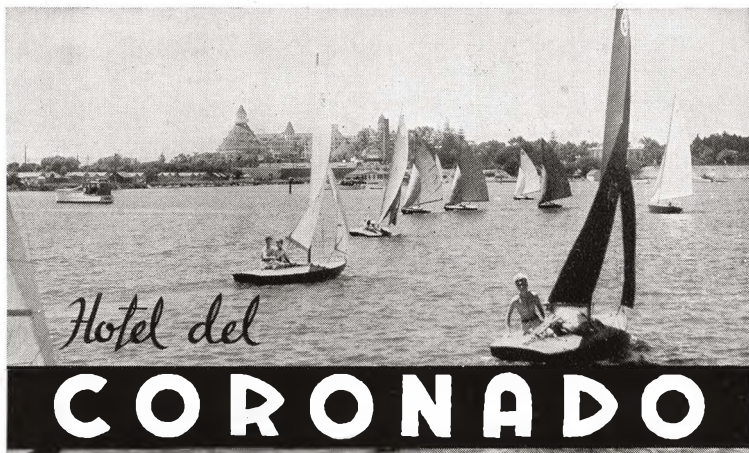


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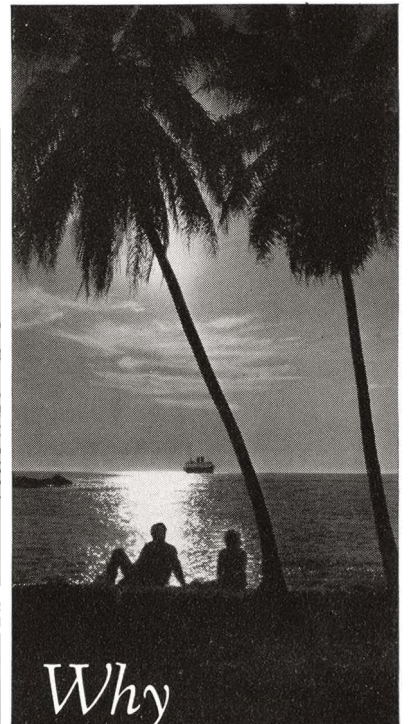


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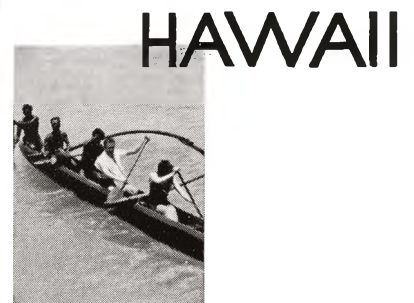
Another swim, another saunter along the hibiscus trail. Let's take a boat to Kona tomorrow and troll for swordfish at Napoopoo. Let's fly over to Maui or have an afternoon at Hanalei beach on Kauai. One more night under the coco palms, the moon making rainbows against the mountains—the sea whispering of nights drifting by and other nights to come.

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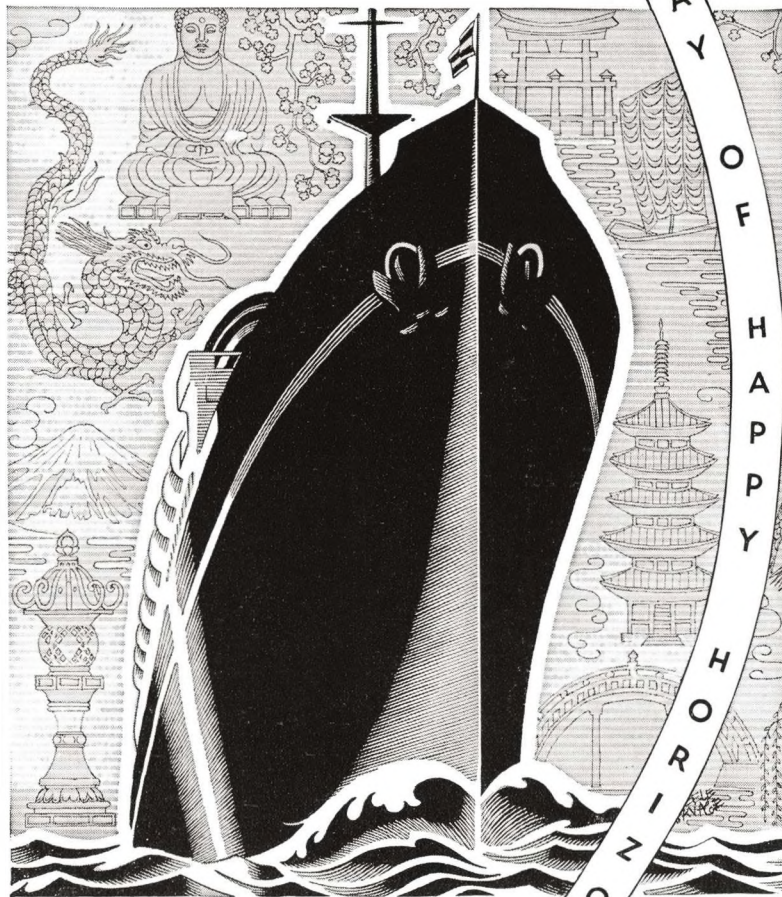
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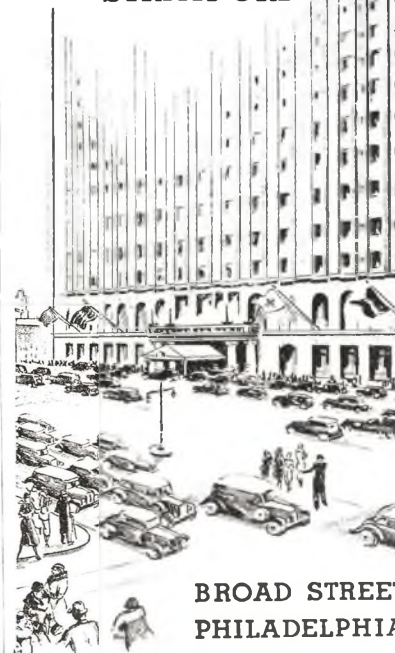


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— Dept. F-12: I enclose \$1.50 for "Bride's Pre-view" (D'Orleans is \$2). Please engrave tea spoon in _____ pattern with my initial _____ in the style checked.

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THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

Vast encyclopaedia



HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Hendrik Willem van Loon author of *That Little Red Man* on page 30—celebrated his fiftieth birthday by bringing out his fifteenth book and his twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth translations, these being a Norwegian edition of his *Rembrandt* and a version in Urdu of his *Story of Mankind*.

From his ninth year on, when he began a *Universal Encyclopaedia of all Historic Knowledge* (a work soon discontinued on account of the high expense of paper to some one having a weekly stipend of the equivalent of two American cents), until October of this year when to his great surprise he suddenly made the American public "geography conscious", he has devoted most of his waking hours; and many of those during which he should have been asleep to the study and popularization of history. The "humanization" of history would express it better than the "popularization", for his books have never consciously tried to be "popular" in the usual sense of the word. If they have become so in almost every part of the globe (Russia included, where however Karl Marx was substituted for Jesus Christ) it has been in spite of himself.

He is one of the very few liberals left over from the ravages of the Great Suicide of the Human Race (*vulgo*, the war of 1914-1918) and equally far removed from the Utopias of Hoover and Stalin. He does not go quite as far as Spengler, who sees western civilization completely and absolutely doomed. He agrees with Spengler that the older generation, with its hopeless blunders, is bound to rush our whole cultural fabric to merry annihilation. But he knows that the old men responsible for the present muddle are rapidly going to their just reward, and he has a vague hope that just perhaps and maybe he will be able to do something with those who are now from one to twenty-one years of age. Meanwhile he will take \$3.97 in actual cash for that pious hope. But are there any bidders?

Delete: Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Dear Sir: When I glance through a copy of one of the many motion picture magazines which my hairdresser provides for my delectation, I expect to find an occasional editorial lapse. Several years' close acquaintance with *Vanity Fair* has led me to expect a considerably higher editorial standard. I am consequently at a loss to account for your forbearance in the

case of your actor-author, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. If his publicity value and the interest of his subjects make him an indispensable contributor, wouldn't it be possible for someone on your editorial staff to correct his themes? You might be able to instill into him, at least, a proper reverence for the dictionary.

"Nebulous" is classified by all my dictionaries as an adjective, yet Mr. Fairbanks speaks of the "esoteric *nebulous* of tragedy that seems to fill" Ramon Navarro. "Catholic" is defined as meaning: "universal; free from prejudice; including all mankind". None of these definitions seems to justify Mr. Fairbanks' use of the word: "the fundamental emotion: so *catholic* to those of his race". "Catholic to" sounds strangely wrong to me, also, though I cannot prove that it is. Did he by any chance mean "*common* to those of his race", and discard so ordinary an expression (yet one possessed, withal, of a pleasing lucidity!) as beneath his literary dignity? "Peruse" in the sense of "examine" or "survey" is said by Webster to be obsolete, yet Ronald Colman is described as "*perusing* the secrets of the old West"—after going "reverently and delicately" into Arizona. I should love to see him going delicately into Arizona!

I believe one dictionary does admit that "permeate" may be used intransitively; but in its usual sense I have observed that it is always transitive to standard writers. But not to Mr. Fairbanks! He declares that "there *permeates* about the house an atmosphere of . . . not too pure respectability".

Certainly the young man is a passionate lover of "language", and can crowd more ungenial words into close proximity than any other author I've ever encountered (out of high school). I wish someone would elucidate the statement that Ronald Colman is "extremely meticulous in every mode of living, even extending into the domain of laxness". I am filled with a sense of wistful inadequacy in the face of such statements. They are satisfyingly mouth-filling—but what do they mean? Incidentally, one would suppose that a word meaning "unduly or excessively careful of small details" was strong enough without further underlining, but Mr. Fairbanks is nothing if not redundant; so he makes his subject "extremely meticulous", extremely excessively careful—in every manner of living. There's an awe-inspiring idea!

Please, Mr. Editor, have someone try to persuade this aspiring youth that one of the finest criteria of good writing is simple comprehensibility—or else persuade him to confine his efforts to the screen, where his pleasantly boyish personality is always a source of enjoyment. There isn't such an esoteric nebulous surrounding him in that domain.

ELIZABETH PENNY,
Birmingham, Mich.

Mr. Fairbanks' self-illustrated series of sketches on Hollywood personalities was published in the belief that, although far too much has been said about cinema people on the part of professional writers, little description has been made of them by one actually in their ranks. Mr. Fairbanks' sketches therefore were Hollywoodiana of the most genuine sort and a revealing document on the inner workings of a motion-picture mind. We feel that Mr. Fairbanks has evolved a style and employed a vocabulary brilliantly adapted to his subject matter. The series is now concluded.—THE EDITORS.

Insert: Upton Sinclair

Attention Mr. Jefferson Chase

Dear Sir: All right, Mr. Jefferson Chase, I'll rise to your bait—Why did you fail to mention Mr. Upton Sinclair in your article *Recenter the Pamphleteer*?

For over a quarter of a century Mr. Sinclair has raised that voice of discontent of which you speak. Not one of his contemporaries or followers has been as bold as he. Who has fought as he has to rise above the secret and political censorships which do exist? For all too many years, he has had to publish his own books and pamphlets because no book firm or magazine would touch them, and I believe you should acknowledge the hard-won struggle that has ended in his independence.

It is my belief that under no possible classification can Sinclair be omitted from the front ranks of our esteemed pamphleteers. I think of him as much more than an American Zola, and I should like you to consider his work in relation to that of Mencken, Lewis, Broun and Stuart Chase.

In any case, my log-rolling for Mr. Sinclair has not a great deal to do with the point of your article, which was a very good observation indeed. You are always an interesting writer, Mr. Chase.

CARLOS HUDSON,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Judge Allen's fame

Dear Sir: It has recently been called to my attention that you have nominated me for your Hall of Fame. I desire to express my appreciation of this very real honor. I do not myself feel that I belong in any "Hall of Fame," but I have tried with all that is in me worthily to represent the men and women, almost one million in number, who voted for my reelection to the highest bench of the state.

It is a very taxing thing to hold public office, and because of that, recognition which comes unsought, such as that embodied in your article, is very gratifying indeed.

I hope some time to be able to thank you in person.

FLORENCE E. ALLEN,
Supreme Court of Ohio, Columbus.

Young challenger

William Harlan Hale—author of *So Many Doomsdays*, on page 35—has written articles for various American magazines. Recently he became one of the



WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

editors of *Vanity Fair*.

"I was one of the last of the pre-war babies", he says. "Living in London, at the tender age of four, I watched the first guard regiments march off for the Belgian front; living in Berlin, two years later, I watched the pale schoolboys crowd the stations on their way to the Somme; living in New York, two more years later, I watched the divisions file down to the piers. Few excitements of later years have equalled the impressions of that vast era during a wandering childhood.

"The writing bug got me at sixteen, and I forthwith bought a smart art-colony weekly and tried every Saturday to tell eminent artists how to paint, and—even more presumptuously—how to behave. I discover now that my influence on the development of American art was negligible.

"At Yale the atmosphere was so politely dead that in Senior year my roommate and I could not help launching the *Harkness Hoot*, which turned out to be a sustained editorial Fourth of July, with smoke and all.

"Then I seem to have spent a year in Europe, where between Samois-sur-Seine and Burghausen-an-der-Inn I wrote a book, *Challenge to Defeat*, which—so I thought—settled all the problems of the modern world in two hundred pages. Not everyone seems to have agreed."

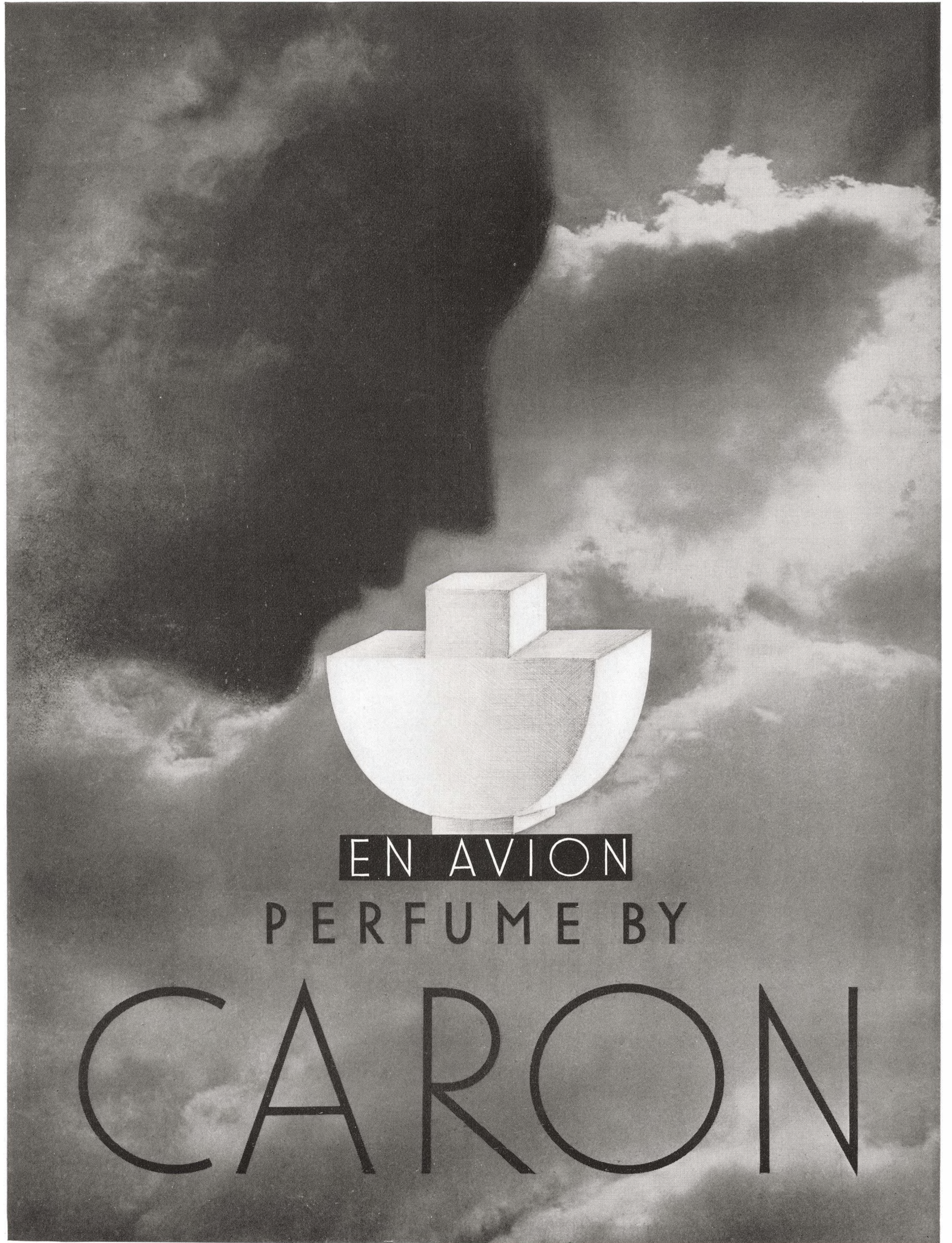
Restless fictioneer

Philadelphia: Faithful to the Crown on page 33 is the natural expression of that most incorrigible Pennsylvanian, Joseph Hergesheimer. He is also Pennsylvania's most irrepressible novelist, having composed well over twenty novels in a literary life that has still a long way to go before it reaches Shavian length. Mr. Hergesheimer was not one of those scintillating practitioners of letters who threw their first epic to paper at the age of ten; he was, throughout his early years, a painter. He was not one of those fel-



JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

lows who stage a literary explosion when they have filled up their first quire of typewriter paper; rather, he wrote and wrote for fourteen years without getting a word published. He was thirty-four when he reached the bound-volume stage. Today, eighteen years later, he stands as one of the most vivid, charming, and learned of American writers. The literary craft has absorbed most of his waking hours; but he has also become an authority on antiques, on porcelain and glass, and, not the least, on the social history of America. Some years ago he entered the field of (Continued on page 15)



EN AVION

PERFUME BY

CARON

travel-writing, and wrote *San Cristobal de la Habana*; and this year, after a trip through the Germany on which all eyes are focussed, he produced the lively travelogue entitled *Berlin*.

Set my people free!

Dear Sir: In the course of the article prepared for *Vanity Fair* by Mr. George E. Sokolsky he proposes as a solution of the Philippine problem "the granting of dominion status to the Philippines", and declares that "such an arrangement ought to satisfy the Filipinos, for it gives them self-government under American protection." He also expresses the view that this relationship of the Philippines to the United States would have the approval of Americans and the concurrence of "Asiatic states because it averts a disturbance of the international equilibrium." We cannot presume to speak for the people of the United States, or to know the minds of the Asiatic states, but we are quite certain that the Filipino nation desires and seeks separate, independent nationhood and will be content with no substitute or compromise for it.

Mr. Sokolsky has overlooked or ignored the ethical factor of the Philippine problem. That is America's promise—uttered by Presidents and proclaimed by Congress—that the Filipinos were eventually to receive independence. His formula, it appears, takes no account of this solemn pledge as an obligation which can not be disregarded without making America guilty of a breach of faith. . . .

The granting of Philippine independence "at this time of economic and political disturbance in Asia would play into the hands of the Asiatic communists", Mr. Sokolsky says, because the "example of the United States would be cited to the people of all the Asiatic states", and excite them to demand that Great Britain, France, Holland and Japan give independent status to their colonials. The answer to that is a question. What would these "peoples of all the Asiatic states" think and do if the United States should proclaim that it had no intention of redeeming its pledge to the Filipinos—also an Asiatic people?

PEDRO SABIDO.

Washington, D. C.

Paint-brush satirist

Guy Pène du Bois, a reproduction of whose portrait of the late Jeanne Eagels appears on page 32 of this issue, was born in Brooklyn in 1884. He studied painting in Paris, and in New York under the great teachers William M. Chase and Robert Henri. Even in early years he supplemented his work in painting by extensive writings on art for the *New York American*, *Tribune*, and *Evening Post*. This literary talent was inherited from his father, Henri Pène du Bois, who was a critic on the old *Journal*. Indeed, most of Mr. du Bois' painting itself has a certain literary and critical flavor. With his interest in the social scene and with his ability to portray the mental types of modern America, he belongs in the analytical tradition of Daumier and Gavarni. He sees an unvarnished and unlovely world. He tries to look under the surface of appearances; and when he depicts the Boardwalk at Atlantic City or the restaurants of lower New York, he does so in a vein of satire and frequent bitterness.

Mr. du Bois, living in New York and Paris, has given much time also to water-colors and drawings, besides some occasional work in teaching. For many years he was left unnoticed by the American public; but now recognition has been wide-spread, and he is represented in many of our leading museums and most prominent collections.

VANITY FAIR

THE KALEIDOSCOPIC REVIEW OF MODERN LIFE

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, EDITOR • CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW, MANAGING EDITOR

M. F. AGHA, ART DIRECTOR

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Humiliated Southerner

Dear Sir: Here is a check for four dollars drawn on a solvent bank. I am not haggling—I know a bargain when I see it. If the next 24 months are like the last, anticipation of each succeeding issue may provide a two year insurance against "flumping" in front of a moving train—nasty business at best.

This, in spite of the fact that you sometimes injure my sensibilities by generalities regarding the South—sub, and the West—podner, based on specific unfortunate attributes of both. There are Fundamentalists, Drys, Illiterates, Demagogues, Cannons, Garners, Kingfish Longs, Patmans, Bonus Grabbers, "Cockle-Burr Bills", "Ma" Fergusons, God help us, but like droughts and depressions they are deformities of which your body of readers are most sensitive. Ah, there is the point! The afore-mentioned denizens confront them with their infantilism through the medium of the county weekly or *Liberty*. Broad-sides fired at the South and West as a mass only wound your readers, but bounce off the thick skins of those they are really aimed to reach. . . .

If we of the hinterland referred to New York as "The Coney Island Belt", "La-Guardialand", or "Walkercity", you would be quick to resent it and rightfully so. It would be narrow provincialism on our part, revealing our lack of knowledge of the real and important New York. Follow?

With deepest gratitude for the existence of *Vanity Fair*,

JULIAN N. BARRETT.

Pampa, Texas.

Treasury report

Dear Sir:

I very rarely write newspapers to correct mis-statements as to myself, but sometimes if one allows them to be made often enough, they tend to establish a false state of facts. I am, therefore, taking the liberty of writing you with reference to the October number of *Vanity Fair*, a marked copy of which was sent me. On page 41, it is stated that, as Under secretary of the Treasury, I rejected the general sales tax, and that four months later I was an active apologist for the sales tax, saying that few would really feel it.

The gentleman who wrote the article has evidently simply read some foolish speeches made on the Floor of the House of Representatives by men who knew little or nothing about taxation, and who confused a special sales tax with a general sales tax.

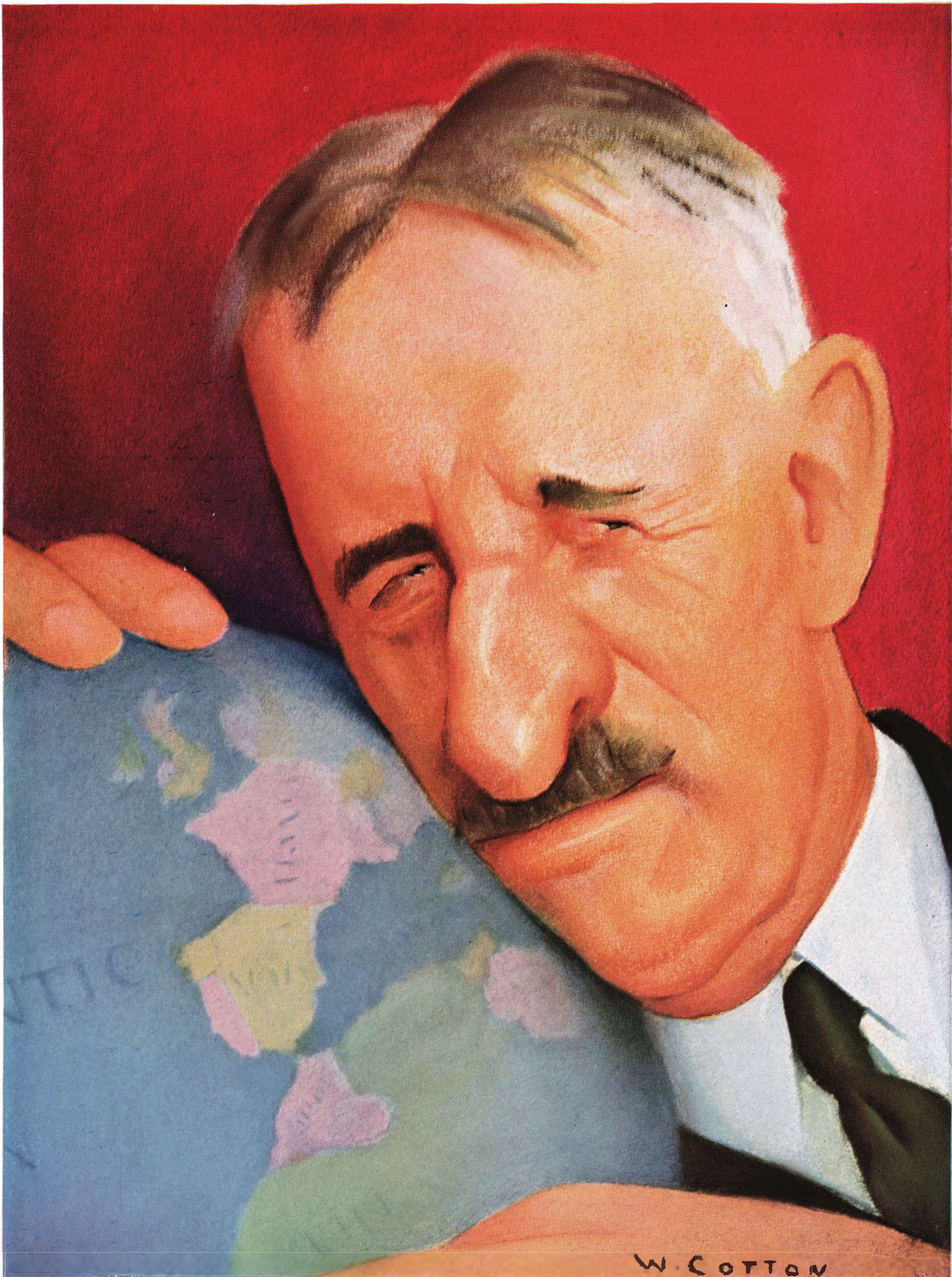
In the eighteen years during which I have given considerable study to tax problems, I have been consistently opposed to a general sales tax from the first. I have never believed in such a tax; I have never supported such a tax.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House, in the last session of Congress, reported what is known as a manufacturers' sales tax, based largely along the lines of a tax system which has been in force in Canada for a number of years, which provided definite and effective mechanism for the prevention of pyramiding, and did not reach the necessities of life.

This measure bears no resemblance whatsoever to a general sales tax. When the question comes up again, as it doubtless will, I shall continue to say just what I said last December about a general sales tax; and if our revenue requirements make it necessary, I shall again support a manufacturers' excise tax, on the Canadian model; and I shall be wholly consistent in taking these two positions.

OSDEN L. MILLS

Department of the Treasury
Washington, D. C.



CARICATURE BY WILLIAM COTTON

MR. HOOVER'S SECRETARY OF STATE—HENRY L. STIMSON

V A N I T Y F A I R

ROOSEVELT: A RETURN TO NORMALCY • BY WALTER LIPPMANN

■ During the recent campaign it was generally said by Eastern Republicans that Franklin Roosevelt was the accidental beneficiary of a temporary discontent. They may have been right. But it is at least arguable that something quite different was taking place under our eyes. It seems to me quite possible that the historians will say that the three Republican Administrations of the Twenties were the accidental result of the World War and that the election of Franklin Roosevelt marked a return to the political alignments which existed up to the period of our entanglement in the World War. The more closely I study the character of Franklin Roosevelt's campaign and the popular response to it the more it takes on the aspect of a resumption of the political conflict which has been suspended for some eighteen years. It may very well be then that the depression has not only deflated prices to the 1913 level, and a large part of the post-war capital structure, and the post-war prohibition, but has deflated partisan politics to the pre-war status as well. If this theory is correct, then the forces which have raised Franklin Roosevelt to the Presidency are essentially the same as those which caused his fifth cousin to disrupt the Republican Party in 1912, and Franklin Roosevelt is not only in name but in historic fact a successor in the line of Theodore Roosevelt.

If we take a long view of American politics over the past seventy years we find that except for brief periods the country has been governed by a party deriving its strength from an alliance between the manufacturing inter-

ests of the East and the wheat, corn, and cattle interests of the West. The union of what Iowa and Kansas represent with what Massachusetts and Pennsylvania represent has made the Republican Party as we have known it through seventy years. Now in this union of the manufacturing East and the agricultural West, the dominant partner has been the manufacturing East. It has determined Republican policy on the fundamental principle of giving tariff protection to manufacture and of maintaining free trade for agriculture.

Until the Nineties world conditions were such that the agricultural West prospered reasonably well by skinning the new land and dumping its surplus abroad. But towards the end of the Nineteenth Century new lands were opened to agriculture in other parts of the world, the European nations began to resort to protection for their farmers against American exports, and the West began to encounter serious trouble. The working alliance between protected Eastern manufacturing and Western free trade in farm products was undermined, and the Progressive movement was born. For American "progressivism" is essentially an agrarian discontent with the relation between unprotected agriculture and carefully protected industry.

The discontent was exploited first by the Populists, and then by Bryan, and then by the elder La Follette, and then by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. In the Presidential campaign of 1912 Theodore Roosevelt split the two wings of the Republican Party and Wilson was elected. The logical development after that would have been a coalition

between the agricultural West and the agricultural South, and as a matter of fact Wilson's victory in 1916 revealed just such an alignment of forces. In that contest the Democrats carried only one important manufacturing state, Ohio, and they lost only Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa among the agricultural states.

■ But within a few months the United States was drawn into the World War and the political evolution of parties was violently interrupted. The Republicans returned to power in 1920 making a clean sweep of the whole country outside of the Solid South. But in 1924 evidences of the old difficulty in the Republican coalition reappeared when the elder La Follette ran as an independent candidate. It is not generally realized that had there been one anti-administration candidate that year instead of two, Mr. Coolidge would have lost about thirteen states which he carried. The truth is that in 1924 La Follette and Davis divided the anti-Republican vote as in 1912 Roosevelt and Taft had divided the Republican vote. Mr. Coolidge would almost certainly have been elected, but he would have been elected by a small margin had the coalition which Wilson organized in 1916 been maintained. I dwell upon these facts as evidence of the inherent tendency of the agricultural West to withdraw from its alliance with the Republican East and to form a new alliance with the agricultural South.

The nomination of John W. Davis made this new alliance impossible in 1924 because to the West his economic conservatism made him indistinguishable from the Eastern Republicans. The nomination of Governor Smith in 1928 was even more unfavorable to this realignment for the whole complex of his origin and his affiliations made it inconceivable that he could become the leader of an essentially agricultural coalition.

But none the less, once the election of 1928 was over, this coalition reappeared in Congress, and in Franklin Roosevelt the Democrats found a candidate upon whom the West and South could unite. Around him there rallied the Republican insurgent leaders of the West, Norris, Johnson, La Follette, and for all practical purposes Borah, and the alignment of forces which Wilson established in 1916 was resumed in 1932.

If this rough analysis is correct, then the election of 1932 marks the liquidation of an abnormal post-war political condition. That the depression has brought Roosevelt votes which he would not otherwise have had is certainly true, but it is no less true that the war and the post-war inflation brought votes to Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover that under normal conditions would not have

HOOVER'S SECRETARY OF STATE—HENRY L. STIMSON

After four years of complex negotiations, culminating in his handling of the Eastern crisis last winter, Secretary Henry L. Stimson concludes his term in the Hoover cabinet. Scion of a first family of New York, candidate for the governorship of that state in 1910, and Secretary of War under President Taft, Mr. Stimson had retired from public life before the coming of the War and continued only his private legal practice. It was fifteen years later that his name was first heard in political life again. In 1927 President Coolidge made him his personal representative to troubled Nicaragua, where he carried out the task of protecting our much-disputed interests. After that he was appointed Governor-General of the Philippines, where, for the sharp military

rule of his predecessor, General Leonard Wood, he substituted a government by open discussion—thus winning for himself the friendship and confidence of the native people. As Secretary of State, he was faced with the bewildering problem of European disarmament. The fact that the London Conference of 1930 turned out to be a fiasco did not deter him from continuing to champion the embattled cause of peace. In matters of the Orient, Mr. Stimson had a changeable tradition of policy to follow. But his hand was firm in refusing to let the teeth be taken out of the untried Kellogg pact; and while his sudden severities brought us near a rupture with Japan, he did much to end our program of isolation and to inspire juster relationships in the restless East



1882: HYDE PARK, NEW YORK, THE BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



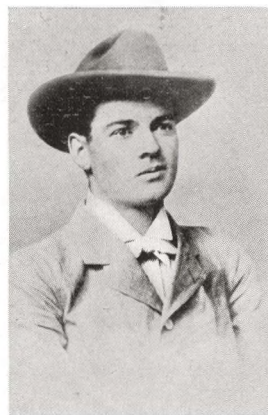
1874: WEST BRANCH, IOWA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF HERBERT CLARK HOOVER



1884: FRANKIE IN LACE; HERBERT, THE BLACKSMITH'S ORPHAN BOY

1897: (FIRST ROW, CENTER) FRANK, GROTON FOOTBALLER

1894: HERBERT (BACK ROW, CENTER) MANAGER, STANFORD'S TEAM



1896: SCHOOLBOY, HOME WITH HIS PARENTS; 1896: YOUNG ENGINEER, IN AUSTRALIA

1916: YOUNG LAWYER AND HIS FAMILY

1915: YOUNG AMERICAN IN LONDON

come to them. My own guess is that in the real political alignment of this country, based on sectional interests, the two parties are now rather evenly balanced as they were in 1916, and that the long era of undisputed Republican domination has come to an end. But for the War it would have ended in 1912, and this election, though it exaggerates the Democratic strength, is a truer reflection of our permanent political condition than the three elections of the post-war decade.

What conclusions are there to be drawn from this interpretation of events? Primarily, it seems to me, that the national interest will be served best if the two parties remain rather evenly balanced. Both parties in their deepest characteristics represent sectional interests and neither is fit to exercise undisputed power. The dictatorship of the manufacturing interests, arising from the swollen majorities of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, committed

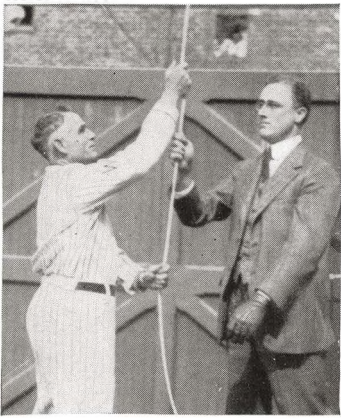
the nation to an exaggerated industrial development which was in the end self-destructive. A dictatorship of the agricultural interest would produce no less disastrous results. Safety lies in a balance sufficiently even to compel each party to keep constantly in mind the interest which the other primarily represents, so that party policy will be determined not by the regular but by the more independent voters. For if either party has an assured majority, the politicians in it will ruthlessly serve the interests that dominate that party. If the majority is small, if the next election is not certain, the Democrats will have to remember the manufacturing East and the Republicans the agricultural West and South.

Supposing this analysis to be true, Franklin Roosevelt must count upon the probability that his excessive and accidental majority, arising from the depression, will melt during

the next four years, and that the parties will tend to become much more evenly balanced. Therefore, his task is to seek a course of action which will unite some important part of the Eastern manufacturing interest with Western and Southern agricultural interest.

It will seem strange to some readers that in discussing these matters I have not used words like progressive and reactionary, liberal and conservative. That is intentional. These are question-begging epithets which belong to the rhetoric rather than to the reality of politics. The Western and Southern coalition which is the foundation of the Democratic Party to-day rests on sectional interests, not on noble sentiments about the destiny of mankind, and it is as confusing to accept these interests at the face value of the phrases in which they are advocated as it is to accept at face value the Republican claims to a monopoly of patriotism and economic wisdom.

CULVER SERVICE



1917: WILSON'S ASS'T-SEC. OF THE NAVY



UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

The White House way

Franklin Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover are shown here, at significant stages of their half-century journey to the White House. The lesson (if there is one) implicit in these pictures is this: that the public servant who becomes a presidential aspirant may have his beginnings in farm-house or manor-house, in poverty, or in wealth, but, once having entered the lists of this competition, he is implacably pressed inward and upward into a pattern, into a vise, into a cruel and relentless mold wherein he stands alone, or is quite broken. There are no consolation prizes for the defeated. . . . Then, "read o'er the stories of men most fam'd for courage or for counsaile and you shall find that the desire of glory was the last frailty wise men put off; be they presidents . . ."



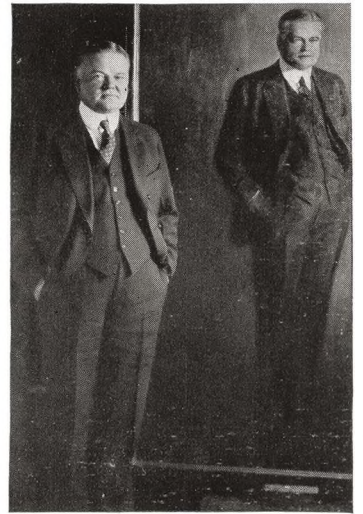
1920: DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT



1921: HARDING'S SECRETARY OF COMMERCE



1928: A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR



A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT



1930: A NEW YORK GOVERNOR PLAYS PATIENCE



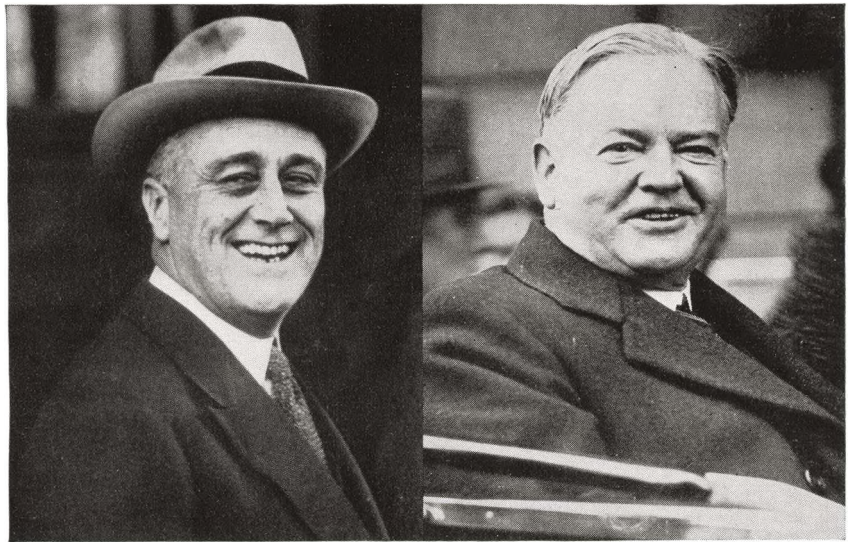
THE PRESIDENT FACES THE DEPRESSION



1932: ONE CAMPAIGN SPEAKER LAUGHS, THE OTHER LOOKS HEAVENWARD



1932: THE ROOSEVELTS ENTER, AND THE HOOVERS LEAVE THE WHITE HOUSE



1932: FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT AND HERBERT CLARK HOOVER SMILE, IN VICTORY, AND IN DEFEAT

Wanted: an American N. E. P.

BY JEFFERSON CHASE

How a long-range plan for a national economy should replace the outworn futilities of our financial chaos

■ Four years after Lenin and Trotzky had seized the power in Russia and had forced Communism on the most backward people in Europe, Russia was down and out. The Ukraine was famine-stricken, industry was prostrate and transportation paralyzed. At that juncture, in 1921, Lenin startled the world by ordaining the N.E.P.—the New Economic Policy—which authorized a return to private capitalism. Foreign critics of Russia gloated. At last, they said, Russia was headed back towards economic orthodoxy. Today, more than a decade after the N.E.P., finds Russia still communistic and still staggering along beneath her top-heavy load of sullen peasants, untrained workers and Marxian dogmatism.

Four years ago, America entered on what was hailed by American economists as a new business era—Dr. Irving Fisher's "permanently high plateau of prosperity." Herbert Hoover, campaigning for the Presidency, spoke hopefully of the abolition of poverty, the Stock Market spouted like Old Faithful, and brokers loans soared to the stratosphere. High wages, high tariffs, foreign loans, sound industrial stocks and mass production seemed to guarantee an automatic and indelible prosperity for the United States. Prohibition was still part of the political Decalogue, and bankers were treated with a veneration bordering on the idolatrous.

Today, due to a variety of factors—some home-brewed and some imported, some political and some economic—we are in the grip of a business tornado. The dreadful roll of unemployment has mounted until, at time of writing, between eleven and thirteen million—one third of our working population—are out of work. Mortgages are being foreclosed, farmers are being evicted, banks are concentrating on liquidity, and the R.F.C. is bailing busily to keep the railroads, banks and insurance companies afloat. Prices have dropped until in many sections it is cheaper to produce nothing than it is to add to the world's stock of consumable goods. The national income has dwindled until it is now about forty-five billion dollars—half of what it was in 1928; we have a load of interest-bearing amortizable debt amounting to over \$200,000,000,000—a ninety per cent mortgage on our national wealth. The annual charges of this debt (including taxes for the service of public obligations) run close to \$25,000,000,000. If you add to this figure the eight billion

dollars direct cost of government in the United States—local, State and national—you get a total of over thirty billion dollars for debt and taxes a year, or a burden of \$1,000 on each of the thirty million families in America. This means that at least two-thirds of our national income goes for capital and governmental overhead. It simply can't be done. In addition to this, half of our thirty million families live in rented dwellings, and five million more live under the shadow of a mortgage. Two-thirds of our population faces possible eviction through foreclosure or non-payment of rent, while the remaining third is liable to tax-eviction. This is an impossible situation, when the combined insecurity of employment, of capital and of domicile has gripped every man, woman and child in America. The red flag of the auctioneer has a habit of yielding to the red flag of revolution, and would have done so in any land less stolid and less politically stable than this country.

The time has obviously come for America to embark on a New Economic Policy, not necessarily one which involves the abandonment of capitalism, but one which will demonstrate our national resourcefulness and courage in the face of the greatest crisis in modern times. It is a need so imperative as to render scandalous and obscene any political electioneering or jockeying on the issue. And it is to the credit of the American people that they have preserved the patience and good temper which would render a great change in our economic system quite possible. For if it is wrong to swap horses when crossing a stream, it is also sometimes necessary to change gears when climbing a hill.

■ Hitherto, we have given consideration to only three methods of making this change without undue clashing of gears. The first is the broad and flowery path of inflation. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation was formed, partly in order to inflate the credit structure, while maintaining the gold basis of our currency. Also, by the Glass-Steagall Bill, it is now legal for the Federal Reserve to issue notes based upon government securities, considered as "eligible paper". The monetary inflationists are, as usual, generally in the Democratic camp, although the Republican Senator Borah has proposed the old Bryan cure of silver for the plague of gold. Certainly inflation, whether conducted in terms of credit or of currency, will tend to raise prices by cheapening money and will promote both an easy repayment of debt, and the rush of idle funds towards investment in lands and industry. Its chief defect is that through the present deflation of wages it would expose the workers to still greater hardships, while the mechanization of industry would still mean that there would be difficulty in putting the inflated money in the hands of the debtor class. Also, it would promote another wild stock market boom, a flight from the dollar, and fresh hoarding of gold, with unpredictable results.

The second remedy is the hoary and legit-

imate device of bankruptcy. If we are living under capitalism, let's be capitalistic and get the agony over quickly, say the advocates of the auctioneer. Half of our present trouble has been caused, they argue, by efforts to cushion our fall. There's no disgrace in bankruptcy if it's general. Let's wipe the slate clean and begin again! What will it matter if we shoot the works? We're big, wealthy and young. That's what we did in 1837 and 1857; why not now? We could get rid of our overhead overnight by this device, and start again at a rate at which we could undersell the world. It would be hard on bankers and investors, but it will come to the same thing in the long run, anyhow. The only trouble with this bracing creed is that it is impossible. It is not that we lack the courage but that we have too much sense to adopt it. In the old days of the classical creditor-debtor set-up, when "A" went broke "B" took his goods and chattels. Today we are all "A's" and "B's". We don't owe each other any more, but we all owe the banks, savings accounts and insurance companies to which we have entrusted our funds. This means that we can't possibly go through a quick, sharp bankruptcy, but would enter a spiral of progressive insolvency which would suck us down towards chaos.

■ The real remedy must lie in the natural genius of the American people and in the principle of organic growth which has hitherto carried the human race through catastrophes far more crushing than this stupid crisis of consumption: through the Fall of the Roman Empire, the Black Death and the Taiping Rebellion, for example. And it's in the natural genius of the American people—rather than in any sentimental borrowings from Communism or Socialism or Fascism—that we shall find our New Economic Policy.

There are already abundant signs that the American people aren't going to take it lying down. There is, for example, a wide-spread movement to live by barter. Originally, it started as a method to cut the cost of unemployment by setting the unemployed to work for each other, and as a spontaneous movement in communities where banks had failed. One town in the Pacific Northwest made itself famous by adopting wooden money. The barter idea is spreading to include small farmers and producers, and it might become a lively secession from our economic union. In Seattle, for example, there are 40,000 unemployed who help support each other with the aid of 40,000 others scattered throughout the State of Oregon, without benefit of cash. When these unemployed ran into difficulties with the city authorities, they organized politically and discovered that the politicians do not think lightly of 40,000 potential "X's" on a municipal ballot. Out near Denver, Colorado, there is a community of nearly 400 refugees from the "devastated areas" of Colorado industry, living on the land without a banker. One large private Southern University collects no tuition from its students and pays no salary to its faculty. The students (*Continued on page 52*)

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(See next page please)



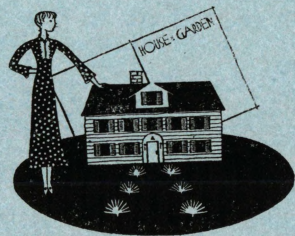
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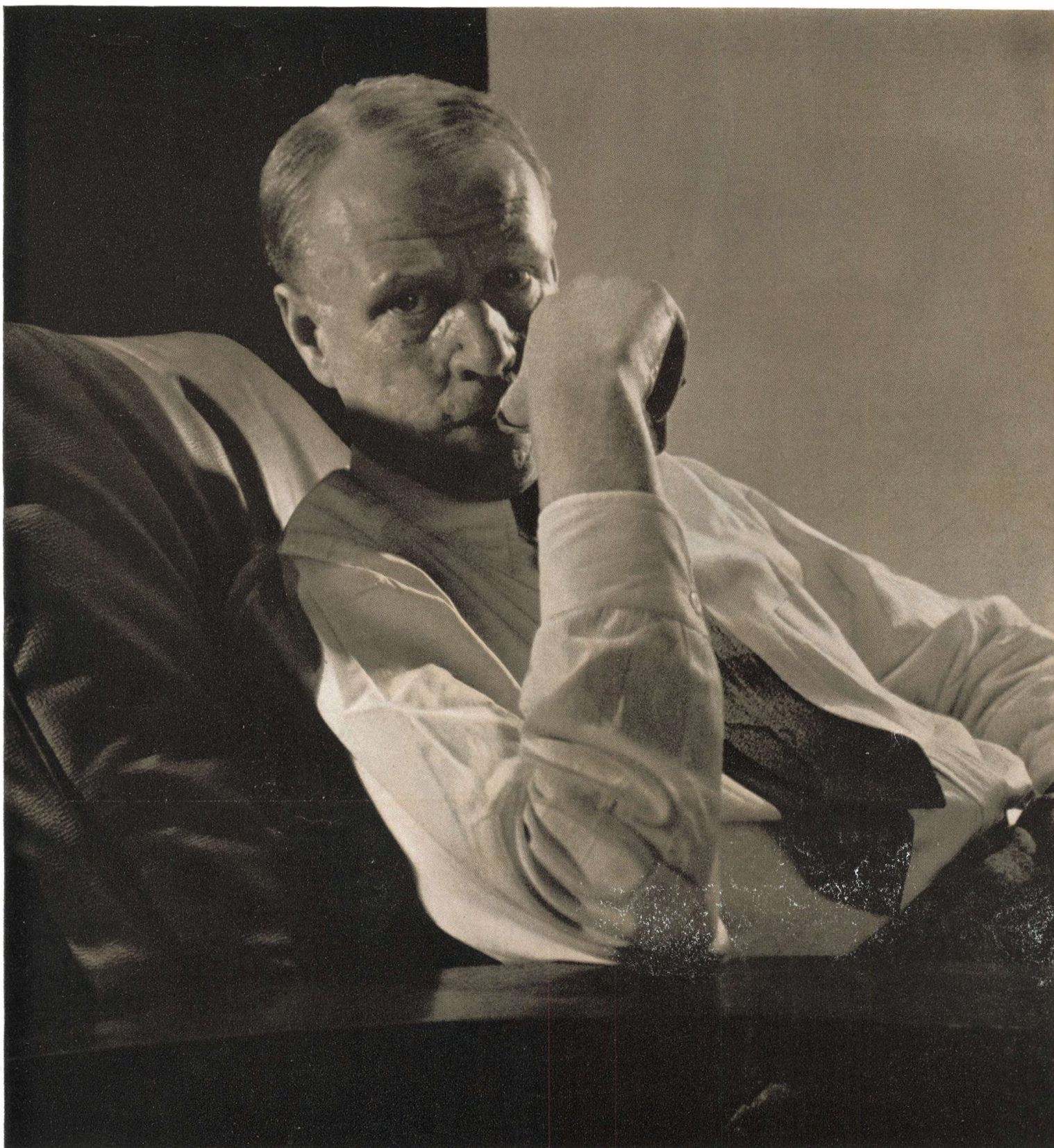
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STEIGER

▪ HARRY SINCLAIR LEWIS, satirist extraordinary to the American people, continues with *Ann Vickers*—to be published in January—his series of calculating novels on the graceless foibles of our domestic life. Yale man without benefit of Skull and Bones, reporter, publisher's reader, he rode the world in triumph with his fourth novel, *Main Street*; and throughout the 1920's, writing a series of books which stood alongside Mencken's *Mercury* explosions, he helped bring about an intellectual revolution in America. Finally came

the Nobel Prize award, and acceptance as an American classic. The author himself is as colorful and unconventional as his work: in international capitals he has become famous as *bon vivant*, mimic, and red-headed exponent of the eternally youthful "American spirit". Recently he married Dorothy Thompson, long the Berlin correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and a well-known writer on Germany. Now they live in Barnard, Vermont, and Westport, Connecticut, with jaunts to Paris and Berlin on the side

"Red" Lewis

Saga of the people's Al

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

A story in a simple manner of an East Side Democrat who was once known to millions as the Happy Warrior

■ His mother was the daughter of an Irish immigrant, and his father was a truckman on the New York water-front.

(O, sing us a song of Democracy, a song of the city streets.)

*East Side, West Side, all around the town!
The band plays ring-a-rosy, London Bridge
is falling down!*

His grandparents came out of Ireland in a clipper ship, a clipper ship with twenty-seven billowing sails, and it docked at Beekman Street. His mother was born on the corner of Dover and Water Streets, over the Dammerman's grocery store.

Apples in barrels, potatoes in barrels, and fresh vegetables in their bins. Flour in sacks, meal in sacks, and sawdust on the floor. The odours of spice, sweet cinnamon and sugar, and the warm smell of ripe bananas and purple grapes. . . .

Catherine Mulvehill was born over the Dammerman's grocery store.

His father was a boss trucker, and he stood six feet and over in his stocking feet. His father was as strong as his team together, and every day he drove to the docks, trucking from the ships that came in. He unloaded chests of tea from China, spices, cocoa, fruits from the West Indies, and coffee from Brazil. These were the things that the boss trucker loaded on his wagon, bending his great, sweaty back all day, all night, trucking by candle-light, and in the dawn that crept into the slips on the water front: into Market Slip, James Slip, Peck Slip, Rutgers Slip, and Coenties Slip. He stored his truck at night in front of the darkened warehouses by the slips, and walked beside the horses, back to the stables. On Sundays he rested, and he was very tired.

Now he had a long memory and an Irish tongue for stories. He told his stories over a glass of good beer to the Sandy Hook pilots and the dock hands. They gathered to hear them in the corner saloon, and they laughed, and paid for his beers.

Alfred Smith was a boss trucker, and at home his wife, Catherine, made hoopskirts and umbrellas to sell, and they were very poor, but they loved each other and feared God, and they were happy.

Alfred and Catherine had a son, and this was Alfred Emanuel. He was born in 1873, the year that Ulysses S. Grant was President, and that was the year after Calvin Coolidge was born, and Herbert Hoover was born the next year.

When Alfred Emanuel was ten years old he became an altar boy.

On cold winter mornings, even in the year

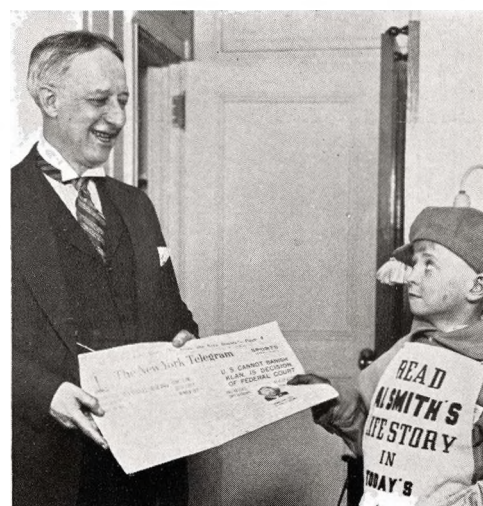


of the Great Blizzard, he got up at five o'clock in the morning, and his mother gave him a cup of coffee and a roll, and at six o'clock he was at mass, swinging the censers of God before the altar of St. James' Church.

Dominus vobiscum . . . et cum spiritu tuo . . .

He was a newsboy along the water-front when he was twelve years old. His route was Beekman Street, Fulton Street and the foot of Peck Slip.

Daily Noose, Sun, Woild, Post, Globe, Tella-gra-am, Mai-ul and Expra-us!



All his childhood was spent in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, for he lived on Dover Street by the anchorage tower of the great span. His mother often told him that many men were killed sinking that pier, and when he was thirteen years old, his father died in its shadow.

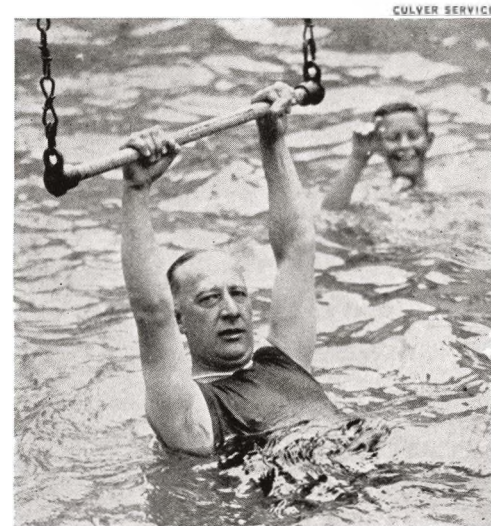
*The Brooklyn Bridge on Sunday is known
as Lover's Lane,*

*I stroll there with my sweetheart, oh, time
and time again;*

*Oh, how I love to ramble, oh, yes, it is my
pride,*

*Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with
Danny by my side.*

When the summers were hot he swam naked with the other boys in the East River. They dove in their white skins, dodging the crates



and driftwood in the swift tide of the East River that brought the clipper ships like white birds, and the scows and barges like beetles, and the angry tugs, and lazy ferries, into the harbour waters. He swung from the masts and bowsprits of the boats at the wharves, and the rigging of ocean wanderers was his gymnasium and his playground. But his fancy did not go outward with the ships, for his heart was anchored to the water-front, and he found adventure enough on the sidewalks of New York.



Sometimes friendly sailors gave him their alien pets: once he owned an African parrot that swore lustily, and a sad-faced monkey, and an Indian goat. Or, he picked up stray dogs in the slums, and brought them home, and he loved these mongrels best.

Alfred Emanuel was a newsboy, and an altar boy from Dover Street, and he lived always in that part of town which was the cradle of the growing city.

Gala days were bicycling days, when the bells tinkled and the lights twinkled on the bicycles going to Coney Island. There was roller-skating in the City Hall Park, and baseball in the back lots behind the blind warehouses, and there was sleighing and sliding in the winter, for in those times the snow was left on the streets until it melted away. Central Park was a long way off. Central Park was not for him.

And there were parades. On St. Patrick's

Day the Mulligan Guards paraded, swinging up the Bowery.

*We shouldered gun, and marched
and marched away,
From Baxter Street we marched
to Avenue A.*

And there were torchlight processions during the campaigns. He watched them from the top of a lamp-post, or the fire escape of a tenement house, and he beat time to their step as they sang:

*Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!
A con-tin-ent-al li-ar from the State of
Maine!*

And he laughed when he heard them shout "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion!"

When school closed in the afternoons, he loitered around the station house of Engine Company No. 32.

Hook and ladder, hose and hatchet, smoke and cinders, brass and bells. Ladder and axe, and shining helmet, and the mad gallop of the white horses, manes flying, hoofs thundering to the alarm. . . .

Peter Mulvehill was a fireman, and that

man was a man of weight, and the neighborhood knew them, and respected them, and Alfred Emanuel knew them all. Sitting on the stoops in the cool of the summer evening, watching the horse cars go by, and the children playing in the empty trucks, and in the gutters, and the lamp-lighter coming on his rounds: then it was:

Good evening to you, Mrs. Malone.
And how are you, Mr. Hennessy?
And Hello Al.
Hello, Al!
East Side, West Side, all around the town.

The Tammany Clubs were jolly clubs: they gave food and sacks of coal to Mrs. Malone; they gave jobs and clothing to Mr. Hennessy, and gifts to all the children at Christmas time. In the summer they took the whole neighborhood, all that would go, on outings and picnics and chowders up the river. And Al always went along, because he loved them and they loved him. They ate clam fritters and drank ale and beer on the outings, and nobody got very drunk. And when they were back in the neighborhood they did not forget



was his uncle. Alfred Emanuel wanted to be a fireman when he grew up.

Alfred Emanuel became a fish-market clerk.

Blue fish, white fish, mackerel and cod, brought to the Fulton Market by the well-laden smacks that turned out of Buttermilk Channel. . . .

He was the boy of all work in the Fulton Fish Market, and this work was hard. He got twelve dollars a week, and his sister and mother got all the fish and more that they could eat at home.

The neighborhood knew him and loved him well. In the neighborhood there were dark-eyed Italians, and the Jews who brought Zion with them, and stolid Germans, but mostly there were poor Irish. The clerk of the district court was a good fellow, and the alder-

at the polls the men who had given them the coal and the jobs and the picnics.

Alfred Emanuel grew up with the Tiger, he was the Tiger's cub, and he never felt her claws.

There was drama in him, and an urge to act. There was St. James' Parish, and the Parish had amateur theatricals, and when he was too old to be an altar boy, he acted in them. He had a long memory and an Irish tongue for stories. He had a lusty voice, a merry eye, an easy way, and great good humour. And there was nobody in the neighborhood who could dance a better jig.

One time he played in Dion Boucicault's play, *The Shaughraun*, and he was Corry Kinchilla, the villain, and the hero was played by a young fellow called James J. Walker,



and that play was well-cast and a great success. He wanted to be a real actor when he became a man.

When he was twenty-two years old he became a process server. He served summons for jury duty on all kinds of people—store-keepers, and bankers, and businessmen, and they abused him when he served them, but they remembered him long after, and recalled his Irish wit, and that they had really felt friendly to him at the time.

His sweetheart was the cousin of a policeman, and that was Katie Dunn. She lived in the Bronx. Many nights, going to where she lived from where he lived in the Fourth Ward, and back again, he went without sleep, so that he could pay her court. He wore a derby hat, and wide striped trousers, and always had a long cigar in his breast pocket when he went to call. And he saved his money to bring her flowers and boxes of candy.

At the turn of *(Continued on page 60)*





STEICHEN

Cap'n Bob

■ COMMANDER ROBERT ABRAM BARTLETT of the schooner *Effie M. Morrissey* succumbed again, last summer, to the lure of the frozen seas, and led an expedition to the tip of Greenland for the purpose of erecting a monument to Admiral Robert C. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. Son of the north, and once skipper of a sealer off his native Newfoundland coast, Cap'n Bob began making polar explorations with Peary in 1897, and later took a leading part in the successful expedition to the

Pole. Being marooned on Wrangel Island, alone but for a single Eskimo, and having to cross the ice to far-off Siberia, did not lessen his love of exploration. An authority on polar tides and animal life, he combined science with adventure. And even now, with his medals and his honours, he is still his old salty self, a blue-eyed Viking, a teller of distant tales, a full-blooded and invincible remnant of a more colorful era, and a believer in the strength and romance of a straining sheet on a running sea

Realism and Mr. Stimson

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

An account of the confused and inconsistent policy of the State Department in the questions of the Far East

■ The foreign policy of a country is not a contraption to give elderly statesmen opportunities for essay-writing nor youthful gentlemen occasions for delightful conversation over tea-cups. It is part of the vitality of a nation. It is pursued either to defend the nation's existence or to promote its rise. It is a mechanism of promotion and security. It is a weapon of both offense and defense.

The United States has produced few realists in diplomacy, surely because that field was, until the beginning of this century, a mere backwash of the great sea of domestic construction and internal politics. James Monroe, Daniel Webster and John Hay present the peaks of realism in America's international relations. Since John Hay and Philander Knox the United States has been presented with Secretaries of State who have been moved by sentimental considerations, who have glowed with satisfaction at the goodness of their causes, and who have been frightened by the realities of business and trade and money-making and the ordinary movement of life. Perhaps with the exception of Mr. Hughes, they have, on the whole, sought to run away from realities, to avoid the clayish ugliness of the mundane, to find a lofty perch somewhere in the clouds. That perch is now called "International Cooperation." William Jennings Bryan called it "moral sanctions."

The fact of the matter was in those days, as it is today, that the foreign policy of the United States was not an integral part of American life. The vast masses of American people did not deeply concern themselves with the note-writing of Mr. Bryan or Mr. Lansing. They became concerned only when Wilson began to produce his ponderous war messages, sending us into a war after he had won an election by keeping us out of it.

It is not necessary here to defend or attack specific acts. What I am trying to develop is a photograph of confused ideas, of blurred conceptions of America's rôle, of chaotic thinking among the great. Nor do I select Messrs. Bryan and Lansing, as examples, ill-advisedly: they were products of a missionary-minded psychology which has made the foreign policy of the United States such a disturbing factor in international relations.

The missionary-minded person looks heavenward, and all the world takes on the roseate hues of a lovely sunset; he looks

downward and he sees the blackest of hells. He thinks of himself and he envisages one of God's Chosen People fighting for the right as it has come to him by divine inspiration; he thinks of others and he sees mean and selfish devils, moved by self-interest—he sees scheming bad boys who play pranks and who must be chastised, if not spanked.

For this particular species of man, life is alternately a glow and a darkness, a lofty enthusiasm and a deep depression, a labor with giants and a coddling of the unfortunate. He envisages himself at one moment as a David facing Goliath, at another as a Good Samaritan among the lepers.

When such a person limits his activities to medical work in China or educational activities in Syria or pineapple-growing in Hawaii, he is often not only a useful but an invaluable citizen. But when he controls the foreign policy of this country, he is likely to upset not only our own apple-cart, but everybody else's. For no one can tell where his idealism will lead him, and no one can tell what essentials of national existence he is likely to sacrifice for his ideal.

If we accept the verdict of history we see this: Wilson, Bryan and Lansing, missionary-minded idealists, succeeded in keeping Mexico and Central America confused, in preventing those peoples from working out their own salvation and in making the "American gringo" the most hated of imperialists. Only the Great War prevented the United States from mopping up Mexico to prove the inviolability of the good. We sent men in to get Villa dead or alive and the men came out of Mexico without Villa but with every Mexican hating the United States. Then along came such hard-boiled men of affairs like Calvin Coolidge and Dwight Morrow and Mexico and the United States became pretty good friends.

■ The doctrine of moral sanctions which kept the American continents in turmoil and imperilled for American businessmen invaluable Central and South American markets, is now wholly discredited and discarded in our relations with Central and South American countries. Nevertheless, in spite of our experience with this doctrine, it has been revived by Mr. Stimson in connection with our relations with Japan.

Mr. Stimson's policy in Asia is still a personal policy. Except for a handful of Far Eastern experts, missionaries, pacifists and big-navyites, no American particularly cares about the struggle between China and Japan one way or the other. In fact, the conduct of policy is so personal that the three most important documents in the case are wholly unofficial: (1.) Mr. Stimson's letter to Senator Borah—which is after all only a *billet-doux* from one gentleman in the government to another; (2.) Mr. Stimson's address before the Council on Foreign Relations—which cannot be regarded as more effective in in-

ternational relations than a private conversation among elderly gentlemen over cigars and coffee; (3.) Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech—which is, from the standpoint of international politics, not a public document.

There is no validity under the American law in these three documents. They are in no way official or binding. The doctrines enunciated in them may be ignored or repudiated not only by Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Stimson's successors, but by these gentlemen themselves. Mr. Hoover, in fact, seriously modifies Mr. Stimson, and it may be necessary to make further revisions if the United States is to support the report of the Lytton Commission.

■ Under the American system, it is unsafe to believe either the Secretary of State or the President about foreign policy until their views have been ratified by the Senate. This sometimes does not happen; the classical example, of course, being the Peace Treaty including the Covenant of the League of Nations, invented by an American President and thrown over by the American Senate. Yet, statesmen of other countries cannot quite gamble on the Senate acting sensibly when the administration does not, nor can they count on the Secretary of State's knowing what to do when the Senate goes off half cocked. Realists who are trying to guide the affairs of their own countries must guess at possibilities, must either cajole as the British usually do or threaten as the Japanese have been doing. Or they must give it up as a bad job and take a terrific whack at the United States, as was done at the Ottawa Conference. In a word, confusion here—in the most powerful nation on earth—breeds confusion everywhere else.

Upon this scene of confused actions and motives enters the Sino-Japanese War with the United States acting as master of ceremonies. Apparently Mr. Stimson and the Japanese Foreign Office seem to have been playing a curious game of who can be the "baddest." Each time, and this can be proved chronologically, the Japanese piped down, Mr. Stimson either wrote a note or made a speech which the Japanese interpreted as a threat, although Mr. Stimson intended to state only the rights and wrongs of the case.

Once the Lytton Commission had set out for Manchuria to make its investigations and to report, all parties to the issue should have sat back and waited. Of course neither China nor Japan sat back, but we are all agreed that one or the other of them is culpable and that that is why a Commission was sent to the spot. This Commission has written a report satisfactory to no one, which is quite as it should be with Commissions and speaks well for the report.

But Mr. Stimson did not wait for the report to appear. In his speech before the Council on Foreign Relations he reiterated his "Non-Recognition Doc. (Continued on page 62)

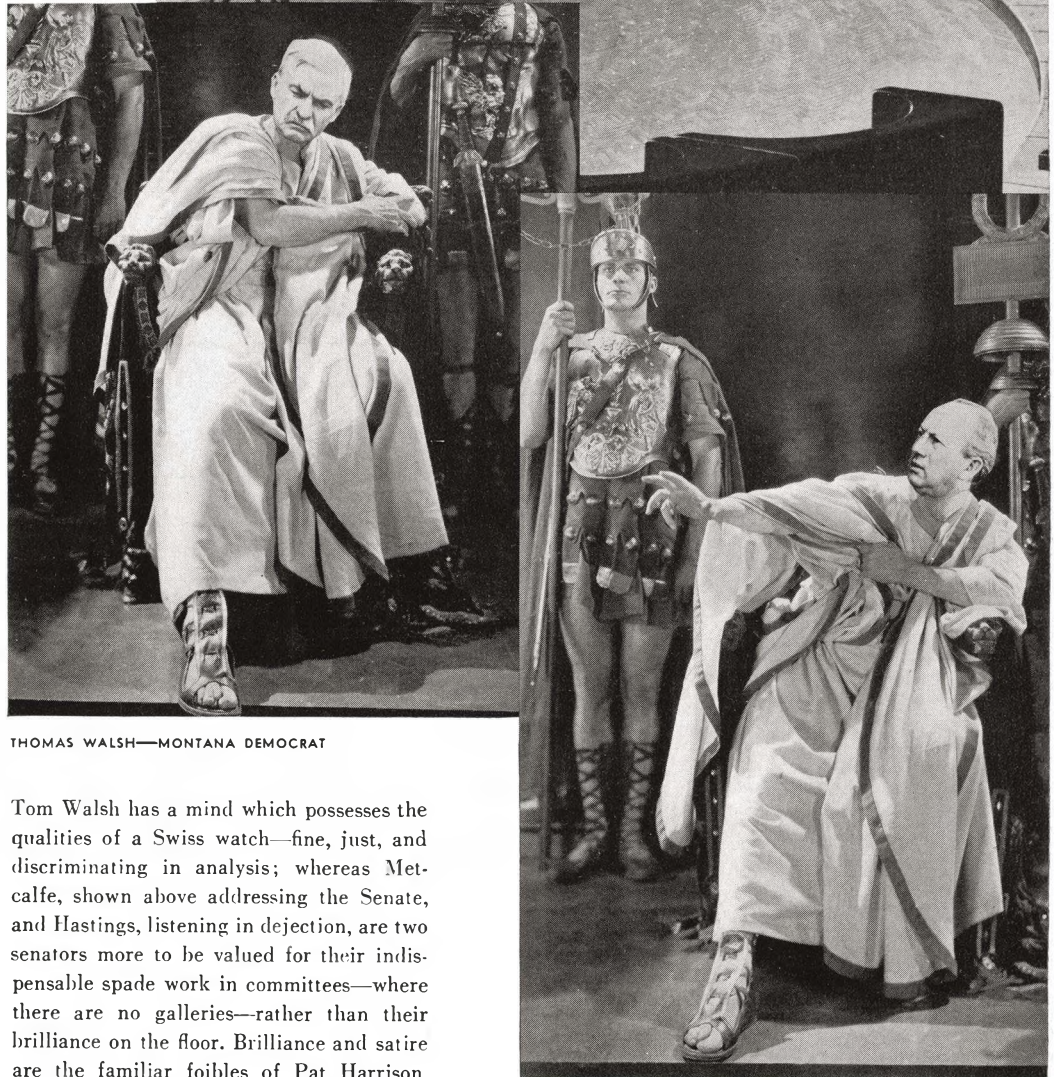
Roman purple in our Senate

■ There is a difference between ancient Rome and congressional Washington. But isn't the difference chiefly one of costume?

A hundred eloquent togas go fluttering across the Forum; and the Imperial City looks proudly upon the cloaks of its oratory and statesmanship. No togas go fluttering when the Honorable Gentlemen from Rhode Island and New Mexico file into the Senate Chamber; and we are not so proud. Vague memories from school-days make us still believe that in order to be eloquent, you must somehow or other get yourself garbed in the purple-bordered bed-sheet of Roman folds, and make a lot of rolling statements which will strike fear into the hearts of Latin pupils for the next two thousand years. But are there really no counterparts to the Ciceros and the Scipios alive today, and playing the same hoarse and magnificent game? Is Cato's *Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam* really so far removed from Senator Borah's latest deliverance on the farmer, Senator David Reed's current flagellation of the admirals, or Senator Glass's newest inspiration on the currency? Would it not, after all, be possible to make a selection of figures from the present-day American Upper Chamber who might in every way equal the vocal calibre and political astuteness of a typical round-up from the ancient and exclusive body on the Capitoline Hill?

Two-thirds of the gentlemen who stretch their constitutional limbs down the aisles of our Senate are, as Mr. Mencken and our own common sense have shown us, very dull and very mute fellows. But the other third are alive with interest and explosion. And if they exchange their herring-bone suits for the classic glory of the toga—as here depicted—they assume a true and compelling dignity. Their "interests", of course, are divergent: Uncle Joe Robinson from Arkansas would get wrought up over an entirely different set of problems than would George Norris from the neighboring Nebraska. Senator Moses' interest in Greece and Senator Swanson's affiliations with Geneva are not exactly parallel to Senator Reed's interest in Pittsburgh. But their differences are minor; the essential thing is that the men who stand enrobed and enshrined on these two pages are parliamentarians able to meet their match anywhere—in a bitter Joint Committee or a fiery Naval Conference as well as under the porticos of ancient statesmanship. Even without the trappings with which we have endowed them, they can play the game of political Toga-Toga just as well as their predecessors through all the gesticulating history of government by debate.

JESSE METCALFE—RHODE ISLAND REPUBLICAN; AND (OPPOSITE PAGE) DANIEL HASTINGS—DELAWARE REPUBLICAN



THOMAS WALSH—MONTANA DEMOCRAT

Tom Walsh has a mind which possesses the qualities of a Swiss watch—fine, just, and discriminating in analysis; whereas Metcalfe, shown above addressing the Senate, and Hastings, listening in dejection, are two senators more to be valued for their indispensable spade work in committees—where there are no galleries—rather than their brilliance on the floor. Brilliance and satire are the familiar foibles of Pat Harrison, dashing musketeer of the Democratic Army

PAT HARRISON—MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRAT

CARTER GLASS—VIRGINIA DEMOCRAT

ROBERT WAGNER—NEW YORK DEMOCRAT

Glass never fails to display rare precision of thought and word in debate and in legislation, and a true devotion to the principles of sound banking and currency. Wagner urbanely expounds the new point of view based on the social needs of urban, as distinguished from rural, populations; Glenn manages to remain logical while waxing eloquent; in Cordell Hull, justice and reason take on the quality of sweetness, and reasonableness in argument becomes an art

OTIS GLENN—ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN; CORDELL HULL; DAVID WALSH—TENNESSEE AND MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATS

CULVER SERVICE



GEORGE MOSES—N. H. REPUBLICAN

WILLIAM BORAH—IDAHO INSURGENT; CLAUDE SWANSON—VIRGINIA DEMOCRAT JOSEPH ROBINSON—ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT; DAVID REED—PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICAN

Borah possesses the Senate's most compelling voice, and the further distinction of having preserved his political independence throughout a tumultuous career of 24 years in the Senate. Swanson is master of the art of bringing disagreeing men into accord

Joe Robinson, Democratic floor leader, is famed, even among his colleagues, for the profound integrity of his mind, the dependability of his word; David Reed, many-committee-man, for his forceful expression and very dominant personality on the floor

Dave Walsh is a renowned floor debater, diligent in attending to the affairs of his state and his constituents; Moses, brilliant at Greek and ridicule, is the Senate's master of the art of taking quick and dramatic advantage of an opponent in hot debate

The Theatre • by George Jean Nathan

■ **A THINKER.**—I observe that certain of the appraisers of Mr. John Howard Lawson's dramatic efforts, while finding fault with other phases of his plays, nevertheless proclaim him a fellow of considerable cerebral puissance. His plays may not be all they should be, say these gentlemen in effect, but one can still detect in them a mind much above the general, and one inhabited by rich and fruity thoughts. Just how these assayers of mental profundity arrive at their conclusion is something of a puzzle, for all that most of the rest of us are able to discern in Mr. Lawson is an intellectual content which, measured in terms of alcoholic volume, hardly exceeds that of present-day Anheuser-Busch.

There is, of course, no reason why it should be demanded or desired of Mr. Lawson—or of any other playwright, for that matter—that he be a mastermind. The writing of sound drama does not impose upon a playwright the obligation of an herculean intellect. The prescription to the contrary is the symptom of youthful criticism that seeks to hide its own complete hollow-headedness in an indignant invocation of mental gifts in others. But that is not the point. The point, rather, is that, in the process of the invocation alluded to, the youthful hollow-headed criticism, being unable to appreciate genuine intelligence even when and should it see it, mistakes for intelligence any sufficiently impassioned and cajoling restatement of its own prejudices, however fundamentally scrimp in poise and sense. It is because Mr. Lawson engages in such restatements that the youthful criticism, along with criticism that is still going around in mental diapers for all its greater age, endorses him as a thinker.

■ In its idiotic eagerness to hail him as a very heady fellow, the same criticism does Mr. Lawson the injustice of overlooking certain other attributes that he is not without. Among these are passion, sincerity and a degree of independence. Unfortunately, however, in conjunction with the aforesaid attributes there is no noticeable gift for dramaturgy. As a playwright, he is on the same level that he is as a philosopher, which level, it need not impolitely be reindicated, is considerably below the water-line. In none of the work that he has done for the theatre has he shown any skill at playwriting. The best that he has been able to manage has been an indifferent copy of the German Expressionism. The worst has resulted in at least two plays that are as completely bad as anything that amateur playwriting has contributed to the local stage. He remains still another example of corruption and possible ruin at the hands of criticism which, in his earlier days, foolishly praised the superficial aspects of his work—thus leading him con-

tentedly astray—and failed to preserve him to himself by neglecting to point out to him his basic weaknesses as a playwright. The stage, after all, is above all else for playwrights. It is, only and long after that, the place for excursions into intellectual enterprise, passion and protest. As Mr. Lawson now stands, he amounts to very little. He does not know, apparently, the fundamentals of dramatic composition; he does not know how to elaborate character; he does not know how to achieve even his intrinsically valid effects. He is, with his heat and fire and passion, much like a great lover who hasn't got a girl.

The latest example of the Lawson craft is a play called *Success Story*. In it are all the necessary materials for a good play. But out of it comes only a disorderly, incoherent, and rather silly hackspiel.

■ **A NOTE TO PRODUCERS.**—Every now and again, as I noted in these pages last month, I am approached by one or another of our theatrical producers—one gets to know all kinds of fish in a quarter of a century of reviewing—and am, in somewhat miffed tones, exhorted to explain to the miffed gentleman “what sort of a play the damned public wants for godsakes if it doesn't want this one?” The “this one” being, plainly enough, the producer's most recent offering and, equally plainly, a financial dud. My reply, on such occasions, is invariably the same: “The particular damned public to which you refer died eight or ten years ago. Your play might conceivably have been good enough for it then. But you haven't awakened to the fact that there is a wholly new and different damned public today and that it is eight or ten times damned harder to please.” And what I do not say is that there is also a school of criticism that is eight or ten times damned harder to please, and rightly so.

There is next to no chance at all for the stuff that succeeded a decade ago to succeed in the advanced theatre of today, either with the advanced public or with the advanced reviewers. I have, as I have said, been sitting in the active critical saddle now for something like twenty-five years [*Ed. note: Now we know what's wrong with him!*] and there never has been a time when the dramatic demands of both audiences and reviewers have been so high. It is, accordingly, utterly futile for producers to hope for success with inferior goods. In the first place, the daily reviewers, much more honest and much less foolishly generous than they used to be, no longer waste space and the coincidental publicity on such goods, but promptly bury them in the shallow grave of a stick or two of curt and contemptuous comment. Nor is newspaper space any more, as in the old days,

subsequently allowed the producers and press-agents wherewith partly to exhume the corpses. Pride in the better theatre has seized both the reviewers and the newspapers and neither will have further traffic with, or make further ado of, hogwash. Thus, at the very outset, the merchant of dramatic rubbish is hamstrung. Nor is it the present-day habit of the public airily to sniff at the reviewers' conclusions and go around to see for itself. Even on the rare occasions when it does refractorily sniff and does go around to see for itself, it comes away showing unmistakable signs of complete accord.

If the producers remain still doubtful over this great change, let them reflect on what has happened to every single cheap play produced so far this season. If the reflection does not convince them, let them then reflect on what has happened even to the so-so plays that have not suffered quite so severe a critical attack. The public has dismissed the latter almost as quickly as the former. Thus, *Domino*, *Here Today*, *Lilly Turner* and the like have lingered not so very much longer than *The Budget*, *Triplets*, *Bidding High* and other such disasters.

We have some theatrically educated, intelligent and able producers. These are the ones who appreciate which way the wind has blown and who succeed with both public and reviewers. But we have (*Continued on page 60*)

LILLIAN GISH

■ Among the significant and potentially historic figures of our dramatic times, Lillian Gish occupies a particularly luminous place. The *literati* have burdened her with ethereal apostrophes: she has been likened to Duse, to Helen of Troy, to an angel, and to a “frightened chrysanthemum”. She has been in pictures ever since she was a fragile wisp of a girl, and she has remained the symbol of delicacy and passive tenderness ever since the days of *Broken Blossoms*, down the years through *The White Sister* and *Orphans of the Storm* to the present day. Now she is back again on the legitimate stage, exquisitely moribund as *Camille*, her first play since her great success of two years ago, in *Uncle Vanya*. Miss Gish is being further canonized by a new biography, *Life and Lillian Gish*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, and by a revival of one of the first Gish opera extant, an ancient Biograph film, entitled *A Northwoods Romance*, which is being shown as a part of that acid revue, *Americana*



STEICHEN

Miss Lillian Gish



BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

■ I know it does little good to find fault with the way this universe of ours is run. But it does seem a pity to me that we cannot live to be a hundred. It would give us a chance to judge the affairs of men from a more or less balanced point of view, whereas now we are obliged to get our perspective by proxy.

We are forever bothered by the conviction that the time at our disposal is much too short, that we have not been able to gather enough data upon which to base any sort of a general law in connection with mere human existence, and that we shall have to depart for our unknown destination about as wise as when we first delighted our parents with a feeble cry for food and comfort.

I suppose that that is one of the reasons why the human race struggles so tenaciously to hold on to its fairy stories. Without those charming fables it could never muster up sufficient courage to go on with the show.

I realize that I am writing this in the middle of the great Era of Science which was to set all of us free, with its myriad miracles and its glorious conquest of time and space and energy. I also realize that the further we penetrate into that region of the Truth as Revealed according to the Tables of Multiplication, the more hopeless the general outlook upon life, the more widespread the feeling of despair and lassitude which is rapidly overtaking vast multitudes of our contemporaries. Indeed, when I hear all the smart wise-cracks of my neighbors about "what this world needs is a good five-cent nickel" or "a good five-cent congressman," I feel more and more inclined to answer, "What this world needs is a good, soul-satisfying Fairy Story."

■ One thing these fifty years among the human race have taught me is this: that man can live without bread and without butter and without jam, but that he cannot live without his fairy stories. If you want further proof of this, look at the funny little red-garbed derelicts who stand at the corners of our streets and ask you for "alms for the sake of mercy" during the present Yuletide season. Officially they are the accredited representatives of diverse charitable organizations. Unofficially they are the living proof of what I have just said. They are the relics of an old, a very old Fairy Story. They are the direct descendants of one of the oldest Fairy Stories connected with our own species of the so-called Indo-European race. They

Santa Claus—that little red man

have survived empires and kingdoms and they ante-date the Papacy by several thousand years. They jingle little bells for fifty cents a day, and at night retire to some obscure lodging-house, the poorest among the poor, victims of the great and beneficent age of science. But they are first cousins to the mightiest of all Germanic gods and to one of the best beloved among the ancient saints. As such we should respect them and give them a little more than we intended to do.

I first met the good old Bishop of Myra when I was about four years old, on the fifth of December. He had visited me regularly once a year ever since I was born, but when I was four, I saw him face to face. He rode over the roof of our house and I heard the clattering of the horse's hoofs. Also in the morning the straw which I had placed in my shoes in front of the open fire was gone. The good Saint had sent his black man



Friday down the chimney to get that straw. And in return for my kindness (one good deed deserves another) he had left me those presents which, duly enumerated, had been mentioned to him in a letter addressed to his somewhat vague whereabouts in the Kingdom of Spain.

Reader, tell me not that all this was not true for I would refuse to believe you. It is a long time since I watched the wintry sky of my native village in Holland to get a glimpse of the white-bearded old gentleman as he leisurely trotted across the roofs of the neighbors' houses. Now the fifth of December here in the land of my adoption means nothing but just another day. Nevertheless when the fifth of December comes, so does the Saint. I may be the only man in New York to see and hear him. But I know that he is there. He no longer brings me any presents; but how can I fill my shoes with hay in this city, and how can I leave both shoes and hay in front of an open fire-place in a Manhattan flat?

Once, a very short time after the war, I was having my shoes shined by an amiable old Italian, and I said that it was nice that the war was over and now there would not be any more fighting, for Germany was beaten and we could breathe freely once more. But the old Italian shook his head and said no,

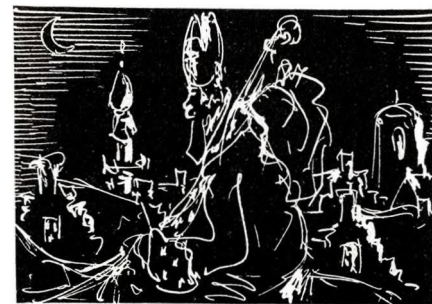
and he told me that I did not know what I was talking about, for although Germany was beaten she was not really beaten, for she had put four billion dollars in gold on an island somewhere in the North Sea, and that island went to the bottom of the ocean whenever anybody came near it, and it was guarded day and night by an old man with a white moustache and when nobody was paying any attention, that island would come to the surface and the Germans would take their four billion in gold and conquer the world.

Could anything have been more marvelous than this jumble of history, fairy stories and just plain nonsense? Try and figure out for yourself what queer and hazy and half-forgotten and badly remembered recollections lay huddled together in the brain of that old boot-black man. The Kyffhäuser Mountain of Frederick Barbarossa had been changed into Heligoland. Barbarossa himself had assumed the shape of Bismarck. The tower of the fortress of Spandau where the golden millions of the French indemnity of 1871 had rested for such a long time had become the countless billions of which the Allies were then talking. But most mysterious of all, the old island of Saint Brandan off the African coast, the horror of all mediaeval mariners because it had the uncanny habit of slipping towards the bottom of the ocean whenever a ship came near, had got itself so hopelessly involved with Heligoland and the Kyffhäuser that the three had become one and that only an experienced folk-lorist could detect their highly different origins.

■ "But this fellow," you may well argue,

"was just an exception. Perhaps he read fairy stories and history in his hours of leisure. Perhaps he was not very bright." I knew him rather well. He was of average intelligence and never read anything except his own Italian paper. But sagas are like weeds. They will flourish even under the most uncomfortable of circumstances—as I hope to prove to you now, by submitting our little red Santa Clauses to a short examination.

That Wotan, the mightiest of the ancient Teutonic Gods, should have survived the onslaughts of Christianity is nothing out of the ordinary. The greater number of the old



Gods survived in one way or another, as any historian will tell you. That I was really looking for Wotan when I was trying to catch a glimpse of Saint Nicholas is such a self-evident fact that it needs no elaboration. The long bearded Valhallian with his white horse had merely donned Christian garb, as Christ himself had adopted the halo of the Sun-God Apollo before he could begin his triumphant march through the Hellenistic world.

■ It has been said, and truthfully, methinks, that no race can ever be entirely defeated on its own soil, and the same holds true of gods and Fairy Stories. No power is sufficiently strong to eradicate them unless it kills absolutely every man, woman and child who was ever exposed to the nursery-tale. Even then there have been cases where the fable proved mightier than the sword. Our own Santa Claus is proof of this.

First, a few words about the original Saint Nicholas of history. Historically speaking, he is as vague a figure as Zeus or Minerva. Both the Romans and the Greeks of the early Middle Ages worshipped him as a former Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor. When that Bishop had lived was highly problematic. The date of his birth was the sixth of December and it was said that he had been present at the Council of Nicea which was held in 325. This therefore allows us to guess that the good Saint (if he had really existed) must have been born sometime during the second half of the third century.

But this, of course, interested nobody. Chronology was an unknown science among the earliest Christians. They gave the date of the birth of Christ four years too late, and spent four centuries debating whether he was born on the twenty-fifth of December or on the twentieth of April, the twentieth of May, the twenty-eighth of March, or the sixth of January. The struggle between the adherents of the twenty-fifth of December, and those who clung to the sixth of January (the same day as that on which the marriage in Cana took place) gave rise to severe and bloody conflicts which lasted for several generations, until in the end—chiefly under the influence of the newly converted inhabitants of northern Europe, who celebrated the twenty-



DECORATIONS BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

fifth of December as their own new year—that date was selected as the “official” birthday of the Christ.

This, merely in passing. The point I wish to make is that the vast majority of the people are little affected by what we are pleased to call “scientific historical evidence.” They loved the good old Bishop of Myra and intended to go on loving him, and they were willing to slaughter all those who doubted the authentic details of his unauthentic life, and that was all there was to it.

But even these authentic details were meagre. On all the old pictures of the good Saint we see him with three small boys. Those three children had been rich boys, murdered by a rapacious hotel-keeper, cut up into pieces and hidden in barrels of brine, but brought back to life by the Saint who had known all the time what this inn-keeper was up to. Other pictures show him with three girls. They were the daughters of a poor Lycian peasant who was unable to provide them with dowries and therefore intended to make them business associates of Mrs. Warren, *née* Shaw. But the Saint had secretly provided them with three purses filled with golden doubloons, and they had been saved from a fate that was worse than a fate that was worse than that, for which reason it became a good and holy fashion to send your friends mysterious packages on the birthday of the Saint, on the sixth of December, and never thereafter reveal that you were the generous donor.

And now this is what interests me most. With the coming of the Reformation, all the saints were banished from the Low Countries along the banks of the North Sea; but this one particular saint could not be budged. All the edicts of the Synods and the Estates of the Dutch Republic of the sixteenth century were of no more avail than the act of Parliament of 1644 which forbade the celebration of Christmas, calling it a survival of the days of heathenish ignorance. The reason was plain



enough. By that time the Lycian Bishop had become so completely identified with Wotan that he had become part and parcel of the natural landscape of the great North European Plain. He looked like Wotan, he dressed like Wotan, he behaved like Wotan. Except that he was infinitely more generous and in the most agreeable of all possible ways—he was generous without making a fuss about it, for to give some one a present on the day of Saint Nicholas without strictly hiding the identity of the donor was quite as much against the strict etiquette of the occasion as it would be to send a lady a flower for Christmas without attaching a card.

■ Another strange detail: Saint Nicholas was no longer a native of Asia Minor, but he lived “somewhere in Spain.” I suppose that during the eight years’ struggle for liberty, when everything Catholic was spoken of as something “Spanish”, the old gentleman also changed his address. But he did not care, and he remained as vigorous as ever. Nor does he seem to have worried greatly when his birthday was transferred from the sixth of December to the fifth. That was the result of ordinary, everyday snobbishness. The common people celebrated St. Nicholas during the day-time of the sixth. So the rich began to hold their celebrations (Continued on page 58)



Jeanne Eagels
as "Sadie Thompson"

Painting by
Guy Pène du Bois

American Artists'
Series. No. 9

This striking and characteristic portrait by Guy du Bois, the American artist, was painted during the phenomenal run of *Rain*, the Somerset Maugham play that gave the late Miss Eagels such vivid and lasting fame. The painting, which has lately been acquired by the Whitney Museum of American Art, is the ninth canvas to be reproduced in *Vanity Fair's* series of living American masters. The portfolio already includes works by such painters as Georgia O'Keeffe, Maurice Sterne, Edward Hopper, Eugene Speicher, George Luks, Emil Ganso, Leon Kroll and W. J. Glackens. Mr. du Bois, though still in his forties, has already achieved an enviable reputation in America and France, both as a painter and a critic of art

Philadelphia—faithful to the Crown

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

A glimpse of the elegance and the insular comforts that make life agreeable in the Quaker metropolis

■ Philadelphia is not only the capital of the social world it controls, but, with its outlying properties, that entire world. It has been, ever since the Revolutionary War, definitely a British city; this is so true that, rather than provincial, Philadelphia has remained insular. A Quaker and frugal spirit informed it at first; but it was immediately so prosperous, so obviously a city of weight, the frugality was soon turned into the most comfortable living conceivable. There are large misconceptions about the Quaker spirit—it once wore scarlet coats with silver buttons and ruffles, broad silver buckles. The plainness that became its most striking characteristic developed afterward. In Quaker Philadelphia, when it was occupied by Lord Howe's officers, there were fiddlers and wine and discreet dancing. The ladies, as well, wore elaborate and handsome, costly clothes. The cotillions and the Assembly, as everyone knows, were famous.

Anyhow, Philadelphia then became definitely English in its sympathies and social forms. It repudiated the doubtful and ragged, Continental rebels against King George III existing with less than frugality at Valley Forge. It became, too—an admirable consummation—elegant. The Assembly, its genealogy, grew to be fixed and rigid quantities. That early city was tranquil and lovely; it had, in fine red brick and white stone, an architectural dignity, a unity of simple appropriate forms, and, in the long summer, a deep gracious canopy of leaves. The streets were peaceful with a deliberate sufficient movement of coaches, gigs, and citizens on foot. All polite entertainment, practically, took place in wide drawing-rooms with severe white paneling, dark mahogany, reflected on the waxed floors.

Philadelphia, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, was a place of elegance and, already, of tradition. It was, so soon, insular on the Continent of North America, the narrow eastern strip of what constituted the United States. It led, then, in shipping, literary and philosophical and scientific learning, political importance, gold, and the social graces. That, in a universe now so entirely lost, was the height of its weight and fame. Philadelphia, triumphantly British in a new and different world, was not sensitive to change, to the people and vast lands beyond the Appalachian mountains. It lost, one by one, its supremacies; its importance departed; but Philadelphia managed to retain, even with

an increasing conviction, the sense of superiority. When learning and shipping and science moved away from it, to Boston and New York and San Francisco and Norfolk, Philadelphia did not look upon itself as bereaved, but showed plainly its opinion that science and shipping, learning, were fools. It kept every aspect of its social consciousness.

That, for a long while, was successful, entirely satisfactory to Philadelphia. It imposed the belief, the possible fact, of its social preeminence on a large part of the public mind. This was accomplished largely by the honesty of its own conviction: Philadelphia regarded the societies of other American cities with a cold, at the best a patronizing, eye. A cold eye was one of its most famous and invaluable qualities. Up to a point such an attitude was not only justified, it was positively, in a narrow sense, high-minded. It was, as nearly as that state could be accomplished divided by an ocean, a revolution in life, from its beginnings, aristocratic. What happened, an invidious fatality, to Philadelphia, was the whole collapse of aristocratic ideas and ideals.

■ What, of course, killed aristocracy, was the sudden dramatic discovery of its unbearable stupidity. Its social dullness. That, more than any economic, moral or spiritual cause, brought it socially to an end. It happened first, obviously, in Europe. The aristocracy was weary of its life, themselves, and of each other. Austria, at the head of formal existence in an absolute sense, went into an irrecoverable decline. The English House of Lords—the foundation of Philadelphia's pride—sank from feebleness to impotence. The basic principle of an aristocracy, landed gentlemen valorously concerned with the honor, the support and justice, of their lands, became no more than a burden. The sense of responsibility was extinguished by the increasing easy opportunities for pleasure.

These premonitions of calamity Philadelphia, with its cold self-absorbed gaze, failed to observe. Aristocratic ideas, in their most traditional and inelastic form, continued to dominate a quiet, a Quaker and British, formality. The dullness settled upon it in a dead and conventional dust. In the world at large social smartness—an objectionable but exact term—took the place of aristocracy. Smartness demanded, rather than beauty and the sanctions of the past, an endless gayety, pleasure without any attention to its means or cost. The extreme luxury not of comfort but of amusement. The celebrated country houses of England, unlike the staid brownstone dwellings of Philadelphia, were filled with an irresponsible and extravagant life that, in reality, was a protest, a rebellion, against a late boredom. Poets and jockeys, ballet girls and scientists—all the world inferior to an aristocratic society—were admitted to historic halls and parks for the purposes of variety and entertainment. Young-

er, and the eldest, sons in the peerage married gayety girls and Americans.

The adoption, the importance, of smartness in the United States, in any democracy, was inevitable—it gave a new distinction to everyone whose money and personality made that possible. The old power of family, the pride and influence of the past, had expired in almost no time at all. This transmutation was, eventually, apparent even to Philadelphia. The aristocratic consciousness still remained aloof, disdaining it; but a younger Philadelphia, the Quaker characteristics scarcely surviving, was swept into the fresh vitality of existence.

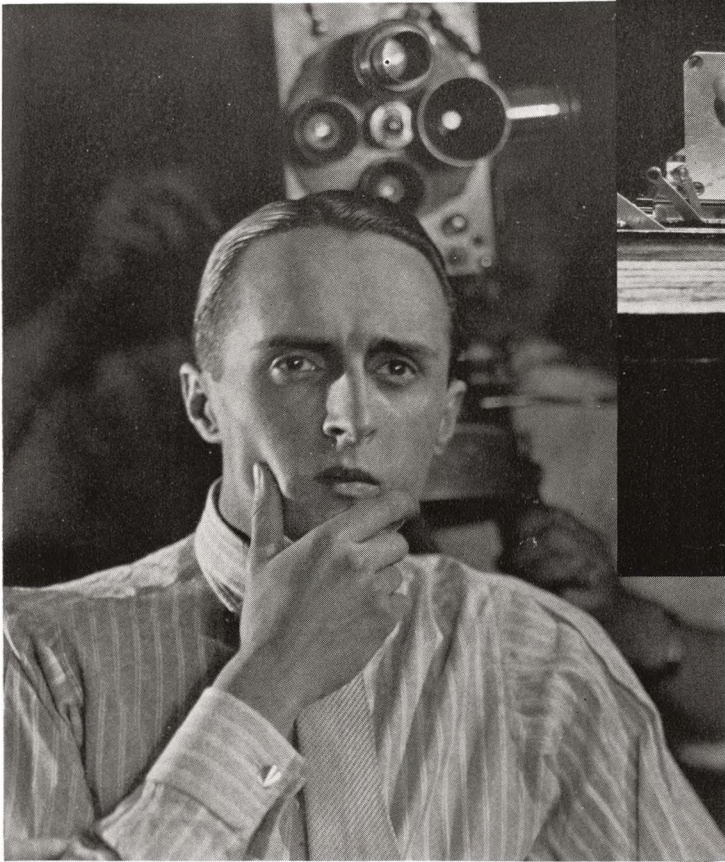
At that time, in the principal cities of the eastern United States, men of consequence were moving increasingly to the country. An urban surrounding of lawns and paved roads and elaborate practical comforts close to the markets, the resources, of cities. Immense houses of marble were built outside Philadelphia; there were, a little later, long stables and paddocks, private race tracks and, later still, pools and luxurious tennis houses, tennis courts under towering structures of glass. The surroundings of Philadelphia, in certain exclusive directions, were more famous, finer, than those of any other city in America. That, however, requiring great sums of money, was still a society of older, comparatively settled, men and women. It was, more than not, sedate.

The young, in turn, broke away from that. They constructed a more vivid life in country clubs. Fox hunting around Philadelphia, steeple chases over private courses and point to point races in autumn, took an impressive place in the social calendar. Then the war in Europe, destroying a civilization, cast the edge of its economic shadow over Philadelphia. The great houses, it was discovered, were an insuperable burden. The question of servants in troops began to grow acute. Estates on the old magnificent scale became notable for rarity rather than for numbers.

Aristocracy in Philadelphia, through all this, came rapidly to an obscure and unattended finish. Each death in its closed circle finally diminished its select and antiquated body. Smartness, however, survived even the great war. But it had still, for Philadelphia, an especial, an insular, quality. It was a more exclusive smartness, and less obvious, its members were persuaded, than, for example, fashionable habit in New York. Women in New York, Philadelphia felt, universally were too brightly and conspicuously dressed, too original, on the street.

Together with this, however, a new social existence grew up with the extravagant financial successes following the European war. The houses that, now, filled the countryside near Philadelphia were less imposing than the mansions of the late past, but they were more prodigal: the life they saw—insubstantial as the febrile existence of an insect created for a day in (*Continued on page 66*)

HUEÑÉ



RENÉ CLAIR—PARIS



G. W. PABST—BERLIN

CUNNINGHAM



ERNST LUBITSCH—HOLLYWOOD

TISEE



SERGE EISENSTEIN—MOSCOW

Toward a new art

RENÉ CLAIR is one of the few motion picture directors whose adult and civilized influence is gradually beginning to leaven the soggy lump which has hitherto been the cinema industry. The Gallic imprints of his shadow-satires—the last, *À Nous la Liberté*—are gleefully traced on recent Hollywood carbons

SERGE EISENSTEIN is the smouldering Soviet giant who stormed into California, refused to compromise one whit his directorial integrity, and departed angrily for Mexico, there to produce what is said to be the finest picture ever made, *Que Viva Mejico!* Faint rumblings of his lusty disdain still echo here

G. W. PABST also shines burning-bright amid the bitter paucity of intelligent film-moulders. His use of the cinema as a social organ, and of the camera as a sensitive instrument for plastic pictorial art, is beginning to reap the rich fruit of imitation. Soon he will produce *Don Quijote*, with Chaliapin starred

ERNST LUBITSCH, although a German director, is now claimed by America. His gay and cynic touch, his dramatic use of detail, have reconditioned many an otherwise anemic script and saved it from the shelf—until at one time the studio wise-crack of the hour was always, "For God's sake, send for Lubitsch!"

So many doomsdays

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

■ Again—this time on October tenth—the world failed to come to an end. The predictions of Robert Reidt, official prophet of doom, were once more inaccurate. The cataclysmic event has not—up to the time of this writing—taken place. But of course we have no assurance that it may not occur, even before the bottom of this page is reached.

■ In our northern nations, a great tradition of deathly prophecy has developed; and now, in a day of especial doubt and frequent despair, the tradition flourishes as never before. It is not just the Adventists, the Hamilton Fishes, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the more morbid versions of Evangeline Adams who have current visions of the specter of ghastly doom. No, the tradition has taken hold of critics and philosophers, who, in mounting numbers, busy themselves with writing up their particular brand of ruin. The one assumption common to all is that ruin is just around the corner; as to which corner that may be, the prophets wildly disagree. Some see ruin as coming from the Fifth Avenue of capitalism; others, from the Union Square of Communism; to some it comes from the Broadway of decadent pleasure, and to others from the 168th-Street-hospital-block of medical need, of pathology, of artificial means to prolong our tired life.

Not only do the corners around which ruin is supposed to come differ widely; the methods of describing them do the same. On one hand you get the terrific volumes of Oswald Spengler (champion doomster of the ages); and on another the wild and woolly diatribes written by sub-editors of revolutionary weeklies. On one side you get the scientist-philosophers broadcasting their doleful message to a listening (and collapsing) cosmos; on the other you get the Gabriels of Grand Street, whose trumpeting is loud in the studios of their cronies, but who remain, to the rest of the world, mute and inglorious.

■ Death and damnation, you know, are terrors particular to the North. Doom is a horror native to our Gothic mind. The southern peoples never took these things very seriously. The Lower World and all the other furniture of classical post-mortems—these were little more than unusual and depressing features of a formal landscape. And even when Christianity brought in Purgatory and Hell, these dour appurtenances never attained their full ghoulish glory until they had been transported northward across the Alps. The world of Valhalla and of pre-Wagnerian thunderings immediately dramatized these visions for all they were worth. To the people of the south, the devil was a conveniently remote and rather ludicrous old satyr, hopping around in a bath of sparks and brimstone; but to the northerner—and espe-

cially to our early New Englander—the devil came closer and closer until, horrible in stature, he stood entrenched in every hayrick, and hid himself in every guest bed-room.

And so we got our Doom. We feared it so much that we thought about it all the time. Now we have begun to fall in love with it. How, indeed, would a serious monthly magazine survive if it did not print regular prophecies on the downfall of western culture? And how would the book trade proceed if it did not pour forth a continuous stream of deathly Revelation, ably indexed and well bound? The half-serious and favorite old theme, "The world is going to the dogs, you know," has given way to literary barrages with such blazing titles as *Breakdown: The Collapse of Traditional Civilization*. The old symposium habit, made a vehicle of benign optimism during the 'twenties, now becomes a means to broadcast the galloping damnations of a troop of contributors over an awed America. There's a volume just out under the uncomfortable name of *Our Neurotic Age*, in which a dozen intellectual giants discover that everything we do is pretty absurd, that we are a lot of morons, that most people are either diseased or crooks, and that there isn't any hope.

Abler propheteers of doom are the editors of the new magazine *Americana*, already famous for its savage cartooning. They state their editorial platform: "We are Americans who believe that our civilization exudes a miasmatic stench and that we had better prepare to give it a decent but rapid burial. We are the laughing morticians of the present." Shades of Wesley, Calvin, Savonarola, John Huss, Saints Peter and Paul—here's ecstasy for you!

■ But the apostles of wreck, wrack, and ruin are of a hundred gradations of severity: some sigh and wail, others boil and blister. If we are to try to find out something about their startling brand of mind, we ought to classify them. Perhaps they fall into four progressive divisions. First are the Prophets of Amiable Decay. A step further on in melancholy are the Prophets of Sad Decline. Further along in the domain of solemn preaching are the Prophets of Hopeless Collapse. And at the extreme left wing of prophecy are the Prophets of Immediate Smash. All of them, it is to be understood, have their private appointments with destiny. So many doomsdays!

The Amiable Decay men are, at least, themselves amiable fellows: they do not take themselves very seriously. They are the Norman Douglases (*Goodbye to Western Civilization*) and all the others who see modern life as a cramped degeneracy, overworked, crowded, unæsthetic, sexless, in no way equal to the gusto and freedom of days long ago. They are a sentimental lot, eminently worth

A line-up of the prophets who try to sell us a dozen kinds of doom, each variety more gruesome than the one before

reading or listening to. Anatole France bewept the passing of the pagan world, as our Benjamin DeCasseres beweeps the passing of Rabelais. All, of course, in America beweep the passing of beer. They are the constant worshippers of "the good old days". Most of them think that the good old days were those before Prohibition. But before Prohibition they (under James Huneker's leadership) thought the good old days were those of Paris in the middle of the century. And in Paris at the middle of the century, the good old days were thought to be those of the Middle Ages, or of Africa when unexplored, or of anything that was romantic and daring and therefore far gone. The reason, according to these gentry, why the present is decaying is a simple one: it is not like the past. What charming sentiments! And what graceful dinner-table conversation!

■ But when we meet the Sad Decline men we step on to more serious ground. These are the philosophers of pain. These are the Spenglers, scholarly, still urbane, but absolutely convinced that our civilization has concluded its period of blossom and must, like any flower or any man, wither and die. To prove their assertion, they bring out vast collections of historical fact, showing all manner of comparisons. Their devotion is not to a sentimental past, but to a great philosophical Fate. Needless to say, they are almost always Germans.

The Hopeless Collapse crowd are more intense. Doom isn't a matter of logic with them: they are not even joyful about it. But they have developed a high lingo of damnation. They have discovered Futility—and that discovery is the only thing they regard as not being futile. It lends itself especially well to poetry. Young Harvard men eat it up. Some flee to Tahiti, and try to get away from it all. Other collapsists stick it out in our midst, and are Difficult. Like the *Americana* editors, they all know that we are all goners.

But give them some sort of enthusiasm for the current vogue of revolution, and they turn from Hopeless Collapse morticians into Immediate Smashmen. They are likely to become American Marxians, utterly unable to see anything in this country except the spectacle of upper and lower classes which are fighting each other to the death. Their ceaseless visions of gory strife have naturally made them a bit morbid, and very hard to talk to. In fact, they are impossible to talk to. They see a surging American proletariat, and know that in a couple of months (*Continued on page 67*)

Canal Zone

BY PAUL MORAND

An air voyage to Panama, Central America's paradox, where a tropic civilization elbows that of the U. S. A.

■ The entire bay of Panama stretches out before me, dotted with green islands that look like parrots: Pearl Island, Flamenco, Perico, Naos, Cubeba, then the fortified islands that protect the Canal, then the old Spanish fortifications, hidden beneath the ferns. I am flying a thousand feet above the Canal. From my observation post, well sheltered from the showers, I see the Miraflores Lake, the different levels of water, and the trench in the forest; asphalt roads surround it with a black festoon; the Darien wireless station raises its antennae above the bread-trees and the banana-trees. The cargo boats of Honduras, full of green bananas, the white United Fruit boats, the various *Santas* from South America, the *Presidents* of the Dollar Line, the English liners from Australia, the French steamers from Tahiti, some loaded with mother-of-pearl, others with wheat, and still others with pelts, or Chilean or Argentine minerals, are lined up along this opening made with dynamite in the earth's red flesh.

■ Suddenly the Atlantic appears before me; I can see the two oceans simultaneously; my glance takes in the entire Isthmus, its slender outline, its wasp waist, its strange framework, its breakable stem. In the artificial lakes, fields inundated by the sea, the salt has killed the trees, upon which cormorants are perched, like the harpies in the *Inferno*; these black, twisted, dead trees seem, like those of Dante, "not to bear fruit on their poisoned branches." Here is the Gatun Lock; the sky is so full of planes that one-way streets have been established above the Canal. Now we reach Cristobal, Canal Zone.

The frontier between the U. S. A. and the Republic of Panama is indeed that abstract line, that "imaginary line" peculiar to modern frontiers. It is no more visible than that which separates Monaco from France: a white line painted on the asphalt—that is all. In Cristobal, water is the drink, but in Colon, thirty yards further, are the largest bars in the world. I once wrote in a book that the largest bar in the world was that of the Jockey Club, in Buenos Aires. Shanghai immediately protested. I had to bow to the evidence. The bar of the Shanghai Club, one hundred and fifty feet long, with its five hundred drinkers, is the largest on the face of the globe. However, the bars of Colon, by reason of their number, the diversity of their bottles—each containing its own demon and climate—form

a sheet of alcohol, a deposit of spirits, which is far from being exhausted. I counted sixteen brands of whiskey, thirty-two of brandy, fourteen of rum, and one hundred thirty-eight varieties of cocktails.

Neither Bermuda nor Havana can compete with this array of bottles, alcohols compressed by cold, which dilate to breaking-point in the heat of the body, concentrated happiness, the caress of the tropics. Coolers, cups, creamy egg-nogs, flips without milk, in which only the yoke of the egg is visible, tonic fizzes, late Victorian juleps and cobblers, Brazilian *chartreuse* mixtures with fresh powdered chocolate, Caribbean mixtures of pineapple juice and white rum—that is what one finds on the other side of the border, facing the land of White Rock. In spite of so many attractions these rare alcoholic symphonies do not draw great crowds. Colon is no longer the town of the heroic age, when revolvers went off by themselves, when payments were made with Californian gold dust. Nowadays, fights rarely occur, save in the movies, those repositories of old legends.

■ In Balboa and Cristobal, despite the typewriters rusted by the humidity, the envelopes which stick to one's fingers, and the notepaper soaking with water, everybody perspires and expedites the mails. The Panamans, in order to show that they, too, are working, have pulled up their sleeves. However, the stifling moisture of the tropics will finally triumph over the activity of man; the horses of the cavalry brigade look without appetite at their oats and sigh for Kentucky; the tourists mop their brows as they loll in coaches, ancient, secular vehicles, worthy of Don Quixote, covered with hoods of dirty white linen. The Canal employees are tired, and so are the officers' children, with dark circles under their eyes and anemic complexions, who are roller-skating on the asphalt in front of the bungalows decorated with hibiscus.

At the Washington Hotel, in a framework of cocoa-trees and pink pepper-plants, languid New York women, with bare legs and supple bodies under their light foulard dresses, watch the admirals' daughters, who all look like Marlene Dietrich, diving into the luke-warm swimming pool, beneath the jaws of the double cannons of Fort Randolph. Americano tourists in pongee and palm beach suits struggle, with the help of huge pieces of ice, against the prevailing dreariness and decomposition. The swimming pool of the Washington Hotel is the world rendezvous of everything that wanders on the earth, of everyone who goes anywhere to buy or sell anything; one of those platforms of the globe, one of the waiting-rooms of the planet: missionaries, unaccompanied ladies, expatriates, sheepfarmers, spies, Russian princesses, tennis champions, pianists and reporters. Nowadays, when all the nations have retired to their own homes, Panama is, with Geneva, Shanghai and Singapore, one of the few places where world conversation still goes on, where in-

terests, pleasures, friendships and intrigues cross each other. Later one dines beneath electric lights surrounded by mosquitoes and moths, and passengers from the big liners, with a night ashore, watch some ball of the Elks or the Rotarians, who sweat fox-trots. One can also dine very well at the establishment of a French convict, who escaped from Guiana, a former murderer who has become a pork-butcher, or in the Chinese cafeterias and chop suey restaurants, where foregather the pilots from Panagra and the health commissioners whose wives have gone to Atlantic City for the summer.

In the streets of Colon, behind the Hindu shops which are to be found at every crossroads of the world, where Manila shawls and Panama hats are sold, lives a largely African population, and also a tropical melting-pot of Italians, Syrians, Arabs, Russians and Chinese laundrymen. They all wear Panama hats, although this headgear is not made on the Isthmus, but at Santa Elena, in Ecuador. Have you ever noticed that when a product is named after a country, it is always manufactured in a different country? Thus, in Siam I have never seen a Siamese cat—they come from Burma; there are no Angora cats in Angora—they come from Persia; there are no Great Danes in Denmark—they come from German Schleswig; and so on. The happiest inhabitants of Colon are, of course, the Negroes, who, in their three-storied houses with wooden balconies, get up about six in the evening, after the siesta. For a long time they titivate themselves and look at themselves in mirrors, preparatory to going out. Having tried to run a comb through their woolly hair, they give up the struggle, stretch themselves, and collapse exhausted in their wooden armchairs, which are attached to the ceiling by chains.

■ How it rains in Panama City! The water pours on the tall, regal palm trees, washes the sodden walls. The churches (in the porches the procession statues are lined up, larger than those of Seville, almost as large as those of the Nice Carnival) present their complicated and baroque façades to the severe exterior of the American banks: Mercedes versus the Guaranty Trust. The half-castes, in bell-bottomed trousers and pink shirts, sit in front of the cafés, or stand beneath the pink pepper-plants, waiting for sinecures. In the dark streets of the old quarters of Caledonia, love is cheap . . . Panama and Cristobal are two worlds, two civilizations, two religions, two races. Panama sells crucifixes and Cristobal Frigidaires; Panama smokes black tobacco and Cristobal yellow; Cristobal sleeps on steel mattresses, Panama in feather beds. Panama believes in the *Virgen* and *los Santos*. Cristobal takes showers and Panama wears glossy shoes; one is inhabited by *gringos*, the other by *spigoties*; Cristobal engages in world politics and Panama in local *caciquismo*; in Cristobal everyone is shaved. Panama is the town of three days' growth of beard.

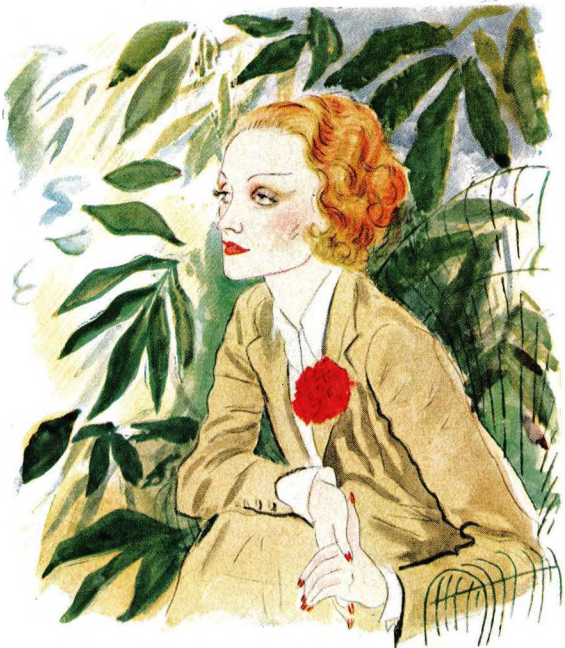
I shall never forget (*Continued on page 58*)



MARION DAVIES—ETERNAL "JEUNE FILLE"



CONSTANCE BENNETT—CINEMA'S SOPHISTICATE



MARLENE DIETRICH—THE TEUTON SIREN



LILYAN TASHMAN—L'ÉLÉGANTE



JOAN CRAWFORD—AN AMERICAN EXOTIC

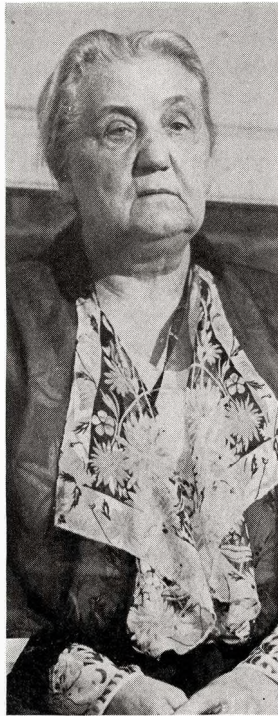
Hollywood houris
by Cecil Beaton



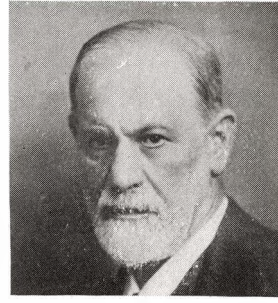
ANDREW MELLON, United States Ambassador to England. A great future is predicted for this lad



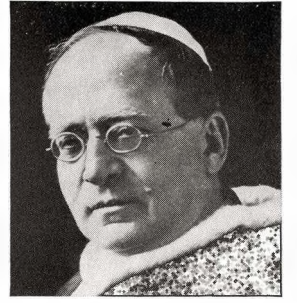
ADOLPH OCHS, daring young publisher of the *New York Times* and a journalist of sensational promise



JANE ADDAMS of Hull House, Chicago, who proves that the modern girl isn't just a butterfly after all



SIGMUND FREUD, the Viennese boy whose astonishing theories of sex are making quite a big stir today



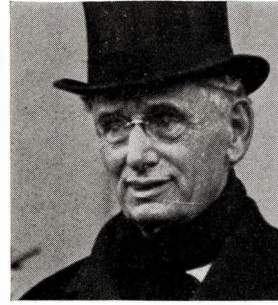
ACHILLE RATTI, now Pope Pius XI, one of the most vigorous and diplomatic figures in the modern Church



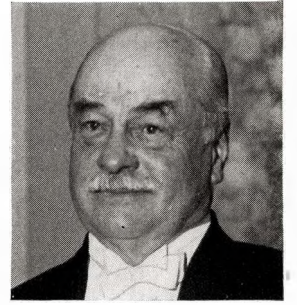
ELISABETH NAREBURG, fiery little suffragette whose political acumen sets a good example to the girls



DR. WILLIAM J. MAYO, the brilliant surgeon from Minnesota who is carving quite a name for himself



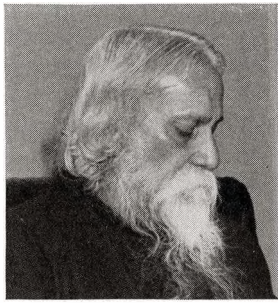
LOUIS BRANDEIS, Supreme Court justice. It is believed by many that this youthful lawyer has a future



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, and one of the young hopefuls of education



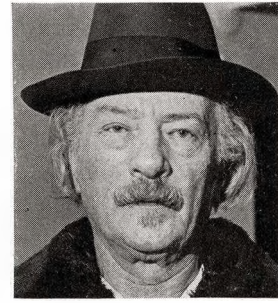
DANIEL BEARD, the Boy Scout leader. Dan has done well in his work, and expects to be made an Eagle



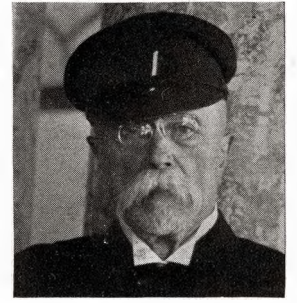
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE. This youthful Hindu seems to have pronounced gifts of self-expression



IDA M. TARBELL, having bent a literate knee to Lincoln, now immortalizes Owen D. Young in her new book



IGNACE PADEREWSKI, a Polish patriot and likewise pianist of great promise. Watch this boy. He will go far



THOMAS MASARYK, President of the Czechoslovak Republic and an idealistic young statesman to boot

The age of youth

As the psychological experts and social critics are always so fond of saying, nowadays, "This is certainly the age of youth." Youth in the saddle—Youth on the wing—Youth at the helm—Youth in a pig's eye. Ah, how true. They are right, all right, all right, these wise old commentators of the age. All you have to do is to look around you and you will see that. You will see what? Why—Youth—flaming youth—waving its long gray beards in the breezes with a Hoop-la and an Umpa-umpa. Take young Rud Kipling (not shown here), dashing off a book at sixty-eight—or take that giddy Celt, George Moore, shocking his elders with *Aphrodite in Aulis*—and there is Jimmie Barrie—eat your whimsy like a good boy, Jimmie (you should have been made to eat it long ago).

Then there is Henri Bergson—ooh-la-la, Henri!—plucking at the skirts of that old beldame, philosophy. My, my, yes, it is certainly the young folks who are up and doing these days. In literature and art, in science and education, in politics and the theatre, the boy-octogenarians are more than holding their own. *Vanity Fair* offers these pages as living proof that youth is all a matter of heart and not of years. This should muffle the mutterers and deliver irrefutable proof that nobody can hold a candle to the boys with the beards. (At least, nobody ought to try to—fire insurance being what it is.) And if the ages of all these youngsters were laid end to end, they would stretch back to the days when Nebuchadnezzar went sneaking out in the yard to eat his greens and roughage



DR. FELIX ADLER, a notable exponent of the German Youth Movement in the realm of all Ethical Culture



CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, who has taken up the cause of women in politics and threatens to become a leader



PAUL VON BENECKENDORFF UND VON HINDENBURG, President of the German Republic and an able stripling



GEORGE WICKERSHAM, a budding lawyer who has already made some commendable surveys and reports



SELMA LAGERLÖF, a Swedish girl who has a Nobel literary future, and has won some prize or other



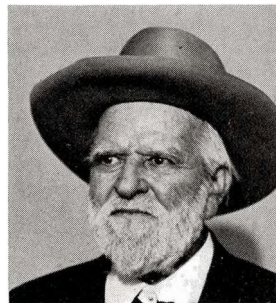
OTIS SKINNER, that sterling young actor who recently appeared with Maude Adams in a show on tour



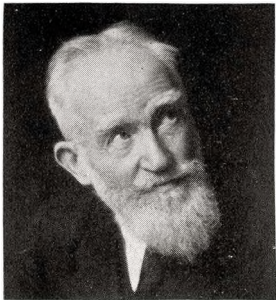
VERY REVEREND WILLIAM INCE, dean of St. Paul's in London, a promising cleric, although a trifle gloomy



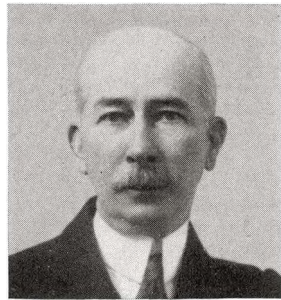
ELLA BOOLE, of Youth's Saviour. It is believed she has something to do with Temperance Union affairs



EDWIN MARKHAM, a rising poet from the Middle West whose work has attracted some critical notice



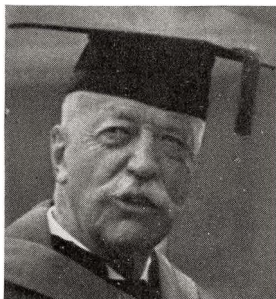
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, a juvenile cynic of Irish parentage, whose impudent wit is very popular today



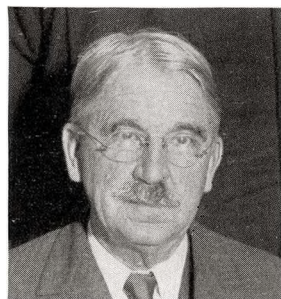
COL. E. M. HOUSE, who has had some diplomatic experience and is interested in the cause of peace



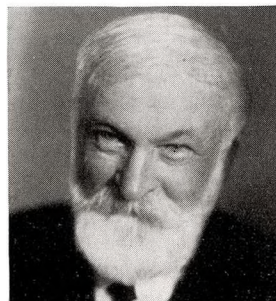
SIR OLIVER LODGE, an English author and scientist who is said to be interested in Spiritualism, a new fad



ABROTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, President of Harvard, recently summoned to traffic court for speeding. Ah, youth!



JOHN DEWEY, a noteworthy young professor and quite a philosopher in his own right, too, it is rumored



DR. ADOLPH LORENZ, brilliant Viennese surgeon whose career is just beginning. He will bear watching



JOHN J. PERSHING, a young author who last year wrote an autobiography. He used to be a soldier



EDITH WHARTON, a young girl of nice family who has taken up writing, and is said to be doing well



ADOLPH LEWISOHN, who is making his mark in the financial world and also patronizes the arts in his way



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, a contralto of promise, at present doing a "four-a-day" turn in vaudeville



GUSTAV V, the King of Sweden. Although a king, this young man is full of energy and high spirits



H. FAIRFIELD OSBORN, who recently reported the discovery of a 70,000,000-year-old dinosaur out west

The line-up

Andrew Mellon	77
Adolph Ochs	74
Sigmund Freud	76
Achille Ratti	75
Elisabeth Marbury	76
Dr. William J. Mayo	71
Jane Addams	72
Louis Brandeis	76
Nicholas Murray Butler	70
Daniel Beard	82
Rabindranath Tagore	71
Ida M. Tarbell	75
Ignace Paderewski	72
Thomas Masaryk	82
Felix Adler	81
Carrie Chapman Catt	73
Paul von Hindenburg	85
George Wickersham	74
Selma Lagerlöf	74
Otis Skinner	74
William Inge	72
Ella Boole	74
Edwin Markham	80
George Bernard Shaw	76
E. M. House	74
A. Lawrence Lowell	76
John Dewey	73
Oliver Lodge	81
Adolph Lewisohn	83
Ernestine Schumann-Heink	71
Adolph Lorenz	78
John J. Pershing	72
Edith Wharton	70
Gustav V	74
H. Fairfield Osborn	75
Grand total of years	2639



CARICATURE BY COVARRUBIAS

Impossible interviews—no. 13

James J. Walker vs.
Ex-King Alfonso

ALFONSO: Welcome, Your Honour, to that small but select coterie of misunderstood rulers who have been repudiated by their ungrateful peoples. (The orchestra plays the Riviera theme song, *Hapsburg Days Are Here Again*.) JIMMIE (philosophically): It was the same with Pericles! ALFONSO: The people have always been a great mystery to me. You amuse them, you distract them and take their minds off their troubles; you make them laugh, and bring love, glamour

and romance into their drab lives; in fact you lower your dignity in order to play the amiable clown for them, and what do the people do? One fine morning—zut! They lower you out of the palace window. Now, what is the answer to this? JIMMIE: Alfie, can you take it? ALFONSO: *Sí*. I can take it. JIMMIE: You have outworn your uselessness, and fallen into “innocuous desuetude.” You are— ALFONSO: Don’t you mean *we* are—? JIMMIE: Not on your life, Alfie. (The band plays the Walker theme song—*Lover, Come Back to Me*.) When times get better, so that poor old New York can afford me, I’ll be back in the City Hall. ALFONSO (musing): It was the same with Napoleon . . .

The Jimmy Walker era

BY ALVA JOHNSTON

A review of joyous Gotham as it appeared before the sharp reformers Seabury and McKee descended upon it

■ The resignation of Jimmy Walker ended the office-holder's bull market. The crash overtook business in 1929; it did not catch up with New York politics until 1932. During the three years of the depression, Jimmy Walker compelled the treasury of New York City to function on the old boom and bubble basis, with increased dividends, extras and bonuses for job-holders, politicians and contractors. He boosted his own pay from \$25,000 to \$40,000 in 1930—gave a part of it to charity, to be sure, but kept on drawing it in full—and increased the city's disbursements by a score or more of millions during each of the panic years. Nobody told him about the depression; he thought *Hard Times* was the name of a hook; Jimmy was the last and greatest of the hulls. He probably fancies that Judge Seabury chased him out of office, but the truth is that Jimmy is a delayed victim of the crash. He led Tammany's Dance of the Tax-payers' Millions three years too long. Tammany succeeded in sidetracking McKee but was forced to recognize that Walker was politically dead. Now Jimmy belongs to the ages.

■ The Jimmy Walker Era was over the day that his successor used the axe on the city payroll. When Joseph V. McKee cut his own salary, New York had a new sweetheart. When he dismissed an aggressively wasteful department head, he was hailed by the tax-payers as a rescue boat is hailed by the shipwrecked mariner. When McKee performed the sensational civic feat of accepting the lowest bid instead of the highest bid on a printing contract, Jimmy Walker was hissed in the cinema palaces.

Jimmy was not the only politician who was late in hearing of the crash. It took two years after 1929 to convince Herbert Hoover that anything had happened. Franklin D. Roosevelt allowed the cost of running New York State to soar in 1930, 1931 and 1932. In 1931, when litigation was falling off, Roosevelt signed a bill compelling the public to pay \$300,000 a year for a dozen new and superfluous judges. Politicians everywhere, and especially politicians in the cities, continued after 1929 to act on the theory that the public was richer than ever. By 1931 many of them had been forced to respond to the changing times, but Jimmy Walker and Tammany Hall continued to cherish the belief that all New Yorkers were plutocrats. As against the rest of the country, New York was a "Lost World" like Conan Doyle's

imaginary plateau which escaped all changes and was still inhabited by the tyrannosaurus and the brontosaurus. Politically and governmentally, New York remained in the Age of the Dinosaurs; it was still the home of every type of out-of-date tax-eating monster. Giant carnivores, extinct elsewhere, preyed ravenously on the citizens until Joe McKee came to the rescue.

It was the popularity of Jimmy Walker and the power of Tammany Hall which, for three years, kept the citizens of New York City docile under ruinous taxation. Jimmy was not looked upon as an ordinary elected official; he was a sovereign; New York idolized him as England formerly idolized the dear good little Queen. Jimmy kept the tax-payers quiet through love; Tammany kept them mute through fear. Tammany's grip on New York had become absolute. To grumble and murmur against Tammany was not ordinary political opposition; it was disaffection, sedition, conspiracy. A business man, who talked too freely, might find himself gravely embarrassed. All business men have to violate trick ordinances in any over-regulated modern city; a business man who offends Tammany loses the services of the usual fixers and may find it very expensive to mollify inspectors and open the minds of the inferior tribunals. The idea of turning Tammany out of power by the normal use of the ballot is fantastic; it takes a *coup d'état* to change the government of New York City. Entranced by Walker, enslaved by Tammany, the New York tax-payer continued to be pitilessly exploited. The real estate of New York City was the last Golconda; it was forced to produce more and more revenue, panic or no panic, until it escaped from the fatal fascination of Walker.

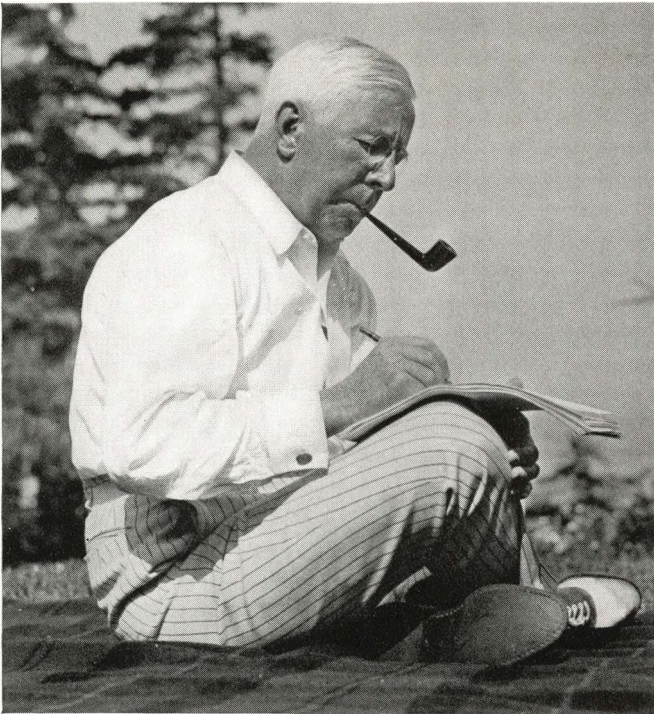
■ It is easy to trace the sources of Jimmy's popularity. His personality made its impression on the whole country. Probably no mere city official has ever before captured the interest of the nation as Walker did. It was news from Bangor to San Diego when Jimmy was nipped by a pet alligator in Florida; when the Reverend Dr. Christian F. Reisner announced from his pulpit as an important scoop that Jimmy had gone on the water-wagon; when Jimmy kept the Lord Mayor of Dublin waiting for an hour; when he charged that our State Department had spies dogging him nightly in Paris; when he appeared at the City Hall with a black eye and explained that he had slipped in his bathtub; when he was just grazed by constables who raided a floating casino off Montauk Point. The American and European interest in Jimmy reacted in his favor in New York. Like all provincials, New Yorkers are grateful to anyone who puts their town on the map.

But the great basis of Walker's popularity was his passion for making everybody happy. In spurts he handled the city's business impressively, but his chief task was that of

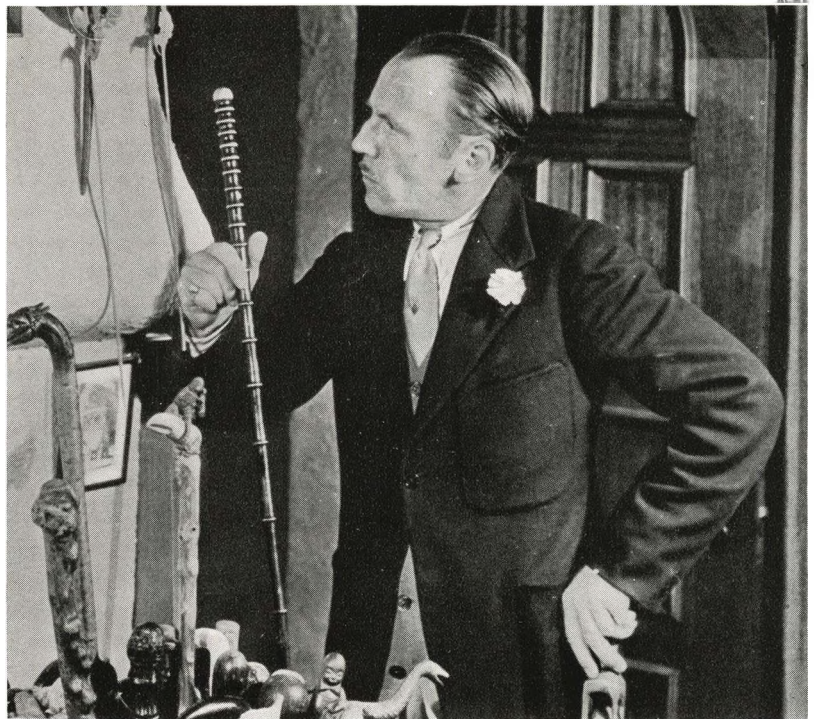
spreading sunshine in the metropolis. New York—at least the New York of the Jimmy Walker Era—demanded that the Mayor be a cornerstone-layer, not an administrator. Jimmy was not the loafer that he has sometimes been painted; he toiled and moiled and sweated and slaved at laying cornerstones, dedicating buildings, receiving celebrities and speaking at luncheons and dinners. He rushed madly about the city to show himself at the quilting parties, husking bees, church sociables and other innocent diversions of his constituents. He popped in on the pageants and feasts of the twenty-four important nationalities of New York City.

■ It was usually 1 or 2 in the morning before he began to have any free time to himself. Other officials, trotting around to varied functions, conserve their mental energy by declaiming tripe from manuscripts prepared by their secretaries. Jimmy always made his own speeches and was nearly always at the top of his form. He has a sixth sense for catching the mood, the atmosphere, the prevailing sentiment of any gathering and rendering it in felicitous sentences. A B'nai Brith convention would instantly perceive that Jimmy was a Jewish boy at heart; the Liederkrantz would gather that he was a Teuton snatched from his cradle in infancy; the Southern Society would see Confederate Generals in his lineage. Jimmy never shirked his welcoming, congratulating and condoling work. When, to give an example, forty-eight boys from forty-eight states, each boy the winner of a Thomas A. Edison scholarship, called at the City Hall, Jimmy tried to improvise a bright line on each state. Some of his lines were good, some were pathetic, but Jimmy is the only man alive who would try to turn out forty-eight split-second wisecracks to please forty-eight boys not yet of voting age. And Jimmy does not turn out his work with the facility of the complacent expert; he always spurs his mind to its highest activity. He has a rare gift of establishing a comradeship between himself and a hearer. Valentino's greatness on the screen was an expression of profound intimacy which gave multitudes of women the illusion that a special bond of sympathy existed between each of them and the cinema star. Walker achieves a similar freemasonry, both with men and women, by impish leers and sly allusions which flatter the hearer into the belief that he and Jimmy Walker understand each other; that they are two kindred souls; that they are two, and the only two members, of a secret mysterious order. Hundred of thousands, if not millions of New Yorkers, firmly believe that they are among Jimmy's closest friends. In fact, men who have never heard Walker except over the radio will say, "Jimmy Walker told me thus and so."

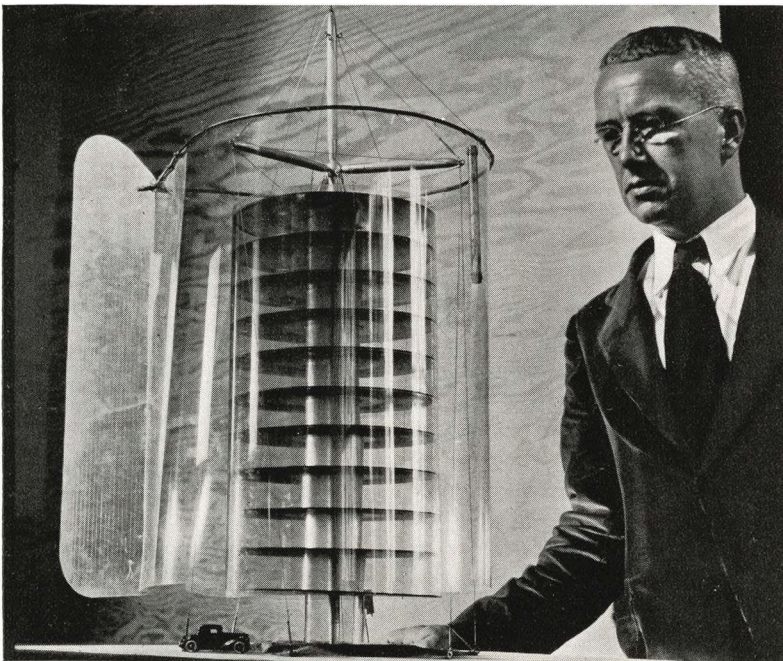
Jimmy could not have achieved his greatness in an earlier (*Continued on page 68*)



MARK SULLIVAN—JOURNALIST-HISTORIAN



ROLAND YOUNG—ACTOR



BUCKMINSTER FULLER—ENGINEER



RACHEL CROTHERS—DRAMATIST

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

MARK SULLIVAN, because he is a veteran journalist and, in the *Herald-Tribune's* columns, a shrewd political commentator; because he is the author of *Our Times*, a finely documented and robust history of the quarter-century; because the fourth volume of the series, *The War Begins*, has just been published; finally, because he has, for many years, been the close friend and a trusted adviser of President Herbert Hoover

BUCKMINSTER FULLER, because, former Navy officer and engineer, he is a tract-writing leader of the movement to change housing into a modern industry; because his utopian "Dymaxion" models (one of which is pictured above) apply the principles of the bridge and the airplane to architecture; because he has thought out automatic devices for cooking, air-conditioning, and cleaning—a domestic revolution

ROLAND YOUNG, because, besides being an actor famed for his pseudo-solemn and hilarious impersonations, he writes amusingly, draws ably, and directs with originality; because he is to appear, with his mocking urbanity, in a film entitled *A Billion-Dollar Scandal*; because he is the country's leader in the fine art of collecting curious and historic walking-sticks—with one of which he stands pictured here

RACHEL CROTHERS, because she is one of our most productive and eminent dramatists, with a record of twenty-six plays on Broadway; because she is an excellent stage director, who gave Katharine Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, and Francine Larrimore their first Broadway rôles; because she is so devoted to the stage that Hollywood cannot tempt her; finally, because her play, *When Ladies Meet*, is a hit of the season

The sophisticated young man

BY STELLA BENSON

■ Victor was rather too clever for the very limited little French colonial Far-Eastern community in which circumstances obliged him to live. He was the provincial's ideal of non-provincialism, and took both cynically and seriously his obligation to live up to what was expected of him. He played poker and bridge better than anybody else, dressed very well, danced very well, could talk cleverly about books, music and pictures, and knew how to give an impression of being about to seduce every virgin in sight without allowing himself to be put to the inconvenience of actually doing so. He made a point of never letting his admirers down—at least as far as appearances went (and appearances are all that matter to admirers after all.) He was labelled "The Sophisticated Young Man"; and he wore his label in clear lettering, and was faithful to it.

■ But he had one weak spot, quite unworthy of his label name: a deplorable lapse into mere humanity. It was his affection for his dog—a very vulgar native oriental mongrel bitch of the breed that is seen, in a humming mist of flying-ticks, eating dirt in any Chinese village street. This dog was the Heartless Young Man's secret heart.

The dog fell sick. Promotion to the rank of Kept Dog was perhaps too much for it. Publicly, of course, Victor never mentioned his ridiculous anxiety about the dog—indeed he had never introduced the animal to his admiring neighbors at all. He continued to play poker ruthlessly and suavely, and to dally with the delighted wives of the colonial officials. But secretly he gave his dog the advantage of the utmost resources of local veterinary science. The invalid was placed with a half-caste vet in the nearest town, and Victor, who travelled to that town every evening to play cards at the club, would call daily at the vet's, scratch the dog's ear and implore her to pick up heart. But the dog died. With the crude inappropriateness that is so characteristic of the animal world, she died in Victor's presence, when he was on his way home, in his best clothes, from being the life and soul of a consular reception. As Victor knelt beside her, the dog tried to raise herself; she looked very intensely into Victor's face, and an expression of the most ardent love leaped from her eyes, so that Victor truly felt as though a soft, keenly-aimed missile had actually struck some target under his brow. The dog had had a daily custom, in life, of greeting her homecoming master with a strange, wry, but rapturous smile, lifting one side of her scarred and vulgar upper lip; and while thus smiling, she would seize, most gently, the edge of his coat or the tip of his cane or even the turn-up of his trouser, and lead him across the threshold. And now, dying, she made a weak effort to take her master by his sleeve, as though she were saying, "I'm going through a new

door now—come too, darling, come too"—but her jaws trembled so that they could not hold the sleeve. Then, with a relaxed flop that bounced her four nerveless paws a little in the air, she fell on her side, dead; her crooked smile stiffened cruelly, and her eyes looked far beyond her master's face.

Victor stood up, brushing the dust from the knees of his best trousers. The half-caste vet came in.

"It is dead?" said the vet.

"Yes, just this moment," said Victor in a small cold voice.

The vet began to give details of the dog's disease, in order to show how little he himself was to blame for the death.

"Oh my dear," said Victor affectedly, "don't tell me such disgusting things; such words offend my mind's nose. I am sensitive to odors like that."

"Shall I bury it, or would you care to send your coolie to fetch the carcase?" asked the vet.

"Oh bury it—anywhere—poor brute," said Victor.

"You'll miss it."

"Oh well . . . it was a handy thing to kick," said Victor slowly, and shaped his lips to a whistle. From the doorway he looked back and sought with his eyes the rounded, softly furred dome of the dog's skull just behind the ear—the spot that Victor had always scratched when he wanted to please the dog. The ruff, which Victor's coolie had combed daily to the tune of facetious growlings from the dog, was matted now, and below the ruff, the diamond-shaped patch of whiteness on the dog's breast looked very strange to Victor because he had never seen it unshaken by breath.

■ This queer unnatural look of the dog's still breast so filled Victor's consciousness that he walked to the railway station without noticing anything at all, and thus, in a flash, as it seemed, found himself sitting in the train alone, face to face with the thought, "Follette is dead." And Victor burst into tears, even before he had had time to look around and make sure that he was alone in the compartment. Luckily he *was* alone, and could dry his eyes without concealment. But it was no use drying his eyes; the words, "Follette is dead", sprang again into the very forefront of his mind and tears rushed once more down his cheeks. The train began to move, and Victor, deeply disappointed in himself, applied his splendid silk handkerchief to his eyes again—but as he did so, he was horrified to hear the door of the compartment being snatched open and somebody coming in.

Victor blew his nose as best he might, and looked round between swollen eyelids. The newcomer was a woman he knew—the wife of a French neighbor; she also had been present at the consular reception, and she also was dressed in her best clothes.

The tale of a man of wit who had no sentiment for high things, but who wept heavy tears over a low one

"Heavens—I almost missed the train!" she chattered, laughing. "And if I had missed it. I should have—why, monsieur, you are crying."

"I have something in my eye," said Victor.

This was so obviously untrue that the woman did not pretend to be deceived. "You are in trouble," she said. "Somehow you are so dry and so sophisticated that one does not connect you with ordinary human sorrow, monsieur. How heartless we all must have seemed to you, at that party. But you bring it on yourself, dear monsieur. . . ."

Victor, who had always found her an amusing, pert, hard woman, saw with horror her expression assume that glaze of sickly sympathy that some women reserve for confidences. The dry man, by becoming wet, had opened the fatal floodgates of pity. Victor—the Heartless Flirt, was in danger of being mothered. Yet, since he could not silence those words in his mind, "Follette is dead", he could not immediately stop crying. He looked at her in silence over the hem of his handkerchief, and in his heart cursed her for her incredulous excitement over this marvel—the dry man turned wet.

"You have had bad news," she said. "Would it help you to tell me something of your sorrow?"

Victor cleared his throat.

"Yes, I have had bad news . . . of a former mistress of mine . . ." he said, and was relieved to find that the effort of talking fortified him against tears.

"I might have guessed it, my poor friend," said the woman, her face relaxing into something more like its usual blank expression. This talk of mistresses fitted into the frame—labelled Victor the Sophisticated—that she and all her neighbors were accustomed to. "Believe me, I do feel for you. Is she—was she. . . .?"

■ "She suited me perfectly at the time," said Victor slowly, "because she had a perfection of her own." He added on a more confident note, "As you know—I always make a point of insisting on perfection. Everything about me must be the best that money can buy, or that wit can devise. Simply as a creature—as an animal—my mistress was perfect."

"Well . . . that doesn't sound very complimentary. . . . But you always were ruthless, as far as women were concerned, monsieur. That's why I was so much surprised to find you in such *(Continued on page 58)*



STEICHEN

Marguerite Churchill—back to the footlights

Dorothy's Christmas burglar

BY JANICE TAYLOR

■ Little Dorothy sat up in bed and listened.

Someone was stirring down in the parlor. She shook her golden curls with excitement. From across the hall came the regular breathing of Dada and Momsy. Dada and Momsy had been in the theatre. They always went to the theatre the night before Christmas. Nursie, poor tired Nursie, too, was asleep upstairs. Someone was moving stealthily across the parlor—someone little Dorothy had been waiting for. It was Santa Claus. It *must* be Santa Claus. Sometime between midnight and morning, Dada had said, Santa would come down the chimney with his pack of presents on his back. He would creep on tiptoes over to the Christmas tree and . . .

Quick as a wink, little Dorothy slipped out of bed, thrust her tiny feet into her slippers of warm white rabbit fur, wrapped her pink comforter around her shoulders, darted through the door and then crept, mousy quiet, down the broad staircase, past the grandfather clock that always went "tick-tock, tick-tock". There was a single lamp burning in the parlor, and from the landing little Dorothy could see the shimmered reflection from the gold and silver ornaments on the big Christmas tree that stood over by the fireplace. Then, creeping silently forward, the golden-haired child entered through the wide parlor doors and, for a moment, her tiny heart stood still. There, kneeling down in front of Dada's safe was a *man*. It *wasn't* Santa Claus.

No, it wasn't a Santa Claus kind of a man at all. Instead of a bright red suit he wore old, dark, raggedy clothing. In place of the jolly round face with the merry eyes and the apple red cheeks, and long white whiskers, he had big, heavy jowls that were blue where

Marguerite Churchill

Marguerite Churchill, who has returned once more to the stage as the ingénue in *Dinner at Eight*, the Kaufman-Ferber play, was born on Christmas Day in Kansas City, Missouri. At fourteen, she entered the Theater Guild School in New York, won the Winthrop Ames scholarship the first term, the Otto Kahn scholarship the second. Her first professional rôle was in *Why Not?* For a year she was Broadway's youngest leading lady. It was during a period of relaxation, following the arduous of performing in this capacity to *The Wild Man of Borneo*, that she pinned up her long red hair and signed her first movie contract. She remained on the screen for some time, playing opposite such diverse Thespians as Clark and McCullough, Paul Muni, Will Rogers and George O'Brien

he hadn't shaved. He had no eyes at all, but, instead, a black something across his face with two little holes cut into it, and an ugly black cap pulled down over his face. (Dorothy's little heart stood still.) On the floor beside him was a small square thing with a round hole in it from which came a long, thin, white light. He had lots and lots of little shiny sticks on the floor beside him. And as little Dorothy stood in the doorway he suddenly picked up something small and black with a hole in the front of it and pointed it at Dorothy for a moment until he saw the tiny figure with the long golden curls, the white rabbit slippers and the pink satin comforter drawn around the slim shoulders.

Little Dorothy knew all about burglars because Nursie had told her. The next moment she went pattering across the floor. She wasn't afraid at all.

"Hello," said Dorothy.

The man said nothing.

"Ooo isn't Santa Claus, is Ooo?" said Dorothy.

The man slowly shook his head from side to side. "Oh, my God," he said—"I'd forgotten. *You?*"

"Certainly," said Dorothy nastily. "Who did you expect, Aimee Semple McPherson?"

■ The man shook his head again wearily.

"There you go stepping out of character again. I oughta know. I oughta know. Every Christmas it's the same. If they'd only get a new twist to the story just once, as a Christmas treat. Well, go ahead. Begin again."

"Won't," said Dorothy. "You begin." and closed her mouth tightly.

"Lissen," said the man. "You begin. You always do."

"Won't," said Dorothy. "You do."

"Do not."

"Do so."

"Cheeses," said the man balancing a small but business-like blackjack in the palm of his hand and looking lovingly at the small golden head.

"All right," said Dorothy—"Get brutal. How does it go again?"

"Is Ooo . . ." prompted the man.

"Is Ooo a burglar?" asked little Dorothy as she pattered across the floor and looked up trustingly into his face and then, in a quick aside, "Weissman's Defective, Type C, probably traumatic, frontoparietal index plus three. Congenital idiocy indicated."

"What?" said the Burglar.

"Never mind. Let's get on. Are you. . ."

"Are you," obediently repeated the Burglar, "little Dorothy Smith, the golden-haired eight-year-old little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith?" and then, in a similar quick aside—"Nasty, sneaky little brat. Down snooping among the presents, eh?"

Little Dorothy suddenly clapped her hands in childish glee. "Oh, isn't it fun," she said—"Just like *Strange Interlude*. . ."

"I'm a Guild Subscriber—I saw that play,"

said the Burglar gloomily. "I didn't like it."

"Why not?" asked Dorothy, shaking her curls.

"It was too long," replied the Burglar. "What comes now? Is it the climbing into the lap part?"

Dorothy shook her head. "That doesn't come until I patter to the ice-box and fetch you a bottle of milk and a chicken leg because you must be hungry, poor man. You've skipped about six lines. I give it this—Has Ooo any little dirls at home, Mr. Burglar?"

■ The Burglar looked gloomy again. "God help me, seven," he said. "The eldest is a boy. He's at Princeton now. Made Tower last month. God help me, seven."

"Rabbit," said Dorothy in disgust. "We're just coming to the fertility of the lower classes in school now. Miss Twitcham says it *could* be stopped. Haven't you . . . don't you . . . I mean haven't you read any books? I mean *those* books?"

The Burglar looked gloomy again. "What good are books?" he said. "They just keep on coming."

"Cretin!" snorted Dorothy.

"Well," said the Burglar leering a little through his mask, "you're here. *That* might have been avoided. The upper classes usually has *one* and it usually turns out a girl. So what?"

"Let's get on," said Dorothy hastily. "Hasn't your little dirls any kwismuss presents?"

"No," said the Burglar firmly. "But if you will get the hell out of here for five minutes, they *will* have."

"Anti-social," said Dorothy. "Respect for property rights is the first . . ."

"Ah, nertz!" interrupted the Burglar. "Your old man's got plenty."

"Oh, yeah?" said Dorothy—"Lissen. I'm coming down here to play with some of this stuff now because by morning the wagon'll probably back up to the door and take most of it back. My old man's in up to his neck. You take it but *you* pay for it."

"Chees, he got bent, did he?" said the Burglar sympathetically. "I was on the spot myself for a while. I had a couple of thousand shares of Kreuger I got out of a crib I cracked in Wall Street. When the bust came my old lady made me mail it back. We'd been in a hell of a jam with *that* stuff, wouldn't we? *Now* we come to the part where you sit on my knee . . ."

Little Dorothy obediently climbed into the Burglar's lap and said—"Why doesn't Ooo go to work. Mister Burglar man, instead of robbing people?" and then she added quickly—"I know the answer—all day long you tramped the streets, weary and hungry, searching for work with hungry mouths at home to be fed. . ."

"Who? Me, sister?" interrupted the Burglar. "Don't be silly. I'm doing all right. Only suckers work. It's only the last coupla years a lot of 'em found (*Continued on page 58*)

The screen

BY PARE LORENTZ

■ **LOUDER BUT TOUGHER.**—Movies are better now. True, they are rushed carelessly through the mills. They are, quite naturally, inspired by gentlemen looking for profits rather than glory. They are loud and juvenile most of the time. But nevertheless they are better than they ever have been; more dramatic, lively and important, mainly because of one type of picture which can be named—to coin another appalling movie appellation—the “toughies”.

This type of picture lacks good writing; in fact, it lacks writing of any merit at all so far as beauty or power or charm is concerned. But these films are dealing with contemporary life and in no mincing Hollywoodian manner. They have fundamental weaknesses because something has to be sacrificed by the director to routine movie form; but before I consider their collective faults, I present a list of the best of the toughies which you can see almost anywhere this month.

WASHINGTON-MERRY-GO-ROUND.—On the debit side you can mark against this one the obvious fact that it is a nervous exhibition of commercial expediency, a political melodrama inspired by the title of a best-seller and the agitations of a presidential year.

We learn what several years ago might have been novel movie information, that state politics are controlled by crooks, that political machines dominate all government, and that honest officials are at the mercy of these criminals. We see a prohibition chief commit suicide because of his crooked leaders, and all this is told us in long patriotic speeches instead of in dramatic sequences.

We see some old newsreel clips of the Bonus army, but the army itself is not dramatized at all honestly, and there is no reference in the picture to the gentleman in the White House who ordered the chief of staff to remove with gas-bombs and bayonet a few unarmed men from their mud flats.

Lee Tracy is miscast as the young crusader. He is too raucous and vaudevillian to come within boy's size of a part which Maxwell Anderson let out of hand. Yet there is a great deal to mark down on the other side of the ledger.

For one thing, you must credit one of the poorest picture corporations with courage, because it defied censorial threats and even mentioned the Bonus army, against the wishes of committeeman Hays.

You can also credit author Anderson with one very able bit of writing, namely, his portrait of an old senator; and you can credit Walter Connolly with his having given it great warmth and charm, something this movie seldom has. And subtracting Mr. Tracy and his silly speeches you have a fairly bold picture, with one splendid actor, Connolly; a capable one, Alan Dinehart; and an honest, engaging actress, Constance Cummings. You have also a conclusion in which a chosen few from the Bonus army start a night-riding organization and take the lobbyists out of Washington for a one-way ride. All of which leaves *Washington-Merry-Go-Round* with a comfortable credit balance.

■ **I AM A FUGITIVE.**—There were two ways in which director Le Roy could have made this picture. He could have ripped the highlights from the startling novel, of the same name, written by a convict escaped from the chain-gang, and told in brief episodes the story of this man's life. As the story is a horrible one, he could have used the man as an instrument against his background and, like the Germans and Russians at their best, manipulated people as group actors, making the prison, and not the actors, the object of the film.

But unfortunately he had to expect a profit from his labor and try at once to tell a dramatic story and still to dramatize his prison. He managed to dramatize his hero, and he certainly did not soften the background, but in doing this he failed to characterize the brutal guards, the horrible complacency of state officials, their utter detachment from society.

I don't hold with the radical school of critics that indignation *per se* is art. However, I don't join hands with the arty boys, either, who maintain that all indignation is cheap, unartistic simply because it attempts to grind an axe. Actually, *I Am a Fugitive* is not a moralizing treatise. But you can't see it without feeling that it is a savage document against existing penal systems, nor can you ignore daily evidences that such systems are operating in our great commonwealths every day in the week.

I quarrel with the production not because it is savage and horrible, but because each step in an inevitable tragedy is taken clumsily, and because each character responsible for the hero's doom is shown more as a caricature than as a person. The men do not seem real. The chain-gang certainly does. You may very well say you want to go to the theatre to forget trouble. But *I Am a Fugi-*



MARION MARSH, WHOSE LATEST FILM IS "THEY CALL IT SPORT"

LEE MILLER



tive has no moral treatise. Personally I think you'll find it more dramatic than, say, a current play dealing with Chinese peasants, or Irish drunkards, or French maids, or middle class neurotics.

■ **COMRADESHIP.**—I only mention this German picture here because it proves my point. Pabst has filmed a story of labor trouble on the Franco-German border. Chiefly, he shows us a coal mine disaster, patently a grand movie idea. Here he has no hero. He uses his people, grouped in beautiful portraits, to accentuate the grief and fear and horror of the men trapped underground. As usual in these good German and Russian films, the non-professionals in the cast are impressive with their native grace and simple dignity, where hired actors would—as in *I Am a Fugitive*—have tried to act artificially and thus would appear empty and silly.

Yet, the radical school of critics notwithstanding, *Comradeship* becomes a dull business simply because the disaster, the rescue, the beautiful pictures are all shoved into a concluding moral in which German and French miners kiss each other, and yell to the world that workers must unite. A camera study of a chain-gang system or a mine disaster needs no hero, no moral.

■ **PAYMENT DEFERRED.**—I am willing to admit that parts of this movie are dull. In my interpretation I may have written several things into the show, because to me the picture seemed a vivid and real and convincing show of a nation slowly suffocating to death; of a clerk dying with it.

While the picture does sag in the middle because the suspense in the play didn't come through the camera, I can't see how the director could have done any better than he did. He left the original manuscript practically untouched. I do think, however, these grubby people in their drab home would seem pathetic in any country, and while the film suffers in translation into its new medium, it is a good one-man show, in which Charles Laughton is that superlative one man.

A heckled bank clerk in the City—played by Charles Laughton—is driven half mad by a smell of money and his own lack of it, until at last he blunderingly commits murder. It is in his subsequent agonized waiting for justice and punishment to overtake him, that we feel the camera's inadequacy. This theme, of course, is an old one, but Charles Laughton—who also played the rôle on the stage—gives it a sense of power and sincerity and an interpretation just as fresh and certain as Emil Jannings did (*Continued on page 64*)

A Siamese affair

CLAIRE LUCE, who has run the gamut from dancing-girl to dramatic actress, returns to Broadway, after a year's absence, in *The Gay Divorce*, the new and very gay musical comedy which stars Fred Astaire in his first offering since he lost sister Adele to one of Burke's peers. Although the prospect of following in the impudent footsteps of the departed Adele might conceivably strike terror to the toes of any merry tripper, Miss Luce has behind her the bolster of previous triumphs here, in London and on the Continent. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., she studied dancing there as a child and made her Manhattan debut in 1924, as a chorus girl in *Little Jessie James*. The ensuing years saw her dancing from New York to Paris and back again, ending inevitably as *première danseuse* of the *Follies*. Her first dramatic rôle was in the London presentation of *Burlesque*

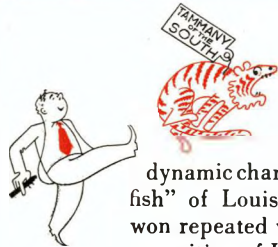
NAME

Huey P. Long
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

ADDRESS

AUDIT AS OF NOVEMBER 1, 1932

CREDITS



He is a man of forceful and dynamic character: the "King-fish" of Louisiana indeed. He won repeated victories over the opposition of Louisiana's eighteen daily newspapers, and nearly all the weeklies of his state, and in so doing succeeded in smashing the so-called "Tammany of the South". He was elected United States Senator in 1932, recording the largest majority ever received by a candidate from his state.

During his four-year Governorship, Louisiana got much worthwhile legislation. He reduced property assessments 20 per cent; he provided the state with 8,500 miles of new roads and 30 free bridges connecting the main traffic routes. He built a new State Capitol, and the State University's School of Medicine at New Orleans. To protect his people against floods, he built the Bonnet Carre Spillway, the Lake Pontchartrain seawall, and the Donner canal.



By establishing night schools in the rural areas, he has helped to reduce the state's illiteracy from the record figure of 21.9 per cent to 13.5 per cent. He settled the acute and long-standing controversy between Catholic and Protestant elements on the problem of text-books in the State's schools by forcing the enactment of a free-school-book law which satisfied both sides.

He is capable—a rare feat among politicians—of admitting that he is wrong. When his singular performance of wearing pyjamas while he received the Commander of the German cruiser *Emden* threatened to cause embarrassment to the national government, he immediately—to use his own words—"borrowed a split-tail coat from a minister friend and a pair of striped pants from the hotel manager", and returned the call, apologizing for his former informality of dress. He received an eighteen-gun salute from the *Emden*.

As a politician he is shrewd, and a master of showmanship. His political tours of the villages in his \$5,000 sound-truck are a succession of gaudy, but vote-getting circus parades.



As an advocate of the increased use of cotton, the chief product of Louisiana, he lately has been a walking advertisement of cotton clothing. (Continued on 64)



DEBITS

His vanity and audacity border on megalomania. He has likened himself to Cæsar, Napoleon, Stonewall Jackson, Mussolini and has declared, "There may be smarter men than me, but they ain't in Louisiana."

He is a demagogue without parallel. He makes a "home town" appeal as "poor boy from Winn who stomps the city slickers", who uncovers and shatters sinister "interests" and "rings". In his anxiety to capture the vote of every other hill-billy, he has even campaigned against bobbed hair.



His economic program, advanced in the Senate, would allow no man to have an income of more than a million dollars a year: this, while it may not seem a severe restriction, is nevertheless the first step towards the confiscation of private property.

Indulging in what Senator Joe Robinson called "a comic opera performance by the great actor from Louisiana", when disgusted with his party's conservative attitude on taxation, Long resigned from his Senate committees, and was bitter when his resignation was accepted.

He is raw and ruthless in his political dealings. Since his first campaign, he has consistently relied on invective as one of his chief weapons. From the floor of the United States Senate he denounced Joseph T. Robinson, his own Party's Senate leader, so vehemently that the Vice-President was forced to warn him against his disrespectful language.



Acting on his orders as Governor, Louisiana militiamen raided roadhouses and stripped and searched both men and women guests who had gone there only to eat and dance. In reply to criticism, he declared that if women didn't want to be stripped they should stay away from such places.

Faced with impeachment proceedings which charged him on nineteen counts ranging from bribery to attempted murder, he checkmated this move by inducing fifteen state senators to sign in advance a round-robin in which they pledged that they would not vote to remove him, "no matter (Continued on 64)





How to have élan

BY COREY FORD

■ God's Gift to the Motion Picture Business—that's what they call William Sune out in Hollywood today. For Mr. Sune, it seems, has discovered the secret of acquiring Screen Charm and 'IT'; and his slim volume, diligently studied from cover to cover, is guaranteed to put any struggling young actor on his feet, usually in front of a casting-window from nine to five.

Moreover, they say it is due to Mr. Sune's book that the art of the motion-picture has taken such tremendous strides today. So tremendous have been some of these strides, in fact, that already the art of the motion-picture is almost back where it started from, in the old Biograph days.

This long-awaited manual, for the discovery of which I am indebted to Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, bears the pat title *Charm, Enthusiasm, and Originality: Their Acquisition and Use*. In a modest foreword—and should any skeptical reader doubt that I am quoting Mr. Sune's work verbatim, he may write personally to the Elan Publishing Company at 3902 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles—the author admits that his book "explains how actors, salesmen and orators can learn to read, act and feel over two hundred different emotions arranged as they increase in violence in fifty vividly diverse groups." It tells how to brighten the eyes and vibrate the voice impressively. It tells how to maintain the nerves, muscles, teeth, hair and correct weight. It also teaches, to con a few promising chapters from the Table of Contents, *Enthusiasing Your Voice Impressively*, *Radiating Charming Mental Pictures*, and *Acquiring Screen Charm and 'IT'*. If pressed, it will probably answer the telephone and do the upstairs work.

Mr. Sune's handbook thus explains the second curious phenomenon that greeted me upon my own arrival in sun-kissed California. (The first curious phenomenon was the sun itself, which kissed California once during three dreary and fog-bound months, and apparently kissed it good-bye.) The casual

visitor to the film capitol, accustomed to the rigorous discipline of a Puritan East, is apt to be a trifle overwhelmed by the generous display of emotions that he encounters in Hollywood. The simplest business transaction, in America's screen center, is played like a dramatic scene to the very hilt. The simplest dinner-order, here in the movie citadel, is served with the passionate intensity of a bit from *Camille*. Every housemaid and elevator-boy radiates potential Screen Charm and 'IT'. Every loiterer on Vine Street sighs, grimaces, winces, smiles wearily, and casts seductive glances in the best manner of his or her favorite screen star. The salesgirl in the Ambassador sells you soap with the tragic aloofness of a Garbo, the soda-clerk jerks a milk-shake with the shy smile of a Leslie Howard, the telephone operator repeats your number with the coy titter of a Norma Shearer. Every waitress in the Brown Derby is an embryo Connie Bennett, every taxi-driver a Wallace Beery, every stenographer a Joan Crawford, every life-guard a Joel McCrae. Morning, noon and night they bombard you with Charm, they lambast you with Personality, they wallop you with Enthusiasm. You never saw so much Elan in all your life.

■ Well, now I understand. Now I realize that they are merely ambitious students of Mr. Sune's little manual, practicing their homework. They are just embryo actors, or, as they refer to them here in California, native Sunes.

It is electricity, according to Mr. Sune, that is the basis of Charm, Originality, Enthusiasm, Magnetism, and Elan. In Hollywood, he finds, 'IT' is "as common as honesty in the banking-business". (You can figure that one out for yourself.) Al Jolson, Clara Bow and Napoleon are "examples of persons with Elan". Charles Rogers, Billie Dove and Vilma Banky "typify a charming natural form of 'IT'." William Tilden and Reginald Denny have a lot of electricity, too. The whole trick, Mr. Sune explains, lies in

not losing too much electricity at once. "If, in bathing, only a small part of the body is allowed to become wet at any one time," for example, "then no electricity is wasted. One should place a towel on the floor and stand on it, then wash the face, then dry it, then the arms, then the chest, then the back, and then each leg separately." Brightening the eyes is accomplished by dancing with a bright-eyed partner of the opposite sex "if the dancing is not too prolonged". You can have a magnetic personality by radiating charming mental pictures, or eating lettuce.

Moreover, in order to make sure that the embryo student does not confuse one emotion with another, Mr. Sune illustrates his volume with a photographic gallery of one hundred and thirty-six sample emotions, all experienced and tested personally by Mr. Sune himself; and it is through his kind permission that we are privileged to reproduce a few of these illustrations here. By studying this table carefully, we may discover that the Emotion of "Frenzy" is produced simply by pursing the lips and emitting what appears to be a low whistling sound. The Emotion of "Cold" consists of placing one finger on the upper lip as if to stop a sneeze. That fine distinction between "Drunkenness" and "Intoxication" is cleared up at last by Mr. Sune's simple discovery: in "Drunkenness" the head is turned to the right, whereas in "Intoxication" it faces to the left.

■ Here we may also observe some striking comparisons between our finer emotions. Note, for example, the hair-line distinction between "Rheumatism" and "IT". Note that by simply opening the mouth a little wider, we pass at once from "Chivalry" to "Delirium Tremens". Note the remarkable affinity between "Eroticisim" and "Indigestion".

In fact, it is to guard against any such unfortunate confusion of Emotions, and avoid the embarrassing consequences of trying to seduce your *objet d'amour*, for example, with an attack of Rheu- (Continued on page 50)



DUGRE

The prodigy

▪ YEHUDI MENUHIN is an infant prodigy whose fame increases and whose genius grows with time. At the age of sixteen, his music, though fresh, is astonishingly mature and vigorous. Born in New York, of Russian-Jewish parents, he spent his youth in San Francisco, where he first demonstrated his genius on a violin at the age of four. Like Heifetz, Zimbalist and Elman, he was an accomplished concert violinist at the

age of nine. He speaks five languages, has two sisters called Hepzibah and Yaltah, enjoys swimming, tennis, sweets and driving a motor car. His adorations are his priceless Stradivarius, and Bach. He has given concerts to wildly appreciative audiences in nearly every capital of the world. This year he is to appear in eighty-four concerts in the United States, the first of them to be in Carnegie Hall, in December

All is not blue on the Danube

BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ If you were a modern Napoleon and wanted to select the softest spot in Europe on which to plant your eagles, your eye would linger wistfully on the great valley which extends from the Bavarian plateau to the Iron Gates of the Danube: the granary of a continent and the nursery of sturdy peasant races. If you were only a modern banker in search of profitable opportunities for the investment of your funds, you would look once and again at the area of the Danubian Basin, rich in water-power, timber, coal, iron, oil, wheat, livestock and humanity. If, however, you were a statesman, you would hastily avert your eyes from a theatre of political activity which has wrecked four great empires: the Roman, the Byzantine, the Ottoman and the Austrian. For the very richness of the prize has insured the presence of numerous and determined competitors and, far from being the cradle of the great European civilizations, the unhurried Danube has ever been the grave of conquerors and the apple of discord in the European family of nations, until today that expanse of Europe which lies between the Alps, Carpathians and the Balkans is the greatest single menace which confronts modern European civilization.

The Romans sensed it when they made the Danube the frontier of their empire. Nevertheless, from across the Danube and the Rhine came the barbarians who wrecked Rome. Byzantium went down before the swarm of Bulgars, Avars, Goths and Huns who came upon the legions and drove them into the dust at Adrianople. The Turks in the seventeenth century carried the Crescent to the walls of Vienna, only to be driven back in that long and terrible retreat which ended at the Battle of Megiddo when Allenby crushed their fighting forces north of Jerusalem in 1918.

In the meantime, the Danube Basin had silted up with the weirdest conglomeration of races in modern history: with Germans, Magyars, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, Slovenes, Serbs and Roumanians. As Talleyrand remarked—at least it is the custom to attribute the best diplomatic *bons mots* to the venerable and elusive Abbé—"if Austria did not exist it would be necessary to invent her," and Austria had been invented by the unprecedented nuptial enterprise of the House of Hapsburg. For the Hapsburgs had discovered the political possibilities of the idea of inheritance in the days before estates were taxed, and demonstrated, long before the bride of Louis Napoleon coined the expression, that the road to empires lay through the marriage bed.

At any rate, it is an historical fact that several hundred years ago an ambitious family of rising young German Barons with prominent noses and receding chins set to work to marry the right girls at the right time. After a few centuries, this interesting habit produced the Hapsburg Empire, which flooded the Danubian Basin with beer, goulash, gypsy music, policemen, Viennese

waltzes, Hungarian wines, flirtatious army officers and the most uniformly beautiful public buildings in the world. So the Hapsburgs married and the Danube flowed, more or less unvexed, to the sea, while Austria-Hungary stood out before the war, ably governed and wisely administered, despite the guttural oburgations of the Pan Slavs and the shrill complaints of the Italians and Roumanians, as just about the happiest country in Europe.

Not only was the old Empire happy, it was also supremely useful to the rest of Europe. It stood as the tolerant and good-natured barrier between Western Europe and the incalculable political storms from a Russia which was even then Asiatic. And it served as policeman and buffer between the orderly European States and the turbulent and war-breeding litter of discordant sovereignties known as the Balkans. An institution which had saved Europe from Turk and Russian, which protected European civilization from Balkan anarchy, and which insured order and prosperity over the richest area of Western Europe, was rightly regarded as indispensable.

■ Then in June, 1914, a young Serbian named Princip fired some shots at Serajevo, killing the heir to the Austrian throne and his consort. When the smoke cleared away five years later, Austria-Hungary had ceased to exist, and with it Europe's traditional barrier against the violence and rancors of the Asiatic and Balkan politics had disappeared. It is too late now to cry over diplomatic spilt milk, when we no longer weep at the blood which was shed to balkanize Central Europe, but the Treaties of Trianon and St. Germain were younger and uglier sisters of the Treaty of Versailles, and represented a far greater crime against history and against civilization. The right of self-determination and the clamor for strategic frontiers (by nations which denied that strategy began at home) combined to destroy a natural economic unit, to set the weak—the Czechs, Jugo-Slavs and Roumanians—in the position of victors over the strong whom others had conquered, to subject the more civilized Germans to the less civilized Slavs, and to substitute a group of discordant and jealous petty sovereignties for what was evolving as a federation of races. As a result, civilized Europe was weakened at the precise point where the pressure of Russia and of Asia was strongest.

Industrial Austria was stripped of her raw materials and her markets, agricultural Hungary was robbed of her mineral resources, for the benefit of the slick Czechs, the insidious Roumanians, and the hard-boiled Serbs. Despite the warnings of statesmen, economists and sociologists, the Danube Basin was parcelled out for the benefit of all who were born on the right side of the blanket at Versailles, and Western Europe contemplated the corpse of the oldest and sanest political system in European history. Confronted with its victim, Allied Statesmanship found refuge in diplomatic amnesia and pro-

A portrait of the defeated and bankrupt corner of Europe, whose gracious life survives its profound financial ruin

ceeded to forget about it for a festering decade of political rancor and economic disintegration. Messrs. Beneš and Bratianu and several gentlemen whose names ended in "itch" crowded the rotogravures and sounded off at Geneva until the world so completely forgot the Danube that even today few people realize that the financial panic of 1931-32 started in Vienna.

For some years, the victors had gone ahead on the theory that if the bankers were allowed to lend enough money, all would be well with Central Europe. Mr. Jeremiah Smith of Boston did a superb job in reorganizing Hungarian finance. Austria had been saved by a League loan. British and American bankers sprayed money over the Danube, while French bankers placed strategic loans, like chessmen, throughout Eastern Europe. Then in May, 1931, the Creditanstalt of Vienna, the great Rothschild banking agency of Central Europe, started to go broke. Money to save it was rushed from the Bank of England, leaving London exposed to the French "raid on sterling" which drove England off the gold standard in September, 1931. Not since the failure of the Fuggers, who had financed the Holy Roman Empire late in the sixteenth century, had Europe received a similar shock. The credit situation exploded like a string of fire-crackers, and with much the same effect. Within a month the Hoover Moratorium was brought forth, within four months England had abandoned gold, within six months Hoover and Laval were conferring on ways and means to preserve the capitalistic system. Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish wonder-worker, committed suicide and his enterprises were discovered to be tainted with colossal frauds, ruining thousands of investors. In America, the banking situation was saved only by pouring billions of government credit into the jackpot—and the end is not yet in sight.

■ All this from the Danube, within a generation: a world war and a world panic. Under such circumstances, you would expect to find the Great Powers of the world anxiously striving to put the Austro-Hungarian Humpty-Dumpty together again, and you would expect to find the Danubian States themselves working vigorously to improve their economic lot. Not a bit of it. Austria and Germany worked out a Customs Union which might have helped things. France and Czechoslovakia blocked it, as they feared an increase in German power. Then a purely Danubian Union was proposed. Germany and Italy blocked it, as (Continued on page 51)

Suggested Christmas presents



GIFTS FOR MEN



GROUP 1: ALL FIVE FOR \$100



GROUP 3: ALL FIVE FOR \$50

GIFTS FOR WOMEN



GROUP 2: ALL FIVE FOR \$100



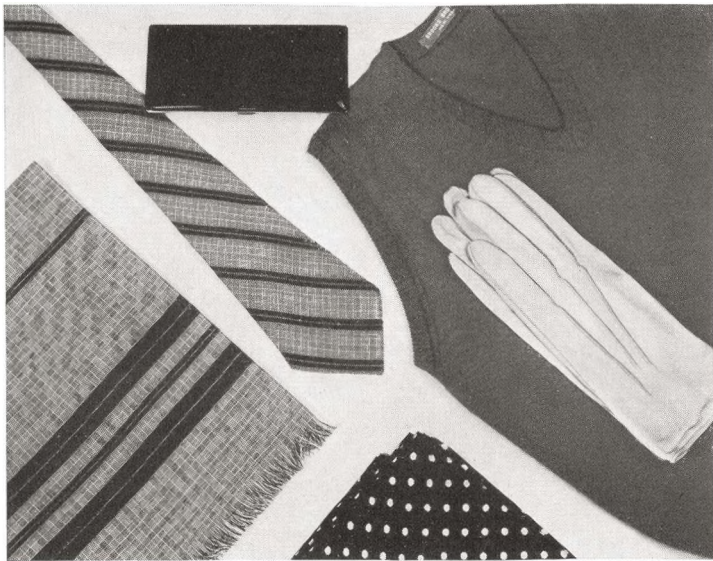
GROUP 4: ALL SIX FOR \$50

Group 1: Light-weight wardrobe suitcase; from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Center: the new, small, pocket Ciné-Kodak; obtainable at Eastman-Kodak stores. Upper right: chamois pull-over. "V" necked with a small "bib" to close the "V" opening; from Brooks Bros. Lower right: sleeveless cashmere sweater; from Brooks Bros. Lower left: chamois-lined, gabardine windbreaker with Talon-fastener—F. R. Tripler

Group 2: A white, knitted bed jacket, lined with pink, tucked georgette; this is from Kargère. A set of six all-crystal fruit knives that really cut; these are from Bergdorf Goodman. An antelope-and-velvet muff bag; this is from Bergdorf Goodman. One of Diego Rivera's lithographs; this is from E. Weyhe. The first volume of the only complete collection of Picasso reproductions; copies of this volume can be had from E. Weyhe

Group 3: Knitted, monogrammed, white silk scarf; from A. De Pinna. Top: ostrich leather tie-case; from B. Altman & Co. Upper right: copper beverage-mixing pitcher; this is from A. G. Spalding (Fifth Avenue shop only). Lower right: aluminum-bound tray and aluminum highball beakers (six); from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Center: decanter and six glasses with modern fox-hunting scene; from Abercrombie & Fitch

Group 4: An aluminum cheese dish with knife and cork top; this is from Le Mouchoir. Metal cigarette box; this is from Rena Rosenthal. Blue-and-white, dotted flannel scarf; this is from MacDougall of Inverness. White chamois and crochet riding gloves; this is from Knoud, Inc. Silver evening bag of tiny, bugle beads; this is from B. Altman & Co. Brocade evening bag with coral head frame; this is from Milgrim



GROUP 5: ALL SIX FOR \$30



GROUP 7: ALL SEVEN FOR \$20

GIFTS FOR MEN



GROUP 6: ALL SIX FOR \$30



GROUP 8: ALL SIX FOR \$20

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

Group 5: A wool reefer with a tie of the same material to match; the set from A. De Pinna. Top: a black enamelled cigarette case (holds twenty cigarettes in a row); from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Right: a sleeveless, "V"-necked cashmere pull-over from Brooks Brothers. Right: a pair of chambray gloves; from Brooks Brothers. Bottom: the corner of a polka-dotted foulard hacking scarf; this is from F. R. Tripler

Group 6: A beer mug (one of a set of six); from Le Mouchoir. Houbigant's new vanity case with a comb; from Le Mouchoir. Round and shell shaped ash trays of silver lustre; from Olivette Falls. Six bar towels in gay colors; from Mosse. A metal shaker that tells you how to mix drinks—apertures in the outer, revolving cylinder, disclose, on an inner cylinder, names and quantities of ingredients; from B. Altman & Co.

Group 7: A French taxi-horn; imported by Abercrombie & Fitch. Below the horn, a table cigarette lighter and ash tray; from Abercrombie & Fitch. Upper right: unlined silk tie; from De Pinna. Upper right: compact shoe-polishing kit; from B. Altman. Lower right: hand-initialed white linen handkerchief; from Finchley. Lower center: knitted silk tie; from F. R. Tripler. Left: Yardley kit; from B. Altman

Group 8: Left-hand corner: green-red-and-white plaid challis scarf; from Bergdorf Goodman. Blue, brown or black, wide-ribbed corduroy gloves; from Bergdorf Goodman. Two metal cowbell bracelets; from Nelson-Hickson. Plaid, green-and-red dog leash and collar; from Abercrombie & Fitch. Bright green pajama slippers; from Franklin Simon. Amusing wooden doll to hold ball of twine; from Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

New York: the municipal mess

BY MARCUS DUFFIELD

A story of the devious and preposterous ways in which taxpayers' money is thrown into the community sewer

■ The chief reason why Tammany Hall whisked Joseph V. McKee out of the mayor's office in such haste is, of course, that McKee threatened to put New York City on a business basis. This struck terror into Tammany hearts. The Braves shivered at the prospect of having to let city contracts to the lowest bidder: what would become of the gravy? The idea of eliminating thousands of unnecessary city employees was horrifying: how could the organization take care of the boys? Moreover, the present 150,000 city employees are all necessary from Tammany's point of view: figuring that they can bring in four votes each, the total is 600,000 votes, which is needed to make sure of winning elections. Naturally the Tiger had to shelve Mr. McKee as quickly as possible as a matter of self-preservation.

■ His sober interregnum, however, is an illuminating episode not only in the history of New York's city government, but for municipal government throughout the country. With rare exceptions, the attitude has been that the conduct of civic affairs is a mysterious process to be carried on with little regard for business methods. Mr. McKee has indicated the possibility that a city can be run on exactly the same principles as any other large corporation. He has not been allowed to do more than make a bare beginning. But he has given the taxpayers an inkling of the millions they throw away every year; and it is yet possible that the citizenry will have caught the idea that they are paying about \$116 for every \$100 worth of services obtained from their civic corporation. It is now generally agreed that New Yorkers could save themselves one hundred million dollars a year without the slightest impairment of the services they receive simply by insisting that their government be put on a basis of efficiency.

Citizens of other municipalities throughout the country need not laugh at the folly of New Yorkers; nearly all the municipal taxpayers are allowing themselves to be mulcted in just the same fashion. A few glances at the avenues of civic common sense which McKee has opened up will be just as instructive for the citizens of Los Angeles and St. Louis and Detroit as for Gothamites.

When he replaced the gay Jimmy Walker as New York's mayor, the grave McKee caused a general gasp by arriving at City Hall in the subway, instead of rolling up,

as did his predecessor, in an exceedingly expensive motor car bought and maintained by the city. This use of the subway was unorthodox and unprecedented. City dignitaries are accustomed to traveling to their offices in limousines, except, of course, when their wives have taken the car up to the Catskills or their daughters have gone out for a spin on Long Island. These motor cars are owned by the city and kept up by the city and chauffeured by employees of the city. Not counting the police and fire department automobiles, there are something like 849 pleasure cars for politicians and their wives and daughters to ride around in at the expense of the taxpayers. Commissioners have them, and deputy commissioners, and the deputy commissioners' secretaries. The executive staff of the Borough President of Brooklyn consists of 63 persons, of whom 23 are chauffeurs. They are not cheap cars that New York City's officials sport; there are 71 Cadillacs, 12 Lincolns, 24 Packards, 10 Pierce Arrows, and two Locomobiles.

■ Realizing that even the biggest private firms are not given to bestowing pleasure cars on their employees, Mr. McKee moved to end the limousine racket by ordering out of service the fancier part of the motor fleet, and thereby hoped to save \$600,000 a year. An even greater sum—at least a million dollars a year—could be saved if New York made a clean sweep of its superfluous automobiles by following Boston's example. Boston, beset by budget troubles, sold all its officials' cars and ordered them to hire drive-yourself taxis by the hour when necessary.

Elimination of the limousines would, of course, throw dozing chauffeurs out of work. They would not be the only city employees to lose their jobs if the municipality were to be put on a business basis. The city is over-staffed probably as much as 20 percent. McKee, understanding the situation, began to trim the personnel by refusing to fill vacancies except in cases of absolute necessity. Certainly this was handling the problem with gloves. Much more drastic methods are called for, in view of the fact that thousands of city employees are workers only in name—actually they are recipients of a community dole dispensed not generally but to office-holders' friends and political henchmen.

There are, for example, 231 bridge tenders on the payroll. Bridges that have not yet been opened, bridges that have long since fallen into disuse have their tenders, sometimes several to a span. Some tenders rarely visit their bridges. By the same token, there are inspectors who have nothing to inspect, supervisors who have no men to supervise. Sanford E. Stanton, who made a study of the subject of city waste, reports the following oddities, among others, in the personnel situation:

In the Bureau of Records, four overseers watching over 20 clerks, whereas one overseer

should be able to guide 200 or more clerks. Secretaries unfamiliar with shorthand and typing who therefore have to have their own stenographers.

The spreading of \$5 worth of paint by \$95 worth of workmen; the use of six million dollars' worth of labor on a job requiring \$35,000 worth of materials.

Nine bosses bossing 14 employees in the Ward's Island sewage plant.

The successful conduct of the Sanitation Department on one occasion despite the officially reported absence, for one reason or another, of 4,000 of its employees.

Swarming over New York City are 1,152 inspectors, many of whom without doubt are performing useful services conscientiously. But they are far too numerous. They descend in hordes upon a skyscraper in construction: inspectors of plumbing, electricity, fire escapes, cooking systems, oil burners; inspectors from the Bureau of Buildings, from the Tenement House Department, from the Bureau of Fire Prevention of the Fire Department, from the Department of Health. They get to be a pest, causing confusion and delay. Scores of inspectors could be eliminated to the relief of everybody if the inspectorial system were concentrated in one unit.

With so many inspectors at large it is small wonder they get careless at times. An investigator for the Mayor once checked up on the work of the Bureau of Weights and Measures inspectors and found 1,382 irregularities in 1,347 cases checked. Among the places whose scales had been approved were 10 vacant stores, 3 vacant lots, 14 shops that could not be found, and a gospel mission. The harassed Commissioner of Weights and Measures explained that his assistant who supervised the inspectors had been absent on sick leave for five years. She had drawn her pay all the time, of course, and in fact had been given an increase. Why had she remained on the payroll? "She was," the Commissioner testified, "a strong-willed woman."

That particular Commissioner was roundly denounced by the mayor's investigator in 1930 as unqualified to hold office. He is still in office and his salary has been increased from \$8,000 a year to \$9,000.

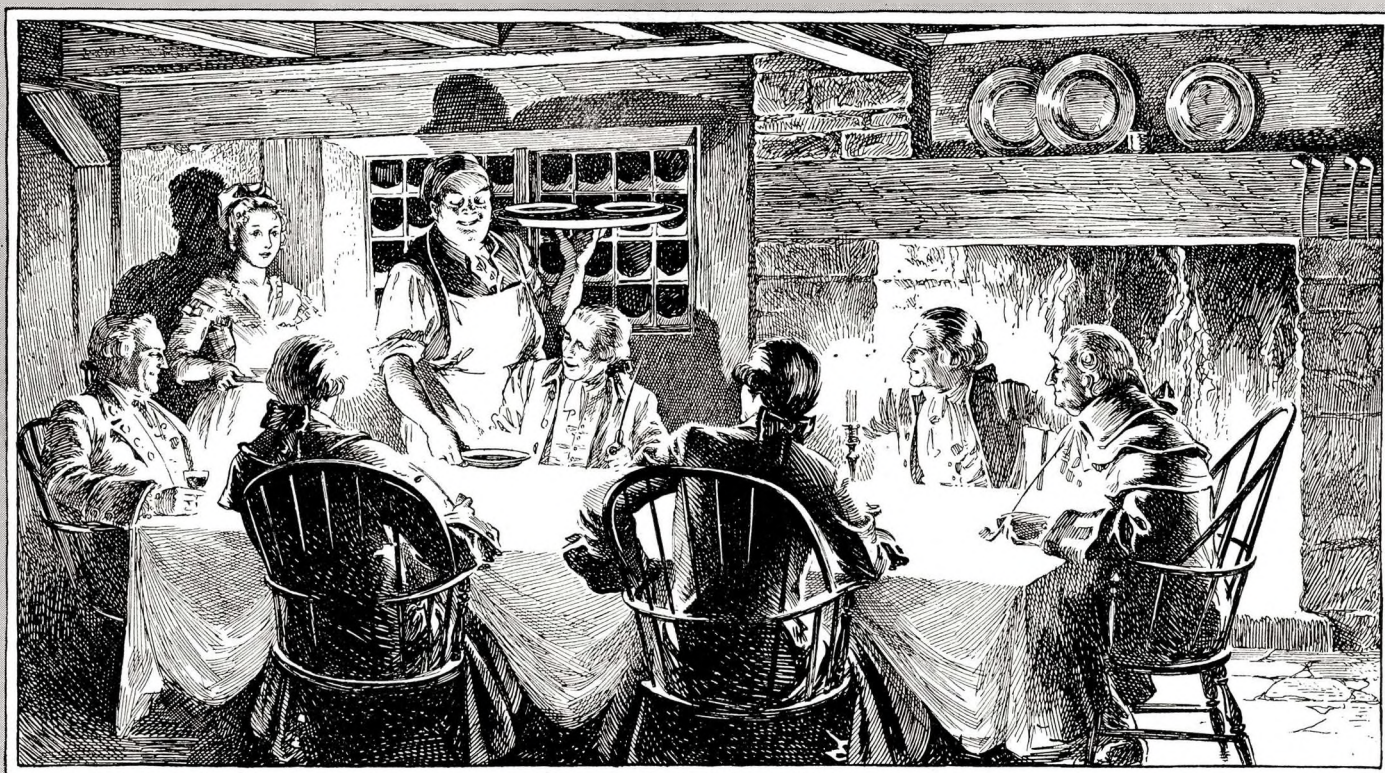
■ The superfluous small-salaried employees would by no means be the only victims of an efficiency régime. There are 90 Democratic district leaders and their relatives, together with 16 Republican district leaders, on the city payroll drawing a total of \$715,000 a year. Those jobs were granted without civil service examinations (undoubtedly a fortunate circumstance for the appointees) and at least half of them could be wiped out without any loss to the effectiveness of the public service. Bureau heads who are accustomed to spending the winter in Florida, deputy commissioners who are in the habit of dividing their time be- (Continued on page 62)



Hearty with luscious
good eating!

Real Philadelphia

PEPPER POT!



Blue Anchor Inn - Philadelphia - 1776

A winter's night in 1776. Amid a mighty squeaking of straps, a confused jangle of harness and hoofs, the New York-Philadelphia mail coach draws up to the Blue Anchor Inn at Philadelphia. To the cold, weary, hungry travelers the bright lights of the inn flame a cheery greeting of food—good hot food—and of course that hearty old Philadelphia institution—the ever-welcome Pepper Pot Soup.

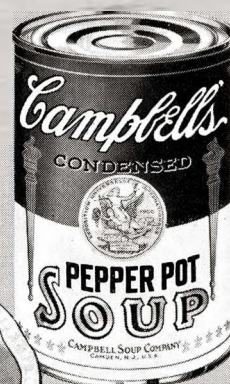
For generation after generation this famous old Colonial soup has maintained its popularity as a delicacy of the first order. Today you too, can enjoy its rich savor, no

matter where you live. Campbell's make it for you from a favorite old recipe.

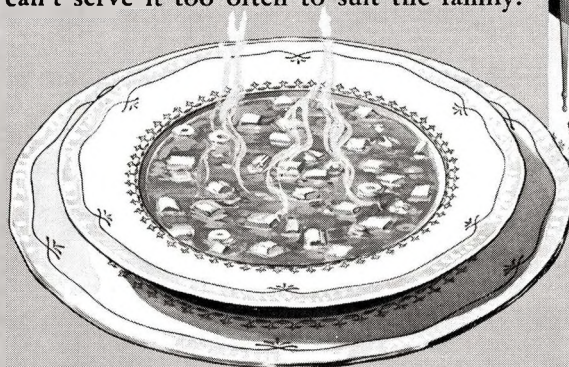
Rich, velvety smooth and tempting. Teeming with luscious good eating—delicious morsels of tender meat; diced potatoes and carrots, and wholesome macaroni dumplings. And seasoned to the men's taste with whole black peppercorns, fresh parsley, savory thyme, marjoram and sweet pimientos.

A gorgeous dish—a real man's soup. You can't serve it too often to suit the family.

*A Man's
Soup*



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE
LABEL



21 kinds to choose from...

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mutton |
| Beef | Ox Tail |
| Bouillon | Pea |
| Celery | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken | Printanier |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Tomato |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato-Okra |
| Consommé | Vegetable |
| Julienne | Vegetable-Beef |
| Mock Turtle | Vermicelli-Tomato |

The Christmas card

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

■ I was four years old—said Nathalie—when my mother left my father to marry a handsome German. I dearly loved my father, but he was weak and apathetic; he did not insist that I remain with him in Moscow. Moreover, in spite of myself, I admired my stepfather. He was very affectionate towards me. I refused to call him “father”; it was finally decided that I should call him Heinrich, as my mother did.

We lived three years in Leipzig. Then mother had to return to Moscow to arrange some of her affairs. She called my father on the telephone. They had a pleasant enough conversation and she promised to send me to spend a day with him. I was excited, first, at the thought of seeing him, and also at being again in the house where I had played so happily and of which I had such pleasant memories.

I was not disappointed. The porter at the gate, the great snowy courtyard, duplicated the pictures in my memory. As to father, he had made prodigious efforts to make this day a perfect one. He had bought new toys, ordered an incredible luncheon, and arranged for fireworks in the garden that evening.

Father was a very kind man, but he was hopelessly ineffectual. Everything that he had arranged so thoughtfully failed to come off. The new toys only made me long for my old toys, which he could not find for me. The heavy luncheon, badly cooked by the servants

—without the supervision of a mistress—made me ill. One of the rockets, falling on the roof and down the chimney into my old bedroom, set fire to the carpet. In order to put out this incipient blaze, everybody in the household had to form a water chain with buckets, and my father burned his hand—so that this day, which he had tried to make so beautiful, left with me only the picture of terrifying flames, and the unpleasant odor of ointments.

When Fraülein came to get me that evening she found me in tears. I was very young, but I already felt the tug of these sentimental undercurrents: I knew that my father loved me; that he had done his best, and that he had failed. I felt sorry for him and, at the same time, I was a little ashamed of him. I wanted to hide these thoughts from him; I tried to smile—and I burst into tears.

As I was about to leave, he told me that it was the custom in Russia to give one's friends, at Christmas time, ornate cards; that he had bought one for me, and that he hoped that I would like it. When I think now of that card I know that it was hideous. But at the time, I dare say, I admired the glistening artificial snow, the red stars pasted behind a piece of midnight-blue mica, and the sleigh which, quivering on a paper hinge, seemed to be galloping out of the card. I thanked father, I kissed him, and we parted.

After that there was the Revolution,

and I never saw him, or went to Moscow, again.

Fraülein brought me back to the hotel where my mother and stepfather were waiting for me. They were dressing to dine with friends. Mother, in a white dress, wore a splendid diamond necklace. Heinrich was in evening clothes. They asked me if I had had a good time. I answered, a little defiantly, that I had spent a lovely day, and I described the fireworks without saying a single word about the rest of it. And then, doubtless to prove the splendid generosity of my father, I showed them the Christmas card. My mother took it, and suddenly burst into laughter.

“Good Lord,” she said, “poor Pierre hasn't changed a bit. What a find for the Museum of Horrors.”

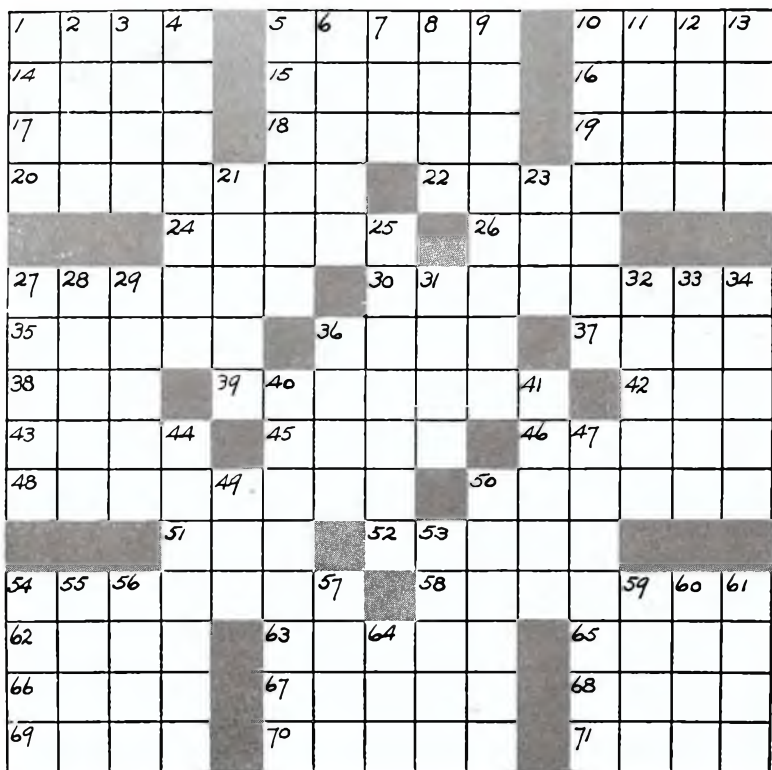
Heinrich, who was watching me, leaned towards her angrily. “Now,” he whispered. “please, not before the child.” He took the card from my mother's hand, smiling. He admired the snow flakes, wiggled the sleigh on the hinge, and said. “This is the most beautiful card I have ever seen. We must keep it very carefully.”

I was only seven years old, but I knew that he was lying, and that he thought, as mother did, that the card was atrocious . . . I suddenly knew they were both right, and that Heinrich was trying, out of pity, to protect my poor father.

I tore the card into pieces.

From that day on I hated my stepfather.

A new horror in crossword puzzles



■ This puzzle is from the diabolical brain of J. Van Cleft Cooper, America's Cross-Word Puzzle Champion. The trick in it is that the definitions are, every one of them, the exact opposites of the correct answers. In this little masterpiece, black is white, far is near, etc. In No. 1, across, for instance, the word is actually *ajar*. The answer will appear in next month's Editor's Uneasy Chair

ACROSS

1. Near by
5. Grew brighter
10. Very small bundle
14. Strong on one's legs
15. Inanimate
16. White
17. Below
18. Sweet fruits
19. Borrow
20. Having a smooth edge
22. Has no bearing on
24. Refrigerating chambers
26. Improve in quality
27. Full-grown man: colloq.
30. Illiterate
35. Wilder
36. Dissimilar
37. Pleasing
38. Increase
39. Freedom
42. Forswear
43. Sets type in order
45. Large quantities
46. Stet
48. Short wide flag
50. Pushed
51. Male sheep

52. Historians
54. Refuse
58. Temporary
62. On land
63. Large drum
65. True god
66. Was calm
67. Issue forth gradually
68. Masculine name
69. Removes the turf
70. Men
71. Before: Scotch

DOWN

1. Word of delight
2. Independence of will
3. God of hate
4. Commend
5. Proceed resolutely
6. Native-born citizen
7. Bright
8. At no time
9. Loyal supporter
10. In good season
11. To refuse aid
12. Surrounded by many
13. Begins
21. Denies
23. Few: colloq.
25. Large pieces of wood
27. Great distances
28. Unsettled mode of action
29. Blue
31. Gives plenty
32. Co-worker
33. Even
34. Dried
36. Coarse, close-weave fabric
10. Rejoiced
11. Infinitesimal periods of time
44. Maintains an even course
47. Inhabitants of a city
49. Irreverence
50. Outer portions
53. Leave ceremoniously
54. Private vehicles
55. Small town in the Western Hemisphere
56. Opulence
57. Present-day Irish city
59. Diligently
60. Midnight
61. Sadness
64. Cultured gentleman: slang

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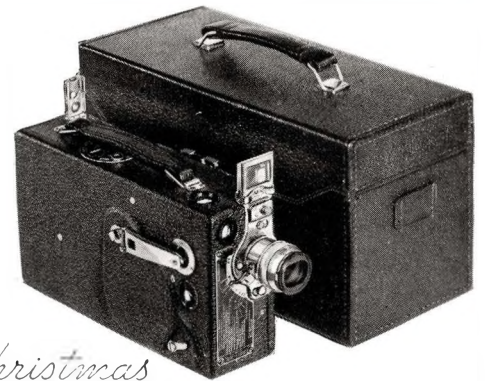


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"We made some splendid movies of the sports at Lake Placid."

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Dorothy's Christmas burglar

(Continued from page 45)

out they didn't have to. Anyway, if you don't think this is work *you're* crazy."

"It isn't honest," declared Dorothy looking prim.

"Ah, don't be old fashioned," said the Burglar—"I suppose *your* old man's honest."

The little girl flushed hotly. "He is not, and don't you say so," she shouted. "My Dada's the crookedest lawyer in the state. All the papers say so. I'm my Dada's little girl. When I grow up I'm going to be a shoplifter. And I'm only going to hoist the *best* stores."

The Burglar looked meditative—"So you're old man's a mouthpiece, eh? Maybe I could throw him some of my business."

"My Dada doesn't take cheap crooks. Go get a reputation."

"Bah," said the Burglar and seemed on the verge of tears. "You and your class consciousness." Then he added, his voice taking on a sort of whine—"Times wouldn't be so bad if they paid us our bonus."

Dorothy looked at him with more interest. "Oh," she said, "were you in the war?"

The Burglar swelled out his chest a little. "Yup!" he said. "I went over with the 79th. Wounded at Château Bailly."

"Sucker," said Dorothy.

"Chees," said the Burglar looking hurt and puzzled, "I fought the war, didn't I? I was in France."

"Sure you were," agreed Dorothy with a nasty inflection in her little voice, "you and the rest of the chumps. They took you, Buddy. You don't think *we* think you were smart or brave, do you? You boobs went to war so *we* could have a depression. Thanks for nothing. You fell for a con game and now you want to get paid for being a sap. No wonder you're nothing but a second-story man."

The Burglar looked at the child half admiringly. "Chees, you're a tough little cooky."

Dorothy slipped from his knee to

the floor and began untying some of the red-ribboned packages under the shimmering tree. "These are tough times, Buddy," she said. "You gotta be tough or they shove you around." Then with a groan as she lifted the lid from a box she had unwrapped—"Nerts. Another sterling silver dresser set. I've got two. Take this, will you, old sport?"

"Nothin' doin'," said the Burglar shaking his head. "We got about sixteen of 'em over at the house already." He stared absently at the tree for a moment. "Chees," he said—"it ain't like the old Christmas any more. . . ."

"Buddy," interrupted Dorothy fixing the Burglar with her bright blue eyes, "it ain't gonna be like the old Christmas any more for a long, long time."

"Aw, I mean us," complained the Burglar fidgeting with his tools, "I got kind of used to the old routine." He looked at his watch. "Just about this time you ought to be pattering up to your nursery to fetch your savings bank, the contents of which you will send to my little girls."

"Huh!" snorted Dorothy, "that is a laugh. You can have the bank, but my old lady—I mean Mommy—shook it down yesterday to pay her Gigolo. I like Mommy's Gig. He has a sense of humor. Dada has no sense of humor."

"I was driven to this life of sin," said the Burglar firmly, changing the subject, "by want and need. I could not bear to see my family starve. And so I became a house-breaker."

"What is it like, being a house-breaker?" asked Dorothy.

"Well," began the Burglar, "I get into some very nice houses. . . . It's fun going to the ice-boxes and seeing what there's left from dinner. I had quail the other night. It's out of season, you know."

"We had partridge last night," said Dorothy. "That's out of season, too."

"Quail's more expensive," declared the Burglar. "There were three left

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Canal Zone

(Continued from page 36)

that superb spectacle of youth and strength, the France Field at work. The first thing in the morning the entire staff of the great American airport is at work. From a distance I hear the hum of the motors being started. Amidst so many Panaman cemeteries, so much tropical stagnation and decay, this clean air, this spectacle of good humor and health, rejoices the heart of the traveller who comes to take a plane for Kingston or Miami. The Navy, its cap set upon its blond, smooth hair, is astride the Panama Canal. These men, proud of their young, luminous skin, are bare to the waist, burned red by the sun. The officers work in bathing suits, as the heat is already oppressive. In one of the hangars there is an inspection of parachutes; their long dresses of white silk, from which fine ropes dangle, are being examined. All the motors are singing, and the planes seem to be birds saluting the dawn with their

cries. At France Field nothing is terrestrial: everything is naval or aerial—scouting monoplanes with orange-colored wings, like Argentine swallows, huge carrying planes, triplace bombing biplanes.

Amphibians arrive on cradles, or are brought by tractor. Here is the *Commodore* in which I am going to travel, a beautiful flying ship, and in it there are even two sofas beside the radio, for a nap after lunch, as peacefully as if one were in a Panama hut. While waiting to leave I looked at the sign: Safety First, in English, and *Seguridad ante Todo*, in Spanish, which stood at the entrance to the hangars. "If," I said to myself, "at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in Trujillo, that little Estremadura hamlet in Spain, there had been a sign, *Seguridad ante Todo*, in front of the stable where young Pizarro tended his pigs, would he ever have reached Panama?"

The sophisticated young man

(Continued from page 43)

distress. I should never have expected to hear that a woman could so move you. . . . But perhaps she was a wonderful companion. . . ."

"She was no companion at all. My God—she *was* a fool. Her eyes were of a most subtle golden color—but they observed nothing with intelligence—except food. She only heard her own name, it seemed to me, among all the words that were spoken to her. But all that didn't matter. One didn't mind the fact that she was of no breeding—provincial—stupid. She didn't pretend to have the refinements of personality (and—heavens—how boring the refinements of personality can be!). She didn't pretend anything. She just *was*. If a gazelle had the wisdom and strength of an elephant—it would be a very imperfect gazelle."

He listened to his own words with increasing satisfaction, and a perfectly defined picture of a woman formed itself so clearly in his vision that the memory of the lamentable stillness of the dog's white-patched breast was blotted out.

"Her hair," he said, "was almost exactly that color." He pointed out of the window at the copper red soil of the valley. "She didn't take care to do it in curves, as you, madame, and other ladies do so prettily. Her hair was just hair—perfect hair; everything about her was just what it was; she had no artifices. I have so many artifices myself that I valued that superb and almost halfwitted indifference to civilization. . . . well—I valued it for a change. . . ."

"And now—she is dead," said the fellow-passenger.

"Oh no—no—no!" cried Victor, unexpectedly overwhelmed by the sound of those three words. He could not speak for a moment. He looked out of the window at the soil that was just the color of his dog's fur.

"Or she has perhaps been treacherous to you. . . ." said his friend.

"I don't deal in death or treachery,

madame," he said presently in a deliberately artificial voice. "I really don't like crude things—like death—or disease—or perspiration—or righteousness—or high tragedy."

"But you said it was the crude, elemental quality in your mistress that you valued."

"I did value it—as a thing in itself—as I value all forms of perfection: a tie perfectly tied—a servant perfectly trained—a love affair perfectly conducted—a bridge hand perfectly played. But that perfection of crudity—*oh* how it bored me, in the end. . . ."

The feeling of neatness and deft consummation grew upon Victor. His emotions were no longer at variance with himself as he knew himself—as he had proclaimed himself. "Everything bores me in the end," he said, on a die-away note.

"Then what has happened, monsieur? If she is not dead—not false—not ill—what was it that was so distressing you?"

"You would smile if I were to tell you, madame," said Victor on the wave of an inspiration most pleasing to him. "But perhaps, knowing me, you would *not* smile; you know my incurable frivolity too well. I carry frivolity to its logical point, you see; I am the only truly logical man I know. I was overwhelmed with despair for the moment—for the moment only—by the news that my mistress is anything but dead; on the contrary, she is giving disconcerting signs of life; she is suddenly, in fact, free—(she never had any *savoir-faire*, any discretion, in these matters)—and she is on her way out to me here; there is even talk of marriage—Oh my God!" said Victor, fanning himself. "I do *hate* being bored."

"What an *impasse!*" said his friend happily. "What *is* to be done?"

"Oh," said Victor. "Now that the first crisis of despair has passed, I

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That little red man

(Continued from page 31)

on the eve before the sixth. And then the poor followed their example and the sixth of December became the day after Saint Nicholas, when little children are apt to go through the same physiological agonies which they suffer in our own fair land on the day after Thanksgiving.

The Dutch who settled down in Nieuw Amsterdam and lived here for two generations brought their queer composite Saint with them and celebrated his birthday in the usual fashion and on the usual day. And as he had no competition to fear from the North and very little from the South (the Puritans celebrated Christmas as a sort of private Yom Kippur, with a day's fasting), he prospered until the vast influx of latter-day English brought their Yuletide and the other remnants of the feast of those "ancient Angles" which had so greatly shocked the earliest missionaries who had preached the Gospels to the barbarians dwelling in those distant isles.

Then came the immigration of the

Germans, who during the latter half of the eighteenth century had begun to celebrate Christmas with a fully lighted Christmas-tree at the base of which the customary presents of Saint Nicholas Day were heaped together, still in a slight guise of incognito. Then came the Italians, who had never known Christmas as a day of family-life, who recognized no Saint Nicholas and no Wotan, but regarded it merely as another church festival when—according to a pleasant habit instituted by the good Saint Francis—the Church showed the birth of Christ in a small replica of stone or putty and brightly colored palms and cows.

And out of this *mixtum-compositum* of several nationalities, one German deity, one Mediæval saint, half a dozen legends, a couple of Fairy Stories and a well-known poem, *The Night before Christmas*, and the irrepressible desire of mankind to give something to some one just for the fun of giving, we have gotten our own modern Santa Claus and our own Christmas.

NUMBER **1** BROAD ST.

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PHILADELPHIA



RIDING CLOTHES SECTION OF THE LONDON SHOP

A New Idea of Excellence; A New Conception of Service

LET US take the polo player as an example. In this new store he will find every item of equipment for the playing of the game, and all of it is authentic. The finest make of English polo saddles, mallets, caps, shirts, breeches, boots. He will find himself in the hands of men who know horses and know polo.

If he is a fox hunter as well, he can obtain here a tweed riding coat, a black coat or a pink coat with the buttons of his own hunt. Here is one of the most skilful breeches makers in the world. Hats, stocks and waistcoats correct in every detail.

Likewise the golfer, the fisherman, the man who loves guns, the follower of every sport and pastime will find here that

completeness, that variety, that excellence of quality which he has vainly sought before.

This is designed to be the greatest sportsmen's store anywhere, and it is, just as it has set new standards for men's business and formal clothing and accessories of every kind.

Those seeking Christmas gifts for men will find here a collection of unusual things that has never been equaled either in the United States or abroad.

It is a store worth coming a long way to visit — a store of many surprises — a new kind of store. John Wanamaker Men's Store and Women's Sportswear, 1 Broad Street, Philadelphia.

The Theatre

(Continued from page 28)

many more who are either merely ghosts of yesterday's theatre still pathetically walking the night or newcomers with shoestring intellects who do not know what it is all about. These are the ones who every once in a while come up to me—and to my critical confrères, I assume, as well—and demand "what sort of a play the damned public wants for godsakes if it doesn't want this one!"

VARIOUS EXHIBITS.—The dramatization of *The Good Earth* by Owen and Donald Davis, produced by the Theatre Guild, is, as almost anyone might have anticipated, hardly satisfactory. One cannot blame the Davises as dramatizers so much as the Davises, or anybody else, who imagined that the novel could be dramatized. Here and there, the Davises have managed to retain a fleeting feel of the Buck story, but for the most part all that they have contrived in the way of theatrical drama is an elaborated talking picture scenario.

Mr. Guthrie McClintic has added to the critical depression by expending his taste and talent on another of the late Edgar Wallace's potboilers. One has a right to expect a producer of Mr. McClintic's standing not to lower himself so, even though he may need the money that he believes reposes in such a venture. When producers like this one sacrifice their better dramatic instincts and sacrifice the present troubled American stage at the same time, the hope for a vital theatre is still further deferred. Even should Mr. McClintic make out of his production the money he is apparently so hungry for, he should be ashamed of himself, and of his betrayal of himself. If he isn't, I, for one, am. I accordingly herewith, out of respect for his talents, mount the rostrum and denounce him for a *Taugenichts*.

Op Man Satan was an obvious attempt to horn in on the glory and pelf of *The Green Pastures*. The responsible party was Donald Heywood. Emulating the author of the latter play, the M. Heywood got hold of all the Negroes in Harlem who were for the moment "at liberty," got himself a large crew of stagehands to shift a multiplicity of scenes, laid in the necessary number of spiritual singers, and set himself to tell a Biblical story in terms of the lowly coon's imagination. Unlike the author of *The Green Pastures*, however, he lacked one somewhat important attribute, to wit, the talent of the author of *The Green Pastures*. His exhibit, as a consequence, proved to be only a very dull and pathetically sparse paraphrase of the original.

The Other One, by Henry Myers, was dismal drool dealing with a morose woman who murdered her gay twin sister and in the end found that she had absorbed the latter's personality. At least, I was informed that that was the way it came out, for I could not persuade myself to hang around the premises after a first act in which the sculptor hero had made a small statue of a beautifully slender nymph and was suddenly dumfounded—*via* the script—to discover that it looked exactly like the overly plump

and dumpy leading woman, and in which two of the principal characters came around in gala evening dress to look at the body of their recently deceased friend.

Nona, credited to Gladys Unger but sounding very much like an adaptation and involving the activities of Miss Lenore Ulric, seems to indicate that the reports of David Belasco's death have been greatly exaggerated. The exhibit is precisely the kind of passionate drip that has been so close to his fancy and to see it produced in this more enlightened theatrical day hints that he must still be around and at work. Certainly it is difficult to think of anyone else having produced it. Following more or less closely the general pattern of *Tonight or Never* and dozens of other such dishes, it presents as its star rôle the familiar temperamental and tempestuous *artiste*, possessed of a heart of gold underneath her series of Franco-Minsky figure-revealing gowns, with the aforesaid *artiste's* sudden inflammation by a personable young man and the habitual subsequent two hours of biological alarms and incursions. All the ancient hokum is again in evidence: the indication of the *artiste's* innate tenderness by having her, amidst one of her tantrums, cease abruptly and receive with gentle sympathy a gray-haired old woman who wishes to present her with a little faded bouquet; the indication of her underlying simplicity and humanity in terms of the adoration of a pet bird; the elderly man of affairs who worships her at something of a distance and magnanimously supports dozens of orphans in her behalf—another testimonial to her essential purity despite considerable anatomical evidence to the contrary; the grand entrance of the *artiste* after she has captivated a hypothetical off-stage audience, preceded by the minor characters bearing her floral tributes and the thunderous off-stage applause of the stagehands and the producer; the colored servant who works for a laugh by suddenly speaking a sentence in German; *etc., etc.*

One or two items of more general critical interest present themselves in connection with these examples of childish theatrical nonsense. The first concerns itself with the recent local critical and audience habit of waxing enthusiastic over the histrionism of some player or other who comes on for a minute or two during the two hours course of a play and who runs away with the acting honors by the simple expedient of remaining on the stage for so short a time that no one has a chance to find out how little of acting he knows. In the last two months, a variety of bit-actors in the rôles of draymen, station masters, trunk movers, plumbers and what not, have entered into one or another play for a few moments and have been rewarded with immense applause for no other reason than that they spoke their few lines with an odd accent or walked on and off in a droll manner. They have been heralded by both the reviewers and audiences as excellent actors on the score of a performance

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Saga of the people's Al

(Continued from page 23)

the century, in 1900 on the sixth of May, he married Katie Dunn, and they went to live on the water-front.

Katie Dunn washed and cooked and ironed for him, and she bore him five children, and loved him all the days of her life.

Now Tom Foley was the boss of the Fourth Ward. He was a young man when he came to New York, and at that time he was a blacksmith. He started a saloon on the corner of Oliver and Water Street, and this was the year before Alfred Emanuel was born, and old Tom Foley lived in the Fourth Ward until he died. One day Tom sent for a man called Campbell who owned property and a grocery store on Vesey Street, and when the man came into the back-room of his saloon, Tom said to him, "You'd better dig up Al, and ready him up. It looks as if this convention wants to nominate him."

That was in 1903, the year that Alfred Emanuel went to Albany as an Assemblyman.

Tom Foley was a blacksmith and a saloon-keeper, and a ward-boss. But he knew Al, and he saw that Al had a heart in his breast and brains in his head.

Newsboy, altar-boy, fish-market clerk, amateur actor, process-server, Assemblyman.

When Al went to the Assembly, old Tom Foley said to him, "If you make a promise, keep it; and if you tell anything, tell the truth;" and that was something Al always tried to remember.

He took his first oath of office in the parlour of the Assembly on a cold January morning. In the crowded years that followed Al took seventeen oaths of office in that same room, and four of them were as Governor of the greatest state in the Union.

The first years in the Assembly were hard years, and Al did not like it there, until he learned the facts, and understood the rules and procedure, and got into the swing of things. Soon there was nobody in the Assembly who knew more than Al did about the business of legislation, and how the Empire State spent the people's money.

When he had been there ten years, they made him Speaker. He had mild blue eyes, and a gentle smile, but his voice roared like the bull of Bashan's, and the wit of his tongue cracked like a teamster's whip, and somehow, Al seemed to be a man who got things done.

William Allen White, the editor from Emporia, said of him in those days, "He kept his old friends with his heart, and made new friends with his head."

He was twelve years in the Assembly, and in those twelve years, he helped to pass many good laws which are written in the books of the State where you can read them if you are curious. Now, many of them affected the workman and the widow and the orphan, and those who live in slums, for Al was himself born in the slums, and he knew that poverty has its own *noblesse oblige*.

Many people said that Al was a "regular" who always went along with Tammany, and this was true in the beginning. But by and by Al made Tammany go along with him, so that

he could still be "regular", and still get where he wanted to go.

Tammany, in the way it has, rewarded him for being "regular", and for his strength with the people. Tammany made him Sheriff in 1916, and this job paid him well. Al could do a lot more for his family now, and he built a wing on his old house on Oliver Street, and he bought an automobile.

Then he left Albany for a little while, and this was when he became President of the Board of Aldermen in New York.

Now Al had begun to grow a little round stomach, and when he talked his face turned red as the apples in the Dammerman's grocery store, and the sweat dripped from his brow as it had once dripped from the boss truckman's back; but he had learned to wear tails, and a white tie, and rich men as well as poor men liked to be seen talking to him. So, after a while, politicians up-state, and even outside of Tammany Hall began to talk of "Smith for Governor".

The first day that Al went to Albany, way back in 1904, he sent his mother a post-card of the Executive Mansion, and on the back he had written, "Some day I will live here."

When Al heard that he had been elected, he went to his mother, and he kneeled beside her, and she blessed him, and then later, she showed him the post-card, and after that she showed it to all the neighbors.

Four times Alfred Emanuel Smith was Governor of New York State, and there were very few people who did not say that he was the best governor that the state had ever had.

Once, when Al was campaigning for his third term, Franklin Delano Roosevelt wrote him a letter, and it said: "Dear Al. . . . You have given to this State an honest, clean, and economical government. You represent the hope of what may be called 'the average citizen.'" (Years went by, and that "average citizen" was given a fine new name; he was called "the forgotten man".)

1924 was a big year in Al's life. That was the year the Democrats held their convention in the old Madison Square Garden. That was the year when Al first began to believe that he might one day be President, when the Democrats balloted 103 times in July heat and party confusion, amid limp hunting and still flags, in anger, in bitterness, and in mortal weariness, trying to break the deadlock between McAdoo and Smith.

Alabama casts its twenty-four votes for Osc-c-arr W. Underr-wood.

That was the first time that all the hands played, "East Side, West Side, all around the town," and "Al, my pal. . . ."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, on a new pair of crutches, came from the bed of a paralytic, and stood on the platform to put this son of a boss-trucker and an Irish seamstress in nomination for the Presidency of the United States, and it was he, no other, who in that speech dubbed Al "The Happy Warrior".

The years that followed were full

(Continued on page 66)



YARDLEY'S *Orchis*

AMID the firelight and the pungent scent of spruce, the holly and the mistletoe, the candles and the wreaths of Christmas-time, think, for a moment, how enchanting Orchis will be. All the blended perfumes of an English garden . . . violets and honeysuckle; lime trees in flower, and roses blowing. The loveliest fragrance of summer held captive for your release . . . and even more beautiful in this winter setting. Orchis as a perfume has found a very notable acceptance throughout America. And Orchis as a fragrance for other preparations is equally delightful. The gifts photographed above are merely representative of the series: a powder compact, with rouge and lipstick in matching fluted silver cases, \$3.25; Orchis face powder, a very large box, and Orchis perfume, \$3.50; face powder, perfume, compact, lipstick, and rouge, \$6; the Orchis compact, with a metal flask of perfume for the purse, \$3.25. . . . The perfume, itself, may be had in sizes from \$1.10 to \$24. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; Paris, Toronto, and Sydney.

Realism and Mr. Stimson

(Continued from page 25)

trine." which is after all, word for word. William Jennings Bryan's moral sanction doctrine. First, he made the point that the signatories to the Kellogg-Briand Pact had "renounced war altogether as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another, and agreed that the settlement of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature among them should never be sought except by pacific means." Now, that is exactly what they did *not* agree to do, and it is impossible to believe that Mr. Stimson has not read the reservations to the Pact: reservations which Mr. Kellogg summarized in his note of June 23, 1928 under six headings, the first dealing with the uncompromisable issue of self-defense. Mr. Stimson may dislike these reservations but he cannot void them unilaterally. They stand as long as the treaty stands or until they are withdrawn. In fact, there are many who question the value of the Kellogg-Briand Pact as long as these reservations are binding, because they leave plenty of room for a good, first-class war anywhere on this earth.

Secondly, he announced that neutrality is abolished, which is a daring statement to make in any circumstances, but is particularly noteworthy when it is made by the accredited guide of the foreign policy of a country which has based its international relations upon neutrality and no entanglements.

Thirdly, Mr. Stimson stated, with regard to the Sino-Russian struggle of 1929, that after thirty-seven nations had, at his request, joined "in urging upon Russia and China a peaceful solution of the controversy . . . the

restoration of the *status quo ante* was accepted by both parties and the invading forces were promptly withdrawn."

The sentences are from two separate paragraphs, but the combined idea conveys what obviously Mr. Stimson wanted to have believed. What actually occurred was the opposite. When Mr. Stimson's note arrived, the war was over, a truce had been signed, China and Russia were at peace and Mr. L. Karakhan, the Soviet Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, had occasion to pen one of his delightfully impudent notes attacking Mr. Stimson for being too late and pointing to the fact that no single signatory had been designated as the Protector of the Pact.

Fourthly, Mr. Stimson—alone and without consulting the other Powers, signatories of the Kellogg-Briand Pact—sat in judgment on Japan and decided that Japan was guilty of a breach of the Pact. Now, as this was exactly what the Lytton Commission had been asked to find out, the Japanese regarded Mr. Stimson's speech as a pre-judgment of their case, as an attempt to pack the jury, as a violation of international ethics. It may be countered that Japan has violated many ethics; but Mr. Stimson is the judge while Japan is the defendant at the bar. It is a more serious matter when the judge loses his temper than when the defendant tries a trick or two to save his neck in an awkward situation.

Japan replied to Mr. Stimson's speech by going him one better: the plan to recognize Manchukuo immediately was announced by Count Uchida. This seems to have been an

unnecessarily precipitate action, calculated to irritate the United States and the League of Nations, to stir up the wasps in China and to make peace between the two nations more difficult. Yet, exactly what else could Count Uchida do? He had to show the Japanese multitude that he was not afraid of Stimson, that he could give as well as he took, that he would always go Stimson one better.

If what Mr. Stimson said is the actual American policy, then that is all right and we can go ahead accordingly. But it would appear that the President of the United States does not quite agree with his Secretary of State, that, in fact, he is not willing to go with him the whole way.

Item 20 of Mr. Hoover's program as stated in his speech of acceptance deals with the Kellogg-Briand Pact. He goes along with Mr. Stimson for some distance but he ends on this note:

"We shall enter no agreements committing us to any future course of action or which shall call for use of force in order to preserve peace."

This lets both China and the League of Nations down with a bump. For both China and the League have been following Mr. Stimson on the assumption that he had some definite plan to force Japan to obey him. Mr. Hoover, however, wipes all that out. General McCoy's membership on the Lytton Commission does not mean that the United States is committed to support its recommendations or that, should the League appeal for force, that the United States will use it. Then and therefore all of Mr. Stimson's notes and comments since January 7 are just so many words, neatly strung together

and competently edited. So Japan recognizes Manchukuo.

It is not necessary here to discuss in detail the contrasting views of Messrs. Hoover and Stimson. Suffice it to indicate that there is a sufficient difference in attitude to attract attention, to strengthen the Japanese, to frighten the Chinese and to confuse Europe. Study the problem from other angles and you reach the same confusion. The Department of Commerce promotes foreign trade, the Smoot-Hawley tariff destroys it. The President seeks to find relief for American business, yet authorizes an increased tariff on copper which starts an international war on the American commodity. Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech, opposes the administration's policy of partial inflation, yet advocates that something be done about silver—which can only mean inflation.

When this confused thinking affects only the United States, it is perhaps only a bit of indoor politics which Americans deserve as a reward for political indifference. But this is the most powerful nation on earth, a nation which has replaced Great Britain in international leadership. Every political and economic attitude and action of this nation affects the remotest countries of Europe and Asia. What have they done to suffer from our confused thinking? Why should they pay for our political irresponsibility? Is it not possible to find a realistic policy, easily understandable, based upon specific interests, measurably by statistics, so that not only Europeans and Asiatics, but Americans as well, may know exactly where the United States stands?

New York: the municipal mess

(Continued from page 54)

tween Saratoga, Bowie, and other tracks; and doctors, lawyers and engineers on the payroll who seldom approach City Hall because of the demands of their private practices—all such supernumeraries would be dispensed with, just as they would be in a business corporation.

The principle on which the city has apparently been acting in hiring personnel has been that no one man should perform a job which two, three or even four could do; which is not precisely businesslike. The largest element in the current budget is the cost of personal service, approximating \$368,000,000, or nearly half the total. This has been going up at an astonishing rate. It more than doubled between 1918 and 1927, and has increased another eighty million dollars since 1927; in the last five years 32,380 new jobs have been created. By dropping perhaps a few thousand workers who do little or no work, New York City could save millions annually.

The principle on which the city buys apparently is that no article should be bought for \$5 which could be obtained for \$7.50. Within a few days of taking office, McKee saved the city \$50,000 by having election ballots printed by the lowest bidder for the

job instead of by the highest bidder, who had enjoyed the bulk of the city's printing business for years. Often there is no competitive bidding at all, because the Board of Aldermen exercises its power of permitting "emergency" purchases. Such "emergencies" pop up nearly every time the Board meets. Recently some functionary was enabled to leap into a breach with purchases of furniture for the new Bronx County Courthouse. He bought 12 judges' chairs at \$115 a chair; 12 clerks' chairs @ \$43; 900 chairs for the public @ \$12; 24 wastebaskets @ \$12; and 100 cuspidors @ \$3.

Mr. McKee apparently had the idea, strange to most city administrations, that the business enterprises in which the city is engaged ought to be self-supporting, at least, or else abandoned. He selected as a point of attack a terminal food market in The Bronx which the city operates for wholesalers. The market cost about 19 million dollars in the first place, and its operation eats up some \$162,000 a year, of which \$148,000 goes to pay the 70 or more employees. But the market has just four tenants, who pay some \$20,000 a year. That leaves a deficit of about \$140,000 a year which the taxpayers have to dig from their pockets. McKee noted that in the engine

room one out of the 13 engines were running—under the supervision of several foremen, eight laborers and 36 helpers. Most of this crew apparently was in the habit of turning up for work only on pay day. McKee dismissed the commissioner responsible, and ordered the market closed. Tammany later restored the appropriation for the market in the budget.

Fantastic as is this instance of waste in the Bronx Market, it is by no means a unique example of New York's disregard of the simple business principle that departments and enterprises should be self-supporting. McKee might have gone much farther along this line. There is a Bureau for the Collection of Arrears in Personal Taxes which costs \$50,000 a year to operate. It collects \$20,000 a year. There is a seven-million-dollar municipal airport in Brooklyn which is supposed to pay its way through the leasing of hangars to private airplane companies, but it loses about \$100,000 a year.

The city ferries plying in the harbor are supposed to pay their way, but they do not. The Commissioner in charge proposed to abandon the ferry from Twenty-third Street to Greenpoint because it was such a consistent loser, but the Alderman from Green-

point pleaded with the Mayor, who was at that time Walker. "Don't take away the old ferry," he said. "There would be tears in the eyes of those ferryboats, as there would be in the eyes of the people of Greenpoint. They ask you, those ferries do, to love them in May as you did in December." The Mayor was reported to have been visibly moved, and the ferry plies on, eating the taxpayers' money to keep Greenpoint's eyes dry.

This ferryboat incident also illustrates another obstacle in the path of anyone trying to put New York City on a business basis—an obstacle perhaps even greater than the impregnable greed of Tammany Hall. The citizenry as a whole wants the budget cut—but the citizenry is made up of a myriad of little groups, each with a pet project. If any of the pet projects are tampered with in the process of cutting the budget, a fearful howl arises. Add the various howls together and the upshot is that the very taxpayers clamoring for economy are, in their capacity as members of small groups, blocking it.

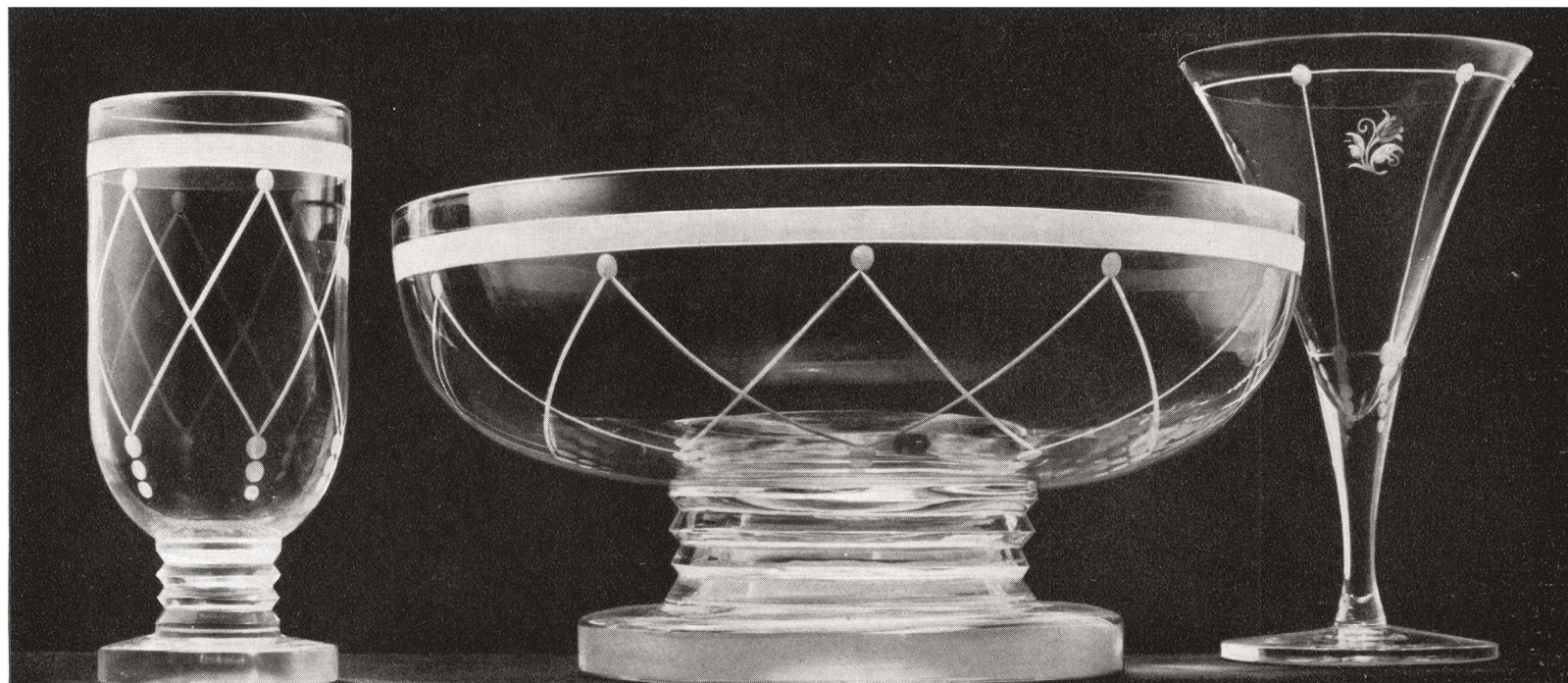
Moreover, the populace insists upon keeping its finger in the governmental pie. This necessitates the retention of a maze of clumsy machinery provid-

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The new Saint Tropez design with its smart frosted design. Goblets \$48 the dozen.

A gracious bowl for flowers or fruit in the Saint Tropez design. Only \$16.

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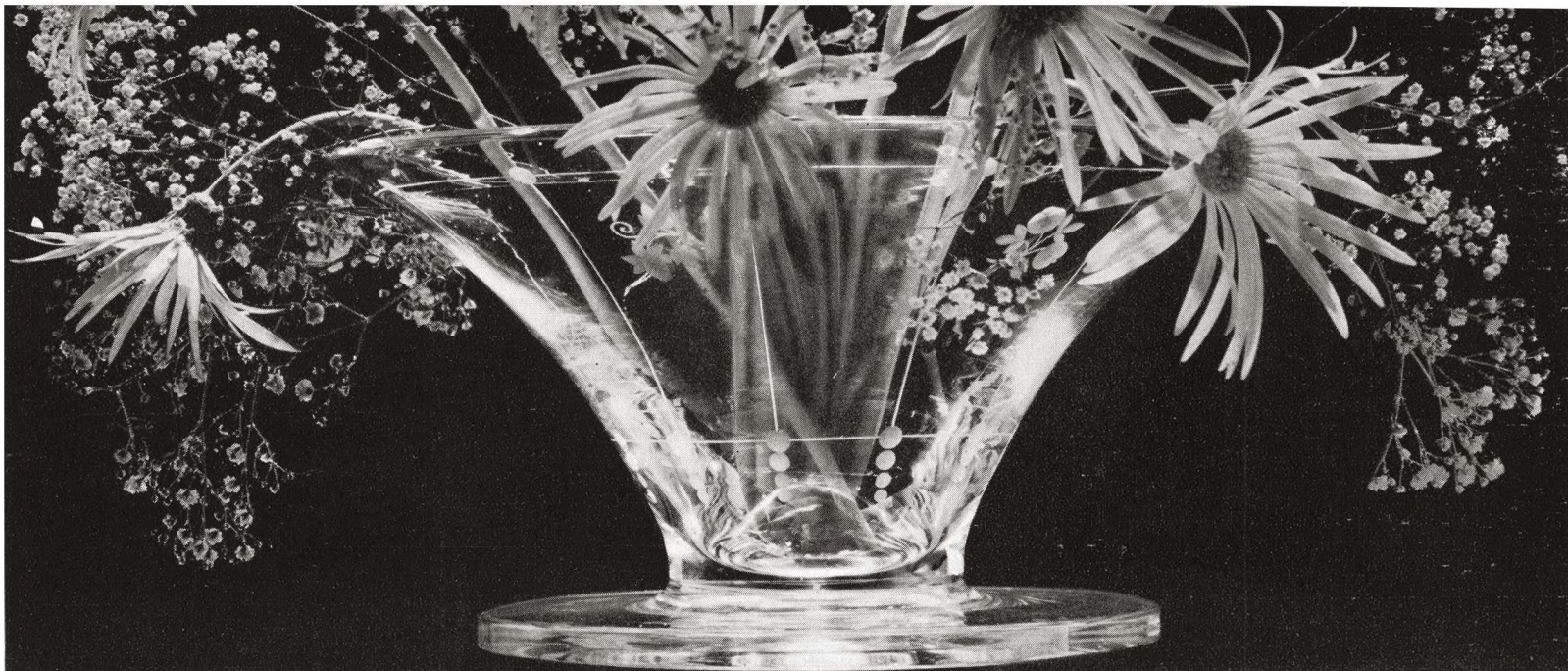
In each piece of Steuben you recognize the loveliness of an individual masterpiece. For the man who made it learned his craft in a far-off country where the art of glass blowing is a family heritage.

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The new Steuben designs for fall are a delight—so different, so modern. The prices are a joy, too. You won't be able to resist them. And since every design is an open pattern, it's a wonderful time to supplement the Steuben you already own.

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A new Steuben bowl that makes arranging flowers a new joy. Only \$15. Steuben crystal is a product of the Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

The screen

(Continued from page 47)

to the scenes of his early pictures. **NOT SO TOUGH.**—*Merry-Go-Round* should have been the best of this lot. A bitter, indignant but moving play, it would have been easy, even with the bellowing, unsubtle crew they selected to play in it, for the producers simply to have filmed the manuscript of the play as they found it. They probably would have lost, as in *Payment Deferred*, some power in translation, but had they left the original manuscript untouched, they might have preserved the force and authenticity of the play.

Merry-Go-Round may have been a play almost written to order for Mr. Seabury; in fact, for all I know, it actually was. It concerns a bell-hop who inadvertently witnesses a gang murder. He is held as a material witness without bail, and, for political reasons, the police finally decide to solve the crime by beating him until he confesses to the murder. They do so, and the lad, half-dead and in despair, hangs himself in his cell.

It was not a brilliant or important play, and it was over-indignant where it might have been startlingly convincing. But there was power in it, which Hollywood was afraid to turn completely loose. This then brings up the inevitable question: why did Hollywood buy it in the first place? With clumsy lines and worse actors, with the real, biting last act fearfully emasculated, the cinema has nothing to show the customers but a garrulous and dull episode in the life of a very stupid bell-hop.

There are dozens of other such exhibits which I haven't been able to see, all of them dealing with gangsters and bell-hops and cops. There will be a few more prison pictures by the time this reaches print. The most promising of the latter school is a bombastic piece of junk called *Hell's Highway*.

I won't take much of your time over it, and I mention it because, whereas *I Am A Fugitive* has the grace of honesty, this one even has to bring the governor of Georgia into the picture at the end to prove that our penal systems are really managed by kind old gentlemen, and that crooked, mysterious contractors are responsible for all the cruelty and sadism which the Wickersham Committee has discovered in our prisons.

Of course, I don't hold to the theory that any producer should spend half a million dollars trying to reform the commonwealth. But, even commercially, there is no reason and no theatrical sense in building up a savage, realistic prison play, and then at the last minute hauling a little old mother—and, in this case what a little old mother she is!—a sweet innocent girl, a kid brother, the governor of the state, and some burlesque gags into the movie in order to make it a pretty picture.

Hell's Highway easily could have been better than any of the current prison plays. It is directed with more verve, and it starts with a bang: a sweat-box murder and a hilarious, savage back-door murder, which lead up to a prison break and a good old-fashioned cracker man-hunt—with even the children hauling down old squirrel rifles to join in the fun. Of course,

soon after the second murder some executives must have arrived from the East, because the director, Rowland Brown, left the studio, and mother, love, etc. etc. were hastily thrown into the picture.

PLEASANT FROSTING AND RAW MEAT.—As long as we are to have polite comedies in the movies, a type of entertainment most unsuitable for celluloid, we are fortunate in having Lubitsch around to direct them. *Trouble in Paradise* is a pretty bit of frosting, so well-contrived that you barely mind the fact that there is no cake whatsoever under the tasty puff.

While a raucous garbage man sings "O Sole Mio" outside a Grand Canal hotel, we discover at once a gentleman who has been robbed and a Duke who is preparing to seduce a late visitor. After the Duke and the late visitor have sparred a few rounds they learn they are respectively a famous crook and a pickpocket and Lubitsch puts them to bed with one of his characteristically neat camera insinuations.

Up to this point everything is done with precision and dispatch. Unfortunately the playwrights did not give Mr. Lubitsch very much in the way of a drama to work with. After a pleasant prologue, the famous crook is employed by a wealthy, attractive widow; and of course they play hide and seek in and out the very attractive bedrooms in the house. But even with all the women in Paris pursuing him, one becomes a little bored with the proceedings and the protagonist, and one begins to look forward to the kill.

In conclusion, and for no logical reason, the personable crook plays the hero and marches heroically out of the boudoirs and back to his faithful little pickpocket.

Admitting the clever Lubitsch touches, one of two things should have been done with this stale bit of Hungarian pastry. Either the authors should have made the famous crook a thorough Raffles, giving him some action faster than a slow bedroom dog-trot, or they should have had him captured in the widow's bedroom and forced him to talk his way back to his pickpocket. As it is, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis ogle Herbert Marshall without much effect for the last part of the show; and although the clothes, the sets, and the atmosphere are in the usual tasteful Lubitsch manner, I did not find myself unduly concerned with Miss Francis' palpitations over Mr. Marshall (and, personable and amiable as he is, I have never found this English actor anything but a dreary performer.)

As far West of Budapest as Hoboken is a good old-fashioned strip act titled *Red Dust*. Without explanations, which might lead to libel suits and other irritations, I confess to having enjoyed for a long time the simple, forthright acting of Miss Jean Harlow; and as the wrestling partner of Clark Gable in this picture she has a great deal of simple country fun.

Here again we have an old Hollywood formula but, where *Trouble in Paradise* suffers from pernicious anemia, *Red Dust* is lusty and fresh simply because, instead of one trader and one woman and one softy in the

Huey P. Long

(Continued from page 48)

CREDITS

He is an able political strategist. In the opinion of Henry Taft he is one of the seven smartest political leaders in America. He scored a startling victory when, on the night before his election to the United States Senate, he produced a man whom he had been accused of kidnapping, and had him tell over the radio how the Governor's enemies had taken him for an airplane ride and paid him \$2,500 to vilify Long.

When Lieutenant-Governor Paul N. Cyr, whom he calls "the tooth dentist from Jeanerette", tried to usurp his place as Governor, he quickly made a laughing stock of Cyr, ousted him from office, and defeated him in court.

He possesses a sense of tolerance: although a Baptist, he campaigned in the Protestant hills of the state in 1926 for Senator Edwin S. Broussard, a Creole and a Catholic.

He refuses to admit defeat. After losing his first attempt to gain the Governorship, he ran a second time, and won by 140,000 votes. He is the youngest Governor ever to hold office in Louisiana, achieving that honour at the age of thirty-four.

He has a prodigious capacity for hard work. As Governor he rarely allowed himself more than three or four hours' sleep a night.

He is "a boy who made good" in spite of the handicaps of poverty. Born on a farm, he hoed cotton under the boiling sun for thirty-five cents a day, and saved his money to buy second-hand sets of the classics, which he studied industriously. As a young salesman peddling books, starch, and lard substitutes, and as an organizer of cooking contests, he lived up to his boast, "I can sell anybody anything."

As a law student at Tulane University, he completed a three-year course and passed his bar examination in nine months.

He can be rated as a successful lawyer; as a member of the Public Service Commission of his state, in a few hours, he brilliantly demolished the case of a telephone company whose lawyers had spent weeks in preparing arguments to justify a proposed increase in rates. The late William Howard Taft told Congressman Aswell that Long was the most brilliant lawyer who ever practised before the United States Supreme Court.

He is the author of the only constitutional history of Louisiana.

He is not a pussy-footer. He says what he thinks, no matter how many enemies he makes in doing so.

He possesses an enviable *sang-froid* in the face of virulent criticism. Although he has been called a liar, a crook and a briber, he refuses to lose his equanimity and self-assurance. He laughs off criticism, and returns to confound his critics when a more opportune moment arrives.

tropics, all suffering from damp rot and sex starvation, we have thrown in for good measure two ladies and three gentlemen, troubled with the same movie diseases. The good woman loses her honor to Mr. Gable and then her health. Her husband then takes her

DEBITS

what evidence might be brought against him."

He has ridden rough-shod over laws, precedents, and defied all the proprieties. When handed, as Governor, a copy of the State Constitution, he declared, "I'm the Constitution of Louisiana just now."

He often appeared on the floors of the state legislature to tell members how to vote, and he flagrantly traded appointments for political support. He boasted publicly that he "played the legislature like a deck of cards."

Not content with intimating that Louisiana legislators could be bought "like sacks of potatoes", he later declared that "Texas law-makers are being bought like sacks of corn."

Flouting the courtesies and formalities of diplomacy, he wore green silk pyjamas when he received the braided-encrusted commander of a visiting German cruiser.

He is habitually tardy in keeping appointments, be they with a parish-healer or a former President of the United States; sometimes he ignores them entirely.

After accepting useful radio support from W. K. Henderson of Shreveport, he refused to aid Henderson in his radio controversy with Loyola University. Soon afterwards he was rewarded with an honorary degree of doctor of laws from Loyola.

His government of Louisiana was extravagant. With drought-stricken farmers clamoring for lower taxes and with money needed for state hospitals and schools, he built a new \$5,500,000 capitol and a \$150,000 executive mansion and sponsored other unnecessary appropriations.

He raised the State's indebtedness by more than 80 million dollars, and instituted a tax program which it is claimed has been harmful to business.

In a fantastic scheme to reduce the oversupply of cotton, he railroaded through the Louisiana legislature a law which—had other Southern states taken similar action—would have made the growing of cotton in 1932 a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Despite all his talk about hoeing cotton and eating turnip greens, as Governor he nevertheless lived like a Diocletian, patronizing the most expensive tailors and the most famous chefs, attending gay parties in the French quarter of New Orleans, and speeding in a huge automobile from his "imperial" suite in a New Orleans hotel to the executive mansion in Baton Rouge.

He threatens to be, for a long time, the hair-shirt of the Democratic Party.

away from it all after she has taken a shot at Mr. Gable and as Miss Harlow's gentleman friend drinks himself to death the simple healthy couple remain happily on their rubber plantation to enjoy the climate and its advantages.

LIU



Vibrant with life.....the elegance of Liu

GUERLAIN

PARFUMEUR • PARIS

Saga of the people's Al

(Continued from page 60)

years, and in them Al never forgot the White House, but he was never known to neglect his duty, dreaming of it.

In 1928 the sons of Jefferson and Jackson nominated him for President. It was then that many things became clear to Al, and to the people. All the things that Al had been, and still was, he put before the people, and they considered them. It seems that they had forgotten many of these things,—that Al was a good Catholic, and that he had been an altar-boy.

Pax vobiscum . . . cum spiritu tuo. . .

And when a Methodist churchman said, "No governor who kisses the papal ring can come within gunshot of the White House," Al answered. "The essence of my faith is built upon the Commandments of God. The law of the land is built upon the Commandments of God. There can be no conflict between them." And he further enjoined the voters to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and to God the things which are God's," and, who knows? perhaps that is why the people gave Mr. Hoover the Presidency.

All during this campaign the voters remembered that Al had drunk beer on the Ward Chowders up the river, and that he did not believe in Prohibition, and that he had always thrown the weight of his influence in legislation against it. They remembered that he was a regular Tammany man, and that he was born down by the East Side docks, and had been a newsboy.

Daily Noose, Sun, World, Telegram, and Extras!

They remembered his brown derby, and the black cigar which he had always carried, even when he went to call on the former Katie Dunn in the Bronx, and that he had never read books, or learned to speak like a college man.

They remembered, and Al did not and would not let anyone forget these things. Al was not a man to forget what he was, or whence he had sprung. He was proud of it.

Now everywhere, in hotels and restaurants, on the sidewalks of a hundred cities, in farm houses, and factories, came over the *raddio*, Al's strident voice, and great good humour, and the facts which he poured from the reaches of his long memory, and always when he came and went there was the echo of the song of Democracy in the city streets.

East Side, West Side, all around the town.

Then the people whispered among themselves, and they voted. Al lost the election.

And when he had lost the election, many people said that his defeat had embittered him and disillusioned him and that he was a changed man, no longer a man who believed in democracy, and that he had left the people in his heart.

They said this, again, when he left Oliver Street, down by the East River, where he had voted for thirty-five years and where his mother had been born, and went to live in a pent-house on Fifth Avenue. From there he could

see the pleasant green patches that are Central Park. Central Park had not been for him when he was a boy.

Then Al helped to build the tallest building in the world, and from the top of its 102 floors, he could see spread out at his feet all of Manhattan, and dimly he could see Long Island, where the homes of the rich are, and he could see New Jersey, but he could not see as far as Washington.

So four years passed, and when the Democratic Convention came around again, Al went to Chicago, and once more he dreamed that he might be President. "I am in this," he said, "for myself," and "The man who would not have an ambition for that office would have a dead heart," he said. But Franklin Delano Roosevelt had gotten there ahead of him for Franklin D. Roosevelt was a good politician too, and he put himself over on the fifth ballot. And although the galleries cheered, and Massachusetts stood firm, and the liberals wept, and the band played *East Side, West Side*, this time the campaign song was not for Alfred Emanuel Smith.

Al came back to New York after that. And for a long while he stayed in his tent. People began to say, "Smith is no longer 'regular,'" and "The Happy Warrior is finished now. He is bitter and all the fight and fire are gone out of him."

Then Al became an editor. The man who had never read began to write and read. But this was not Al,—Al could not long be like this. So one day he took off his coat and his vest and went to work for the ticket. And when he saw Franklin Delano Roosevelt—who had once, standing on new crutches, nominated him for President, who had taken the Governor's chair which Al had gladly given to him, who had taken the nomination which Al had not wanted to give him at all,—then Al took his black cigar from the side of his wide mouth, and reached out his red hand, and said in a loud and hearty voice, "Hello, Old Potato!"

Hello, Old Potato!

And the campaign was on.

When Al made his first speech there was an old bile and an ancient bitterness in him, which again flowed out, and though that speech cleansed his heart and his spirit, it poisoned many who had not been his enemies before. But the people who loved him, and whom he had not forgotten, did not care, and they all voted for his friend Frank, because Al, who had himself almost been President, asked them to. . . .

Altar-boy, newsboy, fish-market clerk, amateur actor, process-server, Assemblyman, sheriff, governor, presidential candidate, Empire State builder, leader of his party.

This is the Saga of a Tammany Man, of the Happy Warrior, the Wearer of the Brown Derby, of the People's Al.

But this is not the end: Alfred Emanuel Smith is a good politician and a strong man, and he has a heart in his breast and brains in his head, and there are still many things for a man who gets things done to do,—East Side, West Side, and all around the town.

Philadelphia

(Continued from page 33)

spring—repeated the dissipated stupidity of the war period itself. Such houses, the people who almost owned them, were never actually smart; but they often so closely resembled smartness that it was difficult to recognize their fictitious character. They were not, integrally, part of Philadelphia. When the victims of a false sense of values disappeared, the city again resumed its historic attitude.

The city clubs, except one, slept in a senile quietude; the country clubs diminished in social importance. The country clubs were, for the most part, definitely turned over to a more democratic order. Only hunt clubs remained undisturbed in their exclusive eminence. Dancing became the affair of the very young. The young, in an obsolete phrase—an activity of decreasing utility—continued to come out; but an older plane of society returned to a comparatively simple, and Philadelphia, manner of existence: the conviction of innate superiority was unaffected by material depression. It was, to the contrary, assisted by the shearing away of superficial advantages. The Philadelphians neither young nor old, those, that is to say, who were young the day before yesterday, were more firmly, more contentedly, insular than ever.

They had always taken their position, their pretensions, seriously. A Philadelphia girl was, in fact, different from the girls of all other cities; she had, for one thing, a slang, a mode of speech, entirely her own. It was made out of words arbitrarily used, inflections, with, often, a tonic quality of irony. Sentimentality had practically no place in her being. The Philadelphia girl was skeptical rather than not. She was, as a result, compared with others of her class, well behaved with vigorous opinions, correct in appearance rather than lovely, and, when it suited her, amazingly disagreeable. Intellect has never been a requirement of either the aristocratic or smart worlds, and to that she was no exception. Her interests and her conversation were invariably concerned with the personal phases of her small, intimate, her insular world.

The men she knew were, within

their self-imposed limitations, at least fully as engaging. The men of Philadelphia have always been distinguished by a reassuring, a complete and engaging, masculinity. Simple and satisfactory creatures. They managed, cheerfully indifferent to the disintegrating influence of aesthetic considerations, to preserve a nice degree of physical assertiveness. They fought splendidly in their country's wars and they fight splendidly at home. And, all conventional American belief to the contrary, they owned more intellectual curiosity, a deeper admiration for the realm of the mind, than the girls they appropriately married.

They made, men and women, a society with a great deal to recommend it—virtue and courage and simplicity. But already it began to appear old-fashioned; it belonged, like the other traditions of Philadelphia, to the past. It, too, seen objectively, was more than a little dull. The personalities, the narrow interests, began to sound almost futile. The old enemy of human existence, dullness, was found once more to be inhabiting the most select places; things once held important, essential, suddenly seemed absurd; the forms of society, old securities, were breaking up. That, a melancholy truth, Philadelphia denied to the last.

Strong lands, nationally strong people, have always been provincial, narrow, insular. A successful government rests on the form of local ignorance conveniently called patriotism. Philadelphia, consequently, has been a weighty city, its people, at best, folded in a handsome dignity. Politically it has been different. The exclusive concern of Philadelphia society with an intangible, an exclusive, superiority delivered the city to a practical and venal baseness. That, perhaps, was the true failure of the spirit, the especial pride, that made it notable—an inability to see aristocracy in the light of a challenge and a responsibility. Smartness was never better than a trivial, an evasive, substitute for a difficult and elevated state of society. What significance Philadelphia had, missing that understanding, could not hope to survive the brutal clarity, the hard necessities, of now.

The sophisticated young man

(Continued from page 58)

shall think of a way."

"You are *wonderful*, monsieur," said the delighted fellow-passenger. "There is nobody like you. You are always so unexpected. I really believe you have no heart at all. Even your tears are shed for no one but yourself!"

"Hearts are *too* distressingly crude," said Victor. "Since they are admitted to be the cause of all trouble, why not take my advice, madame, and waste love only on yourself?"

At that moment the train drew up at the little country station. On the station, Victor's coolie waited with a dog-collar and chain, for there had been some misunderstanding which had given the coolie reason to imagine that the dog was being brought home,

convalescent, today.

Something in Victor's breast gave a curious lurch aside as he saw this. But his talk in the train had brought him to himself; the necessity for justifying his label—The Heartless Young Man—had re-established him, even in his own eyes, as a heartless young man. He crossed the platform, took the collar and chain from the coolie's hand, and dropped them indifferently on a scrap heap by the station door.

"Yes, I shall think of a way," he said as he helped his friend into her carrying chair. "In my opinion there are no such things as circumstances over which we have no control, madame—especially in affairs of the heart."

So many doomsdays

(Continued from page 35)

it will go about smashing the existing system of horrible petty-bourgeois tyranny. They see the whole structure just about ready to go swooping down with a grand roar of bursting timber—and never stop to realize that in America there is practically nothing discernible which might resemble Professor Marx's bourgeoisie or proletariat. But of course there is no arguing. Cataclysm is their catechism; they must start with ruin.

All of which leaves some of us out. Or does the current fashion of doom compel you? Of course, you may take your choice as to dooms; but really do you find it necessary to believe in any one at all? You may accept the doom offered by the philosophers, the neurologists, the scientific men, who amply prove that there is no hope for us, and that either civilization or the human race, or both, are collapsing. You can have the doom offered by the extreme political prophets, who see American culture smashed (and some hazy utopian scheme suddenly shoved in to pinch-hit for it). You can have the doom offered by intellectuals and dreamers, who just continue the good old tradition of telling us that we are going to the dogs. Well, we have been going to the dogs for a long, long time. In case we have already arrived at the dogs—that, of course, would settle the issue.

And yet, we still seem to go on: we produce an astonishing wealth of books and sewer-pipes, good paintings and bad music, electronic analyses and alcoholic syntheses, chromium-nickel

lamps and tin pianos, epics, partridges, and ocean fliers. Is it only the honey optimism of Bruce Barton, William Lyon Phelps, and Robert W. Service that keeps us going? Or that of Irving Fisher and Roger Ward Babson, sometime promoters of limitless prosperity? Barely! It's just people like that who make us want to fly to doom, as to a happy relief.

We seem to go on because our realization that Prohibition has tried to wipe out decency does not keep us from hoping that decency may return; or because we still hope for another Cleveland, another Walt Whitman, another Delmonico's, even after reading Professor Spengler; or because we still hope to make our son the greatest Yale fullback since Ted Coy, even after we have been told that the manhood of the race is hopelessly on the downgrade. After we have read the Break-downs, the Collapses, and the prophecies of immediate revolution and chaos, we still put on our new London tails, parade our "conspicuous waste" through the theatre lobby, and bow to the gardenias at the Opening Night. We learn that the structure of civilization is about to crash, and we still build three-story mansions with plenty of rooms for our children's children, and even extra garage space for that other car we'll buy when the next great boom begins. Obstinate race!

And on the bottom shelves of our mansion's library, row on row, in tall dog-eared procession, stand the books and tracts and magazines which were the Baedekers to doom.

The Theatre

(Continued from page 60)

lasting from thirty seconds to a minute and a half. Such is the modern Lewesian criticism.

The second item has to do with actresses like the Mlle. Ulric who have been displaying themselves to audiences in cheap box-office goods over a long space of time. So invariable is the acting routine of these actresses, so invariable is their stage deportment, so familiar is their every attitude, every gesture, every intonation, every pair of pajamas, that—with the passing of years—the rôles in which they appear cease to be separate and distinct rôles and persist in the audience's eye, in each case, as the same single female. It is thus the actress as woman that the audience sees, not the actress as actress or the rôle. And it is thus that nine-tenths of the repetitive passion the old girls exercise themselves in, nine-tenths of the love stuff they wide-eyed and ingenuously go through, nine-tenths of the youthful heat the playwright assigns to them, seems so ridiculous and makes an audience just a little ashamed for their sakes.

SOME OTHERS.—*Black Sheep* was credited to Elmer Rice, but it is possible that there are two of them and

that this one was not the same fellow who wrote *Street Scene*, *The Left Bank*, *Counsellor-at-Law*, etc. The play was rubbishy stuff about a temperamental young author, without the faintest suspicion of quality.

I Loved You Wednesday, by Molly Ricardel and William Du Bois, was a stereotyped love tale embellished with a measure of lively dialogue and several good moments of character observation. As a play, it missed, but now and again it disclosed elements that captured the interest.

Peacock, by Leonard Ide, revealed nothing. Neither did *Men Must Fight*, by R. Lawrence and S. K. Lauren. Neither did *Absent Father*, a woeful dish if ever there was one. As for *Rendezvous*, by Barton MacLane, the oft-repeated speculation as to what has happened to Arthur Hopkins' playmanuscript eye is to be repeated once again. Only this time, much more loudly.

There is, however, one beam of light. The Abbey Theatre Company has been in our midst lately with a repertoire of modern Irish plays. That repertoire has provided the only genuine *raison d'être* for the local theatre during the period covered by this review.

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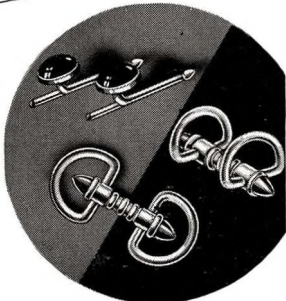
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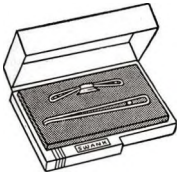
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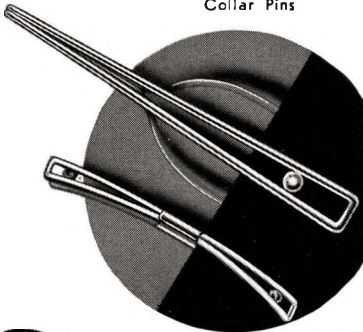
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Dress Assets for Men

The Jimmy Walker era

(Continued from page 41)

decade. In the pre-war and pre-Volstead period, he might have been tolerated, but he would never have been glorified. Less than ten years ago, one of the sagacious elder statesmen of Tammany, while admitting Walker's brilliance and his services to Tammany, asserted that the young fellow had no future. The aged chieftain's theory was that, to rise in New York politics, a man must be either Puritanical or cautious. That principle did formerly prevail, but it lost its force in the last decade. The attempt of reformers to legislate liberty out had legislated license in. It produced the Jimmy Walker Era. The depression has now finally ended that era. The idol of the newer epoch is the forbidding type with wrathful countenance and a spade beard, with a curtailing, slashing, reprimanding vetoing temper, and with an eloquence which consists wholly of the word "NO."

Walker was the emblem of the reaction against reformers. As a State Senator, he gave New York Sunday baseball and Sunday movies. He defeated the crusade to censor books. He is the one conspicuous politician in America who came out flat-footedly in favor of the return of the saloon. It was the Walker Act which re-established prize-fighting after the reformers had abolished it. The long whiskers, the frock coats, the black gloves, the reversed collars, the sour visages left Albany year after year joining in the prayer that something serious would speedily happen to Senator Walker.

Later, as Mayor, Jimmy became the embodiment of New York's, and to some extent of the nation's, growing dislike of Prohibition and Puritanism. He became the foremost American champion of a man's right to be himself. His life was an antiseptic rebuke to the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals; it was holy water to the devils of intolerance

and persecution; it was a whiff of insecticide to snoopers, sniffers, wowzers, informers, meddlers and all similar canaille.

To dislodge an idol of such rare merit was a difficult proceeding. Seabury's revelations were enough to sink ten ordinary Mayors, but they failed to turn sentiment against Walker. The composite mind of New York worked at racing speed to invent fresh excuses for Jimmy after each fresh Seabury exposure. It was demonstrated clearly that the former Mayor had mingled his private finances in strange ways with the finances of interests seeking important favors from New York City. What of that? It was computed that, taking Seabury's allegations at their face value, fewer than a million mysterious dollars had found lodgment in Jimmy's iron safe. Is a great metropolis like New York interested in petty cash items of that sort? Judge Seabury's well-meant strivings would have been laughed to scorn except for one circumstance. That circumstance was the revolt of New York's long overtaxed real estate. It was this which brought sudden unpopularity and peril to Walker. With rents cut in half, with thousands of buildings in receiverships, with the real estate interests already bleeding to death from overtaxation, Jimmy wanted \$697,000,000 to run New York for one year. That was the last straw. The Sunday supplements used to entertain their readers with speculations on whether the weight of the skyscrapers would not some day push Manhattan Island down into the ocean; to-day the weight of taxes and mortgages is doing practically that. Jimmy had painted the town red in more ways than one. The bedrock of Manhattan rose and mutinied, as the stones of Rome were invited to do by Mark Antony. It was Mother Earth, not Seabury, that finally shook Jimmy out of City Hall. Jimmy may come back; if so he will be a very much altered Jimmy. But, in any case, the old Jimmy Walker Era is over.

Dorothy's Christmas burglar

(Continued from page 58)

over. That's the kind of house that was. Well, and then it gives me a chance for my hobby. I get ideas."

"Ideas for what?"
"Well, you see," the Burglar made shy little motions with his hands. "I used to do some interior decorating, in a small way. . . . It's my hobby. I get around and see things this way. Some very fine things."

Dorothy stuck out her tongue and said—"Pansy!"

"Brat!" said the Burglar.
"Moron," said Dorothy.
"Nouveau riche," said the Burglar.
"Proletarian," said Dorothy.
"Enfant terrible," said the Burglar.

The two faced one another angrily. There was a moment of silence. From some tower high over the sleeping city a clock chimed the hour—four. The Burglar let his head droop. "It's Christmas morning," he said. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. And we're quarrel-

ing. You're supposed to reform me."

"Kwismuss," said Dorothy suddenly, "Kwismuss is here. Mewwy Kwismuss, Mister Burglar."

"Merry Christmas, little golden-haired Dorothy," said the Burglar, dashing a tear from his eye.

"Please don't wob any more people any more, Mister Burglar," pleaded Dorothy, "and don't forget to take this dolly to your ittle dirls at home."

The Burglar arose with his tools and went to the window. "Goodbye little Dorothy and God bless you," he said and placed one leg on the sill. "So help me, from now on, I go straight. I'll reform."

"Wait a minute," said Dorothy. "Reform? Don't be a softy. I'm declaring myself in with you. Fifty-fifty, partner. Shut that window; come on upstairs and I'll show you where the old man keeps his dough. He got it just about the way you get yours."

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New York: the municipal mess

(Continued from page 62)

ing for popular representation and for local autonomy which has long outlived its usefulness and should be scrapped. The structure of government in New York City, as in many other cities is admirably adapted to foster waste and, in fact, almost precludes the possibility of efficiency. Overhauling it would be simple enough if the people could be induced to cast off old governmental habits. Until they do, neither McKee nor anybody else can bring about further elimination of sheer waste totaling further tens of millions of dollars.

New York County is identical in its boundaries with Manhattan, the affairs of which are conducted by the mayor and the city government. But because counties were important units in England in the days of the early Georges, modern Manhattan has a complete county government; so does Kings County, which is Brooklyn, and Richmond County, which is Staten Island, and so on. The county officials have virtually nothing to do except draw their pay, and they and their offices and their assistants and secretaries and stenographers and motor cars and chauffeurs are maintained by the taxpayers. The chamberlain long ago was an important member of the household of the English kings; so New York has one. His sole duty is to take city revenues over to the bank and deposit them, which is not enough work for a grown man. The city once had a business man for a chamberlain and he resigned on the ground there was nothing for him to do. The subsequent chamberlains have been content to draw their salaries.

In mediaeval England the shire reeve was a busy official who, bearing a halberd, kept the peace and acted as hangman when necessary; so now New York has a sheriff, who does not bear a halberd and is superseded as hangman by the electric chair in Sing Sing. If he notes a disturbance of the peace, he calls a city policeman. He has a staff of 122 to help him do practically nothing. The sole contribution of the sheriff to modern life in recent years has been to make the tin box famous.

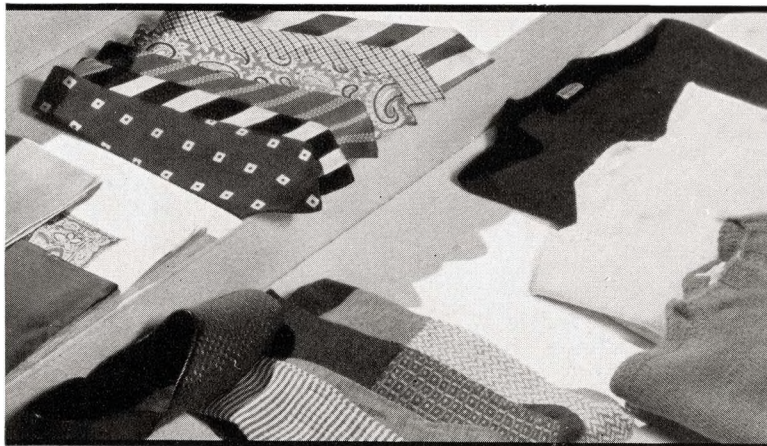
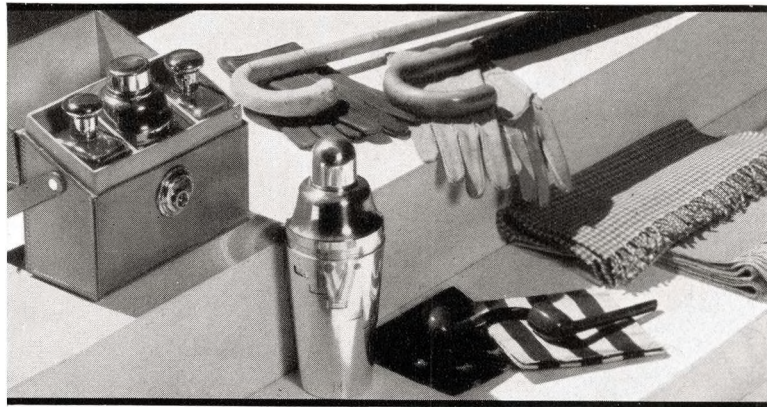
There is no conceivable need of having court houses strewn through five counties. One or two courthouses in Manhattan might be more convenient for everybody concerned, and far less expensive. But the various local chambers of commerce insist on having a handsome court house apiece, presumably to point out to visitors. Each of the many courts has its own set of subordinate officials who, among other things, register titles and deeds which would be much more accessible if registered economically in one central office.

In addition to the county governments, there are the borough governments, instituted as recently as 1898 when Queens and Staten Island were remote country suburbs afraid of being abused by the wicked city of New York. To preserve their rights they and the other boroughs insisted on having autonomy. So each has its own president and its own governmental

structure which has been almost wholly superseded in fact if not in theory by the municipal régime of greater New York City. When the borough governments were instituted it was feared that the borough presidents would have too little to do and not enough patronage to dispose of, so certain city functions were split up among them, notably the privilege of building sewers. This has been a source of great profit to borough politicians and considerable grief to the taxpayers. Apart from the matter of graft, the sanitation work could be much less expensively and much more efficiently done if one trained city official were in charge throughout.

Of all the ludicrous and expensive vestigial units of government, the Board of Aldermen is undoubtedly the champion. In times forgotten it was felt that no government could be complete without an upper and a lower legislative chamber. So New York provides itself, according to the current fashion, with a Board of Estimate (Senate) and a Board of Aldermen (House of Representatives). In the course of years the duties of the Board of Aldermen have been pared away by the legislature, by charter amendments, and by reason of the obvious uselessness of the Board itself. Yet the dear old Board of Aldermen still meets once every Tuesday (except during the summer), for as long as 20 minutes a time on occasion. There are 65 Aldermen, who draw \$5,000 a year each for their arduous duties, except the lone Republican who as minority leader gets \$7,500 (he has a secretary at \$3,000 and a messenger at \$2,000) and except the assistant to the presiding officer who also gets \$7,500, and except the president, who gets \$10,000 a year. The Board, unable to rely on the city police to keep out the crowd of citizens at its doors (sometimes as many as two persons), has a sergeant-at-arms and ten assistant sergeants-at-arms, or almost enough guardians to look after the 435 Representatives in Congress. These ten assistant sergeants-at-arms seldom get to meetings and are not missed.

The substantial and permanent reduction of New York City's budget is not a matter of a few spectacular moves, but a matter of effecting hundreds of small economies—the sort of economies which would have been instituted long since by an efficiency expert in any other large corporation so near financial chaos as is New York today. In taking a few preliminary steps, Mr. McKee indicated some of the important lines of endeavor: abolishing luxuries, removing superfluous personnel, putting city enterprises on a paying basis, centralizing purchases on a scientific instead of a graft system. He was thwarted before he got well started by the office-holding ring jealous of its jobs and its booty. Mr. McKee could not even attempt the more important economies which would be brought about by pruning away the great mass of dead wood in New York's governmental structure. The groaning taxpayers themselves would have defeated him in that.



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Write name and address in margin.



How to have élan

(Continued from page 49)

matism, that Mr. Sune has devoted the final chapter of his opus to a carefully itemized list of One Hundred and Fifteen Handy Emotions for the Home. These exalted feelings he has grouped conveniently under the general heading *Emotional Muscular Contractions*; and the whole chapter (and you can look it up for yourself if you think I'm kidding) is entitled Emotions Displayed on a Lion Hunt.

According to the plot of this chapter, the hero decides to hunt lions (Emotions of Consent, Acquiescence and Compliance). Lions, it appears, "double one up with laughter" (Emotions of Glee, Jollity and Hilarity); but he will not take a machine-gun (Negation). As a result, the lion escapes (Anger, Fury and Madness), and the hero, broken-hearted, decides that his "girl won't love him" (Emotions of Weeping, Lamentation, Sobbing and Wailing). He falls asleep; and, if I follow the plot correctly at this point, the girl instantly arrives. "It can't be her!" the hero exclaims (Emotions of Skepticism, Incredulity and Bad Grammar), only to discover that "a lion is chasing her, attacking her, and knocking her down" (here we have a whole gamut of Emotions, ranging from Dismay, through Panic, to Horror, Delirium Tremens, Mania, and Spasms). While he is reproaching himself because "he should have rescued her" (Guilt), the lion conveniently runs away again and his girl is saved; and in a final burst of mingled Emotions the hero demonstrates in rapid succession that he loves her, that he is hungry, that he has a toothache, that he hates to spend money, and that most girls invite him to dinner.

And this (I am still quoting Mr. Sune verbatim) is how it is done:

"To produce [for example] the Emotions of Affection, Adoration, Love and Passion: Visualize 'You will always love me'. Then raise the outer corners of the mouth; separate the teeth and lips; during the embrace raise the corners of the eyebrows near the nose which produces horizontal wrinkles less than two inches long. Ladies roll their eyes up or close their eyes tight and lean backwards; men slightly close their eyes and lean forwards; both will breathe very slowly and deeply, causing their chests to go up and down.

"To produce the Emotions of Content, Enjoyment, Satisfaction, and Gratification: Visualize 'Most girls invite me to dinner'. Then fold the arms; lean backwards; protrude the abdomen; spread the feet apart; lick the teeth with the tongue; chew with the lips closed; speak with a satisfied tone. Chewing-gum exhausts a person's feeling of contentment.

"To produce the Emotions of Mirth, Glee, Jollity and Hilarity: Visualize 'Lions double one up with laughter'. Then slap your friend on the back

with the palm of your hand; poke your friend lightly on the shoulder with your clenched fist; pinch your friend's ear with your fingers; pat your friend's cheek five times in two seconds with the palm side of your fingers; place your hand horizontally upon your friend's forehead so as to suddenly push your hand back through his hair; send your friend sprawling with a kick from the rear."

Your friend, it is assumed, will probably be producing meantime the Emotions of Dislike, Aversion, and Enmity, which also are demonstrated by a kick from the rear, only harder.

As a matter of fact, it was this last description which gave me an idea for a somewhat wider application of Mr. Sune's little work. After all, not many of us are apt to go off on a lion hunt; and it is possible that a more universal plot would lend the book a wider reading public, extending even outside the cinema colony. Let us suppose, just for instance, that Mr. Sune had had a chapter in his book entitled, off-hand, "Emotions Displayed on Going to See a Show in a Theater."

The hero of this chapter, as I see it, would be pretty irritable anyway, and would only be going to the theater in the first place because he had been given free seats. Moreover, the usher has kept him standing in line half an hour while he seated a dozen people, apparently all relatives, who arrived after our hero did (Emotion of Irritation). He is eventually seated across the aisle from an elderly lady who is eating some kind of nut-candy that crunches (Emotion of Increasing Irritation and Gooseflesh). The man directly behind our hero either beats time steadily with his shoe on the back of our hero's seat, or else inserts his toe suddenly in the space at the rear of the seat and causes our hero to leap forward unexpectedly and bite his tongue (Irritation and a Slight Giddy Feeling). There is a baby three seats away who is crying steadily (Increasing Giddiness), and up in the balcony a jokester in the audience persists in blowing a Bronx-Cheer gadget every time there is an embrace upon the screen (Frenzy). And, to cap our story, the stage-show takes an hour and three quarters and concludes with a soprano singing Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* (sudden and complete Mental Blank).

This is how I would handle the Emotional Muscular Contractions:

To achieve the Emotion of Complete Satisfaction: Visualize "I wish I had about a .44 Colt with six shells." Then go out and get a .44 Colt with six shells; come back into the theater; load the Colt; shoot in rapid succession the usher, the lady with the nut-candy, the man behind you, the baby, the jokester, and the soprano singing *Trees*.

And if anyone objects, you can lay the whole thing to Elan.

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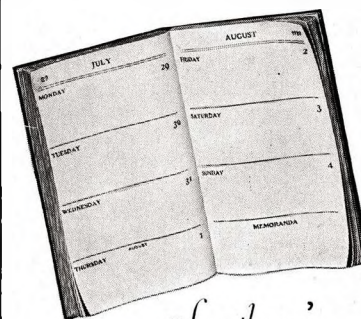


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In the next issue: Mount Athos by Paul Morand

All is not blue on the Danube

(Continued from page 51)

neither of them wanted to see the Danube independent. Every nation in the valley of the Danube is erecting higher customs barriers, contriving elaborate systems of currency exchange control which are indistinguishable from petty larceny, and is vigorously engaged in hating its neighbors and defaulting debts.

Under the circumstances, one would expect to find the Danube very blue indeed (although the river is, in unpoetic fact, a yellow muddy stream meandering through rather uninteresting scenery). One would expect that the beating of breasts and the gnashing of teeth would resound from the Tyrol to Transylvania and that the tribes of desperate Central European peasants would be preparing to erect barricades and barbecue landlords from Czechoslovakia to the Banat. On the contrary, you will be informed with a smile in Vienna that they don't see how they will get through the next winter but that the Viennese won't take things seriously. In Budapest, they explain carefully that Hungary is bankrupt and then point with pride to the lovely gardens on St. Margaret's Island and the modernization of the city, as the result of American loans which will not be repaid. Two hundred million dollars of American loans in Hungary, another hundred million in Austria are, apparently, gone where the woodbine twineth. The bankers have discovered with a nasty shock that short-term credits and long-term credits are sisters under the skin, and both public banker and private investor have got it where the chicken got the axe. Everywhere you go, you are told that inflation is coming, that the pengo, shilling, lei, crone and leva are worthless, but when you inquire as to the chance of social revolution you are told that it is impossible. For the fact has just been discovered in Central Europe that even bankruptcy is not as black as it has been painted. The Danube has gone to the devil and has discovered that hell is habitable and is in fact admirably adapted to colonization by the European races.

Austria may be, and undoubtedly is, in a terrible condition. But you will have to travel far to see such well-kept farms and such fine crops as in this country which has suffered the worst political and economic shocks of any post-war European nation. The people may be broke, but they are happy, courteous and able to drink, sing and support life. Vienna may be too Socialistic for the rest of Austria, but it has managed its finances far more wisely, and its model apartment houses for the working classes are the envy and the scandal of Central Europe. Out in Grinzing, the Viennese still drink the new wine in the summer evenings and listen to Strauss waltzes. Austria in her poverty and her hour of disaster has been saved by her character and is emerging as the only nation which is *temperamentally* suited to weld the Danubians together on a basis of live-and-let-live.

Despite the brutal dismemberment of Hungary, the semi-Oriental methods of Magyar government and a financial administration which has the tempo and motive generally character-

ized as Latin-American, the land of the Magyars is a happy-go-lucky place. The peasants are grumbling of course, but that is partly because—alone of Eastern European countries—Hungary has retained the system of big estates for the benefit of the landed aristocracy. With scores of pressing internal problems to occupy the government, the one issue of Hungarian politics is the issue of revenge on the Czechs, Roumanians and Jugoslavs who robbed Hungary of her territories. With European bankers ostentatiously holding their noses whenever they see an Hungarian bank note, you can buy fifty dollars worth of food and service for twenty dollars worth of pengos at par. With Hungarian credit at the nadir, the big hotels are crowded with guests paying New York prices and the gypsy music sounds at night on St. Margaret's Island and in the restaurants of Buda.

The Czechs are cheerful, the Roumanians seem to be getting along quite nicely, the Jugoslavs still convert prune juice into Slifovitz and their pruning hooks into lethal weapons, and Mussolini's green-clad legions bustle happily about the Tyrol, fiercely forbidding "latte" to be advertised as "Milch" and insisting that the "Kaiserstrasse" be renamed the "Via Mussolini". People still go to church, babies are born, you can get drink and politics at a café, a grain of wheat (if planted) will still multiply like a national debt, Salzburg still holds the annual music festival, and girls still make eyes at young men in the moonlight. Dr. Freud is in Vienna and the Danube still flows to the sea.

The explanation is, of course, that the Danubian races have discovered that they can survive military defeat, political dismemberment and economic ruin. They have recollected that they can still feed themselves from their own soil, even if they cannot pay either the banker or the piper. They have learned in the last twenty years what American and some Western Europeans have never suspected—that it takes more than a disaster to destroy a nation or a civilization. And they realize that, sooner or later, the crime against the Danube which was committed at the Peace Conference will have to be paid just as fully as the old Austro-Hungarian Empire had to pay for its own crimes and stupidities before the war.

In the meantime, wrapped in the security of a bankruptcy so complete as to compel them to live within their means, and conscious of a political insignificance so absolute as to render them mere camp-followers in the wake of the Big Powers, the Danubian races can afford to laugh at the antics of a Western World which does not even now—after a world war and a world panic—realize that the Danube region is the Typhoid Mary in the family of nations. For in Balkanizing Central Europe in the name of Mr. Wilson's interesting ideas on the subject of self-determination, the Great Powers forgot the lesson of the Balkans: that it is only the poorest nations which can afford to go to war, and that only those which are themselves bankrupt possess the means to bankrupt others.

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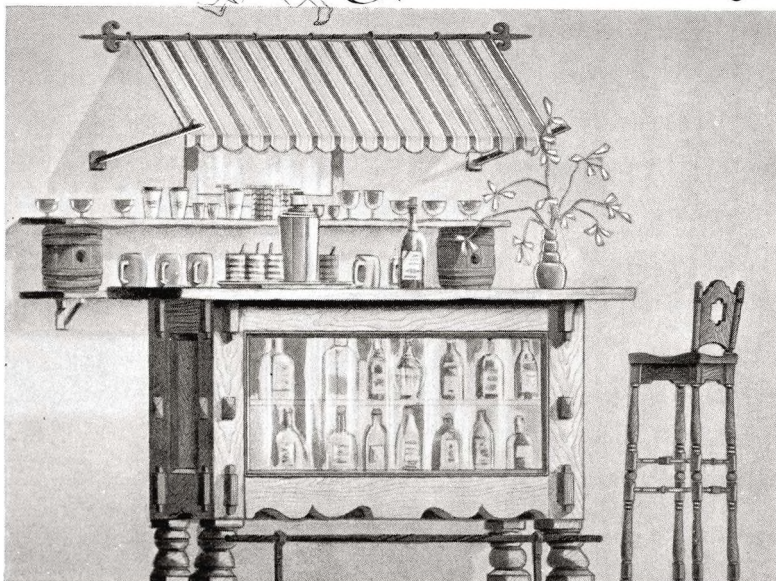
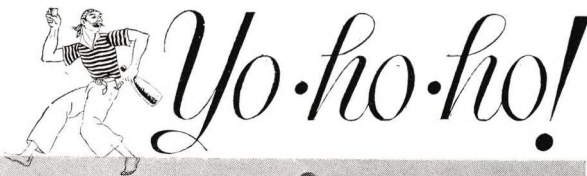
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I could do with less spare time and more spare cash. Please tell me how.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ V.F. 12

Wanted: an American N. E. P.

(Continued from page 20)

bring food and fuel, in return for which the faculty teaches. Similar tales can be heard all over the country, wherever people have discovered that it is not necessarily fatal to live within one's means, whatever they are. In times of panic, we go back to the frontier way of life instinctively.

Another interesting and suggestive method is that adopted in a county in Georgia which went flat broke, leaving the local bank holding the mortgages and the bag. The banker called in the debtors, who amounted to the adult population of the community, and said that he proposed to run the county as an economic unit. Crops were diversified, production regulated, services apportioned, and the whole county is being run without credit by a local financial dictator. “Feudalism” or common-sense? What does it matter so long as the people survive?

This suggests the still larger possibility that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans to banks and railroads may not be repaid. In that case, the Government would have acquired equities in the basic business institutions of the country, and would possess the right to reorganize directorates, control credit policies, and manage both banks and railroads in the national interest, on a purely business basis. This in turn would lead to the most extensive, but non-political, form of State Socialism, and to the idea of the National Dividend, by which the Federal Government might gradually assume the form of a gigantic investment trust, distributing to its citizens—as stockholders—in dividends that which machinery has been abstracting from the pay-envelopes of labor.

The most arresting blue-print for an American N.E.P. is that which has been baptized “Technocracy”. This is the brain-child of a group of 25,000 scientists, engineers and economists, whose present head is Mr. Howard Scott (who was Colonel Cooper's assistant in the Muscle Shoals Project). The “Technocrats” have been working for twelve years on a purely objective and quantitative study of the functioning of our economic equipment. They have come to the conclusion, backed by a series of charts, graphs, formulae and statistics, that 1940 is the “zero hour” for the old American profit system. By then, due to the increase in machinery and the intensification of high pressure economics, they say that we shall have to choose between chaos and surrender to the omnipotent machine. They propose, in effect, that where financial, social and political institutions interfere with the efficient use of our economic and mechanical resources, we shall modify our institutions rather than waste those resources.

They have worked out a detailed plan for the functioning of a society in which use, rather than profit, shall be the measuring rod of survival. They propose to do away with metal-backed currency and to substitute a currency based on the annual production of energy which would be possible if the country is operated as a unit by the technicians. This currency would be

equally divided among the population, not because they believe in equality, but because it would require too much energy to work out the theoretical value of every individual in a system where wealth is produced by machinery. This currency could not be saved, invested or given away, but would have to be spent. They propose that every able-bodied adult, between the ages of 25 and 45, shall sign a contract with the nation's technical operating staff, calling for the delivery by said adult of the equivalent of four hours of labor two days a week. This, they say, would be enough to run the country, on the basis of our present equipment, so as to give to every family in America the equivalent of an annual income of \$20,000. They state that they could so conserve our resources, by adopting current inventions now withheld from the market (automobiles which would last 65 years, razor blades which would keep their temper without resharpening for a century, clothes which would last five years, etc., etc.), that they could maintain this level of prosperity for 3,000 years. They are now, after twelve years of research, placing their conclusions before the men on the inside and are offering their suggested remedy. Chimerical? Is equality of economic rights (not power, but rights) any more irrational than equality of political or spiritual rights?

America will hear much more about “Technocracy” within the next few years. Branches of their adherents are spreading through universities and engineering schools throughout the United States and Canada. Wall Street bankers and even, it is whispered, the Holy See have sent to find out what it is all about. Thirty-six technical draftsmen are working on the charts on which the whole analysis is based, at Columbia University, where Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has granted them facilities. After the first of the year, the headquarters staff is expected to amount to a hundred. Whether Technocracy is the final solution remains to be seen, but it is certainly the most vital move in the direction of economic rationalization which is being contemplated in any country. Compared with “Technocracy”, Communism is a sentimental deification of the worker, and Socialism is a romantic intellectual movement.

All in all, there has never been such a non-political ferment of new economic ideas in America, and with the Presidential election over and done with, we are free to begin practical experimentation. It is obvious that the election can be interpreted only as a popular mandate to deal boldly with the depression. This means again, that the Administration must be prepared to adjourn politics for the duration of the emergency, to set up a national and non-partisan Cabinet, to assume war-time powers, to tell the Supreme Court to put the legal telescope to its blind eye if the necessary legislation should be as un-Constitutional as war-time legislation usually is, and to organize the country against economic chaos.

(Continued on page 74)

Footnotes on the art of thinking

BY LESTER GETZLOE

TRINITY

*The things I long for are simple and few,
A cup of coffee, a sandwich, and you.*
—POPULAR SONG

For the things commonest in life and esteemed among men as the highest good (as is witnessed by their works) can be reduced to these three, Riches, Fame, and Lust; and by these things the mind is so distracted that it can scarcely think of any other good.
—SPINOZA

THE KIDDIES

*There we drew a lot of pretty pictures,
Babies on my knee;
Maybe one, two, or three or four,
Down by the sycamore tree.*
—POPULAR SONG

That pleasure which proceedeth from wife and children should be most honest; but it was too truly spoken, that some tormentor invented children. . . . I approve the opinion of Euripides, who said that they which have no children are happy by being unfortunate.
—BOETHIUS

ALTERED EGO

*Minnie had a dream
about the King of Sweden,
He gave her all the things
that she was needin'.*
—POPULAR SONG

In dreams the censor is most relaxed, and evil wishes which at no other time would be tolerated can then express themselves.
—FREUD

AD LIBIDO

*I'll eat a dozen oysters or two,
For I'm getting myself ready for you.*
—POPULAR SONG

Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.
—BRILLAT-SAVARIN

MAMMY

*I'm saving the last dance for Mother,
that old sweetheart of mine.*
—POPULAR SONG

Behold, this is Oedipus. . . . Behold into what a stormy sea of dread trouble he hath come!
—SOPHOCLES

THESE ARE LOVE

What is Love but a helping of angel-cake?
—POPULAR SONG

Whatever else Love may still be—game, puerility, or wry joke played by the senses and the imagination on the intellect—it no longer is the ultimate self-justifying value which once it was.
—KRUTCH

STUFF OF DREAMS

*Wrap your troubles in dreams
and dream your troubles away.*
—POPULAR SONG

There is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities.—MARK TWAIN

CLAIRVOYANCE

*When your hair has turned to silver
I will love you as today.*
—POPULAR SONG

You, that loved young life and clean, must tend

When all that's fine in man is at an end,
A foul sick fumbling dribbling body and old,
When his rare lips hang flabby and can't hold
Slobber, and you're enduring that worst thing,
Senility's queasy furtive love-making.
—RUPERT BROOKE

LIFE IS LIKE THESE

Life is just a bowl of cherries.
—POPULAR SONG

Life is the lust of a lamp for the light that is dark till the dawn of the day when we die.
—SWINBURNE

RICHES

*Poverty may come to me, it's true,
but what care I?
Say, I'll get by.*
—POPULAR SONG

Our nobility of birth may pass away; our virtues may fall into decay; our moral character may perish as if thrown over a precipice: our family may be burnt to ashes, and a thunderbolt may dash away our power like an enemy: let us keep a firm grip on our money, for without this the whole assembly of virtues are but as blades of grass.
—THE SATAKAS OF BHARTRIHARI

WOMAN

*She's knockout, she's regal, her beauty's illegal;
She is smart, she's refined, how can she be real?
She has heart, she has mind,—hell,
the girl's ideal.*
—POPULAR SONG

It is only a man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of the fair sex to that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race; for instead of calling them beautiful there would be more warrant for describing women as the unesthetic sex.
—SCHOPENHAUER

SANS SOUCI

*Just a little room or two will more
than do a little man and wife,
We could be so happy with the little things in life.*
—POPULAR SONG

Love in a hut, with water and a crust, Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.
—KEATS

JOURNEY'S END

*Somewhere in Heaven above
There's a reward for that kind of love.*
—POPULAR SONG

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love—
They are gone; they are gone to feed the roses.
—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

*This is the missus, just look her over—
This is the missus, she's mine.
I got those kisses, now I'm in clover.*
—POPULAR SONG

Marriage is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.
—STEVENSON

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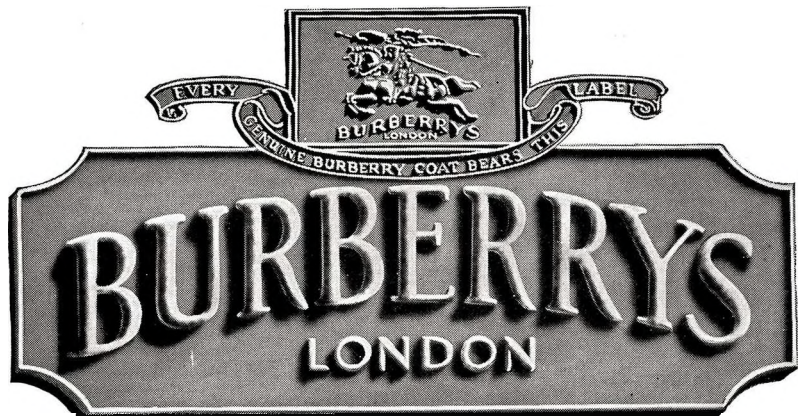
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KRUSCHEN SALTS

Wanted: an American N. E. P.

(Continued from page 72)

The main outlines of the American N.E.P. are already visible. They include:

1. Emergency anti-eviction legislation to protect the two-thirds of our population who are renters or dwellers in mortgaged homes.

2. The writing off of domestic debt, preferably on the basis of capacity to pay, either through reduction of interest rates, reduction of principal, or credit inflation.

3. The continuation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, during and after the emergency, to give the Government the right to regulate and rationalize business from the inside. Heretofore, government regulation has been political; the R.F.C. can achieve the same ends through business methods, using its equities exactly as any banker would utilize his loans to secure his objectives, namely, the conservative management of business and the solvency of the credit agency which finances business.

4. The toleration of the mushroom growth of barter, and possibly its assistance by the relief agencies, in the hope that it may give us a second string to our business bow, in the form of a peasantry and petty commerce comparable to those which have enabled Europe to survive the disasters of the post-war era.

5. Insistence on the general principles of individual responsibility to any system which exists or may be established.

6. Preference for non-political methods of economic reconstruction.

7. The rationalization and scientific utilization of our economic resources, either through some system similar to "Technocracy" or through complete national economic planning on lines similar to the War Industries Board.

8. Abandonment of romantic or sentimental conceptions of the sanctity of capital and the dignity of labor, in favor of the collective grant of equal economic rights (but not equal eco-

omic power) to every citizen of the United States. These rights should amount to a positive claim to support for everyone who is willing to assist, under individual contract, in the functioning of our economic and social machinery. Economic power should be vested in those whose technical, personal, executive or administrative abilities clearly render them more efficient managers of the social and economic apparatus of the nation.

9. Individual success and efficiency must be rewarded; individual recalcitrance must be penalized; but every individual must be assured of minimum standards of living.

10. Whatever blue-print is adopted must leave a wide margin for trial and error; whatever system supported must leave freedom of action for the play of personality, must encourage individual distinction, and must not attempt to be all-inclusive, as room must be left for the results of setting free human energies from the fear of starvation and penury.

The American people seem ready for such a New Economic Policy. The old system has been shaken to its foundations by the fantastic growth of machinery and inhuman energy in industry. The germs of new growth are already there and the popular patience during this period of mismanagement of our business system deserves something better than a return to Jeremy Bentham, and the era of misery-and-ripeness of the last fifty years. Is America too hide-bound or timid to move forward, to the effective and unconventional reconstruction of its wealth and resources? We did it politically during the war, when Democrats and Republicans forgot party ties and remembered only that they were Americans. If we can't do it economically, in this third winter of our war against human misery in the world's greatest treasure house, if debtors and creditors cannot forget economic ties and remember that they are human beings, we shall deserve everything we get.

statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Vanity Fair, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1st, 1932, State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield: Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis L. Wurzburg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Director of Vanity Fair, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Condé Nast, Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Frank Crowninshield, Greenwich, Conn.; Managing Editor, Clare Boothe Luce, Greenwich, Conn.; Business Manager, Francis L. Wurzburg, Greenwich, Conn.; 2—That the Owners are: Owner: The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Stockholders: Condé Nast, Francis L. Wurzburg, Max Rosett, Martha Moller, Trustee, for Edna Woolman Chase, all of 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; The F. R. Publishing Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. (The stockholders of the F. R. Publishing Corp., owning or holding one percent or more of its stock are, R. H. Brown, New Rochelle, N. Y., Virginia Van S. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y., C. J. Fleischmann, 136 E. 67th St., New York, N. Y., R. G. Fleischmann, 151 E. 74th St., New York, N. Y., R. H. Fleischmann, 151 E. 74th St., New York, N. Y., Jane Grant, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York, N. Y., J. Hanrahan, 44 Grammercy Park No., New York, N. Y., R. Irvin, Palisade Ave., Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., H. W. Ross, 277 Park Ave., New York, N. Y., A. H. Samuels, 572 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., E. R. Spaulding, Bridgewood, N. J., R. H. Trux, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., K. S. White, 16 East 8th St., New York, N. Y.); The Montrose Development Corp., Stillwater Ave., Stamford, Conn. (The stockholders of The Montrose Development Corp., owning or holding one percent or more of its stock are, Condé Nast, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., Edna Woolman Chase, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Bennett & Co., 521-5th Ave., New York, N. Y. (The owners of Bennett & Co., are A. C. Abeel, S. T. Bennett, John Frick, Edward Walsh, Daniel Moore, all of 521-5th Ave., New York, N. Y.); Condé Nast Inc., 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. (The stockholder of Condé Nast Inc., owning or holding more than one percent of its stock is, Condé Nast, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.); Curran & Co., 57 William St., New York, N. Y. (The owners of Curran & Co., are, Philip De Ronde, II, E. Miller, T. F. Bennett, R. J. Sharpe, A. J. Walter, J. F. Gill, all of 57 William St., New York, N. Y.); The Vogue Co., 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. (The stockholder of The Vogue Co., owning or holding one percent or more of its stock is Condé Nast Inc., 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.); Westover Trading Corp., Stillwater Ave., Stamford, Conn. (The stockholders of Westover Trading Corp., owning or holding one percent or more of its stock are, Francis L. Wurzburg, Evelyn Craw Wurzburg, both of 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Siffett & Co., 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. (The owners of Siffett & Co., are, L. E. Kilmarr, W. Ross, II, A. Andersen, A. C. Siffett); Crocker, Burbank & Co., Association, Fitchburg, Mass.; 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: The Manufacturers Trust Company, 55 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; 4—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him, Francis L. Wurzburg, Managing Director, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1932. (Seal) Harold D. Horton, Notary Public. My Commission expires January 31, 1934.

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THIS is no year to play guessing-games before Christmas. Why not tell your husband frankly what you want and need?

An extension telephone, for example, is the kind of gift any husband can understand and approve. He'll realize that it brings to the business of household management the same efficiency and convenience he has at his elbow in the office. And it's a *lasting* gift. It will save you steps, time and trouble, day after day, year after year.

If you'd like to give telephone service to anyone, anywhere in the United States—if you'd like others to enjoy the convenience of extra telephones—you can make all arrangements through your local telephone company. Gift cards and attractive packages are available without charge. Installation can be made on a pre-determined date. Convenient payment can be arranged. Just call the Business Office. And do it before Christmas!

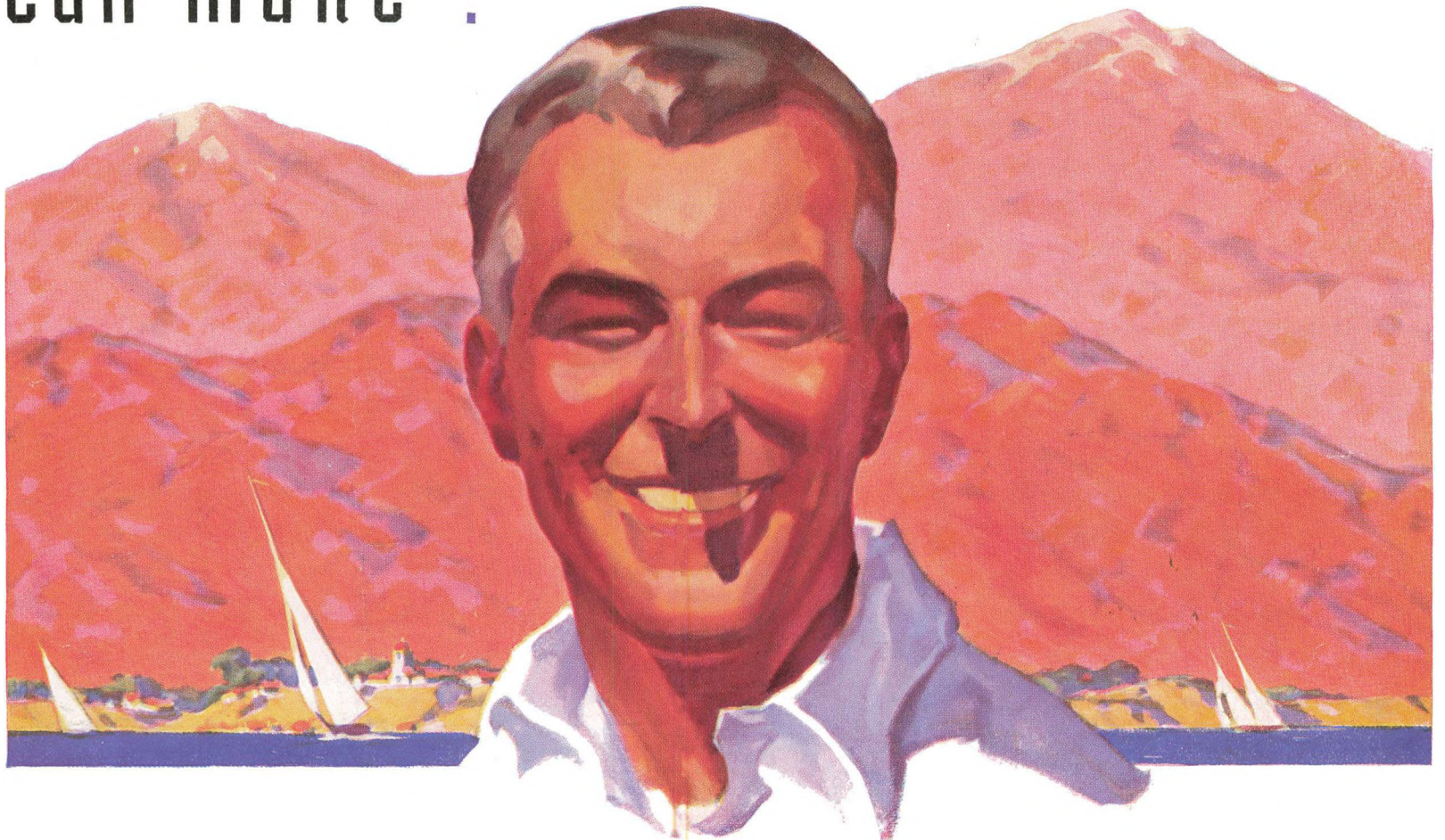




What a difference 3 weeks in

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

can make !



Have Some Fun this Winter!

BREAK AWAY! Life's not meant for work and worry alone. Aren't you forgetting how to *live*? Now—while you can—throw care overboard. Give yourself this unforgettable vacation.

You'll come back with viewpoint freshened, perspective restored, your whole life enriched by a glorious experience you'll remember as long as you live—something nobody can ever take away from you.

More to Enjoy—Less to Pay

It's *easy* to do. Southern California—land of sunshine, laughter and play—is only 2½ days from most of America. In this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in one-season resorts. Costs here, normally about 16% under the U.S. average, are lower than ever now. You need actually spend no more than at home! And nowhere else are there so many ways to have a good time!

Here are sun-drenched beaches stretching 150 miles along the blue Pacific, waiting for you. A couple of

hours away, mighty mountains to climb and forests to explore. Or desert playgrounds like Palm Springs, where your winter tan grows darker every day.

There's a kaleidoscopic variety of fascinations: Pleasure islands, race tracks, Hollywood's gay night life, ancient Missions the Spanish Padres built, orange groves, famous palm-lined boulevards, luxuriant subtropical gardens, harbors sheltering ships from the seven seas, Old Mexico closeby, and scenic grandeur that lends new thrills to every sport . . . golf, sailing, mountain-climbing, deep-sea fishing, tennis, polo and all the rest.

Close to big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles are colorful cities and resorts like Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Pomona, Glendale . . . scores of others, that make each day a glorious new adventure in the joy of living! It can all be *yours* . . . come on out and have some fun . . . *this winter!*

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To help you plan, we offer *free* one of the most complete vacation books ever published . . . just off

the press . . . 72 pages, 150 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, itemized costs and day-by-day details of everything to do and see here. Send coupon today for *your* free copy. Or for further unbiased, authoritative information, write us your own questions about a Southern California vacation.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come here seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for the tourist, the attractions are unlimited.



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 Send me *free* illustrated book giving complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

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 (Please Print Your Name and Address)

This Winter COSTS ARE LOWER THAN EVER



*"Nature in the Raw
is seldom MILD"*

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

"Nature in the Raw" — as portrayed by the great painter of the American Indian, N. C. Wyeth . . . inspired by the massacre of Custer's dauntless band at Little Big Horn, Montana, by the savage Sioux Indians, June 25, 1876. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.



No raw tobaccos in Luckies —that's why they're so mild

WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and

mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"
That package of mild Luckies