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Life



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THE BEST MAN WIN

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CHAMBERTIN held when JOSEPHINE couldn't NAPOLEON



To the flighty lady he wooed so ardently the Emperor of the French became fickle all too soon and divorced her. Yet, Bona parte never tired of fine old Chambertin—choice wine of Burgundy.

For him and for thousands of others this wine had its never-tiresome personality, its matchless bouquet.

Similarly, the matchless bouquet and subtle flavor of Busch Extra Dry distinguish it from the 12000 other brands of gingerale in America. This flavorful

bouquet resulted from mating the essence of a little tropical shrub with a new and finer effervescing quality. This method is, of course, a carefully guarded secret.

You'll detect the delightful difference with your first sip of Busch Extra Dry. Long after you've forgotten the taste of plebeian ginger ales you'll continue to delight in the never-tiresome personality and flavorful bouquet of Busch Extra Dry—the one of 12000. Then try to be satisfied with any other.

BUSCH EXTRA DRY

AMERICA'S FINEST GINGER ALE
Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the
largest and finest bottling plant in the world

A N H E U S E R —

B U S C H , S T . L O U I S



And at mealimes—drink BUDWEISER for health and nourishment. BUDWEISER tastes better with food and food tastes better with BUDWEISER.



THE GREENBRIER
and Cottages
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
West Virginia

3 Golf Courses



America's Most Beautiful
All-Year Resort

Complete Hydrotherapy
Medical and Bath
Establishment

L.R. JOHNSTON, General Manager



Photo courtesy All Year Club, So. Cal.

the Olympic Games

at Los Angeles this summer

— a very good reason for going to California on your vacation.

Grand Canyon on the way without change of Pullmans, another reason . . . and . . .

Indian-detours still another reason.

Santa Fe Summer Xcursions
CUT the COST

You will be amazed how far you can go and how much you can see even in two weeks.

All-expense Tours on certain days this summer

Clip and mail coupon

Send free Xth Olympiad, Grand Canyon and Indian-detours folders and information about Santa Fe vacation fares.

Name.....
Address.....

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NEXT MONTH

A Tintype of
James J. Walker,
playboy of Berlin, Paris, Rome,
Palm Springs, Montreal and
Manhattan

"While There's Life,
There's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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JACK HARDING COMES BACK TO FAVORITE SMOKE

Fancy-Priced Mixtures Fail to Woo Him Away

No explorer in search of a new country could be more zealous than is the ardent pipe smoker in his search for the perfect tobacco. For that reason, pipe smokers—and perhaps even those who have not yet been initiated into the joys of a pipe—will be interested in the experience of Mr. Jack Harding, who returned to his first love after "unusual blends" and "fancy prices" failed to woo him away from Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Here is Mr. Harding's letter:

Harding Advertising Company
Board of Trade Building
Indianapolis, Ind.
December 10, 1931

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have never become sufficiently enthusiastic about a product to give the manufacturer a friendly pat on the back—until I gave Edgeworth a thorough trial. But if I were making a product of exceptional merit I'd appreciate it if some one would write now and then to tell me I had rung the bell.

The list of tobaccos I have used at various times reads like the Social Register of Tobacco. It has been one of my extravagances, and I have paid fancy prices for unusual blends and well advertised brands. And of course, like every confirmed pipe smoker, I have fiddled about with my own mixtures. But I always come back to Edgeworth.

More power to you—and may you never buy a bottle of red ink in 1932.

Very truly yours,

Jack Harding

A pipe smoker rarely accepts another man's verdict about the "perfect tobacco." Like Mr. Harding, he must explore until he has found that perfection himself.

Are you one who has never known the genuine satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco? Have you never felt the relaxation, comfort and companionship they can bring? Then let this neglect go no further! Take your pen right now and drop a line to Larus & Brother Co. at 113 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and ask for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. After the first few puffs you'll know how Mr. Harding could go through the "Social Register of Tobacco" yet "always come back to Edgeworth."

You can buy Edgeworth anywhere. Look for the blue tin. It is sold in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. (You can smoke this form in an automobile without flying sparks.) And you'll find it in all sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidortin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins. Edgeworth is always the same.

The Dixie Spiritual Singers are on a network of the National Broadcasting Company every Thursday evening, sponsored by the makers of Edgeworth. See your local newspaper for time and station.



OVERHEARD IN A DELICATESSEN (OH YEAH!)

"I feel like a sardine sandwich."
"Well, I don't feel so good myself."

The only way that fathers know when their children are home from college for the holidays nowadays is for them to encounter the wayward brats in a speakeasy.

Another Scotchman died as a result of a broken heart in Edinburgh last week. It seems that his doctor insisted that he give up smoking just after he had had his cigarette lighter refilled.

Critics' Credo: The first hundred jeers are the hardest.

Now that we've been aboard the well known water wagon for some two weeks or so we have been getting around to the theatre more often. And after seeing a half dozen current pieces we are inclined to believe that maybe the theatre was the reason for our having fallen off the H₂O buggy in the first place.

Psychological Moments For Divorce Hints.

When your wife tries to incorporate a shooting gallery in the plans for your new house.

Take it from an old fountain pen salesman, the customers always write.

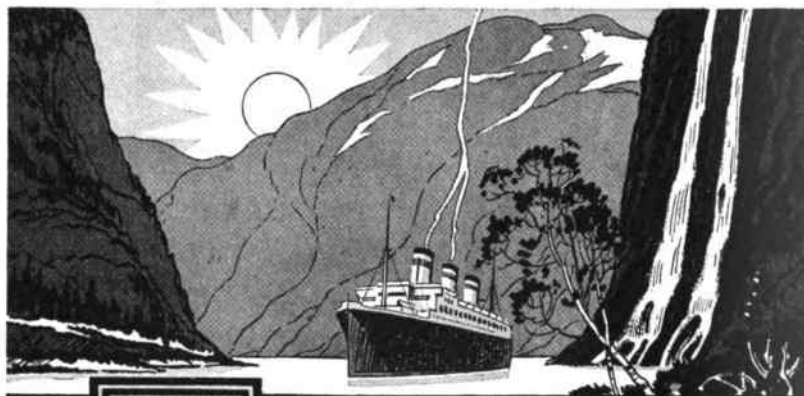
And while we're on the subject we might as well mention the kind hearted judge who was so taken by a noted forger's chirographic skill that he gave him a lifetime pen.

Add Awful Songs: SHE'S A LADDER MAKER'S DAUGHTER AND SHE'LL DRINK YOU ROUND FOR ROUND.

Now that the noise and confusion brought about by the changed policies in Hollywood has subsided somewhat it is amazing how many people are ready to talk.

Publishers' Version: Great hoax from little fibbers grow.

Sanatorium patient (calling office):
"Give me rheum service, please!"
—ed graham.



Reliance

CRUISE TO THE

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN
AND RUSSIA!

JULY
2nd

SHORE
EXCURSIONS

IN
ICELAND
NORWAY
SWEDEN
ESTONIA
RUSSIA
FINLAND
DENMARK

INCLUDED IN
PASSAGE RATES

MINIMUM \$725
42 DAYS
12,660 MILES

Off to the glorious, fantastic lands a-top the world, and in the care of expert cruise-planners who have charted scores of oft-praised pleasure voyages to Northern Wonderslands. Long Practice in the making of itineraries, with a sixth sense that picks out fascinating ports and lands as an editor picks news—this makes the July 2nd RELIANCE Cruise incomparable!

More than 1,500 miles sailing within the Arctic Circle. Twenty stays in the harbors of the Seven North Lands—Lapp camp visits, yachting on the Trollfjord, stolkjaerreing through the Naeroedal, automobiling in Baltic Capitals and in Leningrad, four days of SOVIET RUSSIA. Wealth of shore excursions without extra cost!

On The RELIANCE! A boat especially designed for the extremely particular requirements of cruising... commodious... complete with facilities for varied recreation and genuine rest... serviced by a cuisine famed for sparkling variety, and with a corps of stewards unsurpassed in skill and obliging spirit.

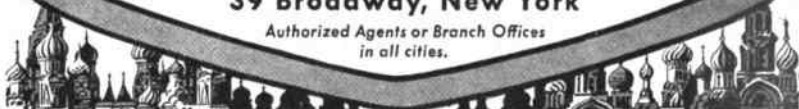
August 4th till December 31st your European stop-over privilege lasts. And weekly, from Hamburg, Cherbourg, Southampton one of the "FAMOUS FOUR", sister-ships, offers a luxurious return home in First Class, without extra cost.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or

Hamburg-American Line

39 Broadway, New York

Authorized Agents or Branch Offices
in all cities.



Be a REAL Driver



© 1932 M. L. E. CO.

THE inexperienced and unskilful driver risks his own life and endangers pedestrians and other motorists every time he ventures on the road.

Things happen so quickly in a car. At thirty miles an hour you travel forty-four feet in one second; four feet—often the margin between collision and safety—in one-eleventh of a second. Learn to figure distances and allow yourself ample road-room.

Could you forgive yourself if a moment's inattention resulted in a crash which you might have avoided?

Last year 33,000 people were killed and 1,000,000 injured in automobile accidents.

Relatively few of these accidents were the result of mechanical defects in the machines. The majority of them were caused by poor drivers or by good drivers who momentarily failed to control their cars.

A real driver does more than start, stop and guide

PREPARE FOR YOUR SUMMER DRIVING

Check yourself on the following ten points of good motoring. enjoy your driving this summer and make it free from accidents to your family and others.

	Perfect Score	Your Score
1. Do you keep your mind on your driving?	10	—
2. Do you keep in line of traffic?	10	—
3. Do you watch the movements of other cars and try to anticipate what they will do?	10	—
4. Do you watch for pedestrians, particularly children?	10	—
5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections?	10	—
6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course?	10	—
7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control?	10	—
8. Do you keep in line when nearing top of hill or a sharp turn?	10	—
9. Do you comply with traffic regulations, signals and signs?	10	—
10. Do you have your car, brakes especially, inspected regularly?	10	—
	100	

his car. He controls its every action. He is at all times alert and anticipates possible blunders of pedestrians and drivers he meets or passes.

With 26,000,000 registered motor vehicles in the United States, all too many of which are driven by unfit or unskilful drivers, the need for real drivers is greater than ever before.

Learn the fine points of skilful driving. Not only are experts rarely injured, but they seldom suffer from nervous fatigue after a long, hard drive. Most of them enjoy their mastery over a powerful machine, perfectly obedient to intelligent direction.

Send for free booklet which tells what a real driver does. In addition to valuable information, the booklet contains pages on which to record mileage, gasoline and oil consumption. Address Booklet Dept. 532-F.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



- My opinion is that the depression could be ended speedily if the right things were done immediately by the right men.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER



- The best way to buy an automobile is to pay cash.

HENRY FORD



- Women are amazing.

MAHATMA GANDHI



- Motion picture people here in Hollywood do not realize what consistently good entertainment they are sending out to the World.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



- Reasoning with me is automatic.

ALFALFA BILL MURRAY



- The racket business is not what it is cracked up to be.

AL CAPONE



- A presidential campaign is our regular period of large promises to sufferers of all kinds.

HERBERT HOOVER



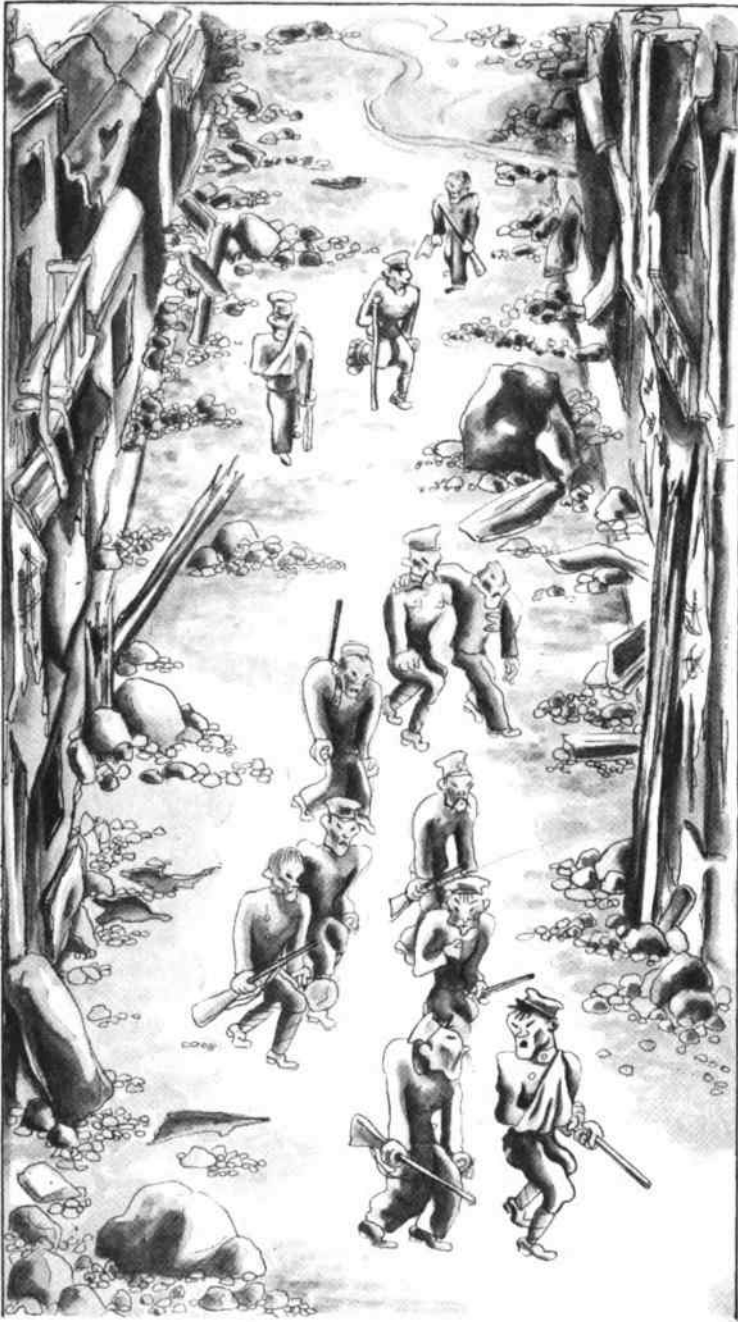
- The final solution for unemployment is work.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

- I've always been interested in fashions for ladies. In fact, I think they're decidedly more important right now than the Manchurian situation.

AMBASSADOR KATSUJI DEBUCHI OF JAPAN





"My brother writes that the chop suey business is shot to pieces."



PARAGRAPHS

In a recent lawsuit a judge ruled that a sandwich does not constitute a meal.

And very often it does not even constitute a sandwich.

The suggestion is made that all winnings at bridge be given to the poor. This is ideal. Under such an arrangement the bad player who refuses to give up will eventually get his money back.

A Virginia man has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion. What will he name the cigar?

It's about time for a play to arrive on Broadway called "Uncle Tom's Penthouse."

The gate receipts at a minstrel show given by Sing Sing prisoners were more than \$5,000. that they know about.

"Marriage has become comical," says an author. It is felt the Tariff Commission should do something to protect this infant industry.

Epitaph For An Advertising Copy Writer

Born 1902

Died 1932

A nice piece of copy but
as usual
a terrible layout.



"Courage, General, it's housemaid's knee."



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

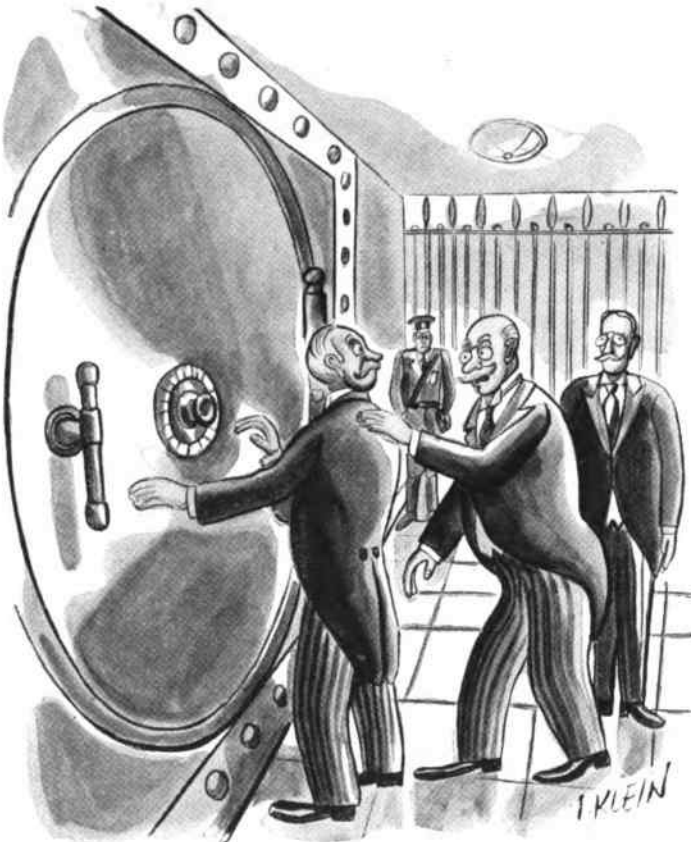
By Baird Leonard

MARCH 14.—Awake betimes, reading in the journals of the death of Mistress Ida Wood, the aged recluse and former *belle* who was discovered last Summer to be keeping about her, under upholstery and in petticoat pockets all manner of jewelry and over one million dollars in cash, an eccentricity which her heirs appeared to consider deplorable, but for which they should, methinks, thank God. Rumour has it that it is not safe these days to send a fine chair to a cabinet maker for repair, forasmuch

as he will plunge through the most exquisite brocade in the hope of uncovering thirty dollars, or a Liberty Bond, or a rosary used by Mary, Queen of Scots, etc. Of the various hoarding stories, the most ambulatory is that of the faithful servitor returned from vacation to find her bedroom redone and her mattress, containing several thousands of her savings, gone to a second-hand dealer. Recovering the bed with some difficulty and expense, her employer did persuade her to deposit her money in a local bank of his own selection, and when that institution failed in a few weeks, he was in considerable desperation about replacing funds for whose loss he did hold himself responsible, until the crone told him she had but made the gesture of deposit to please him, had withdrawn her money the following day, and that it was, at the moment, back safe in the mattress. Nor has this taylor ever been told me by a narrator unacquainted by proxy with the employer, or some member of his firm or family. So up

and did on my negligée of lace and peach velvet, astonished to find Samuel still in bed under defeat from the revelry of the Clow wedding, and he did confide that the deans should start their revision of the prayer-book by removing the adverb from "We are soberly gathered together" in the marriage service, whereupon I did mix him a beaker of morning glory fizz, which did so improve his spirits that when I did ask him what we should do about the Cartwrights' pearl wedding anniversary, he did counsel me to send them a dozen oysters on the half shell with an accompanying injunction to search for their present. The whole day gone over my income tax report, and so at its end to the Bannings, for a fine dinner of wild turkey, quail, lye-hominy, etc., with plenty of sparkling Burgundy to wash it down.

MARCH 15.—This morning in a great wax over the telephone with my grocer, until I was obliged to tell him that I would pay for no items which were not wrote plain enough for me to identify or submitted at the time when they were due, the accuracy and penmanship of his book-keeper being his concern, not mine, and the whole business so exhausting that I did take to the chaise-longue, doubting the value of a moral victory in a skirmish over a nineteen-cent head of cabbage which did entail so much wear and tear on my glands. So that when Fifi Jacks did telephone her inability to join me for luncheon because her maid's sister was departing to enter a convent, I did inquire feebly if there were any chance of the maid's sister taking me along with her. Pondering this and that whilst my servant Virgie prepared me for the chiropodist, in especial the French philosopher's pronouncement that an ability to look at one's bare feet without laughter implied either no sense of symmetry or no sense of humour. Squawked aloud but twice during my treatment, and when I did ask the doctor if any of his other patients were such zanies, he did confide that one woman constantly said her beads whilst he was working on her toes, but that he neither gave her heed, nor charged her extra. Marge Boothby in, marveling how people can refer to a touch of the flu, when "clout" is the apter word, but the poor wretch's sniffing



"Come, come, Cuneo, you've opened the vault the last three times—it's my turn."



"Any references?"

has abated, and she had brought me a cheque for sixty dollars to cover her infringements to date of our Lenten agreement in regard to creamed soups, starches, and sweets, and was overjoyed at a ten dollar rebate for my indiscretion at the Bannings' with strawberry shortcake. Moreover, she told me how Rebecca West, recently asked who was the most tragic figure in American letters, had named a woman playwright of considerable corpulence, adding, upon murmurs of astonishment, "Did you say 'is' or 'has'?" Whereupon I did console Marge by mentioning the police officer in a recent detective taylor who, twitted upon his obesity, did announce that he had had a deal of pleasure in acquiring and maintaining his waistline, which was far more than could be said by many of his slimmer associates. Tim and Effie Topping for dinner, loud in their praises of our tomato juice cocktayles, since as teetotallers they are subjected to foul and assorted indignities in that direction, and they must have Katie in to tell them how she does concoct hers with a dash of lemon juice, Worcestershire, celery salt, and horseradish, with much vigorous shaking over chopped ice. So that they did sit down well content to



"Gee, I wish I was a kid again."

oysters, hot baked ham, macaroni and cheese, Brussels sprouts, cumquat salad, and an orange ice. After which to backgammon, gaining seven dollars.



"Emiline Alicia! How do you put up with all these conveniences?"

MARCH 16.—The doorbell a-ringing early, so I all a-twitter for some unexpected present, but it was nought but the new garbage pail, a disappointment which was later assuaged by the arrival of a large box of the gardenias which Joseph Reichlin does grow so handsomely at Westbury. Up and did on my new heather bolero, and so walking through the town to visit Lydia Loomis, miserable with dyspepsia. I did mix her a cooling milk shake, slipping into it a shot of whiskey from a convenient decanter, and soon she was so much better that she was telling me the Social Register, because of the swift changes in contemporary human relationships, did need another department of indentification beyond that of "Married Maidens", and that it should be entitled "Divorced Dames", the idea having come from a manuscript which Martia Leonard left for her to read.

"NOTHING IN THE HOUSE"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

"GEORGE," I says to my husband, "there is no use talking, I am not going to have another drop of liquor in this house! We can't afford it!"

"Okay by me, baby!" says he, his breakfast-coffee going down kind of hard. "Okay, I don't give a darn if I never see the filthy stuff again. That gingerale wasn't very good last night, by the way. Made me kind of sickish."

"I don't like to see my friends acting like Sodden and Gamorrah," I went on, "and last night our terrace was worse than the Hangover Gardens of Babylon."

"Babylon, Long Island?" says George.

"Babbleon yourself!" I retorted, "you know what I mean, dear, it's pretty ridiculous when we have to stall off the iceman in order to pay the bootlegger."

"I'm glad to hear you stall off the iceman, dear!" George muttered through a muffin, "so many women . . ."

"George, will you please cut out the dry wit!" I reproved him.

"There no longer is any dry wit," says he sadly. "But after the third round anything is funny, even that one about the farmer's daughter."

"Then you do agree with me," I says earnestly, "that we're going to cut out serving the stuff?"

"Yeah," says he, "if our friends don't like us when they are in full possession of their faculties, it's high time we did something about it."

"They ought," says I, "to be able to enjoy a few nice quiet evenings where we discuss literature and—and—the latest books and—and—reading and so on, with some nice coffee and sandwiches to follow."

"Follow out the front door!" says George, "but I know what you mean—go on!"

"Ever since I jittered awake this morning," I says earnestly, "I been thinking how much nicer it would be if we had a few quiet friends who cared nothing about this crazy drinking."

"Let's advertise for some right

away!" George agreed with me. "Maybe one of the second-hand book stores could dig up a few. I tell you what," he added with emphasis, "this liquor we get nowadays makes people do crazy things, and if we go on like we've been going, first thing you know we'll be photographed on the witness stand!"

"Indeed you're right, sweetheart!" I says. "To tell the truth the only way you could give a little party in

perfect safety would be to visit the police station in advance—swear out a statement that you never saw the shooting which may occur at your party the next evening, get them to lock you up for a couple of days and then ask the desk-sergeant to 'phone your friends that it's all right for them to go ahead with the party."

"And it isn't as if anybody got any real fun out of it!" says George. "There's always a fight and you feel rotten afterwards."

"If a person could even remember exactly what happened," I says, "that would be a help! But all you do is look at the busted plates and glasses next morning and try to figure out who

"Hello, sweetheart—
you Miss Vale?"



threw them, you or the guests!"

"What eats me is the expenses outside of the actual cost of the thing," says George. "Look at the hole I burned in my new pants last night! Now I'd never of done that unless I'd been fool enough to put that poison into my system!"

"As pants the weary heart from overstimulation!" I quothed. "How about that?"

"To say nothing of the overstuffed sofa!" George added bitterly. "I thought it awful funny when Jim was trying to see how much ink the upholstery would swop up, but that'll cost plenty to put in order!"

"Why didn't you tell him that in French?" I says. "You were talking French to him at the time it happened."

"Was I?" says George with a groan. "Oh my Gawd!"

"That was just after you agreed to take him into partnership!" I reminded him. George give me a wild look, and for a long moment we stared at each other piteously.

"I didn't do that?" he moaned. Then he pulled himself together. "The rat! I wouldn't have him in the office on a bet!" he added. Then he looked at me from under lowered lids. "At least I didn't do a Spanish dance!" he remarked haughtily.

"George!" I said pleadingly, "don't tell me that . . ."

"Well you certainly did!" he says. "With the dining room portiere for a shawl and the pickle dish for a tambourine. And let me tell you something, old lady, if I ever catch you making a show of yourself like that again, what I'll do to you will be plenty!"

"Well, you won't catch me!" I sobbed. "We won't spend another cent on the beastly stuff!"

"Okay by me, baby!" says George. Then he sat with his head in his hands a few minutes. "God-all-Hemlock!" he says at length, "I feel terrible. No use in suffering. Have we got anything in the house?"

"Not a drop," I says.

"Well," he began slowly, "I didn't mean that we ought to punish ourselves. And by gollies, come to think of it, do you realize we asked

Jim and his wife over this evening?"

"No!" I says blankly. "Did we? Are you sure?"

"Positive!" says George sighing again. "And after all, they are accustomed to having it. No matter how we feel we have no right to impose on our friends, have we, hon!"

"That's right," I admitted, "I don't suppose we have."

"Well!" says George getting up with a long, reluctant sigh. "I suppose if we have to order something for them, we might as well get it over here now and put ourselves out of our misery. Will you call up for it, or will I?"

"Oh well, I'll call!" I says. "If I let you at the 'phone he'll talk you into champagne as well!"

"Nonsense!" says George, "I begrudge every nickel I pay him. Better get enough though. We don't want Jim to think we're pikers! And don't get any more of that bum gingerale—it made me sorta sickish."

THE END.

"Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the world's auto-speed record, tells a story about six sheep being shorn and their wool being made into a suit of clothes in six and a half hours."

—News Item.

Gar Wood, holder of the world's speed-boat record, tells a story of a Japanese silk worm chewing up four mulberry bushes and its silk being made into a dozen initialed handkerchiefs in two hours and twenty minutes.

Helene Madison, holder of numerous aquatic speed records, recounts a tale of a lizard which snapped at her while she was swimming in a recent championship race. Eighteen minutes later, she avers, the reptile had been fashioned into a purse, containing two theater ticket stubs, a grocery list and 33 cents in change.

A horse, says Frank Hawks, which ran backwards in the Kentucky Derby at 2:30 p.m., was in a tannery at 2:43 and fifteen minutes later was flying over the center-field fence at the Yankee Stadium, stitched around a big league baseball.

Bobby Walthour, winner of many international bicycle races, tells one about a chamois of the Swiss Alps which, fifty-five minutes after being shot, found part of his hide being put through a wringer in Peoria, Ill., while another portion was being used to strain gasoline in Brawley, Cal.

Dorothy Fellows, former holder of the typewriting speed record, narrates a legend of a pig being shaved and its bristles being made into a set of military brushes. Exactly eleven minutes later Ben Langmaid, captain of the Williams football team, was rushing the skin of the porker through a broken field for a touchdown, and at 5:25 was eating a ham sandwich in the locker room. Now you tell one.

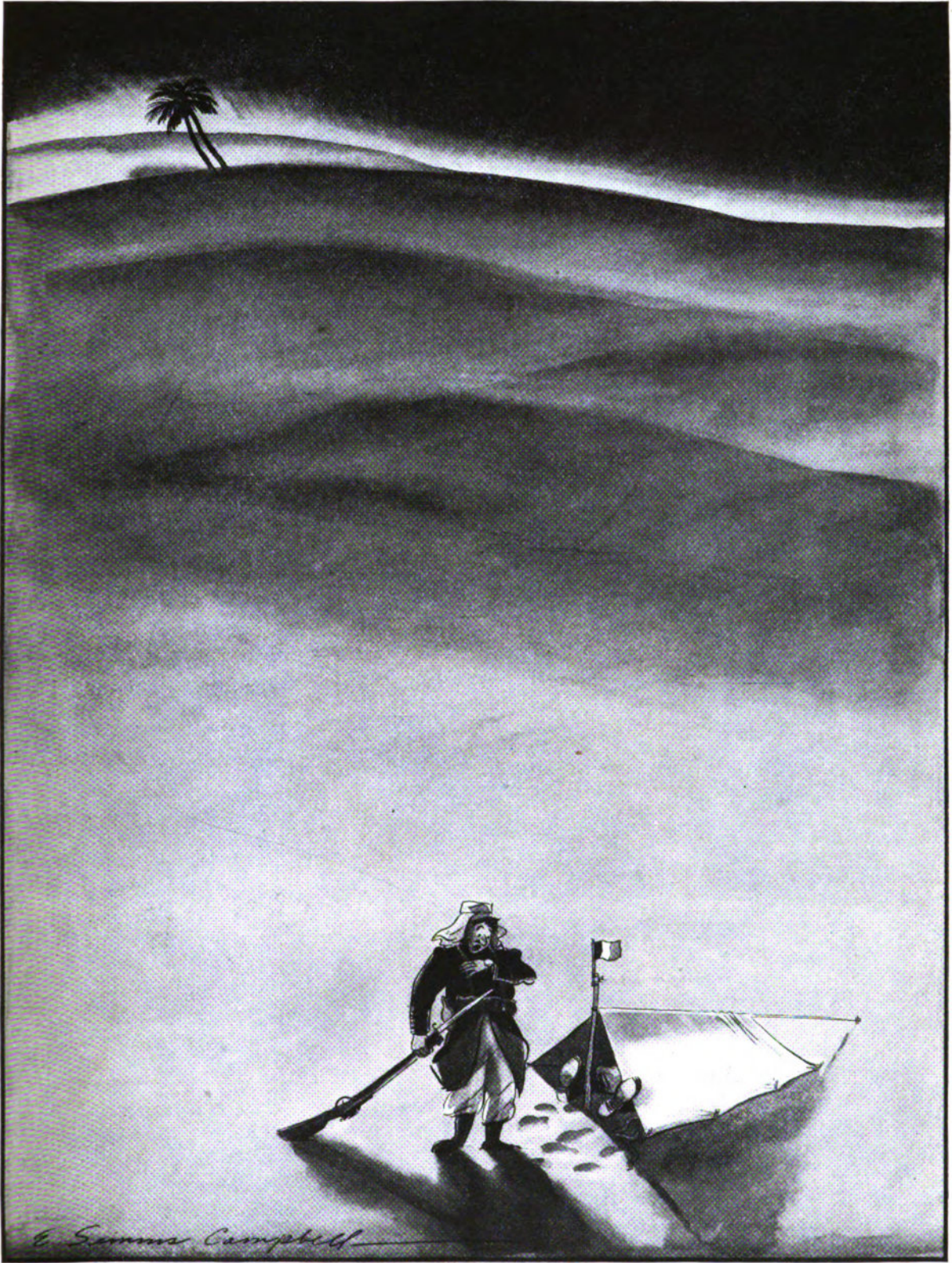
—Jack Cluett.



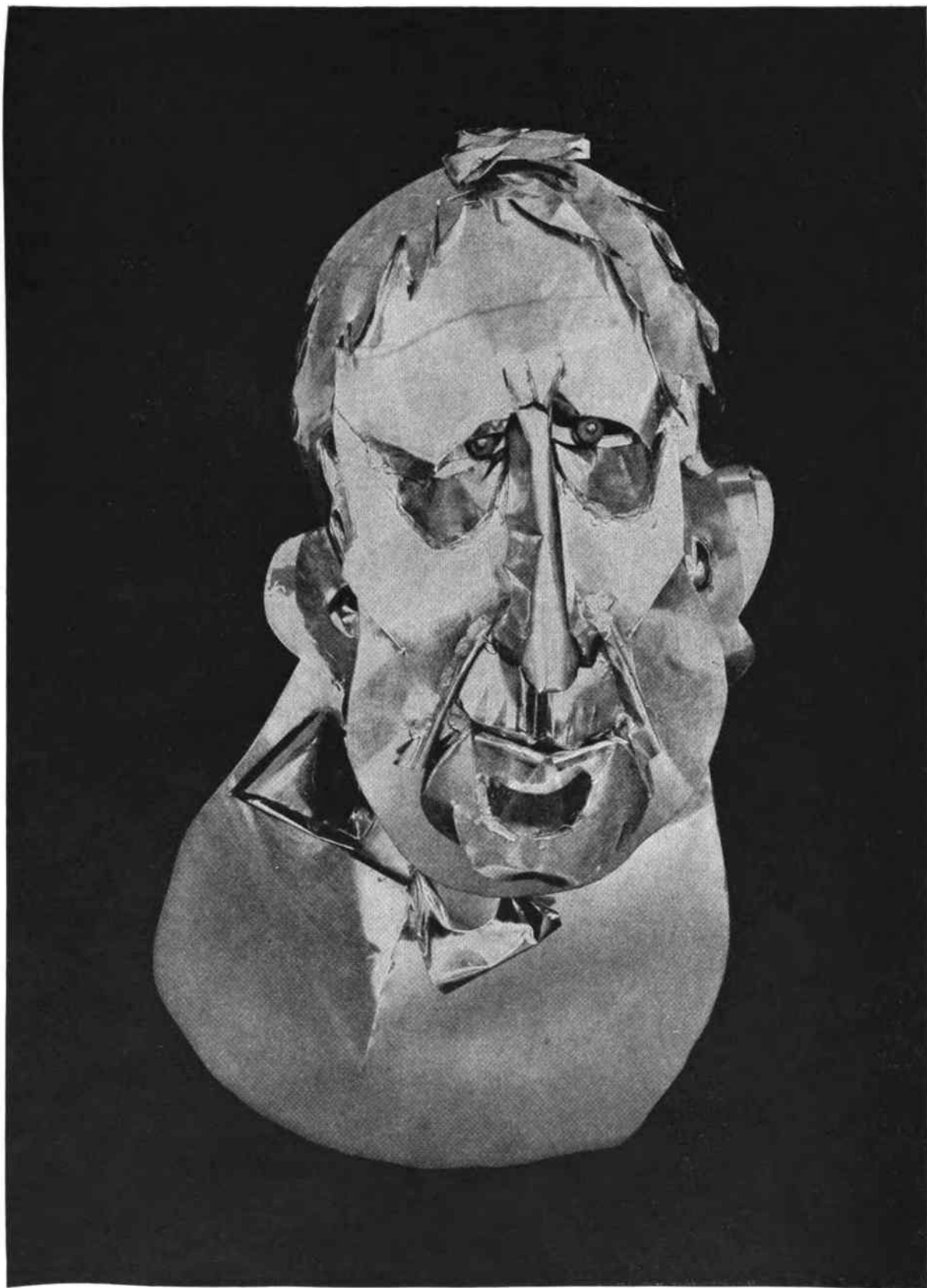
"I'm not going to give you any hints!"

A family may be considered well fed when the Sunday dinner weighs as much as the Sunday paper.

A suburbanite tells us that at last he has hit on a plan to keep the ants out of the sugar container. His method is to fill the sugar container with salt.



"Wake up Joe—your turn to stand guard!"



T I N T Y P E S

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

THE public knows him as William Randolph Hearst. Five sons know him as Pop. Publishing assistants know him as The Chief. And those who know him well enough think of him as King William, the First of La Questa Encantada—The Enchanted Hill to us commoners—a fair-sized kingdom in Lat. 35, half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco, fronting 35 miles on the Pacific Ocean and bounded on its three other sides by San Luis Obispo County of the State of California.

La Questa Encantada is a seat of remote, wizard control, wired for sound, telephone, telegraph and radio. It is the headquarters whence go the orders directing 28 newspapers, two news services, a newsreel, half a dozen magazines, ranches in northern California and in Mexico, theatres, real estate in New York, a castle in Wales and, to some extent, the five young Hearsts.

Napoleon had an Elba. Hearst, who has a Napoleonic hobby, has La Questa Encantada, a California Graustark developed for seclusion, not exile.

King William I, as he shall not be referred to again in this pastel, holds no court for serf, subject or satellite, as courts are said to go. He meets his host of editors, writers, politicians and Hollywood débutantes at lunch and dinner instead. They are summoned to him by a cowbell swung lustily outside the great house and the three guest cottages that ornament this mountain-side settlement. Cottages is a belittling description of those guest houses, for they cost \$1,000,000 apiece.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, at seven and again at seven-thirty in the evening, the cowbell jangles guests into action. Wary visitors do not delay. Hearst wants to see them. Hearst, indeed, insists upon seeing them, in the music room in Casa Grande, the great house, to wait upon him to enter

the dining hall and be introduced.

For, in this West Coast sovereignty, meal time is the only opportunity the master of the house has for meeting his guests, his only time for learning who, perchance, he is entertaining for the week-end, week, or Summer. And those are matters every host should know.

So Hearst may be excused for being insistent. For a first offense in responding tardily to the cowbell, a guest will be warned. Upon a second offense, nothing is said. Nothing need be said. The way of the transgressor is smoothed from La Questa Encantada. On returning to his room, he will find his bags have been packed and waiting for him.

The guests, it may be understood now, are pretty sure to be in the antique, mahogany music room at 1 p. m. and at half past seven. Their host is pretty sure not to be there. He will arrive, by royal prerogative, later.

Hearst is not an early riser. But at one o'clock, when the guests assemble to meet him for the first time that day, he has made a more than fair start on his long day's work. He has been up since 10:30 or 11:30, after a breakfast served to him in bed. Bath, shave—he always has shaved himself—breakfast and Joe Willicombe, Hearst's ever attendant secretary, have arrived in short order.

The bedroom, somewhere in that great house on the hill, is Hearst's sanctum. Its privacy is inviolable to all except such a few as the secretary, the valet—a new one, for the popular George Thompson died several years ago—and a few servants. Reports have it that even the sons of the publisher do not know where it is.

Once at work, Hearst, with the extraordinary activity of which he is capable, sets about running up what is said to be the largest telephone bill in the world. He calls his editors, collect, in New York. Reversing the charge

means nothing. Hearst will pay in the end. He telephones mine managers in Mexico. Calls arrive by the score at Hacienda 13-F-11, as the telephone company dubs the ranch in prosaic numbers, from publishers, real estate agents, antique and art collectors 3,000 miles away. Hearst is at work, and vice-presidents of the telephone company comfortably contemplate another dividend.

The traffic by wire is so tremendous that the ranch estate has its own telephone exchange and telegraph quarters, a three-story building down the mountain-side. Telephone operators, in shifts, keep the lines open 24 hours a day. Telegraphers, in more shifts, work from early in one day to one o'clock in the morning of the next. When they quit it is 4 a. m. in New York, and the editors there have been talking all day anyhow.

By now, the guests who assembled in the music room some paragraphs ahead, have been kept waiting for their host long enough. It has been pleasant waiting, however, for the music room is where cocktails, or what any guest would wish, have been served.

Now their host, dressed more like a dweller in the Ritz than a ranch, strides into the room, dictating last minute instructions to his secretary.

The message will be delivered shortly. It will begin in the stereotyped form, "The Chief Says—" It will be signed, not "W. R. Hearst," but "Willicombe."

For guests who have been impressed with the necessity of promptness, the reception will be a disappointing one. Introductions are glossed over with a hand's vague wave. The names of some guests never get to be spoken. The names of others are recited, but it is doubtful if Hearst hears them. It does not matter. The host has seen the people in his house. If he meets them again in chance encounter around the estate, he will smile genially. Tomorrow

SCULPTURED IN
SHEET TIN BY
TONY BALCOM

row will offer a new set of faces.

At lunch and dinner, Hearst sits at the center of one side of a long table that seats twenty-six persons with room enough for any person so minded to squat with arms akimbo. The room, with its definitely religious setting, has accommodated many more.

Guests, following their host into the room, clique together. Friends of the various members of the family assemble in groups. But mixing is not a requisite. As long as a visitor attends meals,

punctually, no more is asked of him.

From the mid-day meeting, Hearst will stroll off, perhaps with a guest or two, about nearby parts of the estate, talking business and politics. Or he will guide some one around the music hall, with its Spanish, Italian and French art treasures.

His guests may be any one from Governor Rolph, on one coast, to Mayor Walker, on the other. But presently he will leave them, retiring to his bedroom suite or the telegraph

room to watch the Universal Service teletype machine bringing in the news, to read the papers he publishes, to dictate more instructions.

Late afternoon brings a respite from work. Most frequently it is tennis. Standing well over six feet, with the bulk to set off his height, carrying his years as though he laughed off records showing he was born in April of 1863, he plays what would be called a "very good" game at any suburban country club.

At tennis, a professional who resides on the estate is his opponent.

Or he may swim in the pool near the great house. He fancies his diving form off a low springboard.

Or he may ride. In latter years, he has abandoned the morning horseback rides that once were part of the routine of his life. But he remains an excellent equestrian and retains an excellent stable, and uses it now and again.

Dinner at the ranch estate is an extravagant repetition of lunch. There is the same music room assembly, more cocktails than before and, where at lunch only five or six courses are served, now the service will be of eight, ten or twelve courses. Where at lunch only beer was served, now wines cascade into glasses. The host will join his guests in a glass of champagne, but he probably will not finish it, as they will theirs.

After dinner, there comes for the host the luxury of his favorite pastime, jigsaw puzzles. Guests may play cards, backgammon or ping pong. Hearst will do jigsaw puzzles, which he has by the hundred around his house. Guests may join in this pasteboard sport. If they fail to get that last curved cut piece into place, Hearst will enjoy it. All the puzzles, new and old, seem to fall together in proper order under his hand.

At ten o'clock, motion pictures follow puzzles in the theatre in the new wing of the house. The film is certain to be Hollywood's most recent talking gesture.

When it is ended, Hearst will go back to work, bidding his guests good night. He becomes once again the wizard at the controls of the vast organization under his banner, something of a man of mystery even to the persons in his own family. He will work far into the morning, until he is content that he has put the world safely to bed.



"It was a swell movie. Three moiders!"

Guests arriving at the Hearst estate on California's slope to the sea are, except for such restrictions as lunch and dinner, entirely on their own.

Visitors at the ranch arrive by automobile and airplane, but they will arrive by automobile if they take their host's deep-hearted advice.

Hearst has a landing field on his own estate. One son, George, has a transport pilot's license. Another, W. R., Jr., has a student's license, and flies regularly. The Hearst papers campaign editorially for those 100,000 airplanes that are going to get in our hair in the next war. But, in truth, the head of the Hearsts distrusts and disapproves of the flying machines.

He has flown twice. The first time was in the days of winged crates, when the rider perched far out in front, to act as a buffer for his craft in the event of an unexpected landing. The second time was two years ago, when a new transport plane was on display at the ranch. Editor Arthur Brisbane, a guest at the time, wanted to ride in it. Hearst, his voice up and his foot down, would not hear of it. As soon as Brisbane was out of sight, Hearst himself went off in the plane.

But a host cannot very well prevent his visitors from arriving through the air, so the ranch estate has a flying field for them.

Visitors coming by automobile find their way to the center of the ranch lands by a winding road. It meanders past cowboy guards, through gates that swing aside at the tug of a rope by a hand extended lazily from the car, and up a 2,000 foot ascent, five miles as the Ford flies, to the plateau where the mountain side settlement reposes.

The three, million-dollar, native sun-beaten "cottages," cement and christened Casa del Monte, Casa del Sol and Casa del Mer, are open and waiting for them. They have time on their hands, and everything to do.

From the settlement, a guest can look down on San Simeon, seaport of this ranch estate. Or he can go down to San Simeon and come upon, as one guest did, a freighter tied by a pier, burdened under hundreds of crates. The crates, he learned, held the parts of a dismantled castle in Spain. Re-assembled, it is now a hunting lodge back in the mountains.

If a guest wishes to ride, and has arrived without the habit, Mrs. O'Brien,



"One might say I come from a long line of spinsters."

the housekeeper, will produce boots and breeches to fit on a short moment's notice.

Pancho, once owner of one of the many rancheros now swallowed up in the estate, will order a thoroughbred horse to be readied. It will not discommode Pancho in his duties as sheriff, game warden and fire look-out for the habitat.

Or, at choice, there is tennis, swimming, hunting, the zoo, beach parties and the Twenty-fifth Hour Night Club for diversion.

Those intent upon a picnic at the beach might profit from the plight of two sons of the family who, having arrived late one night at the ranch and having slept accordingly late the next morning, were, with their personal guests, breakfasting in the dining

room, never expecting their father to be about. Servants fidgeted at their service, worried lest the tardy matutinal meal interfere with the one o'clock ceremony of cowbell, cocktail and lunch. At this point, their father strode in upon them, anger expressed as well as evident.

One son, hopeful of passing the situation off with a jest, remarked that, since they were to have a picnic lunch with mother at the beach, they had determined to be satisfied for their hunger, knowing what mother's picnics were.

"Any one," announced Mr. Hearst, "who can't get enough to eat around this house, or at a picnic at the beach either, can get out. Pack up your bags."

The son, who traipsed from the room after his father, succeeded at

long last in having the order countermanded.

It was to avoid such unfrolicsome incidents that the Twenty-fifth Hour Club, so chartered because it can call no hour of the day officially its own, was organized.

The master of the house intently

disapproves of diligent drinking. At the sight of one weaving guest he is likely to padlock his liquor store. When he says good-night, and locks the cellaret, his intentions are seriously paternal. He means good-night.

But once he has ascended by elevator to his bedroom, it is the signal for

stragglers to get together and find a spot for lounging undisturbed far into the night. So, tucking treasured stores under arm, the guests march off to one of the cottages, push carpets and chairs aside, and devote themselves to the merriment of the moment and the by-laws of the club.

By the dawn's early light, a straggler may take to the zoo, to try to start the lions roaring. Or, gun in arm, stalk into the woods for game that may be big. The casual nimrod, however, should be careful not to shoot any of the antelope, white deer, zebras, llamas numbered among the thousands of head of live stock that roam the 240,000 acre estate.

He should remember that the live-stock are supposed to carry the cost of this expensive establishment on the enchanted hill. They don't, of course. Even a blooded Hereford cannot afford a master who, glancing disapprovingly upon a fireplace that fills the centre of a wall, orders it to go stand in a corner, a transfer that costs \$30,000.

—John Harkins.



THE DAY BEFORE EXAMS AT
WEST POINT

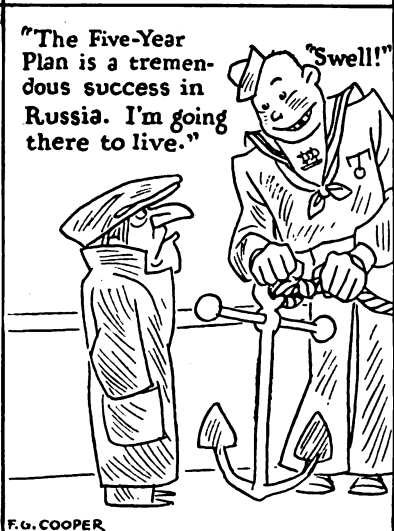
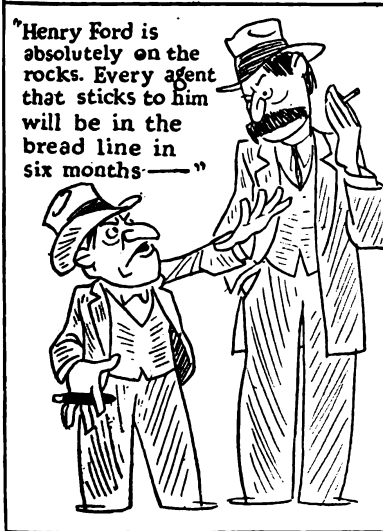
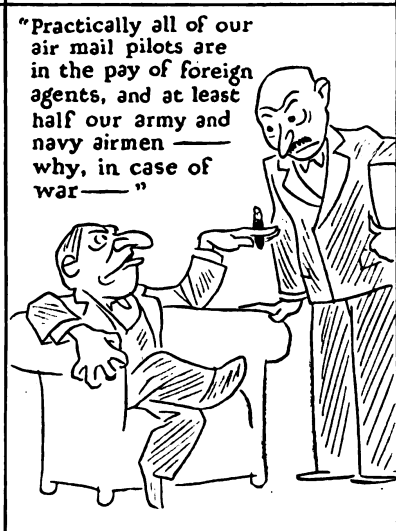
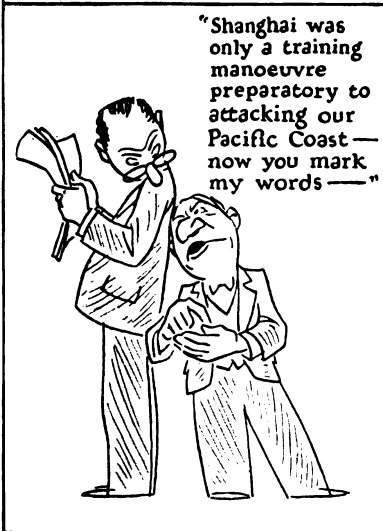
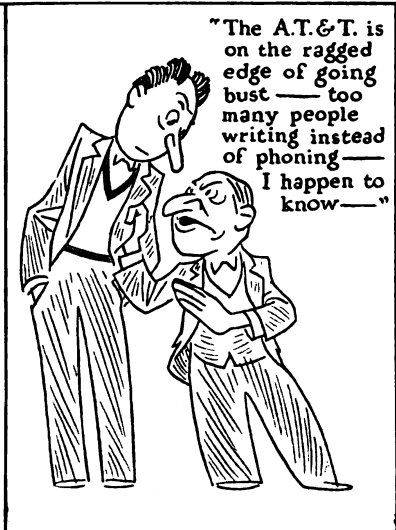
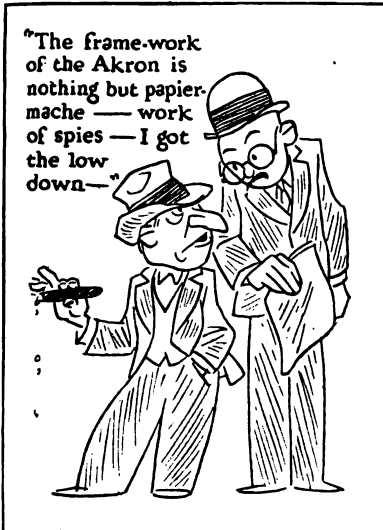
From a Reporter's Notebook.

WE were over in Jersey City, interviewing a working woman who, with a good deal of provocation, had killed her husband with a hammer. She discussed the details of the affair calmly enough until a reporter offered her a cigarette. She flushed and scowled. "Who you think you are?" she demanded. "Insulting a lady that way."

Which reminds me of Short's Winehouse in the Strand, London,—very popular with the charladies because it serves the biggest double gin in the British Isles. A woman there can take aboard a pint of gin if she likes, but one cigarette—and out she goes.

ANDREW McCAMPBELL, New York Prohibition Administrator, acting on orders from Amos W. W. Woodcock, U. S. Prohibition Commissioner, went up to a storeroom in the Bronx the other day and seized 500 gallons of alleged wine belonging to a subsidiary of Mabel Walker Willebrandt's fruit juice company.

Looks like a case of Amos 'n Andy Up In Mabel's Room.



F.G.COOPER

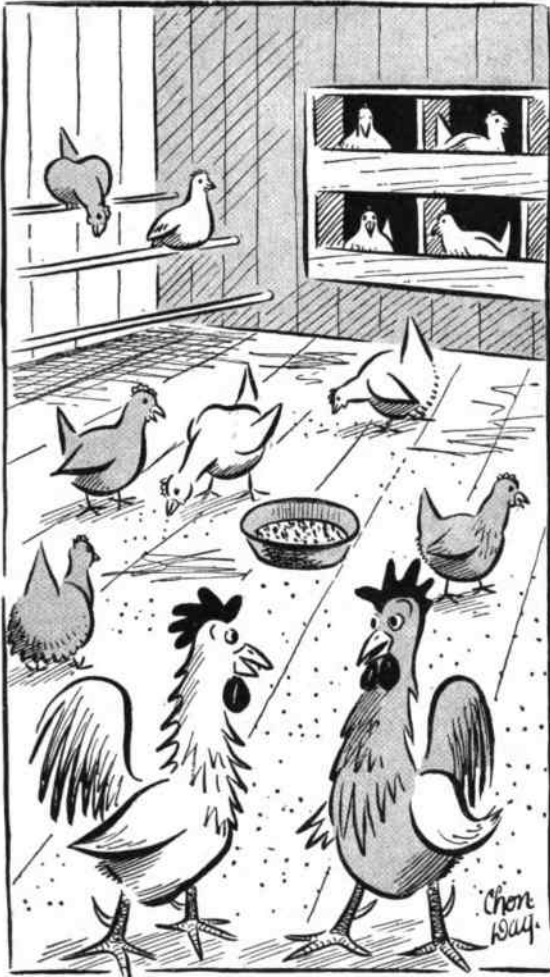
BON VOYAGE



Explorer: And to think that I always wanted to be cremated.



The father (to himself): Boy, cat, dog! And everything quiet and peaceful! I don't believe it!



"And those back there are the lay members."

And Always When Your Nose Is Shiny

If, by accident, you meet
A former lover on the street
Or at a show or Loui's bar
It never fails but what you are
Accompanied by a man who looks
As though he were the worst of crooks,
Who acts as if you were a bit
Of furniture and lets you sit
Unnoticed . . . while he gives the eye
To every girl who happens by!

And too, I've never known it fail,
If I were with some charming male
Whose every whisper, every action
Proved to all the deep attraction
I possess . . . but what I'd see
My old love staring anxiously
At some one by his side, so fair
He never knew that I was there!

—E. L.

Bargains in Ears

A NEW YORK newspaper has to be pretty careful when it calls a man "champion", because this city is full of champions in every obscure line of endeavor. A paper carried a story the other day about one Joseph Lynch of Buffalo, who had given his blood to others in ninety-eight transfusions and was thus "the champion blood donor". It was promptly rebuked in a letter from Mr. Steve O'Hara of Brooklyn.

The real champion blood donor, asserts Mr. O'Hara, is Tom Kane, a dock worker for the New York Department of Plant and Structures. Mr. Kane "has given 148 transfusions, 89 of them free, and has letters of commendation from such prominent people as Ex-Gov. Smith, Ex-Mayor Hylan, Arthur Brisbane, and Rupert Hughes."

A few years ago, says Mr. O'Hara, a wealthy South American visiting New York was badly smashed up in an accident. "Tom was called upon to give some of his red corpuscles up, afterwards it was put up to him to loose one of his ears to be grafted onto this man's head. Tom was willing as the fee was \$10,000, but some other South American comes along and offers his ear for \$3,000 and Tom lost out. But as Tom says, 'I laughed it off, as I still have that very much coveted ear.'"

Hymn of Helpfulness

My verse, though not quite in the Keats tradition,

May modestly lay claim to one proud mission:

It always can (as in the present case)

Be used to fill an awkward two-inch space.

—E. B. CROSSWHITE



"Why should these men be allowed to violate the law?"

Impersonal Intelligence

Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Webber of Lockport, N. Y., entertained at a wild, duck dinner at the Carolina for Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Covert of Detroit.

Mrs. Edward D. Wagner of Hastings-on-Hudson entertained the Literature Club at her home on partial-payments yesterday.

Mrs. Benjamin A. Sands gave a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria for her debutante daughter, Miss Constance Sands, who will go into the hands of receivers on Feb. 1 at the Pierre.



"The people above us were cracking cocoanuts 'til four o'clock this morning."



"Be careful with my wife's pajamas—she bought them in Japan."

AMERRYKAHNA

Gasleen.
Coarse Girls.
Bizness Mannigers.
San Doons.
Awthurs.
Potes.
Liberrians.
Publishers.

Fuzzishuns.
Kirepractors.
Speshlists.
Dentusts.

Minnusters.
Padestreeyuns.
Movie Powlaces.
Klekshun plates.

Congersmen.
Represntitaves.
Plitikal Dellagitts.
State Stachoots.

Movie Yushers.
Libral Ejucations.
Military Kaddameez.
Raleef Ekspudishuns.

Avvertising Circlars.
Catlogs.
Rockinchairs.
Winda Blinds.

Serch Warnts.
Vakkim Kleaners.
Thamometers.
Institooshuns.

The Piker's Passport

THE cheapest way to go abroad that I know of is to attend one of the little theatres in New York which show German, French, Russian, Italian, and even Swedish talking pictures. For fifty cents or a dollar you step upon foreign soil without a visa. Everything about you, even the whispering, is foreign, yet it is surprisingly easy, even without a word of the language, to follow the action and plot of the picture. Some of the pictures are terrible, but the worse the funnier. Others, like "Sous Les Toits de Paris", are way ahead of most American productions.

If you are going abroad in a more conventional sense, these are the places to brush up on your languages. In two hours at the Little Carnegie Theatre, which specializes in French talkies, or at the Eighth Street Playhouse, which favors the German films, you can renew your acquaintance with the lingo more thoroughly than by a week in the cafés of Paris or Berlin. Some of the foreign language professors have caught on to this simple fact, and make attendance at the little playhouses part of the curriculum.

Epitaph for a Commuter

If I hurry
I can just make
the Styx River
Special.



Suggested

AMERICAN MEMORIAL ATROCITIES—NO. 1

Wafers and Pretzels

IMAGINE a wafer supported by a dozen toothpicks. Two thirds of the way up each toothpick is a piece of cork. At the bottom of each toothpick is a piece of lead. Put the wafer in the bathtub and it will float a half an inch above the water, buoyed up by the corks and ballasted by the lead. It will float steadily, because the ripples on the surface will pass easily through the toothpicks.

This principle, if all goes well, will make it possible to buy a drink legally, a year from now, within two hours journey of New York. It will also enable you, if you have such ambitions, to play Ping-pong and Kelly pool in mid-ocean.

E. R. Armstrong, former chief engineer of the E. I. duPont de Nemours Company, has completed his plans for the first of the seadromes which he proposes to fling as stepping stones for

airplanes, at intervals of 400 miles, across the Atlantic.

Imagine the wafer a little larger. Imagine it, in fact, a steel platform 1100 feet long and 300 feet wide. The toothpicks are thirty-two great columns of steel, each 240 feet high. The platform is 70 feet above the sea. The corks—huge tanks of air—are twenty feet below the surface. The ballast tanks, filled with 4000 tons of iron ore, are at the bottom of the steel columns, 170 feet below the surface.

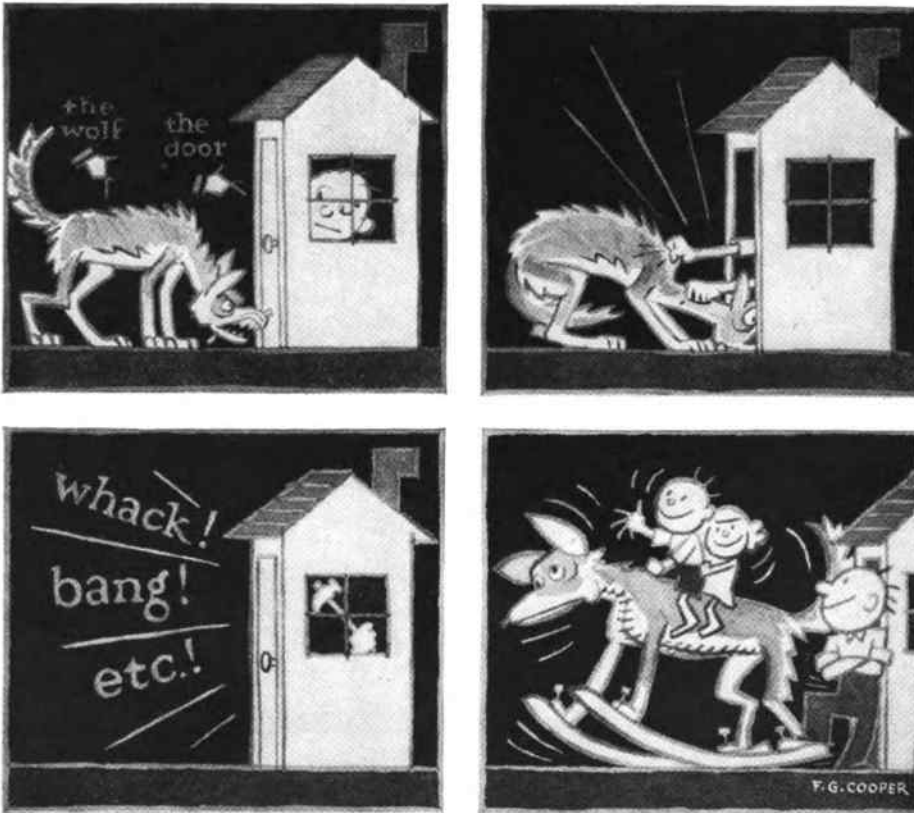
A model, 35 feet long, has been tested on the Chesapeake. Waves which would be the equivalent, for the full size seadrome, of forty feet in height, left the platform as steady as a billiard table.

The first seadrome, which is scheduled for completion next spring, will be anchored 250 miles E.S.E. of New York. It will cost \$4,000,000. While it is being tested, and is getting its sealegs, the interest on the investment, naturally, will be running. It is to help

pay this overhead that the bar will be installed. Regular planes (amphibions) will run from New York on a radio beam, full of thirsty, beamish boys. It is calculated that the trip out will take two hours, the return three hours—this because of the wind, not because of the condition of the passengers.

This artificial Island of the Blest will also have a hotel of fifty rooms (convenient for exhausted celebrants), a restaurant, and a variety of amusements. The Kelly pool and Ping-pong arrangements are chiefly for the purpose of proving the platform's steadiness.

We talked to Mr. Armstrong the other day at the Hotel Roosevelt, and we have an idea that he will carry the thing through. He is a resolute looking man, who used to be the weight-lifting champion of Canada 34 years ago. And he has the backing of the duPonts, who are very hard-headed gentlemen; as has been demonstrated on many occasions.



THAT AWFUL WOLF AT THE DOOR

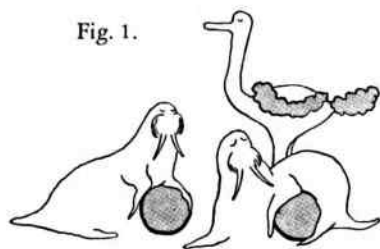


THE SWITCHBOARD GIRL IN BULOVA'S HOME OFFICE
SAYS *Good Morning* AT 12:02

JOBS FOR THE COLLEGE GRAD

A RÉSUMÉ BY THE AUTHORS

(Editor's Note: Realizing the urgent need for new or uncrowded vocations into which the college graduate of 1932 might adjust himself, the editors of LIFE commissioned Gurney Williams and Paul Showers, research workers, to survey the situation and make suitable recommendations. After a great deal of bitter discussion and stewing around, the authors finally managed to write the following article which seems scarcely to justify their expense account.)



Walrus Training

A THOROUGH examination of the walrus-training industry reveals that walrus training is an extremely fascinating business requiring only the capital to construct a swimming pool and buy a walrus. The swimming pool is easily built in the back yard out of a hole lined with concrete, and the walrus may be purchased from a zoo, or any reputable walrus dealer.

The walrus is a very sensitive animal and responds readily to suggestion. When placed in the company of a trained walrus (borrowed from a neighbor) the neophyte walrus becomes acutely aware of its native clumsiness and bends every effort toward overcoming this drawback. A pertinent example of this may be found in Fig. 1 where walrus A, a well-trained specimen, obviously has the upper hand of the situation and is making a sap out of walrus B which has already slipped off the rubber ball 27 times but is determined (1) to master the feat or (2) die in the attempt. In the former case the trainer will have a trained walrus; in the latter a dead walrus.

Walruses* can be trained to do

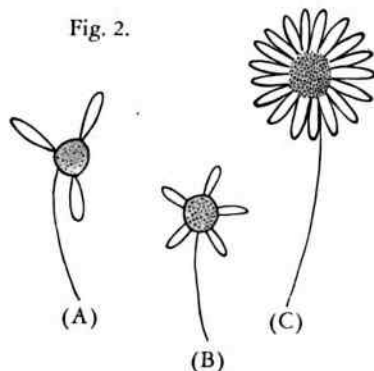
many things such as balancing rubber balls, waving flags, and climbing ladders. It is possible that with care and patience a walrus might be trained to poach eggs, but this feat should not be attempted until the trainer has gained the full confidence of his walrus.

The walrus-training field is uncrowded—probably because there is at the present time no money in training walruses. It is suggested, therefore, that the walrus trainer keep an ostrich on the side, (see Fig. 1) since ostrich feathers can be sold at a profit.

Making Paper Flowers

The paper flower game seems to offer in its many ramifications an unlimited field for the college man with a flair for line and color. From cutting, shaping, glueing, and coloring these realistic imitations the ambitious worker may derive a sense of accomplishment and a financial return that is exactly what you would expect.

Most beginners confine themselves to the manufacture of three-petal, or lop-sided daisies, the simplest of all designs. There is no market for three-petal daisies but the earnest worker will soon find himself capable of making the super, or eighteen-petal daisy

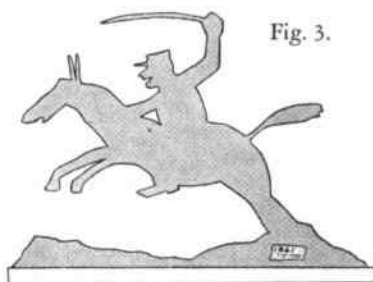


for which there is a use. Not much but some. From there it is but a step to roses, petunias, carnations, orchids, and finally the most difficult of all, chrysanthemums. Very few flower makers reach the chrysanthemum stage due to incorrect spelling.

The petals are cut from colored paper (blue, red, yellow, etc., green, and white) and glued together to form a nucleus or crude bunch. This is laid aside to dry. The leaves are then cut from a sheet of green paper and sewed to the wire stem, by which time the petal nucleus will have fallen apart or become stuck to one of the larger sheets of paper and will have to be torn loose or sliced off with a safety razor blade. The stem is then attached to the petals and the finished flower laid upon a shelf. The most difficult part of all is trying to sell the flowers but if the worker masters this phase of the business, his success is assured.

Statue Dusting

Considerable investigation discloses the fact that statues in public parks everywhere are in dire need of dust-



ing—a condition that may be ameliorated by the work-hungry college man.

The statue duster's stock in trade is a feather duster and a pair of dark glasses. The experienced duster begins at the top and works down—a reversal of form that lands him at the foot of the statue where he sits cross-legged, hat in lap, until passersby have dropped sufficient lunch money into his hat. After lunch the duster moves on to another statue.

Statue dusters who object to the eleemosynary aspects of this type of statue-dusting dispense with the glasses and add a touch of the dramatic to their work by performing stunts on top of the statue such as standing on their heads, making nicks in the statue with an axe, and serenading passing policemen. While this does not increase their incomes to any appreciable extent it at least assures them food and warmth at the expense of the city for a length of time which is determined by competent judges.

*Never spelled Walrt.

Madrigal for the Middle-Aged

When you're young, a little liquor
 May not do you any harm,
 Cocktails, then, give quite a flicker
 To life's evanescent charm.
 When you're dining out with Mabel,
 When you're supping late with Jill,
 Buckets underneath the table
 Boost your spirits (and the bill).
 Highballs help you to recapture
 Scenes from gridiron, ballroom, trench
 In their full initial rapture
 Without bursting into French.
 You can go to any meeting
 Where the scenery features limes
 Without danger of repeating
 The same story seven times.
 Then, no friendly aid suborning,
 You can seek your trundle-bed
 And awaken in the morning
 Without wishing you were dead.

But when shadows start to lengthen
 In the afternoon of life,
 If you tiddle, you must strengthen
 Your defence against your wife,
 Lest you're lavish with your money
 Amongst strangers in the gloam—
 A caprice that's never funny
 To the one who waits at home.
 When the gin begins to grip you
 In the midst of an address,
 Many fine details will slip you,
 Consonants will coalesce.
 Often when you're drinking hearty
 In a winning bout with gloom,
 Other members of the party
 Have to drag you from the room.
 Though you blame the recent vintage
 Of the bottles on your shelf,
 When you get right down to mintage,
 You are too pre-war yourself.

—Baird Leonard



"There now that adds just the right touch."

SOCIETY

NEW SOCIAL REGISTER CALLED "WOW"

1932 Edition Shows 947
forced into Business

THE 1932 edition of the Social Register (as distinct from Dunn and Bradstreet's) is being distributed to hundreds of bond and insurance salesmen who have found it of great convenience in drumming up prospects.

The Social Register first appeared in the late 80's and its pages, increasing with prosperity, reached the top in 1929. With the advent of the depression, and the subsequent loss of social prestige, the contents have dwindled until the editors, in a frantic effort to keep up appearances, have been forced to include the names of several working people.

Eight pages are devoted to yachts and their various uses. For example, statistics show that 999 out of every 1000 are merely cocktail shakers, and the thousandth was built so the owner could wear a gold braided cap to the New London Regatta.

MRS. MINOT GIVES WEDDING PLANS

Her Daughter Will Be Married
On Jan. 16, 1952—If
All Goes Well

GREENWICH, Conn. Mar. 20.—Mrs. Murray La Frage Minot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor C. Feeling-handsome, Greenwich, and direct descendant of General Tobias Stansbury of Revolutionary War fame, has completed schemes for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Electra La Frage Minot (who is at present in Miss Lippincott's Sanitarium), great granddaughter of General Tobias Stansbury, on her mother's side, Oliver Cromwell, on her father's side and Lafayette on France's side.

The wedding will take place in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York on Jan. 16, 1952.

DEBUTANTES IN SPRING PARADE



The Misses Marie Casey, Katherine Thomas and Victoria Ogden smile for Life's cameraman as they leave Bonwit-Teller's to join the milling throng of fashion marchers on the Avenue.

Mrs. Minot has selected a French governess for her daughter until she is old enough to attend Miss Walker's School. The finishing touches will be added later at Miss Nixon's in Florence, Italy. She will pass the Winter of 1950 in the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach.

In the Spring of 1951, Miss Minot will go to the Yale Prom and then become a provisional member of the Junior League. Her debut will be made on Dec. 20, 1951 at a large reception in the roof garden of the Waldorf-Astoria. She will be banked with orchids and champagne.

Mrs. Minot will announce the engagement of her daughter to Captain Prince Serge Fritz Oblenzski Thord-Schillingfirst of the Queens Own Regiment who, after the title has worn off, will be given a position in the Irving Trust Company by his father-in-law.

They will make their home in the Racquet and Tennis Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Northrup, at a dinner at their home in Great Neck last, announced the engagement of their younger daughter, Miss Louise Northrup, to the society editors of the New York papers.

Carl Dodge, with Captain Byron Horton, left Palm Beach today for a cruise and deep-sea drinking.

Mrs. John L. Reed and her daughter, Miss Shirley Reed, have sailed for Italy, where Miss Reed will enter Miss Nixon's School in Florence for a much needed vocation.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sturgis of Locust Valley will leave on July 10 for Palm Beach and Havana, to remain for the rest of the trust fund.

The second Aldercrest horse show will be held on May 22 for the benefit of the sport clothes department of Brooks Bros.

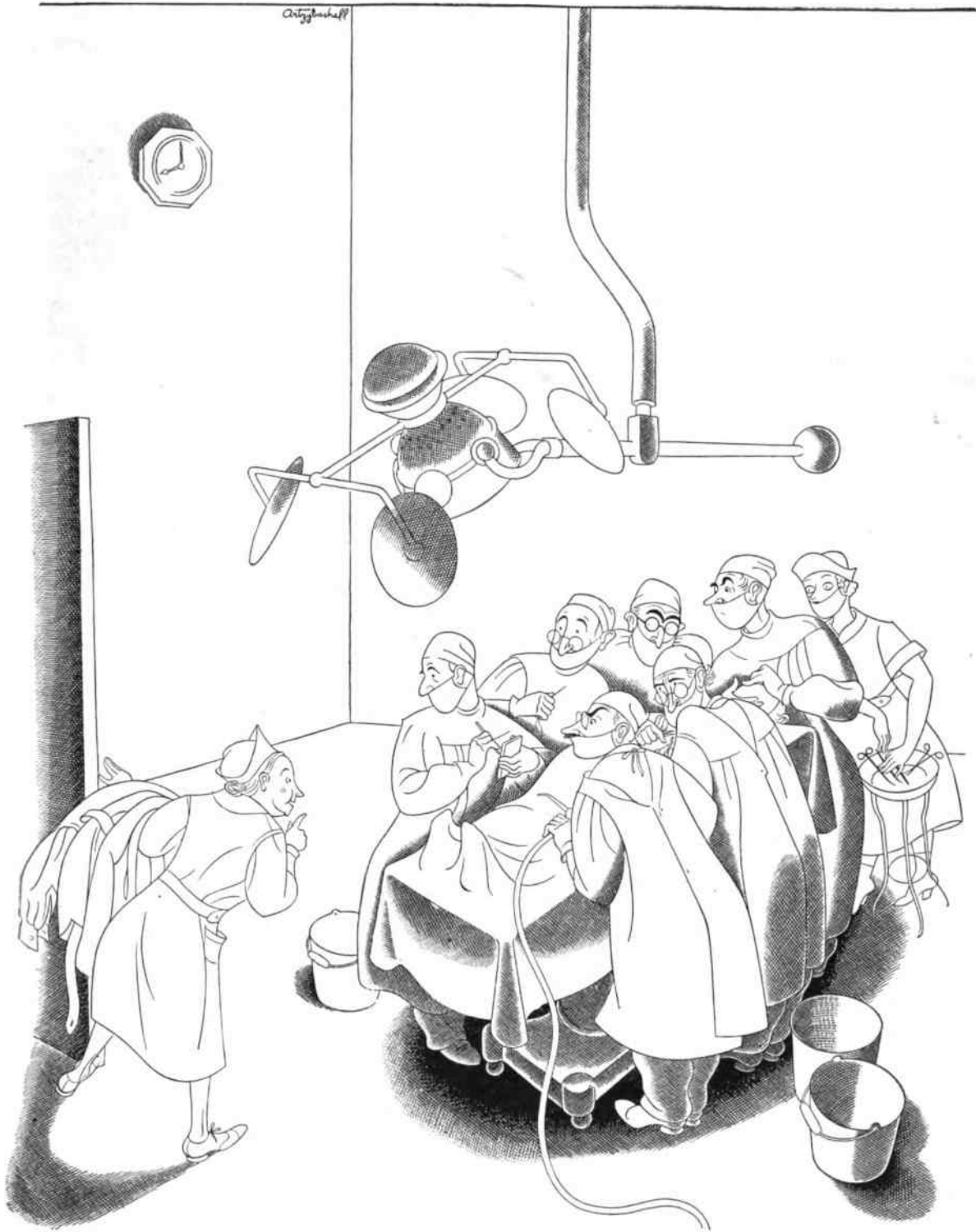
Mr. and Mrs. John Vernon Whitehouse of New York will join the Summer colony at Newport for the first time this year. They have leased one of the largest butlers in Bellevue Avenue.

Commander Guy Burton of the British Navy has arrived at the St. Regis without much Union Jack.

A luncheon was given at the Montclair Community Hospital by Mrs. John F. Raven in celebration of the eighth anniversary of the opening of the hospital and her late husband.

Miss Ruth Gould, daughter of Rear Admiral Thomas K. Gould, U. S. N., was unveiled at a memorial ceremony held last night in the hallway of her home in Irvington-on-Hudson.

—Jack Cluett.



"Gentlemen, it's time to change our linen."

GOOD BYE, JOE

MARY CALLAHAN seized her imitation leather overnight bag. She paused in her haste and surveyed the tiny Y. W. C. A. room.

"Good bye, cell," she giggled.

Stepping from the elevator into the brightly lighted lobby, Mary glanced at the clock. They had kept her late at the restaurant.

She entered the parlor. There was a babble of small talk in stilted monosyllables. A dozen or so girls were entertaining their dates under the direct surveillance of the chaperone, Miss Stebbins.

All dressed up, they were, and no place to go. They were prisoners, sentenced by the scant wages of their boy friends to "visiting hours" in the Y. W. C. A. parlor. Outside roared New York with its night clubs, speak-easies, hotel rooms, love nests and other places of rendezvous pictured by the tabloid newspapers. Inside was decorum.

"Good bye, parlor," said Mary, and clapped a hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle.

She'd thought of what Joe had said to her last night over there under the rose lamp. Joe Karney, speaking from the corner of his mouth, had said: "I'm going to bring you a pie with saws and a rope ladder in it."

This had led to other suggestions— suggestions whispered to avoid disturbing the trusting smile on the chaperone's face. Mary's warm, gray eyes

in her small, pert face, twinkled at the memory.

She caught herself. Miss Stebbins was looking at the overnight bag. "You are going out on such a night as this, Miss Callahan?"

"Yes, Miss Stebbins. I'm taking my pink organdy to the cleaner. And I may stop in at the Empire to see the pictures."

"Turn around, Miss Callahan."

Mary turned on one heel of her snug galoshes. She drew her gray Australian lamb coat about her slender body as she imagined a model would do. A wisp of chestnut hair peeped from beneath her dark hat.

"You must be back by eleven, dear," said Miss Stebbins, giving the straying wisp of hair a motherly tuck. "Eleven sharp."

"Eleven sharp," repeated Mary. "Certainly, Miss Stebbins."

A flurry of snow greeted her at the door. Gripping the overnight bag she ran through the crowded, slushy streets two blocks to the subway entrance. A local carried her uptown. She got off at Pennsylvania Station and dashed for the main waiting room.

Joe Karney was there, propping his lanky figure against the information booth. He had not seen her. She hesitated long enough to thrust some damp chestnut ringlets back beneath her hat.

"Could you please tell me, mister . . . ?" she began.

"Mary!"

"Joe Karney! Fancy finding you

here, you rascal you!"

They were laughing, awkwardly. Strangers hurried past. Joe put his hands in his overcoat pockets. He removed one with a jerk and took the overnight bag. Its feminine smallness alarmed him. "You're game?"

A frightened smile and a vigorous nod gave him his answer.

"There it is," said Joe, some moments later. "Track 14. The 'Iron City Special.' Leaves at 10:20. Lots of time."

Mary stared at the sign, fascinated. "The 'Iron City Special'? Why, Joe, I thought we agreed on California? Joe?" She faced him gravely. "You're not trying to trick me now, are you, Joe?"

Joe laughed. Then he, too, became grave. "California isn't just beyond Newark, Mary. You go to Chicago first."

Placing her arm in his, they strolled back and forth before the train gate. "Joe," she said at length, "I wish you were going."

He looked down at her. "I'll be seeing you before long."

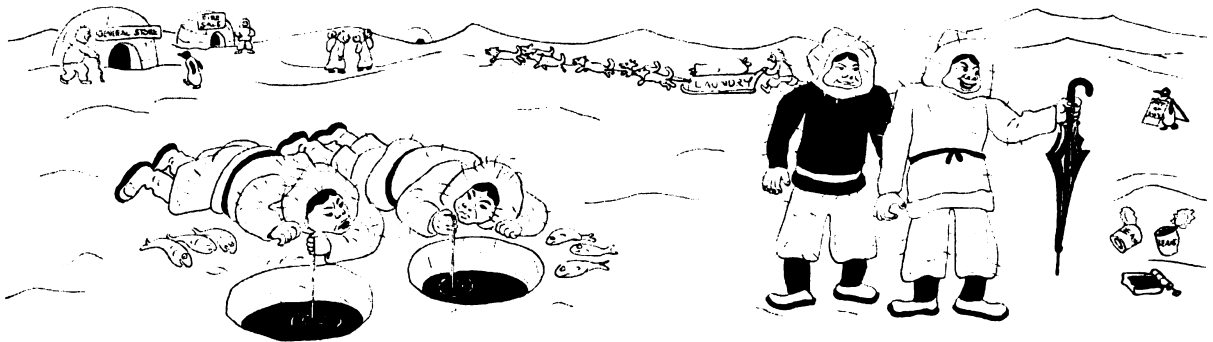
"I'll write to you, Joe. I'll write every day. And if I get all sunburned and peel off I'll send you a piece of the skin."

A crowd had gathered about the gate; strangers, milling and talking.

"Good bye, Joe," said Mary Callahan in a low voice.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. Slowly a tear, and then another, trickled down her cheeks. He kissed them away.

AROUND THE WORLD



"Bab, what's two weeks vacation? You fish a little and then you're back to the old grind."

"Those darn fool explorers will have to return for their umbrella."

"Good bye, Joe," she whispered, and breaking away from him suddenly, ran for the gate. The gateman was almost upset as she dashed through.

He grinned at Joe who stood waving the bag. "Take it down to her."

Joe caught her at the bottom of the steps. She smiled at him through her tear-damp eyes. "Didn't somebody say 'All aboard'?"

"Only a warning," said Joe. "Lots of time yet." He led her into the nearest Pullman vestibule. "You must write me every day." The words flung them into one another's arms. He was kissing her. A porter approached and backed away. "Every day, Mary."

Her voiced came muffled. "I need you so, Joe. Why can't I have you? I can't do without you, Joe."

"And I need you, Mary. It won't be long now."

Passengers were hurrying into the cars. "All aboard!"

"Good bye, Joe."

"Bye, Mary."

Another train, an incoming one, had jarred to a stop at the opposite side of the platform. Its doors were being opened.

Joe Karney hurried up the stairs by which he had descended. As he reached the top he heard a shout: "All aboard!" He glanced back. "I could have stayed another ten seconds," he said.

Pulling his hat over his eyes he walked the length of the waiting room and descended the steps at the end. Soon he was lounging against a post with an alert eye on the passengers from the incoming train.

By ones and twos they came into view at the top of the stairs. At length a slender girl in a gray Australian lamb coat, and carrying an imitation leather overnight bag, appeared. She paused and, seeing Joe, walked toward him.

"Joe Karney!" she cried. "Fancy finding you here!"

"Mary!"

She threw herself into his arms. He was kissing her. Strangers hurriedly passing ignored them. "So nice of you to meet me, Joe."

"We must get back to the upper level, Mary. There's another train leaving, a swell one for Montreal."

"I can't, Joe. It's too cold in Canada."

"You won't mind it, Mary."

"And besides, Miss Stebbins told me to be back by eleven o'clock, sharp. I'll have to hurry to make it." She looked at him and giggled. "Good bye, Joe," she said. "Shall we try the Grand Central Station tomorrow night? The Grand Central's an elegant station."

—Tom Sims

We're Drying, Amos, Drying

WASHINGTON—Prohibition Director Woodcock ascribed the recent decreased number of arrests by Prohibition agents to the greater effectiveness of enforcement measures. Some time ago he ascribed an increased number of arrests to the same cause.

NEWS

HOLLYWOOD—Movie directors have succeeded in tricking a young calf into bawling at just the right moment.

Property men discovered that the calf would remain silent as long as it could see its mother, but would bawl when she left.

But how could 700 pounds of animated beef be whisked out of sight as the cue for a calf bawl?

The cow, hidden from direct sight of the calf, was reflected to it by a mirror. When the dialogue cue was reached the mirror was whirled. Then—ba-a-awl!

N. J.—A swan flew against a low tension cable of the Jersey Central Power and Light Co. with the following results: the swan was stunned, the cable shortcircuited a high-tension cable, Manasquan and part of Point Pleasant Beach were without electricity for an hour, the Police teletype alarm system was put out of commission, the principal business street of the town was lightless, a wooden pole supporting the cables caught fire, the blaze spread and two fire department companies were required to extinguish the flames which got into the dry grass. Then the swan came to and flew away.

The population of New York consists of real New Yorkers in about the same proportion as the population of the United States consists of Indians.

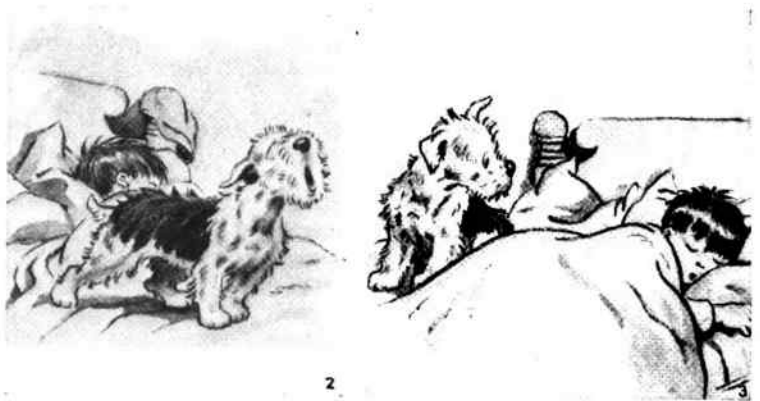
IN FOUR WHEEZES



"Now I feel all ready to take dictation."

"We can't spare any water, but we can sell you a couple of gallons of gas."

SINBAD



..... AMERICA'S BOY FRIEND



11



12



13



14



15



16



17



18



19

Mother

She was the kind of mother who would frown and say:
 "Well, there are things that I have done,
 I would not do again—now, I remember when—"
 And then go on to casually relate
 Something quite similar to the one
 I had been questioning, and she would state
 That she had been sorry afterward—

And then again, she'd smile most unexpectedly,
 And there would be an understanding gift for me,
 Such as the first time that I had a key
 Which she had made for me, to our front door—
 She never called me loving names before
 Outsiders—yet she was always there when need arose,
 The kind of need youth always knows;

She had a ready wit, a keen and eager
 Sense of humor, and she was great good fun—
 The whole crowd used to congregate at our place;
 She mended rips and tears in clothes
 And hearts, and baked a cake and let us eat
 It piping hot! Her hospitality
 Was never stern and never meagre—

There are so many many things,
 And there are times when memory brings
 Them back—For instance: I can frequently
 See that swift smile come on her face,
 As she sat making linen lace,
 When I ran in from school, and flung
 My books down, and asked her when
 I must be back, before I dashed right out again—
 It seems now, I was very very young,
 And yet she never made me feel so then—
 Just recently, somehow or other
 I am more than glad and grateful that I had
 That kind of Mother!

—Peter A. Lea.



SONNY AND PATRICIA.

"What'd you bite into my apple for?"
 "Jus' so's we could tell 'em apart."

ENDOWMENTS · SUICIDE · PROHIBITION AGAIN

By E. S. Martin

IT IS not yet good form to go out of this life by means of a self-directed bullet and it seems a pity that George Eastman should have made his exit in that way. However, suicide, though by no means approved even now, is not so ill thought of as it used to be when burial at the four cross roads was thought proper for suicides. We think better of it than that—that it is sometimes warrantable, in many cases excusable even by our standards. As for Mr. Eastman we do not know what his physical condition was, how much it bothered him, how much if at all he suffered. What seems apparent is that he was bored, had lost interest in doing the things he had been used to doing. "My work is done; why wait?" so he said, but with a larger view he might not have felt that his work was done nor yet have lost interest in life.

Somebody was saying the other day as a reflection from what is being recorded in the newspapers that the celibates did not bear calamity as well as the married men. Krueger, the match man, was unmarried at 50. Mr. Eastman had neither wife nor children and, of course, that makes an enormous difference. At 77 his mind was evidently sound. He found himself sufficiently relieved it would seem from business cares, with a sufficient fortune left to much more than feed and shelter him, and right in the middle of an enormous crisis in human life. One would have thought he would want to see how it came out. For a man of 77 with a prospect of living even to be 80, the program immediately ahead of him should seem worth following. But perhaps not if his health was gone.



MR. EASTMAN, so the paper says, had no settled belief and had reached no conclusion about the survival of personality after death. A clergyman of the Church he used sometimes to go to has said as much as that. Of course if one is confident that he is going on living after he dies, it adds to interest in the later years of life and also to patience. If one thinks that his life here is a training and a preparation for a much ampler life to follow, he will be slow to say his work is done and act on that supposition. Mr. Eastman got a great deal, money a vast plenty, but even more than that. He had an interesting life and as seen by his generation a very useful one. If he fell short of acquiring what is called in Scripture The Pearl of Great Price it did not seem to be because he undervalued it. He went ahead according to his lights. The fact that he acquired and gave away about one hundred million dollars is not really a true measure of what he did. He gave about 25 millions to Rochester and its University; about 20 millions to the Boston Tech; four or five millions to the education of negroes; some more for dental schools both in this country and Europe. All these

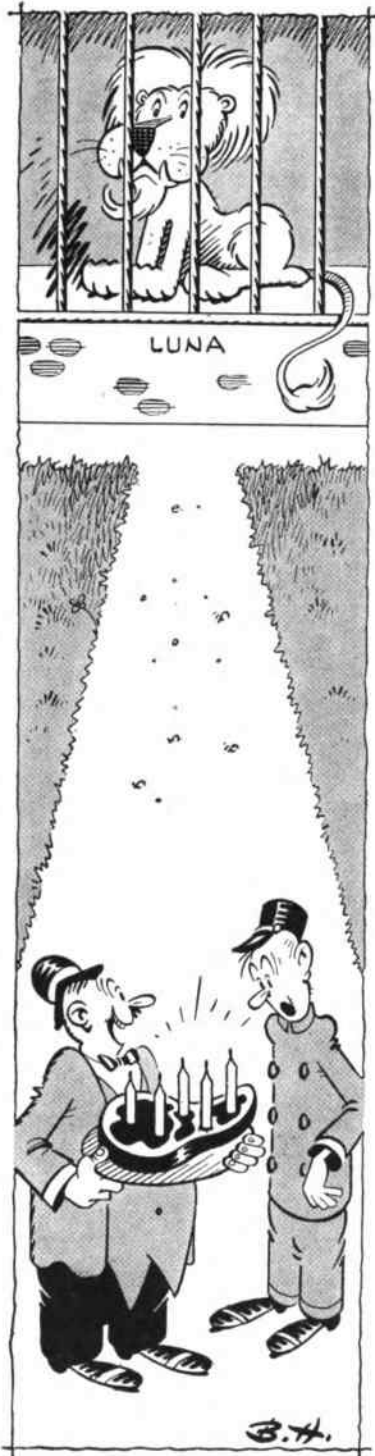
provisions look more than respectable. He was interested in technical things, his work had to do with them; he saw the use of them and the education that he cared about seemed to be technical education. He wanted to improve the machinery of living. Money can sometimes do that, though the fashion of pouring huge sums of it into so-called educational institutions may not continue to go as strong as it goes now, but the big thing in that direction that Mr. Eastman did was not that he gave away so much money and to pretty good purposes, but that he diffused kodaks all over the civilized world. The mechanical product of the machine he made was more important than the pecuniary product. A kodak is a pretty good thing; it adds interest to life a little. All that Mr. Eastman did about it was creditable and that was his fundamental service; the money that he gave away was incidental to it. We feel his hand not only in kodaks but in motion pictures and everything that pertains to photography.

But if this life were all there is to it one might easily get tired of that if he lost his companions and failed to find new ones and infirmities bothered him. One needs increasingly in the crises of life an interest in what is coming next.



THE money that goes into endowments really means the gearing of human efforts to certain defined services. What Mr. Eastman really did was to gear the profits of his vast machine for making kodaks and films to the uses of the various institutions that he endowed so largely with the Kodak Company's stock. Production of all revenues comes finally out of human labor and unless work goes on there is no profit. There is a possibility that too large a share of labor will finally be diverted to the support of institutions that pay no taxes. That happened in the case of the Abbeys in England, it was the basis of the statute of mortmain, and much more recently of Mr. Rosenwald's feeling that money left to defined purposes had better be spent for them in course of twenty-five years, principal and interest. He felt that way about it because he thought that human needs may change and that large restricted endowments may presently be geared to the support of objects that are out of date. Hospitals, colleges, universities, schools seem better objects for profuse permanent endowments than churches, but what will be the final destiny of the great foundations is not so certain as it may seem. But as for Mr. Eastman, evidently he did the best he knew.

THERE have been much worse times than these and not long ago. When this land we live in was first identified by Columbus, Torquemada was conducting the Inquisition in Spain. It has been estimated that it cost the lives of about a quarter of a million people, most of them innocent of any



ZOO KEEPER: *Today's the lion's fifth birthday!*

offense. Trials were secret, informations were secret. Persons suspected of heresy had no chance. It will be recalled that at that time the Jews were driven out of Spain and a great many of them died of hardship and exposure.

Perhaps nothing else quite as bad as that was going on elsewhere in Europe, but when human suffering was proceeding on a large scale Germany was usually able to contribute her due proportion; Italy was not backward; France did what she could to support the establishment and even England lit a fire at Smithfield now and then. While Catholics seemed to have excelled in cruelties because more power was in the hands of their clergy, the Protestants were not far behind. In Geneva Calvin sometimes found it necessary to roast a heretic. Luther may have been of a more genial mind but the times affected even the kindly and the pious. The Thirty-Year War had horrors enough to make many best sellers. Altogether the capacity for suffering in the human body and for distress in the human mind has been thoroughly tried out in Europe in the last 400 years.

It has not been so bad here. At present where we suffer from the delusion of an important fraction of the community that total abstinence from alcoholic drinks can be brought about by legislation, there are only a few thousand people in jail for offenses against liquor laws, and only a few hundred lives have been lost in enforcing them. The lunatic-asylums to be sure are overcrowded, for when you slam the door on rum other doors open to things that are worse, but it is always possible to build more crazy-houses and we can do it when we get richer again. That we have run behind eight or ten billions on Prohibition enforcement, the loss of all the rum taxes and so on, is regrettable of course, but it is not so bad as being impaled, crucified, burned at the stake or having one's family destroyed and scattered. The fact that here in New York so many hotels are in straits is partly because the speakeasies that sell a little rum get away from them the profitable trade that used to exist in their dining-rooms. But that is not so bad as the contempt in which law and order generally has fallen as appears in the vast organization of crimes of vio-

lence, the racketeers and the kidnapers. Kidnapping gets home to us especially when it is a child or a baby, but there were worse things than that in Europe in the 16th century, when the rack was always greased and Iron Virgins, with sharp pointed spikes inside, made punishment of condemned persons more interesting to spectators.

Yes, there were worse things going on even four hundred years ago than there are today, though the competition in some cases is keener than people suspect. But take notice that the reason for cruelties then and oppressions and



"It's all my own fault. Ma's not to throw it

deviltries now is the same passion to compel the minds and bodies of one lot of people to accept the thoughts and habits of another—whether it is Catholics compelling Protestants, or Protestants compelling Catholics, or Drys compelling Wets, it is all the same game, the game of "I am stronger than you, and you must do as I say, think as I say, eat and drink as I say."

Oh well, Rome squelched Galileo, somebody burned Bruno, Calvin did for Servetus, Torquemada did for his quarter million, but nothing held back the human spirit. What Galileo argued for and had to recant was presently so widely acknowledged and admitted that Rome's denial could not be enforced. That such crowds of people can be wrong and attempt to enforce their opposition to what is right is most curious and is doubtless due to the fact that the *status quo* and abstract right are often seen as one when in truth they are two.

An American Folk-Song

Our future achievements grow ever
obscurer;
Economies irk us, wherever we are;
We spend as we go, and get steadily
poorer—

But we have a car!

Nothing Ever Changes

(1910)

"Sorry to deesappoint you, meester Johnson, but I no feexa your shoes. Justa when I start to putta on new soles and heels, my boy Tony tella me that my wife hava leetla bambino, so I gotta leeva shop right away and go seea theesa new baby. Heesa fina beega boy, meester Johnson. Heesa weigh eleven pound and gonna be fine beeg shoemaker when hees grow up. So you leeva shoes a coupla more day and I feexa myself a fine job. I knowa I promise for tonight, but Christofer Columb! when leetla bambino come I no can stay in shop. I getta all excite and wanna see my beega boy. I have shoes on Toosday, meester Johnson. You oxcoosa, please, eh? You no be mad with poor old Tony Antopucci?"

(1931. Same Place)

"I regret to state, sir, that the repairs to your shoes are not quite completed. It is the policy of The Federal Quick Shoe Repair Shops never to turn out mediocre work. I have an inter-office memo from our Chief Heel and Sole Supervisor who states that he has not okayed the job. Your shoes have, accordingly, been forwarded to our Claim and Make-Good Division and will undoubtedly be checked out of there within forty-eight hours. Mr. Anthony Antopucci, our executive vice president, craves your indulgence and the matter will be followed through by our general manager in charge of deferred deliveries. You will be notified as soon as the shoes are completed. Thank you, sir, for the generosity of your attitude."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Know Him?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A letter addressed by a Washington man to "Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, Doorn, Holland" has been returned by Netherlands postal authorities to the postoffice here. It bore the notation, "addressee unknown."

He: Why do you always answer a question by asking another?

She: Do I?



VISITING RELATION: *This is a funny kind of a front porch!*



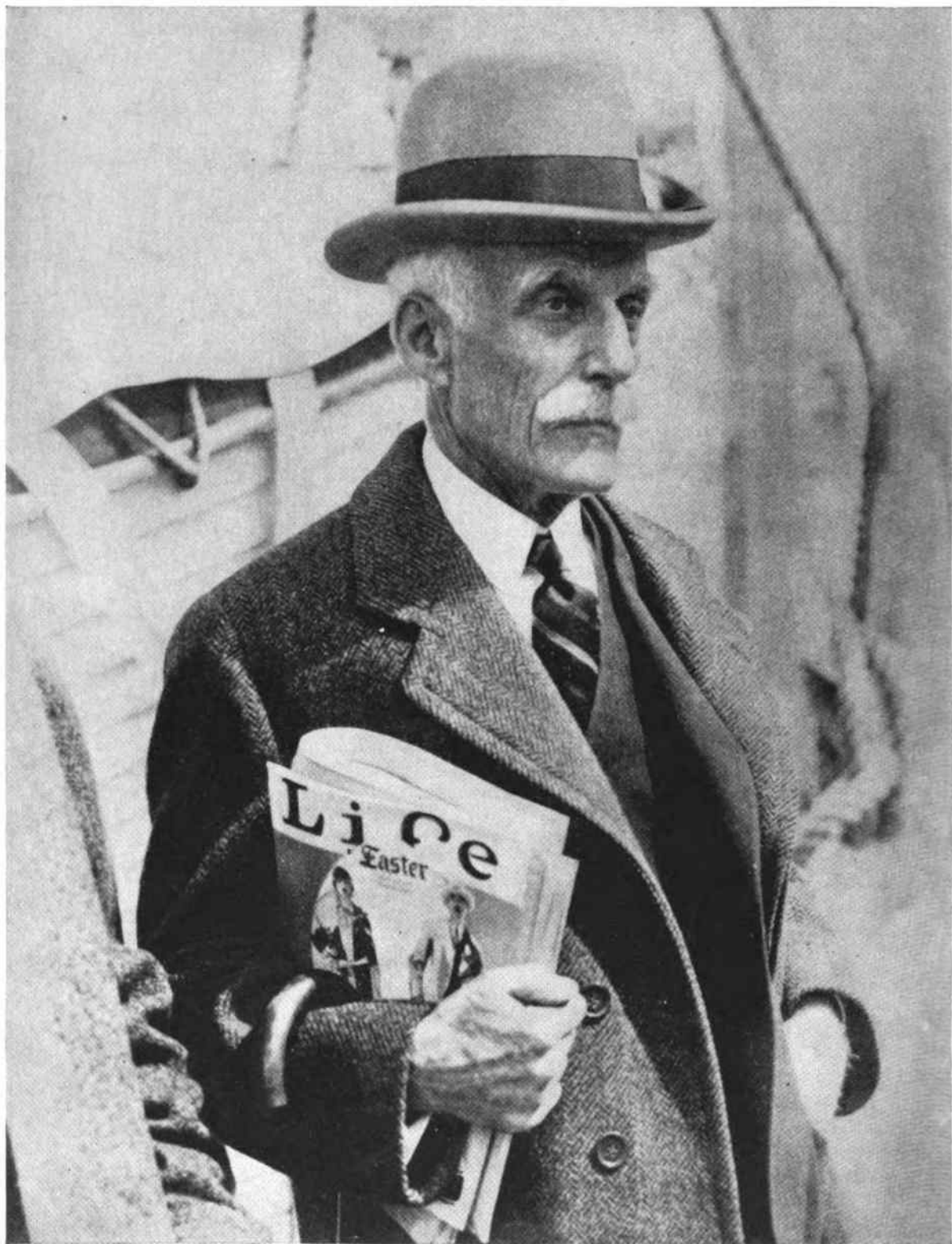
hundred times
rows."

The old winter clothing gets thinner
and thinner,
And chicken on Sunday has vanished,
alas!

No more do we order ice-cream for
our dinner—
But watch us buy gas!

The probes of collectors we skillfully
parry;
The doctor and dentist get little from
us;
The only insurance we manage to carry
Is that on the bus.

Then step on the gas, and sing worry's
deferment;
Our taxes are due, and our stock's
below par,
And if we should die, there's no cash
for interment—
But we have a car!
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.



Study This Picture for Three Minutes, Then Try To Answer the Questions on Page Fifty-Three

CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON

A Study in Psychology

WHEN a player bids out of turn in a game of Bridge, the laws provide that the bid is void and the partner of the offender is barred from further participation in the contracting. The offender, however, may declare in his proper turn and may, of course, make any bid he chooses, provided it is sufficient to overcall an opposing bid. The penalty provided by the laws is entirely just, as a player's bid out of turn may be very revealing indeed. Such bids are never made intentionally, as, if this were done, it would be contrary to the high standards of sportsmanship which govern play. However, even inadvertently, a bid of this kind should be penalized and is. When a bid out of turn has been made, it places a heavy responsibility upon the player. Instead of the normal and free exchange of information which occurs in the orderly process of bidding, any bid he may make, other than on the values actually held in his hand, is a leap in the dark and he may just as readily land in a bramble bush as in a bed of down.

This is the story of a bid out of turn, made in the Eastern Contract pair championship for the Julian

Goldman trophy. The field was large including one hundred and fifty players, many of them among America's ranking players.

At one table were seated four very strong players. Holding the North and South cards, pictured below, were two followers of the game, young in years, but apt in making psychological deductions and applying them to the cards they held. These players were Mr. John Rau, North, and Mr. Charles Lochridge, South. Opposing them were Mr. David Burnstine, a tournament player of great repute, and Mr. Howard Schenken, a member of THE BRIDGE WORLD team-of-four and

		Mr. Rau			
		♠ A-K-10-6			
		♥ A-7-6			
		♦ Q-7-5			
		♣ K-8-4			
Mr. Schenken		N		Mr. Burnstine	
♠ 5-4		W		♠ J-8-3	
♥ Q-8-5-3		E		♥ J-9-2	
♦ J-10-8-4-3		S		♦ A-K-9-6-2	
♣ Q-7				♣ J-5	
		♠ Q-9-7-2			
		♥ K-10-4			
		♦			
		♣ A-10-9-6-3-2			
		Mr. Lochridge			



one of the country's ranking players.

Both sides were vulnerable and Mr. Rau, North, was the Dealer.

The players picked up their hands simultaneously and Mr. Lochridge, thinking he was the Dealer, bid one club. Immediately, Mr. Burnstine called for the referee.

"Mr. Rau is the Dealer," said Mr. Burnstine, "but his partner, Mr. Lochridge, out of turn bid one club. What is the penalty?"

"Mr. Lochridge's bid is cancelled and Mr. Rau is barred from participating in the contracting," the referee replied.

The bidding then proceeded in regular order, except that Mr. Burnstine made the unusual request that Mr. Rau be required to face away from the table in order that no involuntary twitching of his facial muscles would disclose anything he held to his partner. This request was, of course, rightly disallowed and the bidding proceeded with Mr. Rau barred from bidding and Mr. Burnstine thus having the first right to bid.

Mr. Burnstine passed. The situation was now squarely up to Mr. Lochridge.

"Why," he reasoned, "was Mr. Burnstine so much interested in Mr. Rau's hand? Probably," he decided, "because Mr. Burnstine held a blank hand and thus the chances are good that Mr. Rau holds a strong one."

If this were true, it was a time for a desperate remedy for a desperate situation.

His own hand was far from strong.



The expert smoke blower signals his partner.

The honor strength was not even 2½ honor-tricks, the safe minimum for an Opening bid. However, he must bid and his partner could not respond. Thus, the beautiful language of bidding, through which partners convey to each other information of honor strength and distribution and establish a line of communications across the void which exists when the bidding begins, could not be established.

This contest, like other championship events played recently, was on the basis of each board a match; that is, the highest number of points was awarded to the pair making the greatest score. To play the hand in one club, if Mr. Burnstine and Mr. Schenken passed, would probably result in a bottom score, regardless of Mr. Rau's holdings. The choice of the correct Opening bid, which quite probably would also be the final bid, could not then be made upon the cards held by Mr. Lochridge, nor on those he could place in Mr. Rau's hand. It was a case of "Do or Die", so Mr. Lochridge boldly bid four spades. Mr. Schenken passed. Mr. Rau, necessarily, was mute and the next to speak was Mr. Burnstine. He doubled.

Mr. Lochridge now faced a hard decision. He feared that Mr. Burnstine's Double was as psychological as his bid of four spades and was a ruse designed to drive him back to five clubs. After long deliberation, he passed and Mr. Schenken's pass ended the contracting, as Mr. Rau could not speak.

Mr. Schenken opened the diamond Knave and Mr. Rau's hand was spread upon the table. The opening diamond was trumped and Mr. Lochridge had the satisfaction of scoring 3 overtricks on his contract to take 10.

When the score was jotted down and totalled, it was found that he had 1440 points. At the conclusion of the session, when all the scores were tabulated and the points accorded, it was disclosed that at other tables the hand had been played in either spades or clubs, but, peculiarly enough, some of the players had failed to reach a Slam in either declaration. Of those who did bid six, there were only two who had reached the contract in spades, so that Mr. Lochridge's daring bid, when his partner was barred from participating in the contracting, had given him a near top score with the cards.

In bidding this hand, had there

been no bid out of turn, a Slam could have been quite readily reached, using the now standard principles of bidding. The bidding should go:

North	South
1 ♠	4 ♠ (1)
5 ♠ (2)	6 ♠ (3)
Pass	

(1) *The South hand is very strong in support of the Opening bid, but is not strong enough for a Forcing bid and to show the clubs would be entirely inadequate treatment of the hand.*

(2) *North's hand, containing 4 honor-tricks, fully justifies this Slam try. If partner can raise to four a bid of one, then a contract of five cannot be in danger.*

(3) *Again South can gain nothing by bidding the club suit. There is only the slightest danger of duplication of values, in view of North's bid of five, which disclosed that his hand is of possible Slam caliber.*

Epitaph For A Mormon Minister
Here lies
a practical
yoker.

The t-t-t-ype writer

This letter please excuse,
'Cause I'm learning how to use
The tt , tt , tt , ype writer

I stutter and I stammer
I can't remember grammer
On this tt—yppe writer

I ssstagger when I walk
I've forgotten how to talk
just can't work this t writer

It makes me jump at night
For I've dreamed it won't come right
This xxxxxxxxxxxtypewriter

I've forgotten how to spell,
And wish this thing in Helllll
This dammmmmdd TyperrrrRR.



"There's a gentleman to see you, Mrs. Kling. It looks like your husband."



THOSE WHO KNOW THE NEW AND SMART ARE BUYING CHEVROLETS

You've probably noticed it, too—the way these Chevrolets have crashed the gate—and become accepted members of the Inner Circle. Living in exclusive 3- and 4-car garages. Rooming in style with custom cars. Getting daily groomings by uniformed chauffeurs. And going to all the best places—doing all the smart things—with the best people. *What a life for a low-priced car! And*

how these Chevrolets do take to it! The answer is: Chevrolet comes from one of the best families—one that goes back to the Mayflower days of the industry—and one that is responsible for many of the blue-bloods of motordom. And this background shows itself in everything the car has—and does—and is. The simple, unaffected lines! The Fisher coachwork! The Fisher knack of hav-

ing everything look just right—in the best of taste. The Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling! Yes, gentlemen—a car like this naturally *belongs* in the better places. And you'll be seeing it there, more and more, in the months to come.

• • •

The complete Chevrolet Six line includes 20 different models, each available on the liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

T H E G R E A T A M E R I C A N V A L U E

THEATRE

Louise Bascom Barratt

THEATRICAL BLUE PLATE

The end of the New York season finds many varied dramatic foods left in the ice-box. Some are full of vitamins, a few spicy, others shimmering egg froth. In general, sugary concoctions do not keep and are therefore no longer being cooked.

Previous May theatrical left-overs merely made hash. This year the refrigerator doors may be opened with every confidence that the pies will begin to sing. From many excellently planned and still unconsumed dishes may be selected a fortnight's meal with sufficient calories to raise anybody to almost any height.

THE WELL BALANCED MENU

COCKTAIL From the moment wistful
Whistling in the Dark Ernest Truex
MYSTERY lifts his glass with, "Here's to crime!" racketeers and gunmen rock the stage. It is undeniably amusing to see an abducted novelist who looks as if his mother still passed him for a half fare railroad ticket, planning toothpaste murders to order, and saving himself and gal in the nick of time by breathless hokum which causes exclamations of, "Would that really work?"

Trick for Trick Portrayal of a
ALTERNATE CHOICE lively war between rival ma-

gicians. Dead bodies float in mid-air, pictures talk, walls disappear, bunnies squirm out of everybody's hat, and an ingenious murder increases the blood pressure.

TOMATO SURPRISE William Gaxton, a Jimmie Walkerish
Of Thee I Sing
MUSICAL SATIRE

Presidential candidate—running on a platform of love, pursued by a jilted Atlantic City bathing beauty, and baited by a timid stranger-to-everybody (resembling a composite Hoover and Coolidge and turning out to be Vice-President)—is ha-ha No. 1. Add the pineapple tartness of Florenz Ames who sings, "She's the illegitimate daughter of the illegitimate son of the illegitimate nephew of Napoleon" with as much vim as if he had been told the understudy could do as well, and you have Laugh No. 2. The third comes when the timorous Vice-President asks, "Don't you think more people might read the Presidential speeches if they were funnier?" and the President grimly retorts, "I don't think so. Some of them have been very funny."

PEPPER HOT Hot, savory, and satisfying. The
Reunion in Vienna pungent Fontanne-Lunt recipe for spontaneity is infallible. No one cares whether they reunite in Austria or Asia, just so they do it often. This soup course should

not be omitted. It is a meal in itself.

FISH

Cynara
DRAMA

A London hit everybody predicted would be an American failure, but which has proved that any article with true universality of appeal will be ordered anywhere. It is one of those inexorable step by step studies of a man unintentionally faithless to his wife—a series of climaxes to delight drama students and also make women vow never again to spend another summer sans hubby. Men should be governed in their desires in the matter before buying tickets. No triangle play has presented a more unctuous, lovable busybody than Henry Stephenson, while Philip Merivale gives an appealing picture as Phoebe Foster's bewildered husband.

ENTREE

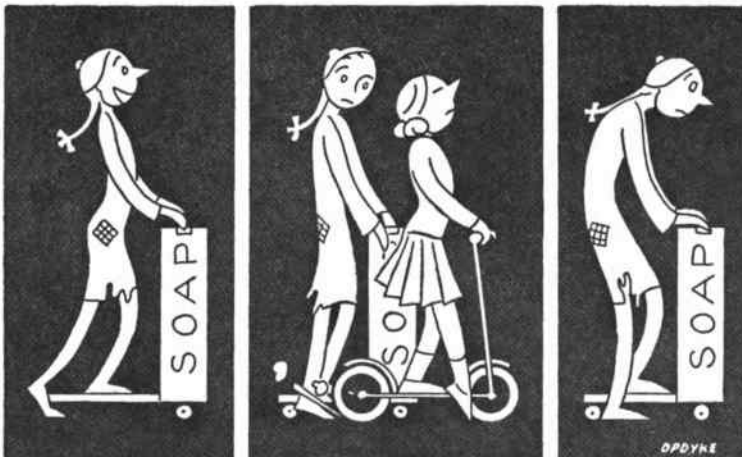
The Cat and the Fiddle
MUSICAL COMEDY

A new Kern-Harbach offering which charms with its simplicity and its bright, above-the-average melodies. The story—rival composers of opposite sexes trying to place numbers in a musical show and at last collaborating for life—is made sympathetic and believable in the competent hands of Bettina Hall and Georges Metaxa. Through Jose Ruben's easy direction, the play flows with delightful casualness, and the thirty-nine unmentioned stage-hands shift the sets without marring the Paris atmosphere.

BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

Mourning Becomes Electra
TRAGEDY

Two portions of this come with one order. You get a 5:30 P. M. show with an 8:10 rain check whether you like it or not. Bargain hunters will rejoice that they are saving two bucks by being late in the season. The new O'Neill play shows him at his best, which means that half the audience tells the other half that he borrowed the idea from the Greeks and the other half opines that he could teach the Greeks a lot. The Greeks were just amateurs at gloom in comparison with the real New England temperament so familiar to O'Neill and so meticulously depicted by old favorites like Alice Brady and the expressive-faced Nazimova. A sincere and truly great tragedy which the Theatre Guild may well be proud to offer.



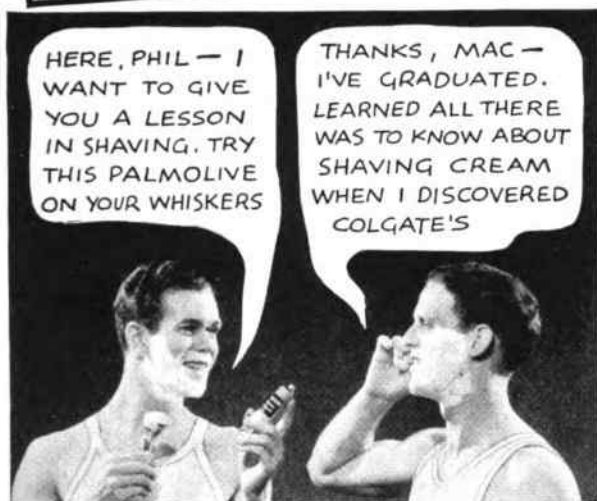
\$25,000! for "BLURBS"

Can you write one?

464 cash prizes this month

Here are the prizes for each month — 464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st . . .	\$500	1st . . .	\$500
2nd . . .	125	2nd . . .	125
3rd . . .	50	3rd . . .	50
9 next . . .	25	9 next . . .	25
20 next . . .	10	20 next . . .	10
200 next . . .	5	200 next . . .	5



THOSE are "blurbs", men—those words coming out of Phil's and Mac's mouths. Read 'em over. Who do *you* side with—Phil or Mac? What's your choice—Palmolive or Colgate's?

Write a "blurb" of your own—in your own words. Help Phil out—or help Mac out. Send in your boost for Colgate's OR Palmolive. We're putting up big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Get yours in!

All over the country you'll find men like Phil and Mac. Millions boosting for Palmolive. Millions pulling for Colgate's. In fact—more men use these famous shaving creams than any other. They lead a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Which side are you on? In one of the empty "blurb" spaces at the right (or on a separate sheet of paper) write *your* "blurb" in favor of Colgate's OR in favor of Palmolive—not both. Write it now!

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. E-5, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs"

received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29. \$4200 Mar. 31. \$4200
April 30. \$4200 May 31. \$4200
June 30. \$4200 July 31. \$4200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is only open to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

Come on you shavers—get in on this \$25,000 argument

Mac wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Phil says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.



In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

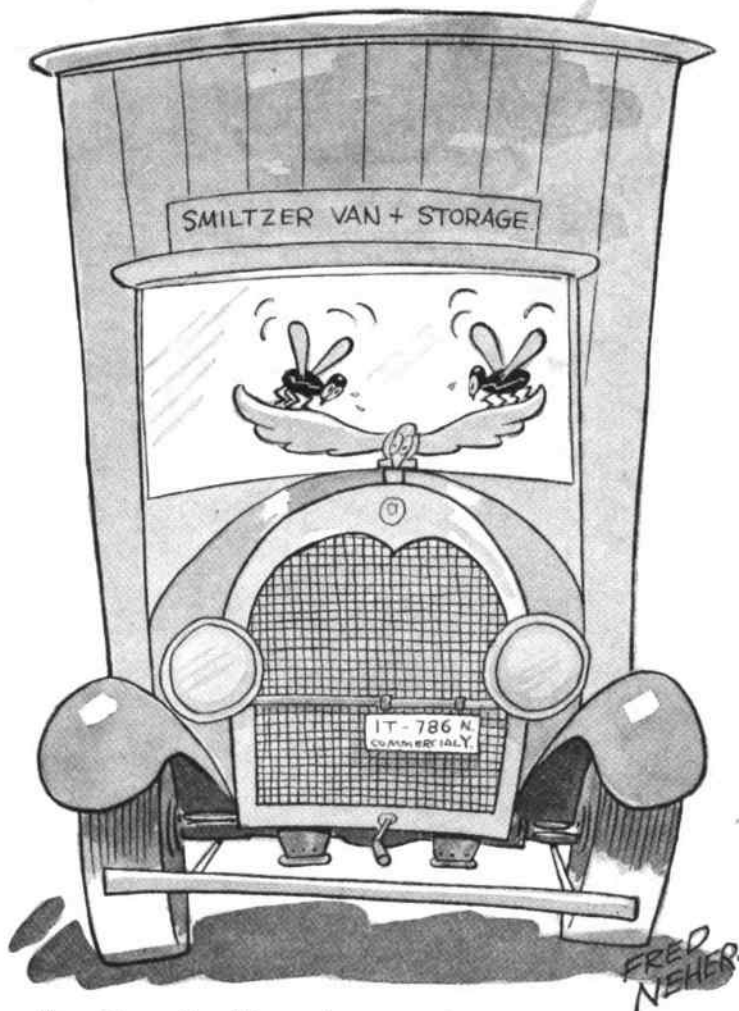
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.



Handy device for the hostess whose callers love gabby farewells in the chilly doorway!



FIRST HORSE FLY: "I saw a horse yesterday, but I lost him in traffic."

SALAD To one who has *Face the Music* screamed, "I say it's spinach and to hell with it!" there's a kick in seeing ex-millionaires eat at the automat while the police dwell in riotous splendor in this Berlin-Hart up-to-the-minute spoof-show.

DESSERT 1. Snickery entertainment of the *Front Blessed Event* *Page* school in which a Winchellesque columnist provides news about prospective babies at the risk of his life.

Counsellor-at-law 2. A criminal lawyer who marries above his station, enacted by Muni with a better-than-Dietrichstein technique. A thrill for the palate.

CRACKERS AND CHEESE PIQUANT *Springtime for Henry*

Naughty, delicately etched farce in the French manner. The young man wakes up finally, but not too late to catch on.

CIGARETTES Ziegfeld brands *Hot-cha* are always carefully made of the same sweet ingredients. Even when no better than those of his competitors, the celebrated Follies producer makes them seem more glamorous. *Hot-cha* has the same semi-tropical atmosphere in which *Rio Rita* flamed into success. Of course there is a new bunch of languorous, handsomely gowned, exalted beauties, exultant in their glorification.

Liqueurs: Helen Hayes; Ed Wynn; Leslie Howard. Afterward, look over your shoulder! You may see *The Moon in the Yellow River* just *Beyond the Left Bank!*

Headline Hilarity

JUMPS FROM DECK

TO CONGRESS SEAT

A month ago William Carlton Mobley was just an ordinary citizen. . . . Now he's a member of Congress. . . .

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"BE Mouth-Happy"



Don't let heavy smoking make your mouth "quit" the party. Spud is the one smoke that fits with food, and drink, and merriment . . . that gives you full tobacco enjoyment together with cool, clean taste.

SMOKE SPLIDS

MENTHOL-COOLED



CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (30c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

BOOKS

By Robert Erskine

EVERY now and then England breaks out into a rash of diaries. The attacks began in 1819 when the Rev. John Smith, Vicar of Baldock, discovered the code to Samuel Pepys' manuscripts and revealed that 18th Century naval clerk as the world's champion backstairs osculator. From that time on it has been a pretty dull publishing season that hasn't unearthed some obscure person who did a James Boswell to his generation or his neighborhood or his immediate set.

In this respect the English are more long-suffering than we. They bite on the first volume, swallow the second with respectful appetite and even holler for more when the last is reached. Farrington's Diary, for example. Farrington belonged to the Sir Joshua Reynolds-Benjamin West set of English Royal Academy painters, and he never went to bed before he wrote down where he had been, what people had said and what he had to eat and drink. As the complete reporter he managed to miss very little, but when those diaries were published they bulged out eight obese volumes. And the English bought every one of them. The same was true of the Greville diaries and their gossip on politics. If a publisher can just pry one of these interesting volumes loose on the public, then the rest of the olives are snapped up as they tumble out.

There was a time when the sentimental and romantic diary satisfied the public taste. The diaries of Frances Burney spread out the doings of her talented brothers, sisters, father and friends. They were a musical tribe and occupied in London of the 18th Century the same musical rank as the Damrosch family does in New York today.

The most recent attack of diaritis has run to parsons. Not that diary readers and these clerical diary writers

are especially pious, but because the parson occupies a vantage point from which to view the life of his town. Clerical diaries are usually documents of small town life. There was the Rev. James Woodforde who managed to stay put and satisfied in a little country vicarage for forty years but never failed to write down what the day had brought forth. It brought forth five delightful volumes before he and the public were wearied.

On its heels came another parson—



"Thy lamps are like jewels rare."

Rev. William Jones, 1755-1821, whose youth was passed as a tutor in Jamaica when Jamaica was farther East than Suez in morals, after which he retired to a hamlet in Hertfordshire for the next four decades. Not satisfied with keeping a diary of 2962 pages, he also wrote a book of Domestic Lamentations, which, fortunately for the public, has disappeared, and a medical record of the local epidemics!

William Johnston Temple was buried away as rector of villages in Devon and Cornwall and yet managed

to keep his friendship with the great writers of his day, and finally was gathered to his fathers in August, 1796, bequeathing to the world a little book that recorded many delightful friendships.

A fourth parson was Rev. John Skinner, antiquary and rector of Camerton, who sustained his life worthily from 1772 to 1839, when, tiring of it, he hanged himself on a beech tree behind his house. But he left many pages of antique and intimate interest that fill a readable volume.

The latest recruit from these ranks of self-revealing parsons is the Rev. William S. Cole, whose Paris and English village diaries already fill two volumes and promise to overflow into a third and perhaps more.

At first glance one might think that clerical diaries leave much to be desired. The spice is in them however. But for English country life in the raw as set down by completely obscure people, give me two little books called "Old Sussex and Her Diarists" and "The Diary of Thomas Turner." These are journals of nobodies, but they cut across the everyday life of their time and place and lay it bare and not too lovely. Of late an English country magazine has sprung to fame on the diary of an 18th Century hamlet grave digger. Obscure though he was, he showed the life of his pigmy zone of existence to have its amusing heights and pitiful depths.

Occasionally some American publisher ventures to bring out these English diaries for American reading—but only occasionally. We Americans seem not to have had the diary-writing habit and there is no over-production of them in the American book market—and we evidently haven't the diary-enjoying habit either.

If you still can enjoy a good waltz or can sip a glass of wine slowly or spread out a dinner over two hours, then you have the capacity for beginning to enjoy diaries. And if you are curious about life and times and willing to let the other fellow do all the gossiping, then you will relish reading these diaries to the very end, let

them stretch as many volumes as they please.

Reading a diary is like going to a town you've never known before and meeting all the people and getting into their lives without having your own involved. You're always safe. You have no fear of being drawn into the scandal. You know a lot about people who never suspect you and you can meet them time and again with a perfectly straight face. As the years pass you actually become fond of them, become excited about what is going to happen to them next. And when Fate finally jerks the string and the ghostly puppets disappear into infinity, you feel real grief at having to go to their funeral.

Recommended

MR. DARBY, by Martin Armstrong
(Harcourt, Brace).

THAT AMERICAN WOMAN, by Alec Waugh
(Farrar & Rinehart).

NOVEMBER, by Gustave Flaubert,
translation by Frank Jellinek
(Roman Press).

RETURN TO YESTERDAY, by Ford Madox Ford
(Liveright).

MENTAL HEALERS, by Stefan Zweig
(Viking).

THESE RESTLESS HEADS, by James Branch Cabell
(McBride).

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, by Mathew Josephson
(Harcourt, Brace).

Books Received

THE HOMICIDE CLUB, by Gwyn Evans
(The Dial Press, Inc.).

DEEP STREET, by Benedict Thielen
(Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

THIS GIVING IN MARRIAGE, by Grace Stair
(The Dial Press, Inc.).

YOUTH CRIES OUT, by Berenice E. Noar
(William Godwin, Inc.).

HOW TO BID IN CONTRACT BRIDGE, by Saul Watkins
(Literary Service Bureau).

THE DEVIL IN THE BELFRY, by Russell Thorndike
(The Dial Press, Inc.).

FOREVER ENGAGED, by Horace Coon
(William Godwin, Inc.).

COOL SHAVES for more than 1,000,000 Fans



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

LATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that

tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—whichever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. E-52
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____
Street _____ State _____
City _____



"There's the coast of France!"

It's in the air . . . a fresh fragrance from the Channel . . . and, when you clear from Plymouth, a new thrill of excitement! . . . Out to starboard land appears, a gray and gold cloud on the horizon . . . "There's the coast of France!"

The storied gateway of Le Havre looms ahead. Tanned faces look up . . . gnarled hands wave . . . and a lofty French Line ship is warped up to the covered pier. Another smooth, luxurious Atlantic crossing has been completed *the French Line way*. Another group of charming people have enjoyed the rest . . . entertainment . . . comfort . . . delicious food . . . English-speaking service . . . and sturdy seamanship that sophisticated travelers know is French Line tradition.

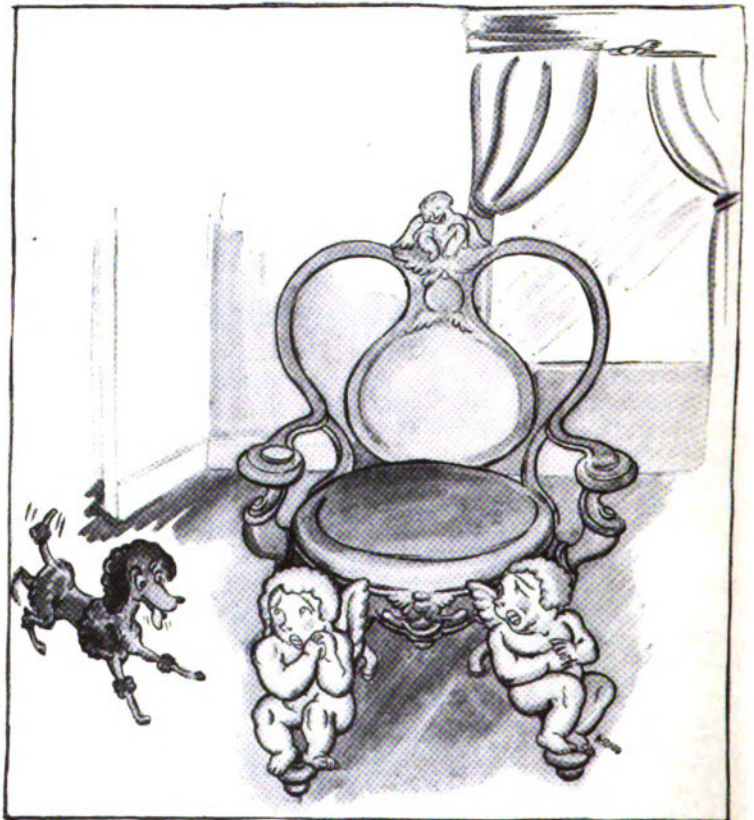
Ask any authorized travel agent for advice on First and Tourist Class passage aboard French Line de luxe express steamers. . . The French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

French Line

Ile de France, April 30, June 3, June 22
 • *Lafayette*, May 21, June 21 • *De Grasse*, May 10
 • *Rochambeau*, April 30 • *Paris*, May 14, June 11,
 June 29 • *France*, May 27, June 16



"Mother will see you now."



"Here comes that damn dog again!"

Lines

A scientist declares that fish are the only living creatures never troubled with influenza. This is because of the ample opportunities they have for gargling.
—*Passing Show*

In the Hawaiian islands there is a football team that wears no shoes and has a woman coach. This team deserves more fame, being the greatest shoeless and woman-coached eleven in the world.
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*

DINER: I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup.

WAITER: Well, it would be worse, wouldn't it, to have the soup in your hair?
—*Pathfinder*

"Golf is a great leveller," says a paragonist. We have watched golf that would level mountains.
—*Punch*

"Newspapers are one-sided."
"How is that?"

"They always make a fuss when a famous man dies but never when a famous man is born."
—*Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig*

We read of radio receiving-sets which are practically fool-proof. Another widely-felt want is the fool-proof microphone.
—*Punch*

The long-handicap golfer had entered for the mixed foursomes, but at the last moment his partner sent a message to say she could not play.

The man, anxious for a game, went to the secretary and blurted, "I say, can you introduce me to a woman—preferably a bad one?"
—*London Tatler*

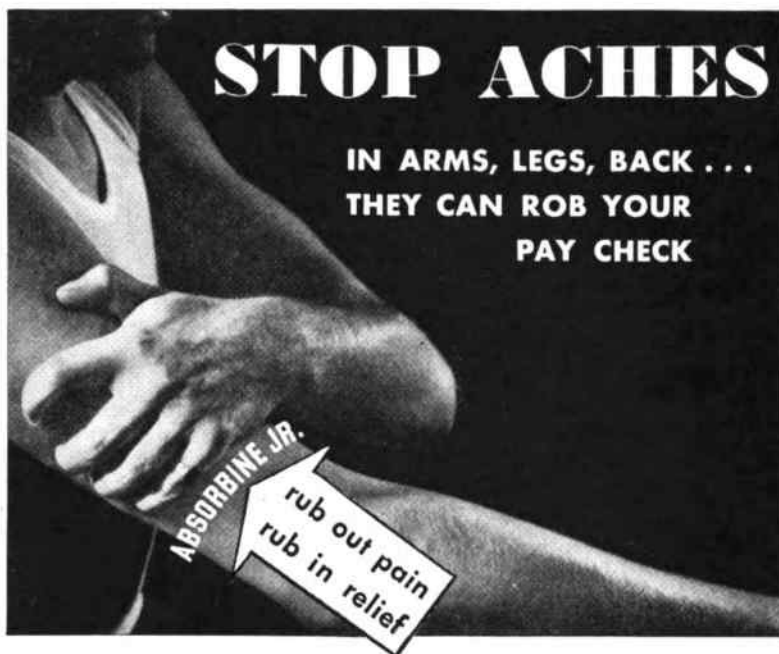
"Were you the only sober man there?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then who was?" —*Tit-Bits*

CALLER: But why does the doctor have his consulting hours from 5-7 in the evening?

DOCTOR'S WIFE: Because our patient has no other time free.
—*Dublin Opinion*



IN times like these, who can afford to risk his job and have his pay check robbed by aching muscles that may lay him up for days?

That's why, at the first sign of soreness, you want to depend upon Absorbine Jr., because only the finest preparation that science or money can produce is good enough to bring relief in time. Rub its soothing kindness on those ailing parts, and within a few moments the pain begins to ease away as your muscles warm with a peaceful, gentle glow.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up

sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles.

Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W.F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.*

ABSORBINE

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



JR.

Used by
Thousands for
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Epitaph for a Playwright

The curtain falls to indicate the passage of several years.

The diner had lingered a long time over his meal because he had requested the manager to forward him a message that he was expecting from a friend.

After a while a page-boy came to his table with a folded piece of paper.

"Your message, I think, sir," said the boy.

"Yes, and about time, too!" snapped the diner irritably. "Didn't the manager describe me so that you could find me?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Yes, sir," he said, "but there are so many people in the restaurant with big red noses."
—*Answers*

THE MOVIES

BY HARRY EVANS

RAZZES AND ROSES

WHEN one company decides to rush out a picture to cash in on the publicity being given a forthcoming production of a rival producer they usually get just what they deserve . . . a cheap, obvious imitation. While METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER was spending a lot of real money on the Broadway stage success, "GRAND HOTEL," and endowing it with one of the greatest casts ever seen in one picture, TIFFANY pulled what was intended to be a fast one by having a couple of writers hammer out a rickety yarn about a New York hotel, and called it "HOTEL CONTINENTAL."

It has sleuths who go about with their hats pulled down over their faces so you will know they are deteck-atives . . . a lady crook who gets shot while wearing a white evening dress, and the blood doesn't show until she has paraded all over the hotel . . . (and she wouldn't have been shot at all if she had been bright enough to go over and lock a door a few minutes before) . . . a convenient suicide in order to get some people out of a room and let the story go on . . . and one of those scenes during which the man crook tells the lady crook that "After this job we will go away together—London, Paris, the Ree-viera!" And (as always) they gaze off into space with that certain rapt look as though they were seeing visions of the different stops on their crooks tour.

IT is unfair to blame the cast for things like "Hotel Continental." They are up against a story situation that has them licked at the start. The comedian in the film is BERT ROACH, and to see that boy get laughs with the gag of the drunk trying to get the cherry out of the glass is a proof of his ability.

AND speaking of comedians having to labor for their laughs, when is JIMMY DURANTE going to be given a real chance to do his stuff. If the writers can't think up something new, just let him speak the best lines that he has already had in talkies. For instance,

in "The Passionate Plumber" Metro muffed an opportunity to get two big yells. All Jimmy would have had to do was to repeat those lines from "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," . . . "I got a million of 'em"—and "Am I mortified!" Everywhere I go I hear these expressions, and people think they are funny because they remind them of Jimmy. Trademark lines have been a success for years . . . Al Jolson had his, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" . . . Ted Lewis his, "Is Everybody Happy" . . . radio fans would be sore if Tony Wons ever omitted his, "Are you listenin'?"

But on the other hand, maybe Jimmy's bosses don't want him to be 100 funny. Newcomers who steal pictures often cause a lot of headaches for producers . . . until the producers realize that the boxoffice is more important than the plaintive yaps of a few disgruntled stars.

WHEN the circus girl falls in love with the minister in "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS," the minister's uncle, who is a BISHOP, displays an attitude of unfair animosity toward the girl that weakens the moral value of the story. When righteous acts of the clergy are shown in a movie, the drawing power of the film is increased—

particularly in rural communities . . . but the purpose is defeated when a high dignitary of the church displays the narrow-mindedness of the Bishop in this instance.

AND where in the name of all that is holy did "BIG BOY" GUINN WILLIAMS get those long flannel drawers that he wears as the costume of Polly's trapeze partner? Those panties get a laugh in the wrong place—if you follow me.

ACCORDING to the programs used for the New York showing of "ALLAS THE DOCTOR," the role of the autopsy surgeon (and what an unpleasant corpse hunter he is) is played by BORIS KARLOFF. Reading the reviews of the Big Time critics the next day I noticed that several of them said that "Mr. Karloff, who will be remembered for his performance as the monster in "FRANKENSTEIN," gave his usual fine performance."

As a matter of fact Mr. Karloff is not in the picture at all. The part of the surgeon is played by Nigel De Brulier . . . and what is more he wears no whiskers to deceive the innocent reviewers.

Is anybody's face red?

HERE's a big rose for the fellow who thought up the gag of name mispronouncing used by LYDA ROBERTI in



How to fool grapefruit.

"DANCERS IN THE DARK." Lyda's Polish accent is as amusing on the screen as it is on the stage, and you get the full benefit of it when she speaks to her boy friend named "Gus." Lyda pronounces it, "Goose." And why Paramount ever let her return to New York after her work in this film is a mystery . . . unless she was obligated to appear in the revue being staged by LOU HOLTZ. If she is obligated to anybody it should be Lou. He is the boy who discovered her. Lyda is the most promising comedienne I have seen in the talkies during the past year.

Revuettes

(Pictures marked [x] not suitable for children.)

"DANCERS IN THE DARK"

Type. Dance Hall Romance.

Cast. Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, William Collier, Jr., Eugene Pallette, George Raft.

Credits. Well chosen cast performs expertly under David Burton's direction.

Comment. This department recommends any movie that offers real laughs—which this one does.

Decision. Yes.

(Further Comment under "Roses and Razzes")

"SKY DEVILS"

Type. Wartime Aviation Comedy.

Cast. Spencer Tracy, William Boyd, Ann Dvorak, George Cooper.

Credits. Spencer, William and George for making the best of time-worn gag situations . . . Ann for being acceptably sweet and having lovely legs . . . Robert Benchley for some amusing lines . . . Producer Howard Hughes for digging up some swell flying and bombing scenes left over from "Hells Angels" and other Hughes air epics . . . and Director Edward Sutherland for remembering what *always* makes people laugh in war films.

Comment. The ancient horseplay seemed pretty heavy to us at times, but most of the audience laughed loud and often, so maybe they were right.

Decision. Yes.

"THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER"

Type. Completely Disguised Adaptation of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, "Her Cardboard Lover."

Cast. Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante, Irene Purcell, Polly Moran, Gilbert Roland.

Credits. Buster's pantomime in the duel scene and Jimmy's ability to make unfunny lines funny.

Comment. There are enough laughs for an enjoyable two-reel comedy, but as a feature it is pretty thin stuff.

Decision. Fair.

(Further Comment under "Roses and Razzes")

"HOTEL CONTINENTAL" [x]

Type. Crook Romance.

Cast. They have all done so much better we won't mention them.

Credits. Bert Roach—for the little entertainment the picture offers.

The peace that pennies buy

EACH DAY, after breakfast, you bid good-bye to your husband and he is gone. Miles of distance and hours of traveling may separate him from you, yet you do not fear. You have no feeling of his being far away—no sense of loneliness or isolation. For there, within reach of your hand, is your contact with all the world—the guardian of your home . . . your telephone.

All you see is the telephone instrument itself and a few feet of wire. Through the familiarity of use, you are likely to take it for granted in much the same manner as air and water and sunshine.

Rarely do you think of the complicated exchanges, the almost endless stretches of wire and the hundreds of thousands of trained employees that are needed to interconnect, through the Bell System, nearly twenty million telephones in this country and twelve

million in foreign lands. No matter where you are you can command the full use of the telephone. It knows no class or creed. There is no distinction of position. All may share it equally.

Every time you lift the receiver you employ some part of the nation-wide Bell System. Yet the charge for residential use is but a few cents a day. For this small sum you receive a service that is almost limitless in convenience and achievement—so indispensable in emergencies that its value cannot be measured in terms of money.

Thinking of the peace and security it brings each home—of hurried calls to doctors and hospitals—of priceless, necessary talks with relatives and friends—of the many ways it saves you steps and time and trouble throughout the month, you will know why so many millions of people look on the telephone as a member of the family.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND
TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Comment. They rushed this one out to cash in on the publicity being given Metro's "Grand Hotel" and even resorted to the trick of calling it "Hotel Continental" when the story is all about an American hotel.

Decision. No.

(Further Comment under "Roses and Razzes")

"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

Type. Circus Girl—Clergyman Romance.

Cast. Marion Davies, Clark Gable, C.

Aubrey Smith, David Landau, Ruth Selwyn.

Credits. Considering the silly miscasting, Marion Davies (the circus girl) and Clark Gable (the minister) deserve credit for getting as much as they do out of their uninspiring rôles. Marion's crying scene, in the doorway, is as convincing as anything she has done in the talkies.

Comment. It is quite apparent that several writers sweated in their efforts to furnish pleasant, natural conversation for the principals, but the result is hardly as disarming as they may have hoped . . . the optimists.

Decision. Yes for the ladies. Men No.

"STRANGERS IN LOVE"

Type. Bad Twin-Brother Dies . . . Good One Returns and Impersonates the Baddie.
Cast. Fredric March, Kay Francis, Stuart Erwin, Lucien Littlefield, and Fredric March (you know . . . the *other* brother).

Credits. Fred does another "Jekyll and Hyde" story, with the substitution of giggles for goosebumps. (The management positively guarantees that Mr. March uses his own hair, face and teeth through the entire performance.) Fred's light comedy touch is delightful as always, and Stuart and Lucien are a big help.

Comment. It's the old routine of situations in which one twin takes up the life of the other one . . . and in which the audience always gets a kick out of knowing that the impersonator does not know what to do next.

Decision. Yes.

"THE LOST SQUADRON"

Type. Post-War Aviation Drama.

Cast. Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Eric von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Hugh Herbert.

Credits. Performances excellent. . . . Two or three kicks in the air photography. . . . Several good laughs (thanks to Mr. Herbert).

Comment. War birds turn to movie stunt flying after armistice. Von Stroheim plays himself as the hard-boiled director who makes them risk their necks to get realistic scenes. These glimpses of Hollywood screen life should help the boxoffice. Despite the obvious sequence of events, the film is good entertainment until it discloses its climax, which is built around stupid, unconvincing heroics. (Warning—The story has little appeal for women.)

Decision. Yes . . . because the merits overbalance the faults.

"THE EXPERT"

Type. Grandpa-and-Orphan-Kid Comedy Drama.

Cast. "Chic" Sale, Dickie Moore, Lois Wilson.

Credits. "Chic" offers another performance that is commendable all-family entertainment, featuring his light touch on the tremolo stop, which is always good for a few tears. Lois and Dickie assist efficiently.

Comment. This is an adaptation from Edna Ferber's "Old Man Minick," with "Chic" sticking in some of his own ideas for added laughs.

Decision. Yes.

"ARSENE LUPIN" (x)

Type. Taken from the French Detective Story.

Cast. Lionel and John Barrymore, Karen Morley, John Miljan.

Credits. Lionel is swell, as usual, and John does his best work since "The Man From Blankley." Support and direction good.

Comment. There is no evidence of the jealousy that is reported to have existed between the Barrymores while they were making this one. (John and Karen do one love scene that accounts for the X above.)

Decision. Yes.



"Tha's funny—she said she'd leave the key in the mail-box!"

Distress Signals

THE Tuttle were having one of their cozy evenings at home. Mrs. Tuttle was knitting. Her spouse was reading the evening newspapers.

"A sale of silk stockings at The Bon Ton Store," called out Mr. Tuttle.

"Not interested," said Mrs. Tuttle.

Silence for a while. "Hanson's are selling tweed sport suits in tans, blues, and greys at sixty-five dollars," said Mr. Tuttle.

Mrs. Tuttle yawned. "How is that disarmament thing coming on?" she asked.

Some more silence. "Johnson's are presenting an opera pump special at nine dollars," tempted Mr. Tuttle from behind his newspaper.

"Who cares?" was Mrs. Tuttle's laconic comment.

The clock ticked. The radiator hissed. Mr. Tuttle continued to read. Mrs. Tuttle continued to knit. "Fraser's are showing silver bleached linen damask table cloths at three ninety-five," remarked Mr. Tuttle. "The ad says they are reduced from six and seven dollars."

"What of it?" asked Mrs. Tuttle, sighing ever so slightly.

A serious look came over Mr. Tuttle's face. He put down his newspaper, walked over to his desk and appeared to write a brief note.

"Here you are," he said.

"You're a darling," cooed Mrs. Tuttle, rewarding him with a kiss, "and it's so nice that I never have to ask you for anything—even money."

Mr. Tuttle smiled a little sadly. "Yes,—even money," he murmured, "ten to one it's even money."

Headline Hilarity**BYRD TO SEARCH FOR POLAR RICHES**

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd is going back to the South Pole again to determine the commercial possibilities of the polar regions. . . .

Detroit Free Press.



A shaving cream worthy of its NAME

SQUIBB PRODUCTS have always been the purest, most uniform and efficacious that science can produce. Always you will find in them some distinguishing quality.

This is particularly true of Squibb Shaving Cream. It contains a special balm—closely duplicating the skin's own natural oils—which gives you extra comfort while you shave and extra comfort after you shave. You will notice that the creamy, full lather never leaves your skin dry and tight but always naturally comfortable and cool. It is designed, too, to make the path of the razor smoother and easier.

Ask your druggist for a free trial tube of Squibb Shaving Cream or send 10c for a guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

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"DON'T WAIT TILL I AM SICK BEFORE YOU SEND FOR IT. PLEASE DO IT NOW!"

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This complete Guide Book, recognized as the foremost work of its kind, tells you how to identify and treat common dog ailments. It also gives you a wealth of other valuable information on care and feeding of dogs of all breeds and ages together with the **TRUE FACTS ABOUT DISTEMPER**, which every dog owner should know. Free bulletins on **CATS or FOXES or RABBITS** mailed on request. Special information desired on any animals may be had free by writing to our Veterinarian. Remember, there is always a **Glover Medicine** for your animals.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL ANIMAL MEDICINES

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Concerning the picture on page thirty-eight.

1. Who is he?
2. Is he alone?
3. Where is he?
4. What approximate time of year?
5. Is he smooth shaven?
6. What type of hat?
7. Is he carrying anything besides a magazine?
8. Has he an umbrella?
9. Where is his left hand?
10. What is directly behind him?
11. What kind of necktie is he wearing?
12. What type of collar?
13. Has he an overcoat?
14. Is he carrying it?
15. What weave do you notice?
16. How many buttons?
17. Any eyeglasses?
18. Is he smiling?
19. What color hair has he?
20. What magazine does he carry?

If you answer sixteen of these correctly, and without peeking, your memory is excellent. If you answer twelve you are good, ten fair. If eight or less, you should never promise to mail anything for the "little woman."

Solution of April Crossword Puzzle

MEDEA	THETA	HATCH			
ALIAS	AUDIT	IDAHO			
CONTENTMENT	SOBER				
AGO	AIT	NEARS	BED		
WEST	BOB	DIE	TYKE		
AIM	OIL	NAME			
STUPOR	TIT	DAPPER			
HUR	PORTERS	DIANA			
OLIO	BEE	AID	DRAG		
PLANT	PROPPED	ICE			
SENIOR	NAP	BOOSTS			
OMAR	RED	RAH			
HORN	PEP	BIL	TOSS		
AVE	PELEE	MOA	NBE		
TIGER	INDEPENDENT				
ENATE	CANAL	TORSO			
DELAY	SLATE	ESSEN			

THE MAURETANIA WEEK-END IN MAY TO BERMUDA



MAY 27 : GEMINI
Ethereal twins, playing sonatas in Bermuda moonlight.

MAY 27

Back from the South . . . too early for Newport . . . and the city so boring! What does one do? Whither the course of fashion? Ah, the MAURETANIA! Ever the aristocrat . . . so unfailingly doing the right thing!

The blue-blood MAURETANIA on a holiday . . . symbol of gayety bounded only by decorum . . . as replete in colorful diversion as a masked ball. Seek solitude if you will . . . or, in pleasant companionship, dance to sprightly music, swim in the outdoor pool, let merry sports create an appetite worthy of a Cunard chef! Sail with the MAURETANIA . . . to the Isle of the Blest. Relax in the complete luxury, the varied amusement of a week-end cruise operated and managed by Cunard. Make it a date, Friday night till Tuesday . . . May 27 to 31 . . . the MAURETANIA!

No passports required

Book thru your Local Agent
No one can serve you better

Sailing May 27, (Fri. midnight) **\$50 UP**
Return May 31, (Tues. morning)

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Summer fares lowest ever—Yellowstone Park (Gallatin Gateway), Black Hills, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, Portland, Victoria, Alaska. Return via Canadian Rockies or California—Grand Canyon, Colorado.

Travel independently; or join an all-expense tour; cost \$141 to \$593, 9 days to 5 weeks, from Chicago. Jolly companions. Just like a big house party.

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The MILWAUKEE ROAD
ELECTRIFIED OVER THE
ROCKIES TO THE SEA

A Gag Man's Month

May 1st—Inquired of an alleged friend as to his vocation, to which he smirked, "The first two weeks in July." He is spending the first two weeks in May at the Methodist Hospital.

May 2nd—Spent the day going around throwing tear bombs into every uncovered manhole I saw. Hope that this may temporarily discourage the magazine jokesmiths.

May 6th—Discussing diving with Mary on the yacht club float, she said that she liked dives but her mother wouldn't let her visit them. Held her under the water till tea time.

May 8th—They laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French, but they never suspected that I was instructing him to sprinkle arsenic in the salad.

May 9th—Saw a policeman shooting a dog. I asked him if the dog was mad and borrowed his gun. I imagine Grover Whalen wasn't any too damn pleased.

May 10th—Told the Merriwells that I had passed by their place a couple of times lately. They laughed and said, "Thanks!" The newspapers played up the story as a suicide pact.

May 14th—Went picnicking with the Waddlies today and it seemed that Morris forgot the liquor. Said he had a mole on his hip. There would have been a full set of fingerprints on his throat had his wife not intervened.

May 16th—Very depressed and told Jean that I could very easily blow my brains out. She handed me a handkerchief which, when I left her, looked extremely chic knotted tightly about her pretty neck.

May 19th—Saw a sign in a Broadway shop window. "The Corset Is Here To Stay." Had a dandy time as it was my first experience at shop wrecking.

May 21st—Broke a lovely cut glass goldfish bowl over Selonge's head when she lisped that the little finny fellows had eczema but only on a small scale.

May 25th—Poor George. He had a suit for every day in the week and I'm afraid he'll be buried in it.

May 26th—Looking for the little babe who sprang that "ain't we got pun" line.

May 27th—Still looking.

—ed graham

YOUR HAIR NEEDS

THE 60-Second Workout



50 seconds to rub

HEAD DOWN, fingers going hard, 50 seconds of massage with Vitalis—and circulation quickens, natural oils return, hair gets healthy!



10 seconds to comb

COMB and brush—for 10 short seconds more. What a difference! Your hair falls easily into place, and it's alight with life and lustre!



Time up...

NOW your hair can't ruin your looks. Your scalp is healthy, your hair well-groomed, attractive. You're ready for the most critical eyes!

Your good looks can depend very largely on the good looks of your hair.

And to have good-looking hair, keep your scalp healthy with a 60-Second Workout twice a week with Vitalis!

Its pure vegetable oils, rubbed into the hair-roots, will restore life and lustre to your hair without making it look at all like patent-leather. Try it and see what a difference it makes! Druggists and barbers have Vitalis.

Vitalis

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY
AND HANDSOME

Ask your Barber

Your barber knows his business and he sees the condition of your scalp. When he says you need Vitalis, take his advice!



LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

IT was a bitter wintry morning, down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Will R. Wood, of Indiana, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, who has more to say about how the government will spend its money than anyone except the President, sat in a duck blind. He rested his gun barrel in the snow and rubbed his freezing hands as Judge William J. Graham, of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, kept an eye out for birds.

"Here they come," whispered the Judge, as a flock of ducks swooped down toward their decoys.

"Bang," went his gun, crisply, as shotguns should.

"Blam-m-m," went Will Wood's gun, with entirely too much fireworks.

"You shot the end of my gun off," he screamed at Judge Graham.

And he still believes it. He doesn't think the frozen snow in the end of his barrel had anything to do with the accident.

One other exception proves the rule of Will Wood's life—that he can get away with most anything.

He was fishing, down at Higgins Mill Pond, as the guest of Jim Barnes. Competition was keen, for Todd, of Todd Shipbuilding fame, had offered a prize—a handsome Oriental Incense Burner.

"I've got it," shouted Will Wood gleefully, as he felt the kind of pull which delights a fisherman's heart.

Suddenly the line went limp, and Wood's face lost its glow.

"Drat the luck," he mourned. "My line's busted. I've had it four years and it always worked fine. Who'd have thought it would let me down like that?"

HIS companions shouted their derision. They renew their lines on an average of three times a year and could find no tears at Wood's loss.

But he claimed the prize.

"No one else caught a fish big enough to break his line," he insisted.

Using a fishing line for four years is characteristic of Mr. Wood. He

doesn't believe in wasting money—either his own, or the government's, over which he has such a large measure of control, or the Republican Party's, which, as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, he doles out to G. O. P. candidates for their campaigns every two years.

"It's certainly hard to find you," one candidate complained, as he demanded more financial aid.

"And it's going to be a damsite harder," Wood commented, as he hurried from the room.

He has the most important place,



EPITAPH.

This is John Barleycorn's grass-grown grave,

*Dug by fanatics, our country to save,
Note how well kept! Right up to the minute!*

The only thing wrong is that John isn't in it!

from the standpoint of power, in Washington after the President right now, and he knows it. And loves it. In recent years, under the budget, the House Appropriations Committee

handles all appropriation measures. It is virtually impossible even for a majority of the House to get through something the committee does not want. It is even pretty tough sledding for an overwhelming majority of the House to kill something the committee does want.

This fish line story will be new to the cabinet members and bureau chiefs who have to beg the Indiana statesman to let them have more money. But they will appreciate it.

Take Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, for example. When the Mediterranean Fly was scaring Florida to death he insisted he had to have thirty-two millions of dollars to fight it.

"Hell, no," said Wood.

"Sixteen millions then," said Hyde.

He got a million and a half!

But before even that was spent the fly epidemic was pronounced over.

Some of Wood's friends insist that the thirty-two millions considered so important really were vital—for political reasons. There was at least a suspicion that enough jobs would have built a machine that would have kept Florida Republican!

Mr. Hyde's department has lots of ideas that Wood thinks little of.

"There has never been a plant pest in the history of this country," he said on the floor of the House, discussing an appropriation to annoy the corn borer, "that was ever exterminated by the Agricultural Department."

"IT cost the U. S. Treasury," he said a few minutes later, "twenty-five cents for every sprout of barberry bush that is cut up under Federal appropriations."

He doesn't believe in wasting money—that's certain. Widower, childless, and reported rather wealthy, he has never owned an automobile. Almost never does he use a taxi. Nor a street car unless the distance is great.

At 5 o'clock each morning he has a meagre breakfast. By six he has cleaned up his mail at the House Office Building, across the street from his modest lodging. By 9 o'clock he has concluded his duties for the day downtown at Congressional Committee headquarters, and is waiting impatiently at the door of some government department, to

insist on some favor for a constituent.

In the afternoon he is busy—when Congress is in session—either in his committee room or on the floor. In the early evening he plays bridge, or occasional poker, rather cannily.

Meanwhile his lunch and dinner have been garnered probably at a one-arm restaurant. He will go willingly to a hotel with a friend, or even put on evening dress for a formal dinner. But that's just to oblige his friends. He cares nothing about society and even less about the delights of the table.

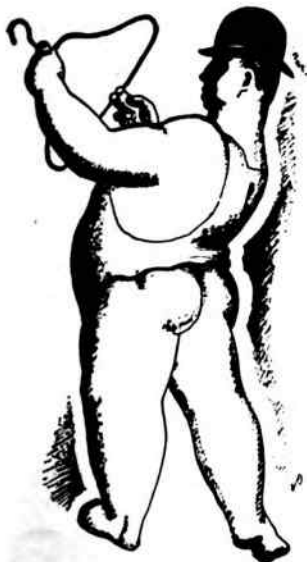
It's not just a question of money. When he is on an expense account, in Chicago, each campaign, he patronizes the quick and readies just the same.

He loves to fish, and a 125-pound sailfish adorns the Smithsonian Museum as proof of his skill. He also likes to chop wood, down at the Maryland farm of Tom Littlepage.

He is not even afraid to be inconsistent. When Hoover was a member of the Wilson Administration Wood commented on the floor of the House that he "is the most expensive luxury that was ever fastened on this country," and that his actions "should be sufficient to condemn him in the minds of all men as unfit for a responsible position of trust."

But when the Democrats threw this up at him in the campaign to elect Hoover President, and later, Wood just grinned.

Hoover as a Republican standard bearer, and as President, is the head of the party. The party, in Wood's eyes, can do no wrong. Primaries are a mess, he thinks, because they impair party responsibility, and tend to elect "marathon dancers and tree sitters."



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rates make it possible to live here for a very modest sum. There are special rates for long periods. Write for information.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

2 a.m.

My Dear Son:

The house is strangely quiet to night. Your mother left for Florida today. There isn't a sound except the roar of the silent oil burner and a bridge party breaking up across the street. If I were a young man I would not marry a girl until I had heard her calling "Goodnight" out the front door.

I was going with your mother, but I decided I'd better stay behind a week or so to spare her worrying over whether she left the gas lighted under the hot water tank. I don't feel much like going but I don't dare to let my creditors get the idea that I can't go. For me to go as usual will please them almost as much as a check.

If you should happen to pop in while we're away don't be alarmed at finding your mother's desk ransacked. Your Aunt Hattie is staying with little Hortense. We've left everything unlocked so she won't have to break anything open.

We're keeping Kolla, the cook, to slaw the food on for Hattie and your sister so the poor child won't feel so lonesome. The upstairs girl is taking a vacation as her husband has just lost his job and it's their chance to take a trip through the Southwest.

Florida probably will do me a lot of good when I get there. I don't have any rich friends there to entertain me so I always get some rest out of it. I possibly hold the



Page 2

all-time record and don't know it, for I've been in Miami ten seasons running and don't know a professional golf champion yet. Your brother Theodore writes from college that after all love is enough and says he expects to marry a girl he met in one of his classes. It is a typical co-educational school love match apparently for he sent along her photograph and she looks like a girl you come across in the back end of a book store.

Otherwise things are as dull as a testimonial dinner. You really might enjoy coming home and taking things easy without any of your sisters' husbands around. You need to get away from your dental chair. You've had a long pull at it.

Before I go I'll put what stock I have on hand behind "The Best of the World's Classics" in the bookcase where it will be safe. You'd better let Kolla knock your ice cubes out of the tray. She's good and strong and she hates the refrigerator so she gets a lot of pleasure out of it.

Don't be alarmed if Hortense doesn't put in an appearance. She will be having her picture taken for the High School annual.

Your Affectionate Father
MacCready Huston.





TO TRANSIENTS A Suggestion

May we suggest that on your next visit to New York you stay at **ESSEX HOUSE** and compare it with where you stayed on your last visit? . . . partly transient and largely residential, **ESSEX HOUSE**, overlooking all of Central Park, offers you all the convenience without the confusion of a commercial hotel.

Rates: The Same or Lower!

ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South

NEW YORK CITY

A. AUWAERTER, Manager

"Describe your symptoms."

"Well, Doctor, I have pains in my back. My husband thinks I may have vertebrae of the spine."

—Boston Transcript.



OLD TOWN CANOES are perfectly balanced . . . easy to handle . . . light . . . fast . . . strong. Honest Indian models are made of tough cedar, covered with leak-proof canvas. They wear for years!

It's easy to own an Old Town. 1932 prices lowered to \$63. Write for free catalog showing many models. Also outboard boats, dinghies, and rowboats. Old Town Canoe Co., 1325 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

Self-Help Column

ARTHUR HOERL, author of "A Few Wild Oats," is a versatile chap. He has contributed to the King Features and Hearst newspapers twelve serials which have been translated and are now being printed in six languages for distribution in Europe, Africa and South America. Mr. Hoerl also has over a hundred and fifty sketches for radio presentation to his credit.

"A Few Wild Oats" program

I'll bet you never knew that Texas Guinan went to Hollins College, Virginia, where they educate those demure little girls. I sat on a piano top with her the other night while she told me all about her college days.

Editor, College Humor

There are four fellows in New York who have swiped my style of cartooning, and several times I have been accused of imitating them. One of the four confessed his debt to me frankly at one time, and within a month an editor was telling me I drew too much like this same fellow. (But I plagiarized the style from my daughter, Doris, then at the age of four, so why should I squawk?) *Don Herold in Script*



Dear Old Soul: "May I rest my case on here for a moment?"—Humorist.

"WHAT A PITY

more
husbands don't
STEAL from
their wives!"



▼ "I caught my husband using my Mum the other day," runs a recent letter to us.

"He looked a little sheepish, then he braced up and said, 'Well, if you ask me, we men need this about as much as you women. We certainly perspire more than you do. Some of the men I meet every day make me wonder about myself.'

"How I wish more husbands would steal Mum from their wives—especially some of the ones I dance with occasionally! Of course, I can't tell them. But you can. Won't you?"

▼ We will . . . We must admit, men, that Nature has one perspiration system for all human beings. And men, just the same as women, are victims of odor.

Needless victims, too. For you can be rid of it in just half a minute!

After your morning shower, just rub a little Mum under each arm. No fuss, no bother. But with that simple precaution, you're safe for the whole day.

Mum is an instant cream deodorant, harmless to skin and clothing. And it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It just destroys objectionable body odor.

Slip a jar in your traveling bag—it doesn't spill or waste. Use it when you dress—and perspiration odor can never be detected on your person. All toilet counters have Mum, 55c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



FEET PERSPIRE AND BURN? When your feet ache and burn, just rub them with a little Mum. It's wonderfully soothing, and destroys every trace of unpleasant odor.

1,636,000 Fifth Avenue bus passengers were delivered to six department stores in one year—



by this we mean checked right into their front doors. 366,918 passengers were carried away from one store in a year. The six stores were Lord & Taylor, Altman, McCreery, Best & Co., Franklin Simon and Wanamaker. The survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company takes in a great many stores on Fifth Avenue. We probably could give you some information about your store. Ask us for it if you are interested.

The advertising space in the Fifth Avenue buses offers the advertiser the opportunity of displaying his merchandise in full color, every advertiser having an equal size space, at no increased charge over the rate for black and white space.

40% of the Nation's wealth

is owned by women. They dispense 80% of the money spent. A recent check-up of the Fifth Avenue bus passengers shows that 71% are women—the balance men and children.

Bus passengers are people with above the average means. They could easily save \$30 a year, if they were daily riders, by changing from the bus to the street cars. This would buy a man's made-to-order suit at Wanamaker's, so undoubtedly

bus passengers would make this saving if they felt compelled to do so.

Bus advertisers are numbered among the finest concerns on the Avenue and we also have a number of high grade national advertisers.

Let us send you full information and reasons why you should advertise in the Fifth Avenue buses.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Telephone CAledonia 5-2151



You can't win when
your feet ache

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
in the New Family Size
Shaker Top Tin

IT is so easy to shake into your shoes this antiseptic, healing powder that stops the pain of hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort. Allen's Foot-Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker top tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's
Foot-Ease



**OBEY
THAT
IMPULSE!**

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

Gentlemen, Please enter my subscription for one year at
[enclosed herewith] \$1.50 (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10).
[kindly bill me]

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Our Foolish
Contemporaries



The Colonel adopts a little strategy to give the fish a feeling of security.
(Passing Show)

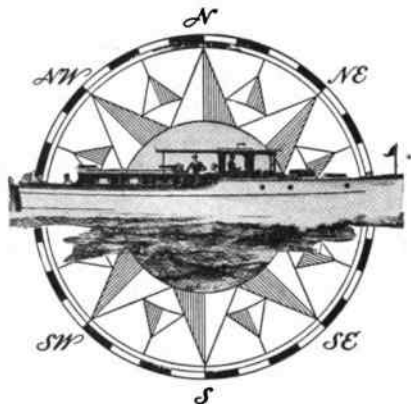


*Philosopher (eight down to bogey).
"Anyway I don't suppose for one moment the cup is real silver."
—Punch (by permission)*



I know it's all horribly biological, but, Clarisse, I love you.
—California Pelican

This
47 Foot Cruiser
for
immediate
delivery

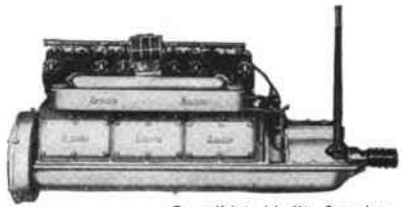


SUPER-VALUE is the keynote of the Consolidated policy for 1932—and the new Consolidated Cruisers are designed, built and priced to meet the present day demand for extraordinary value.

You have only to see the beautiful two-cabin cruiser pictured above to realize the remarkable opportunities Consolidated now presents for economical yacht ownership.

Visit our shipyards and inspect this fine new craft. Let one of our marine engineers explain to you the details of its construction. Then learn its price. You will agree that it represents one of the greatest values ever offered.

Other splendid cruisers from 30 feet upwards, single and double cabins. Details on request.



Consolidated-built Speedway Engine, Model MP, 180 H. P.

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.
Designers and Builders of Pleasure and Commercial
Craft and their Propelling Machinery Since 1885
MORRIS HEIGHTS NEW YORK



Atlantic City

Noted for its accessibility—mildness of climate—opportunity for outdoor sports and indoor entertainment and the



Claridge
assurance of club-like, restful enjoyment. Rates moderate. An hotel of distinctive elegance; unusually complete in all appointments. Sea water in all baths.

Food service à-la carte

Prices:
\$5. daily single
\$30. weekly
\$7. daily double
\$42. weekly
Roscoe J. Tompkins
Manager

For many years of
The Blackstone, Chicago

Claridge
BEACHFRONT-INDIANA
AVENUE TO PARK PLACE

CORNS Instant Relief

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

EUROPE \$308

5 COUNTRIES—ALL EXPENSES

See Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France. Steamship fare, rail and motor travel in Europe, hotels, meals, sightseeing included. Ask for book of 200 tours. 70 days, 9 countries, 6,000 miles by motor, \$860.

THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
521 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK 180 N. Michigan, CHICAGO

in
New York
New 13-story hotel
accessible to New
York's famous attractions yet quietly residential. Club features.

Send for folder

PICKWICK ARMS

230 EAST 51ST.
Grand Central Zone

up daily



HO—

HUM



BACK
TO—

THE
OLD



GRIND!



Stubborn Stubble

DOES your razor blade slide over your whiskers without cutting them off? Does your blade scrape and pull, and still leave whiskers standing? That's because your razor blade doesn't have P.A.R. (Properly Adjusted Resistance).

Burma-Shave, with just the right amount of P.A.R., automatically holds the blade close to the face—the blade doesn't slide over the whiskers—it cuts them off clean, even the toughest ones, and without painful pull.

And remember... every ingredient in Burma-Shave is fine for the skin.

BARGAIN HUNTERS
GATHER 'ROUND

FIFTY CENTS BUYS

HALF A POUND



NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB · IN

Copyright 1932 Burma-Vita Company

a
dash of
Bitters does the trick

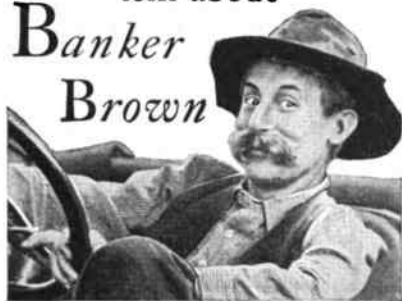
For the best in
flavoring and the best
in hospitality

50c bottle for 25c
Write Abbott's Bitters,
Baltimore, Md.

Abbott's
BITTERS

"Chic" Sale

tells about
**Banker
Brown**



I'M thinkin' of old man Brown, the banker. Fer a while he was jest simply a one-man business depression. Meetin' him on the street was like gittin' ketched in a thunder storm. He cussed the government and the farmers and everybody and frowned so ferocious it pulled his hat out of shape.

Well sir, the strangest thing happened. One mornin' he appeared at the office with a smile from ear to ear like a rainbow upside down. He dictated a letter to all the customers of the bank. Here's my copy. She reads: "Blamin' things on somebody else is easy, but it's downright difficult to make any money at it. The world is all right. If things go wrong with the world it's the fault of us people livin' in it."

Elmer, he was right. Instead of a one-man depression Brown become a one-man prosperity wave. You want to know what brought about the change? Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. It was a little tin box of chocolate tablets. Banker Brown says they'll regulate business.

"Chic" Sale

Millions owe their happy disposition to that "little tin box of chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax, which keeps people "regular." It checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate, scientifically combined with the well-known laxative ingredient—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion, in the correct dose.

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c boxes. Or mail the coupon for free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

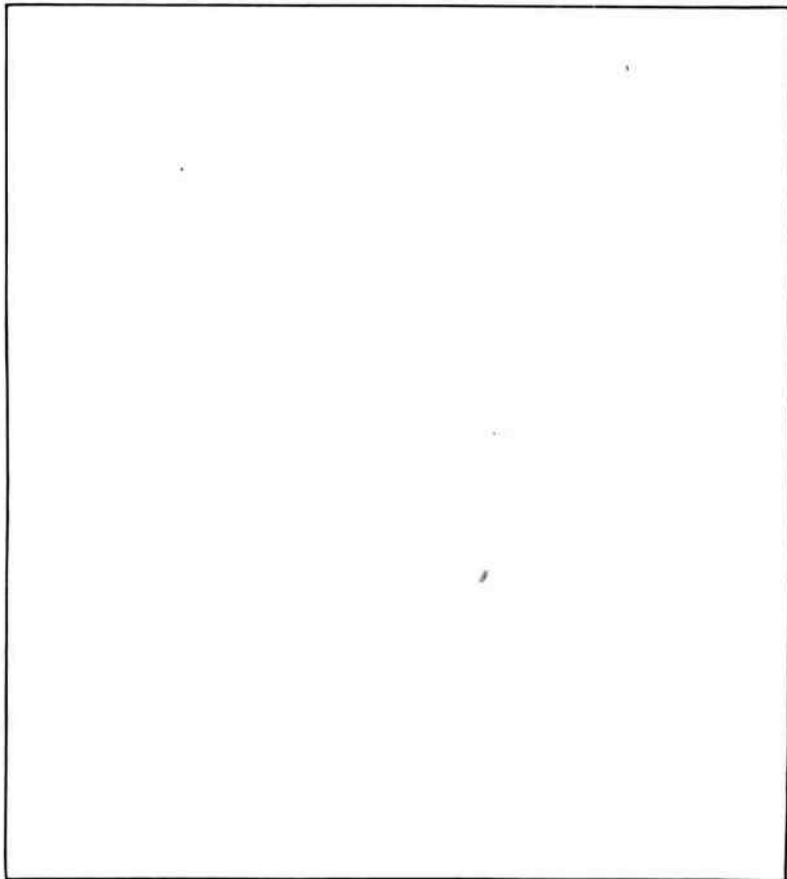
FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name

Address

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 179, W52
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIFE'S GAME OF SITCHEEYASHUNS



"Boy, is my face red?"

The space above needs a picture situation (sitcheeyashun to you). See if you can find a picture to fit the caption. The picture must be clipped from a magazine advertisement and any magazine may be used. Send in as many as you like, cut them into any combinations you like.

The prize for the funniest will be twenty-five dollars. There will be fifteen two dollar prizes.

Designate the advertiser, the magazine, and the date of issue.

CONDITIONS: The editors of LIFE will act as judges and their decision must be considered final. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

The contest is open to every one whether a subscriber to LIFE or not, except members of LIFE'S staff and their families.

Answers must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon, on May 30th. Winners will be announced in the July issue.

Address the Sitcheeyashun Editor, Life Magazine, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

FIRST PRIZE 25 DOLLARS

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

June 1932

15
CENTS
★

Life

The
greatest
show
on earth

The
**SIX
WRANGLING
BROTHERS
JUNE '32**

Charles Dana



"BOOTS" MALLORY

Great advances have been made in direct color engraving, permitting the use of live models. Plates made by our method cost but slightly more than ordinary four-color plates, with a substantial saving to the advertiser in time and art-work.



POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

205 West 39th Street, New York

Tel. PENnsylvania 6-0600

One! Two! Three!

And You've Got It... *Mouth Happiness*

To find full tobacco enjoyment...
to find it accompanied by an absolutely moist-cool, clean taste! That
is worth a little cultivating. And it's as easy as this:



1 ... *Light a Spud.*

Its menthol-coolness is unique, different. Don't let it surprise you... or put you off. That's only Step No. 1.



2 ... *Fourth Spud.*

The *menthol* taste is completely gone. You've come to *like* the coolness. It leaves your mouth fresh, clean.



3 ... *First pack!*

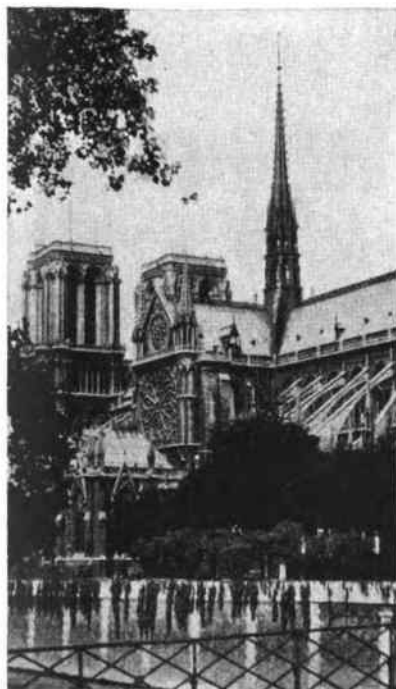
Now, you've discovered Spud's fine tobacco. Now, you appreciate its flavor. You're mouth-happy!



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



3 weeks of France

... FOR THE COST OF
A TRIP AT HOME!

THERE'S no parlor magic in this! It's been made possible by the recent 20% rate reduction and by the enlargement of Tourist Class on French Line express steamers. All accommodations formerly occupied by the spacious Second Class quarters are now Tourist Class . . . luxury, comfort, fast passage, at the lowest rates since the war.

If you're planning a three-week trip this summer in these grand (but familiar) United States . . . then, for the same amount of money, you can have three glorious weeks of France!

Think of what can be done in ten days in Paris . . . the theaters, cafés, shops to visit . . . the chateau-studded countryside within easy reach . . . all yours! And then, to round out your three weeks, are those delightful days you'll have coming and going on the French Line . . . France Afloat.

That's where your extra days of France are gained. France begins for you at Pier 57, New York, with charming company, delicious cooking, English-speaking service, sturdy seamanship. . . Ask any travel agent for the details. The French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

French Line

ILE DE FRANCE, June 3 • CHAMPLAIN, June 30
LAFAYETTE, June 21 • DE GRASSE, July 28
ROCHAMBEAU, June 1, July 12 • PARIS,
June 11, June 29, July 22 • FRANCE, June 16

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NEXT MONTH The Lowdown on the Olympics in Cartoon and Text

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
60 E. 42nd St., New York
FRED. G. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice President
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Editor

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SMOKER PENS CONFESSION

Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River
British Columbia
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and other tobaccos priced the same don't touch it for quality.

Most important of all, it's the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly will "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys *anywhere*.

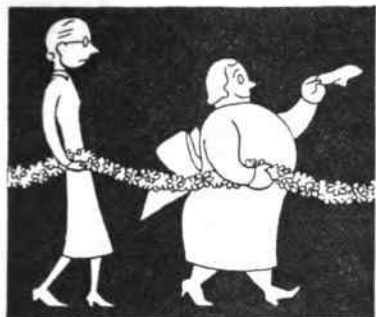
Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 113 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidior tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time. The WJZ Network of the National Broadcasting Company.



N. Y. Subscriptions, \$1.50. Vol. 99, No. 2567, June, 1932. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Copyright 1932, Life Pub. Co., U. S., England and British Possessions.



Dedicated to June

Ladies and Gentlemen, tidings I bring!
 Tell Tin Pan Alley to turn out a
 tune!
 Zephyrs and heifers and robins that
 sing,
 Poets and peasants and painters—it's
 June!
 Hear me, ye insects that fly in the air,
 Hear me, ye groundlings that crawl
 on the earth,
 June has arrived with a rose in her hair,
 Jocular June, merry mistress of
 mirth.
 Troths will be plighted and vows will
 be said.
 Organs will peal out that Lohengrin
 strain.
 Brides will now blush a delectable red,
 Skipping away to the honeymoon
 train.
 Students will pour from collegiate halls
 Ready to show how the world should
 be run,
 Golfers will swing at diminutive balls,
 All of creation will worship the sun.
 Breezes will rise from macadamized
 roads
 Sweetly perfumed with the essence
 of oil.
 Sundays we'll picnic with beetles and
 toads,
 Mondays we'll be too exhausted to
 toil.
 Fill up the hamper with frivolous food,
 Cruise in canoes in the light of the
 moon,
 Capture the rapture and lunatic mood—
 Join in the folly of jolly old June!
 —Arthur L. Lippmann.



COOL SHAVES from the word "GO!"



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

OVER 1,000,000 men sprint through the morning shave in next to nothing flat! And there's never a scrape or a razor cut, because their running mate is cool, soothing Ingram's!
 Ingram's chilly lather whitewashes the beard in record time, while you make a clean sweep on your face. It's the shave all nations run for! From starting gun to tape, you'll find that Ingram's Shaving Cream is

cool! Cool!!! COOL!!!
 We've packed the same cool cream in tubes and in jars. The tube's a container that's built for convenience. The jar may prove more economical.
 Ingram's is different from all other shaving creams. For it's made with one big object—the coolness of your face!

That's why Ingram's contains three special constituents, three elements that make it act as a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic all in one!
 Enlist today with the followers of the Ingram tube! Or line up behind the popular old blue jar. Each has won millions of supporters. And each frees your cheek of the smarts and stings that make shaving a chore!
 Try ten cool shaves at our expense. Just mail in the coupon. And treat your cheek and chin to the shave that's cool! Cool!
COOL!

INGRAM'S Shaving Cream IN TUBES OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. E-62
 110 Washington St.
 New York, N. Y.
 I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____
 Street _____ State _____
 City _____

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

Guard your EYES

Don't read with the light shining into your eyes.

Don't read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

Don't read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

Don't use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

Don't hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

Don't fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the slightest sign of eye trouble.

Don't use eye-washes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

Don't wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.



© 1932 N. L. I. CO.

||| It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes. |||

ACCORDING to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that 114,000 persons in the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you if it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes. There are damaging eye

diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Thirty-five of the forty-eight States now have statutes providing for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



- Drinking by women and by the young is not confined to New York.

EMILY POST



- It takes the patience of Job, the blindness of a bat and the suavity and optimism of a press agent to enable a woman to make a success of matrimony.

DOROTHY DIX



- I am still optimistic.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB



- It would be a better idea to wipe out crime than to wipe out crime pictures.

ERNST LUBITSCH



- I'm sick and tired of all this talk about sophisticated revues.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD



- I may be a very bad actress, but nobody acts like me.

HOPE WILLIAMS

- The prohibition law is a strange thing.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY



- When twenty or thirty millions see what you write your sins and mistakes are sure to find you out.

ARTHUR BRISBANE

How Mr. Smith Dropped the Hint

Being an Impartial Observation from Life's Bureau of Unbiased Research

The scene is Alfred Emanuel Smith's private office on the 84th floor of the Empire State Building. Miss Markowitz, a confidential secretary, is pounding chattily on a typewriter. Mr. Smith is quietly reading "The Life and Times of Warren Gamaliel Harding" when a gaunt-looking man named Plint bursts into the room, a distraught office boy named O'Flaherty hanging onto his coat-tail.

PLINT (breathless)—Mr. Smith, you'll have to do something about your tenants on the 77th floor. There hasn't been an elevator along in two weeks and our food is running low.

SMITH (quietly)—Well, my good man—I mean my good friend—and what do you suggest?

PLINT—Hire an elevator man!

SMITH (with withering scorn)—You dare to ask that? When you know we're losing money on the building as it is?

PLINT—I don't care! Something must be done. I must see my kiddies again before they reach high school age.

SMITH (coldly)—There is nothing I choose to do about it. Show him out, O'Flaherty.

PLINT—Very well. You'll regret this. (He starts out the door, turns and

shakes his fist.) All I hope is you run for President so I can have some excuse to vote for Hoover. (He leaves.)

SMITH (A great light dawning)—Did you hear what he said—run for President? (He bangs his fist down on the desk.) Why didn't I think of that myself! By Jimminy Christmas, I will run for President too. Miss Markowitz! Call up the papers right away. Tell them to send reporters over.

(Miss Markowitz phones editors of twenty papers.)

SMITH (severely)—Miss Markowitz, why didn't you suggest that to me yourself? What do you think I pay you for?

MISS MARKOWITZ—Why, Mr. Smith, I wouldn't have dreamt in a thousand years you would even have considered such a thing.

SMITH (musingly, after a long pause)—Miss Markowitz, how do you run for President?

MISS MARKOWITZ—Why I haven't the least idea. I guess you just sort of—

SMITH—You mean you just sort of sit around and wait for someone to say, "Al, do you want to run for President?"

MISS MARKOWITZ—Yes, I guess so.

SMITH (to reporters, entering)—Hello boys. This is a surprise. Have cigars? (To Herald Tribune reporter) Have a cigarette, young man? (To group) Have any trouble finding your way here?

TIMES REPORTER—None at all, Ex-Governor Smith. We came by way of the Akron and transferred to parachutes at the 242nd Floor.

SUN REPORTER (looking around room and out window)—Nice little building you've got here, Mr. Smith.

SMITH (blushing with embarrassment)—Aw, cut it out now. It's not anything really—just a few old stones we tossed together. The Chrysler Building is much better looking.

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER—And the Chrysler Building is much better rented, too, isn't it, Smith?

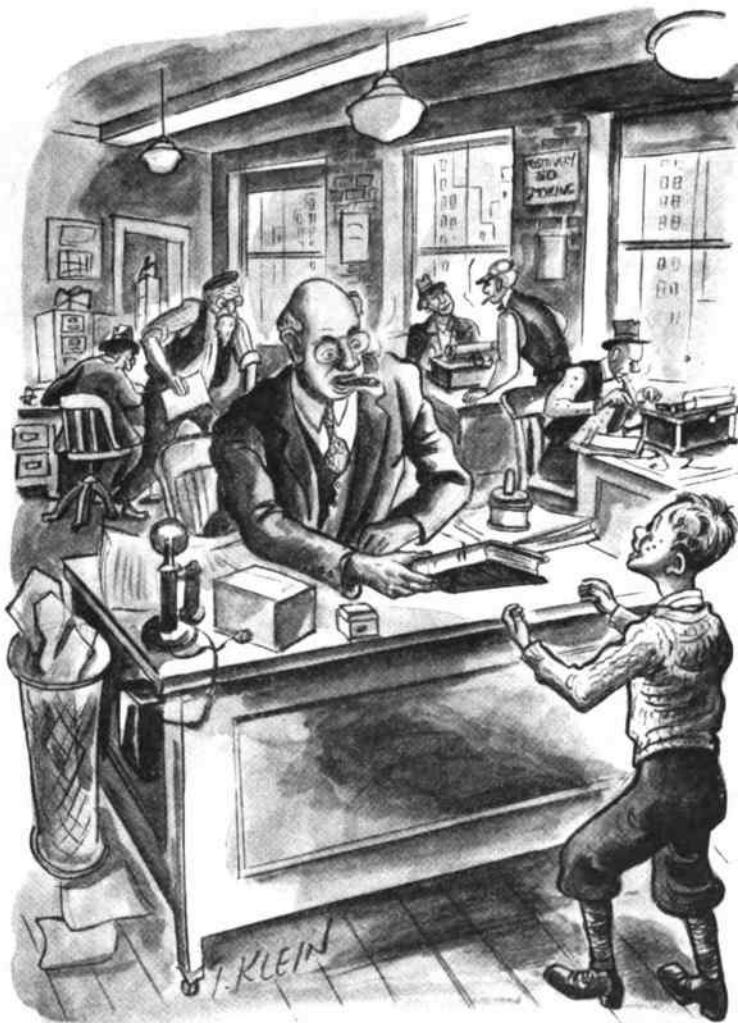
SMITH—Much better! And that's "proof of the pudding" as the feller says.

SUN REPORTER—Well, Mr. Smith, what's new?

SMITH—Nothing much. What's new with you?

SUN REPORTER—Nothing much. How's tricks?

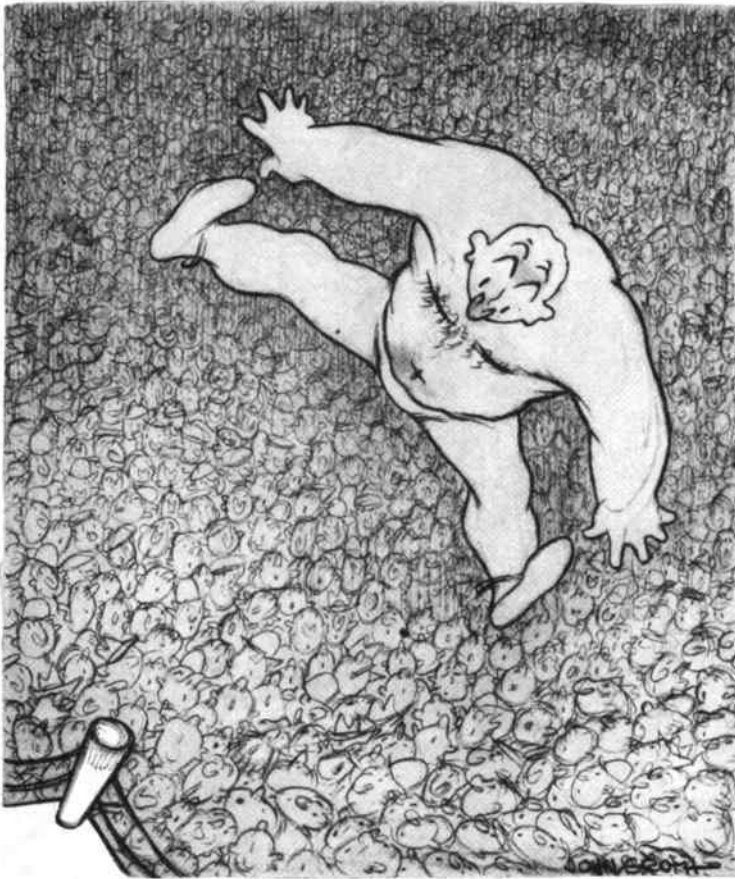
SMITH—Pretty fair. And you?



BIG MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE BOY.
The first time he is asked to do a book review.



"Watch Ambassador Snirtz go for the caviar."



"That's funny—I thought I was tossing him out of the ring!"

SUN REPORTER—Pretty fair. (A long pause. No one can think of anything to say.)

SMITH—What's happening down around City Hall? I don't get downtown much any more.

WORLD-TELEGRAM REPORTER—Hadn't you heard? There's a fellow named Seabury—Sam Seabury—who's raising hell down there. Peeking into closets, cleaning out safes—They say he's looking for a fella named Tweed.

SMITH—Seabury? Seabury? Is he one of our boys?

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER—Come off it, Smith. Do you mean to say you haven't heard about Seabury?

SMITH (apologetically)—No, really, boys. I just spend all my time up here in my "solid ivory tower", as Shelley says—

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER (scornfully)—Shelley, hell! It was Gene Tunney. (Another long and embarrassing pause. Several reporters walk around the room humming.)

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER (im-

patiently)—Well, Smith, let's get down to brass tacks. What's it all about?

SMITH (at a loss for words)—Well, boys, I admit you took me by surprise, dropping in this way. However, I don't want to send you away empty-handed so I'll make a statement—but I'll do it in my own way. You know I always was a man of few words. Well, I'll make this statement without using any words at all. All right, Miss Markowitz! (Miss Markowitz rings a buzzer and three stenographers, the Misses O'Reilly, Epstein and Morrissey, enter. The four girls form a single file behind Mr. Smith and place their hands on the shoulders of the one ahead, as in a snake dance. Then all five march around the room for a full minute. Mr. Smith turns and looks at them. They look at him languorously and hold out their hands to him. He runs from them and they pursue—around chairs and reporters, over desks. Suddenly, as though tiring, Mr. Smith turns and advances toward them, spar-

ring. Then all five bow to the reporters and rush from the room.)

REPORTERS (babbling together)—What in hell is eating him!—I guess age is beginning to tell!—Maybe the altitude has given him mountain sickness!

CORRESPONDENT FOR MANCHESTER (ENG.) GUARDIAN (excitedly)—Crickey, boys, I think I've got it! He is the leader of his party—get it? If his party wants him, he will run—he will make the fight!

REPORTERS—Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith! (Smith enters.) Is it true? Are you going to run for President?

SMITH—Boys, boys—how could you get such a preposterous idea? The thing is furthest from my thoughts (shrugging.) Although of course the good of the nation should be put above the wishes of any individual. But even if I did have such an announcement to make, this is not the place for it.

REPORTERS—But what is the place for it, Mr. Smith?

SMITH—That's telling. But I'll name you two other places that aren't the place for it. Grand Central Station. That's one.

REPORTERS—Go on! Go on! What's the other.

SMITH—The First Methodist Church of Biloxi, Mississippi.

(Curtain)

—Frederick O. Anderson.

Unfortunately political machines are not labor-saving devices.

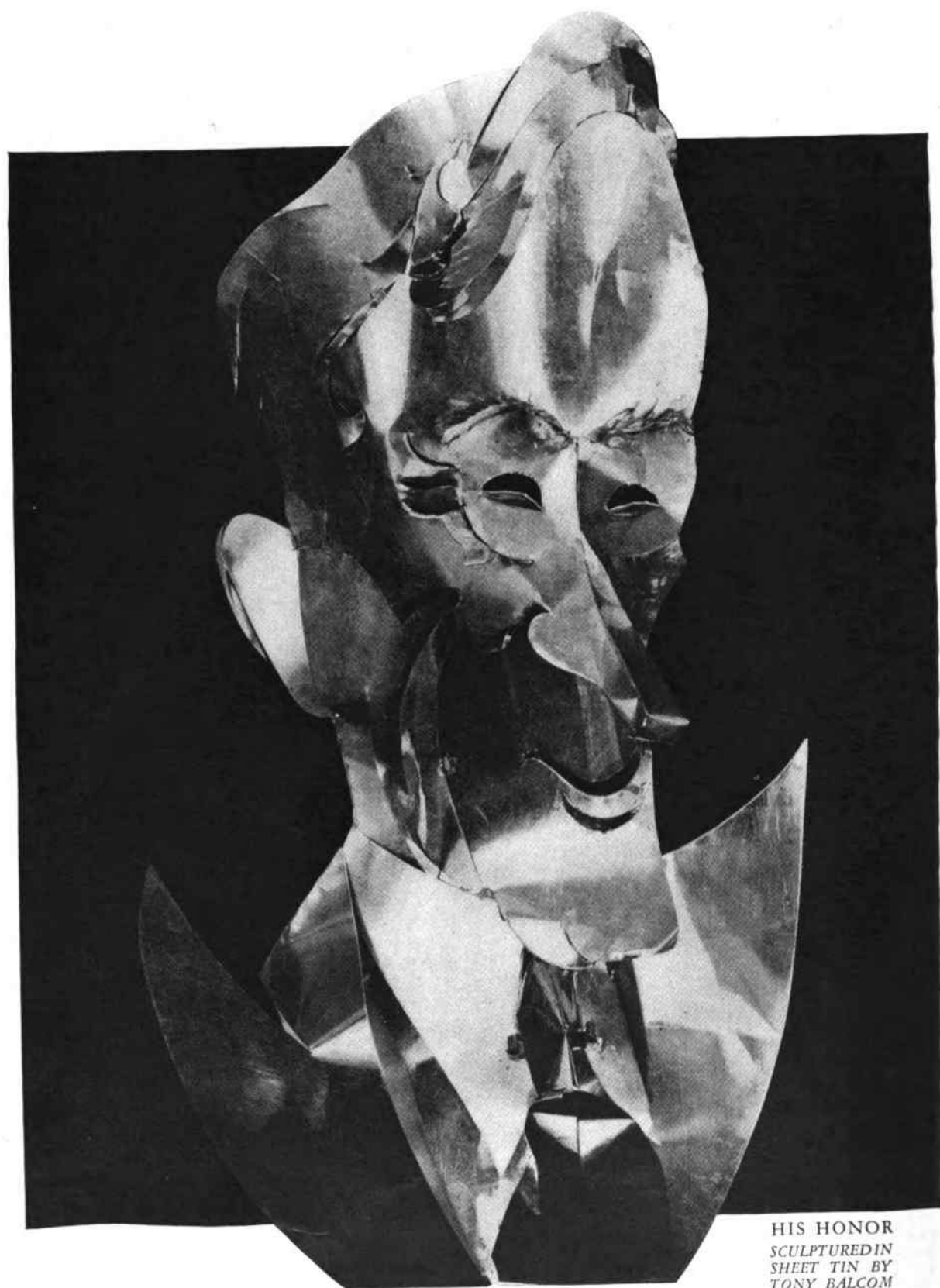
One big mistake almost every Presidential candidate makes is in having a photograph taken at the age of nine.

Repeal of prohibition would be a blow to manufacturing. Fifty million brands of beer alone would be discontinued.

The first of the conventions to select a Presidential candidate opens June 14. It seems a bit late to choose a Queen of the Maybe.



"I'd suggest you take the Rembrandt at 69 cents."



HIS HONOR
SCULPTURED IN
SHEET TIN BY
TONY BALCOM

JAMES JOSEPH WALKER

JAMES Joseph Walker is a Commander of the French Legion of Honor, Commendatore of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus of Italy, Commander of the Order of Ysabella La Carolica of Spain and of the Star of Rumania, Honorary Member of the Miami Fife and Drum Corps, and Chief A-Ka-Ki-To-Pip of the Blackfeet Indians. The Blackfeet told him that meant Many Rider.

But it is as Mayor of the City of New York that he rises at ten o'clock these mornings. A valet is at hand but he shaves himself, and he has learned by experience that there is at least one good cut in every safety razor blade. For years his breakfast consisted principally of a can of tomatoes.

Clothing offers no problem unless it be to decide which of the 75 or more suits hanging in the closets, and costing an average of \$165 each, will be the dress of the day. Just how many more than 75 suits are available, Jeann Friedman, the Mayor's tailor with a shop near the Ritz, cannot be sure, for the Mayor thinks nothing of giving them away.

But every suit on hand will be sharply pressed, for the same pair of trousers is not worn twice without the attention of a tailor. The coats and vests have their own little distinctions too, as befitting the robes of public office. If my vests have six button-holes, the Mayor's will have seven. If my sleeves have three ornamental buttons, his will have four. This involves no extra labor for the wearer, however, for the Mayor, in a four-button sack coat, will not button the bottom button.

His shoes, too, have their little badges of honor; if nothing else, price tags showing that some cost \$45 a pair. Enough of clothes, however, for a man must work.

It was reported once, during the badinage of a political campaign, that some one was tapping the telephone wires leading into the Mayor's office in City Hall. The insurgent Fiorello H. La Guardia, Republican Representative

who was gazing fondly at the time upon the office, remarked that that was the last place a knowing person would expect to learn what was going on in the city.

But that is neither here nor there, for the Mayor does go to his office. He appears regularly at City Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week. Mondays and Saturdays he may go down town but he would prefer to be at the Larchmont estate of A. C. Blumenthal, the real estate man who married Peggy Fears of the Follies.

The corridors of City Hall swarm with job-seekers, semi-professional civic reformers and political majors and minors, and the Mayor, by preference, would work away from them in his uptown apartment in the Mayfair. He moved out of his old home at 6 St. Luke's place, on the fringe of Greenwich Village, to get away from them but he has not escaped them yet. Each morning, however, he tries once more to be an artful dodger. He learned early in office that the appearance of his automobile in front of City Hall was the signal for the drove of hangers-on to gather in the corridor leading to his suite, intent upon accosting him as he entered.

So now, with his cousin, school-mate, college-mate, secretary and constant companion in one, George Collins, he leaves his limousine at the corner of Chambers and Lafayette streets, at the North end of City Hall Park. They walk briskly past the formal garden plots that dot the park, enter City Hall by a basement entrance, ascend a back flight of stairs, and sprint into the comparative seclusion of the official chambers. It is only a partially effective procedure. Closer friends and associates now wait for the Mayor in

the park or at the basement door.

Arriving at City Hall at eleven o'clock, noon, or later, the Mayor will remain there until six-thirty or seven o'clock in the evening, with an interval out for luncheon which generally is taken at the Hardware Club, at 233 Broadway, across the street from City Hall Park.

Once in his office, he is protected from intrusion by a large and experienced staff of buffers, assistants and secretaries. When it is necessary for him to go about the hall, to a meeting or conference, he moves with a mad rush that is designed to permit no interception. For interference on these runs through a closed field he has Police Captain Thomas O'Connor. O'Connor is a second more or less constant companion of the Mayor, and is Buffer in Chief of the official suite. It is he who shunts off the greater part

of the host that would see the Mayor, and now and again, possibly, some one the Mayor would see.

There was, among these latter, the titled official from Scotland Yard, who had entertained Walker in London, and who, late in the afternoon of his first day of a visit to this land, decided to pay a courtesy call. He strode into City Hall in English walking boots,

wearing a rain coat and an old brown hat. The garb did not impress the police captain.

Without identifying himself, the visitor reported he merely had dropped in to pay his respects. The Mayor, he was told, was "not in." That was sufficient. The stranger drew a card describing himself in full dignity and title, handed it to the policeman and said he would call again. O'Connor checked any impulse he might have had to salute as he glanced at the card.



But he shivered in most unpolicemanly fashion until the visitor had gone, for the Mayor had been due to emerge from his office at any moment, starting on his way home.

In the late afternoon Walker meets reporters. He speaks frankly, but not freely, about the topics and events of the day. Newspapers could blast him with political dynamite if they should publish what is said at these conferences. But, more often than not, what emerges in print in the next morning's newspapers is a harmless mixture.

Reporters are gagged effectively by having touchy questions answered "off the record." Pertinent, or perhaps impertinent, questions are discouraged by one of the assistants or secretaries who attend the gatherings. For that matter most of the reporters who are assigned to City Hall are under the Walker spell, and create no embarrassing moments.

From City Hall the Mayor will go to his apartment or to a cocktail party. The desire for speed that he displays under other circumstances does not extend to these trips around town. Those siren-sounding motorcycle escorts, who

regard elevated pillars as just so many needles to thread with automobile processions at 50 miles an hour, frighten the Mayor almost as much as they do the pedestrians and motorists who scurry out of the way.

At home the Mayor will entertain Tony Biddle, Jr., George Gershwin, the composer; Dudley Field Malone, the lawyer; and whoever is in town from Hollywood this day.

At a party somewhere else the Mayor will sip a cocktail or two (seldom more these days) and, if possible, slip away in time for dinner in his own house. As a rule he will eat at home, even if he is supposed to be guest of honor at a banquet somewhere about town. He prefers to time his arrival at such assemblies, choosing for his appearance that indulgent moment when the guests, plied with food and drink, are leaning back comfortably on their perfectos, kindly disposed toward after-dinner mints and speakers.

He is in constant demand as a dinner guest at the homes of the socially prominent, or the seekers of social prominence, but he avoids these meetings with a plea of business or a headache and

then goes off to have corned beef and cabbage with Jimmy Johnston, the prize fight manager.

In the evening he will be found, an intent spectator, with Bernard Gimbel at the ringside of the fights in Madison Square Garden, or introducing Pola Negri from the stage at the opening night of her new picture at the Winter Garden Theatre, or escorting one of the glamorous Bennett Sisters of Hollywood, if one is in town, or Billie Dove to the Central Park Casino. But lately, when engagements permit, he has been going to bed at ten o'clock. Remembering the shock he gave New Yorkers when he announced a few years ago that he was "on the wagon," he has kept his early retiring a secret.

Early to bed is said to make a man healthy, among other things, and the Mayor is worried about his well-being. Born on June 19, in 1881, he has reached an age where, as he says, he no longer celebrates his birthdays—he observes them. But his age is not his real concern. When a rough filling on the side of a tooth caused a slight abrasion on his cheek, he fretted for two years before he went to a dentist and found out that he was not running down.

Walker is what Mr. Milne might describe as a "never-never" man. He never reads a letter. He never reads a book through to the end. He never prepares a speech, waiting to take his cue from his audience. And he never, at least hardly ever, forgets a name.

Walker has been part of Broadway for nearly thirty years, since the day he graduated from college to attach himself to the office of the Feist Music Company to write "Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?" and a dozen other ballads. He is a better song writer than he is credited in common belief, even though it once was remarked at a gathering in the Friars Club that the good people of New York had chosen him as their chief executive to put an end to his lyrical outbursts.

It is knowledge pretty well confined so far to the few producers concerned, but even while he has been Mayor he has been called in at the last moment to do a bit of expert tinkering with the lines and lyrics of musical shows about to be bowed in to Broadway.

Few of his friends know that it was while working on one—a musical show



AMBITIOUS TRUMPETER:
*I hope Whiteman answers
the phone personally!*

in the final stages of rehearsal that he met the girl who became his wife. Late one night he dropped into Pabst's Circle, near the uptown theatre where rehearsals were being held, for a bite to eat. The place was virtually unpatronized except for a slim, attractive girl who was crying quietly at a table in a corner. Walker's ever ready sympathy was aroused and, on a second glance, he recognized her as a performer whose part had been cut out of the show that evening. He did not remember her name, but he endeavored to comfort her, promising to do what he could to put her part back in the show. He could not do that but he could meet her again, and again, until presently she became Mrs. Walker.

There are two sides to every question, a remark that, in a hedging way, brings us to the question of Mayor Walker's lateness, a question brought up in these columns only because the Mayor insists he never has been late for any appointment that has been made for a specific hour. In truth, he thinks, it is a fable that started back in Albany, when he was a State Senator. Those were the days, he explains, when he would speak at as many as three banquets in one night and, it being impossible to be in three places at once, he necessarily would appear tardily at two of the gatherings. But, it should be added, he always informed the arrangements committees that he would be late.

An anecdote that Walker tells carries the point, without any political implication, that the Mayor can be His Honor among suspected thieves. Walking home late one night from the Greenwich Village apartment of a friend, Walker, in a heavy fur coat, made an attractive object for any footpad that might be in the neighborhood—a fact that he realized when, as he hustled through a particularly dark block, an automobile with several unruly appearing young men took up a trailing position a few feet away. It was a moment when the next step was one to be considered with forethought but he had no time to come to any decision before the strangers took matters into their own hands, drew along the curb at his side, and scolded:

"Say, Jimmie, you shouldn't walk around like this. Some guy might—"

Walker, trembling in his relief, was escorted by the car to his home.



"Goodness!"

As a traveller, Walker would like again to visit Berlin, Paris, Dublin and London, but his trips now are taken for rest. When he goes to Hot Springs he will walk around and let some one else play the golf. When he goes to Palm Springs, on the Pacific Coast, it is to sit, clad only in pajama bottoms, in the sun that beats down on Samuel Untermyer's estate, with a sheet handy for the contingency of callers.

He gets little exercise. Frail as he is, he played football for St. Francis Xavier College in the days when most

teams were composed of bruisers. He boxed excellently and played baseball. Now his physical recreation consists largely of playing the piano, and he does it with the skill of a professional, of dancing—and dancing excellently—at the weekly assembly of the Mayfair and Pierrette, of playing poker, of shovelling out the first spadeful of dirt from a new building site, and of tossing out the season's first baseball. But, as he might add:

"I am a great Walker."

—John Harkins.

The March of the Delegates

Toot it on the piccolo,
Beat it on the drum,
With solemn mien
Upon the scene
The Delegates now come!

For each of these United States
Has sent sagacious Delegates
To pick the one and only gent
Who's fit to be the president.

Rum! Tum! Tum!
They Come! Come! Come!

Friends of Al, friends of Cal,
Each a politician's pal.
Some to curb hopeful Herb,
Some to speak the Hoover blurb.
Some who traveled for the trip,
Some who sip a little nip
From a bottle on the hip—

Rab! Rab! Rab!
Blab! Blab! Blab!

Some are dry and some are drier;
Some are sly and others slyer;
Some are mum and many mummer;
Some are dumb but most are dumber!
Every one, you're sure to find,
Has his little axe to grind:
Rum, Rum, Rum

For Some, Some, Some!
Jobs, Jobs, Jobs
For Mobs, Mobs, Mobs!
"These Repubs," the Dems declare,
"Wrecked our land that once was fair."
"Votes for Dems," Repubs agree,
"Lead to sad calamity."
Cats and dogs, dogs and cats
Have much milder private spats
Than Repubs and Democrats!
Go, Depression—get ye hence,
Hop ye over yonder fence!
Milk and honey for our land
Will abound on every hand.
Dinner pails will soon display
Truffles, sweetbreads and filet.
All our purses, all our tills
Soon will teem with green-backed bills.
Flee, ye Furies! Scram, ye Fates—
Can't you see the Delegates?

Play it on your radio,
Buy a uke to strum.
The wolf-at-door
Has lost the war,
So weep no more,
Good people, for
The Delegates now come!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"I knew you wouldn't understand the game, but you insisted upon coming."

Life Lines

"There are," we read, "more than 4,000,000 radios in Germany." It must drive them crazy keeping beer stains off the tops of so many.

One improvement in the 1932 autos is that some of them have compartments in the instrument board in which to forget to put things.

"After three years, everything is beginning to wear out and must be replaced," writes an economist. What about blue serge suits?

Thirty million pairs of frog legs are consumed in New York City each year, but even so, thousands of people are still too slow to find seats on the subway.

"The public," says President Chase, of the University of Illinois, "believes Congress can perform magic." Well, the idea comes from seeing Congressmen get so many things out of their hats.

There are many suggestions to prevent hoarding but the most likely one is to rub our money with garlic.

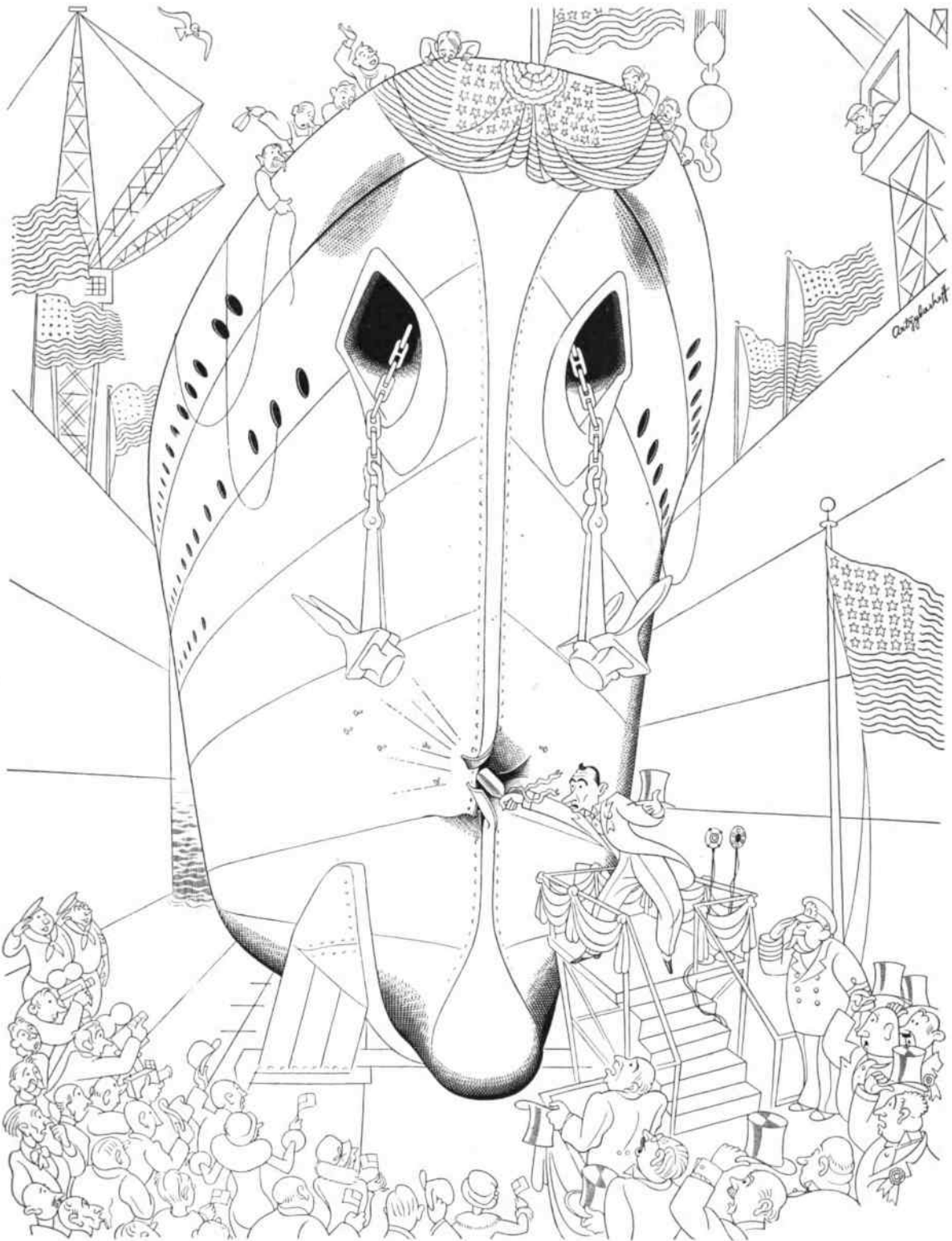
A proposed ten per cent tax on electricity used in the home has been reduced to seven per cent. This is what is known in Washington as saving the taxpayer money.

We know why there are so many pins in a shirt when the laundry returns it. They are put there to keep the shirt from falling apart.

A conservative estimate is that the mud slung during a political campaign gathered together makes a number of mountains out of mole hills.

The sandwiches served at most bridge parties are about as satisfying as drinking beer with a spoon.

Then there was the pug whose seconds called him the "Iron Man" because it was such a hard job lifting him from the canvas.



THE CHRISTENING AND THE UNBREAKABLE BOTTLE.



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

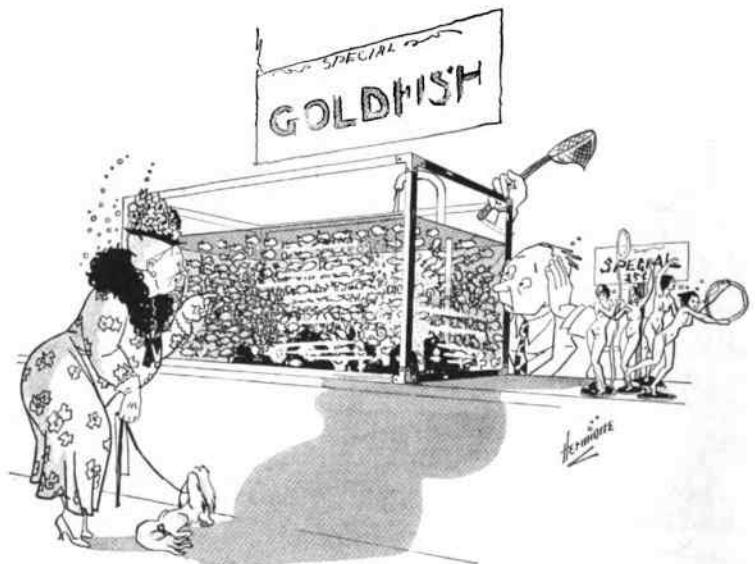
APRIL 26.—Lay late, pondering this and that, such as whether or not the rattling of newspapers will really frighten a burglar and how great a misfortune it would be to be stopped by an inquiring photographer when not wearing one's most becoming hat, a circumstance which befell my hairdresser, Emilie Fougeront, only the other day. Then discoursing with Sam on the bright spring weather, and he confided to me that the arrival of shad roe meant more in his life than the time of the singing of birds. He did lend me the briquet, too, which Dutch Bonfoey brought him from London, one of my life's ambitions being to achieve a light with a single dexterous gesture, but methinks I shall be thwarted therein, having so great a fear of both fire and machinery. A letter from my mother by the first post asking if I can use an ermine collar which she is removing from one of her wraps, and I do mean to reply in the affirmative, even though I turn out to look like the chorus of peers in "Iolanthe," albeit I dare say my parent has had the spots exorcised in accordance with modern fashion. In this connection I shall never forget C. Percy's story of the woman who complained to her tailor because the summer ermine collar on her coat did not turn white when the first snow flew. Lunched alone at home on one of my favorite menus, tinned corn beef, for which my liking dates from childhood and shocks the civilized gentry, and endive with Roquefort dressing, and then out to buy some curtain stuff and an ice-cream freezer, wondering the while how professional humorists attribute to women a love of shopping, which is really a ghastly experience. Marge Boothby and Bib Truxton to dinner, during the course of which I did re-

mark that I am not yet ever quite certain of the difference between "ingenuous" and "ingenious" without stopping to think, which did set Sam into such a gale that I should not have been astonished had he slapped his thighs, but he did finish off by remarking that nothing is equal to the humor of life itself, not even bothering to give H. L. Mencken an assist.

APRIL 28.—My husband, poor wretch, ill of a headache from a bachelor dinner which he did attend last night but not so far gone that he could not recount to me the livelier episodes of the affair, an ability which I do consider one of his most satisfactory characteristics as a spouse, and his mother does tell me that even as a child, when his contemporaries would stand dumb under interrogation as to what had gone forward at any given function, Sam would remember what he had been given to eat and what clothing various people had worn, which, getting down to fundamentals, is what almost every woman wants to know. So I did dose him with remedies appropriate for his malady and commend him to stop the day at home, advice which he accepted with childish enthusiasm, in especial when I assured him that I would make a bad throat sound convincing to his partners over the telephone, nor did my Good-Samaritanism go unrewarded, neither,

for when he did hear me discussing with my sempstress whether I should indulge in a new evening wrap for summer or make out with Spanish shawls, as usual, he did bawl from his couch of pain that I must have the new garment, by all means, adding, to take the edge from his softheartedness, that he did not choose to spend any more of his life untangling shawl fringe from automobile doors and theater chairs.

APRIL 30.—The Bannings for dinner, and I did serve with the salad some of the fine old ham sent me the other day by my Aunty Sally. And Edith did tell how she telephoned her mother in London as a birthday present to the latter, and how neither could say anything save, "Well, darling, how are you?" and giggle, and as the operator did not cut in with a warning, the charge was one hundred and thirty-five dollars, so that now E. wishes she had sent her parent a fur tippet, or something of similar reminiscent durability. Then playing at comparisons, and Sam vouchsafed that first looking into Chapman's Homer and first being confronted with a dish of plover's eggs differed only in kind and not at all in degree, and after our guests had gone, he besought me to listen to the plot of a play he had suddenly thought up, whereupon I put in a tedious half-hour surreptitiously locking up the Scotch, and so, very weary, to bed.



"This one, please."



E. Simms Campbell

"Nobody leaves this house 'til we find out who did it!"

The Gentle Art of Spending Other People's Money

POLITICIANS may be lovely bedfellows, but we entertain serious doubts that we can continue to support them in the lavish style to which they are accustomed.

The cost of government, whether you think it good, bad or indifferent, has ascended to a stratosphere where the taxpayer is gasping for breath. Back in 1890, which may have been the good old days but certainly were not expensive, the aggregate cost of Federal, State and local government for one year was \$855,000,000. In the last fiscal year the Federal Government alone has collected \$4,220,000,000, spent it all, and ended up with a deficit roughly estimated at \$2,123,000,000. One Senator lately told his brethren that Washington is spending \$7,788,000 a day more than its income.

The Constitution, a piece of literature once widely read in these United States, gave Congress the power to collect taxes for the "common Defence and general Welfare" of the nation. Back in 1800, when that document was more than a memory, the Federal government had 54 employees. Today, the Post Office department alone has 316,000 workers (and incurs a deficit of \$145,643,613). The entire government payroll carries 734,761 names. Again in 1800, when the seat of government was lifted from Philadelphia and plumped down in the mud of Washington, it required seven large boxes and five small ones to transport its books and records. Last year the government spent \$20,000,000 for leaflets and pamphlets alone.

THE Department of Agriculture requires an 81-page booklet merely to list its available publications. In the line of "General Welfare," or perhaps of "Common Defence," it has pamphlets on "The Love Adventures of an American Bullfrog," "Where Sheets Wear Out," "Reindeer Recipes," "Lamb as You Like It," "The Self-Help Bib," "Bringing Up Bobby," "Principles of Window Curtaining," "Scorecards for Judging Clothes," "Telephone Book Trouble," "How to Make a Cat Trap," "Honey and Its Uses in the Home," "Our Migrant Shorebirds in South America," "The Habits and Economic Importance of Alligators," and "Canal Boat Children."* There are only 353 canal boat children in the land, but there is a 21-

*These are actual booklets printed at governmental expense.

page booklet on how to care for them. In 1900, the average per capita tax upon the American citizen was \$9.25. Last year it was \$40 a head. Next year, it probably will be just your head. For Congress, in "balancing" the budget, has shown a determination to blow the pocketbook up to meet the bill instead of reducing the budget to fit the purse.

CONGRESS, it seems, is determined that we shall eradicate the Mediterranean fruit fly and chase that old debbil pink ball worm, at estimated costs of \$8,000,000 and \$589,000 respectively. We must spend \$500,000,000 buying wheat and cotton from farmers whom all those agricultural bulletins told to raise something else, we must investigate chemistry, soils, animals, dairies, floods, droughts, road management, prohibition enforcement, house economics and Russian thistles, and send Congressmen on junkets to the Everglades. And we must not forget the corn borer. We must pile on millions to the \$18,000,000 the government already has spent in the search

of that elephantine terror which no scientist, in all these years of research, ever has seen.

Politicians may be lovely bedfellows, but we entertain serious doubts that we can continue to support them in the lavish style to which they are accustomed.





THIS LITTLE PIG GETS ROAST BEEF—

JUST YOUTHFUL CURIOSITY

Coach Leader pulls drowning man out of water while Yale oarsmen stand around and ask him (the drowning man of course) questions—Newspaper Item.

Discovered: Icy water, a drowning man, and a dock on which are eight Yale oarsmen and one coxswain.

Drowning Man: Help!!!

The Number Three Oar: You mean you don't want to stay in the water any more?

Drowning Man: HELP!!

The Stroke: Say, you didn't go to Harvard, did you?

Drowning Man: Help!

Number Five: He looks like a Harvard man. He looks a lot like a Harvard man.

The Coxswain: That's right. He does. Oh boy, he might be a relative of Barry Wood!

Number Five: Relative! He might be Barry Wood. Hot diggety dog! Let's ask him!

Number Five: Hey, you! Are you Barry Wood?

Drowning Man: help.

The Bow: He isn't Barry Wood. Barry Wood's a good swimmer. Barry Wood can do everything.

Number Three: Betcha he can't swim as well as Albie Booth.

The Bow: I'll betcha. I'll betcha a dollar.

Number Three: It's on. The bird in the water settles it. Hey, you in the water—who can swim better, Barry Wood or Albie Booth?

Drowning Man: Gurg.

The Bow: He said Wood! I told you so!

Number Three: The hell he did! He said Booth.

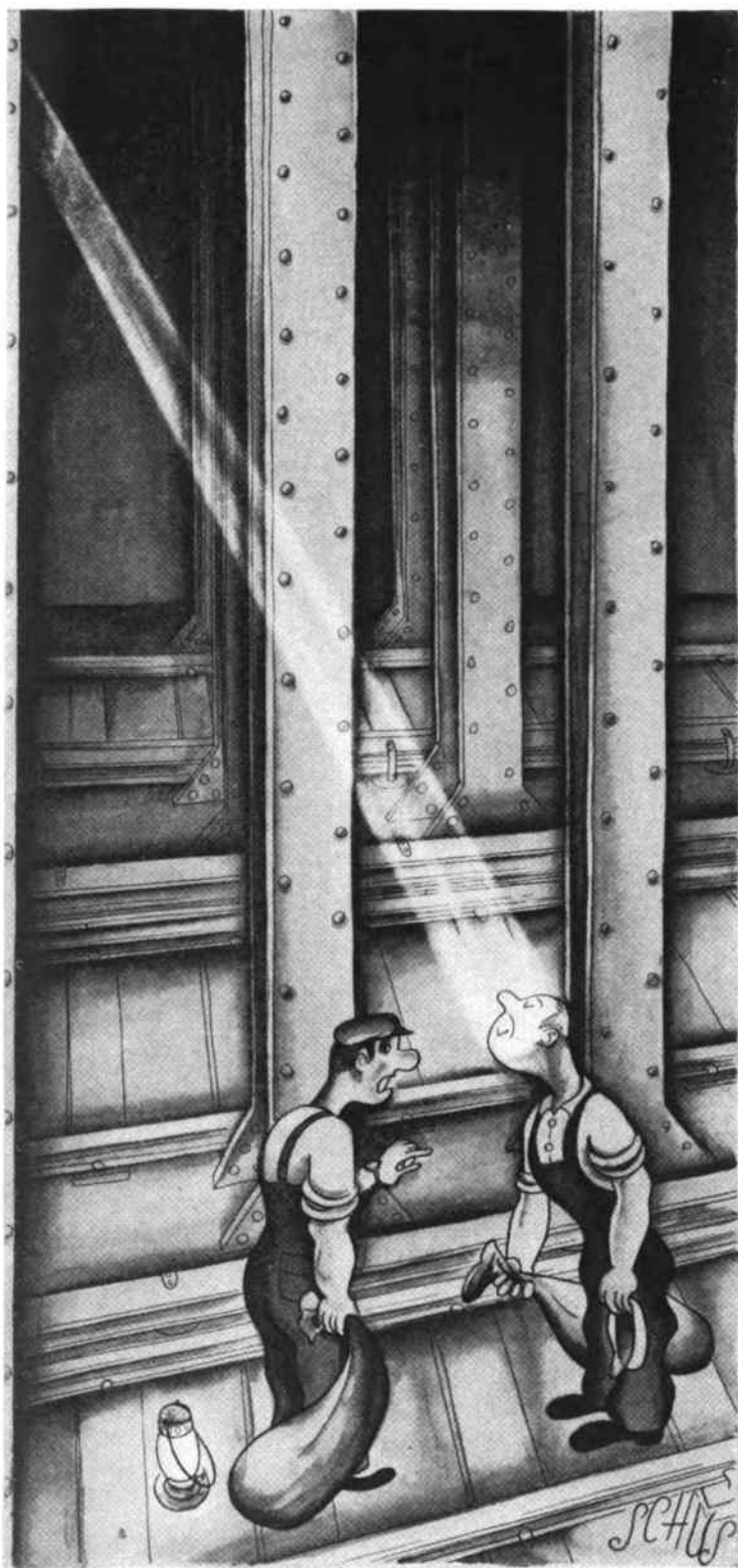
Number Seven (who is Captain): I think we better ask him again. He doesn't speak very distinctly. Hey! Did you say Booth or Wood?

Drowning Man: Uuuuuuugh.

Number Two: Personally, I don't think he knows or cares. I don't think he's a Harvard man anyhow.

The Coxswain: Well, he's beginning to look like a Harvard man!

Number Three: Ha ha! It takes the old coxy to come across with one like that. You ought to send that one in to a magazine. You could sell that—



"Come on, now; how about my sun bath?"

maybe.

The Bow: Very good—but that reminds me. Supposing he really were drowning? Don't you think we ought to find out?

The Captain (Taking the bull by the horns): Are you a Harvard man—
No, no. I mean are you drowning?

Drowning Man: G-g-g-g-g-g.

The Coxswain: He's a taciturn fellow all right. Maybe a riddle would make him come around. I've saved more than one dinner party with a timely riddle.

Number Two (Who is the best riddler on the crew, and only a sophomore at that): Hey! Psst!—You! Why was Lady Godiva the greatest gambler of all time?

Number Six: Aaah. That's stale. He probably heard that the last time he was in the water.—And it's a little off-color anyhow.

Number Two: 'Tis not! Nobody would get embarrassed by that—not nowadays, anyhow. I've told it in the cleanest kind of mixed company. Hey! Al! Gus! Joe—whatever your name is! Do you give up?

The Drowning Man: ooooo.

Number Four: Here comes Coach Leader, boys. Duck the cigarettes.

(Enter Coach Leader with a life preserver. He throws it to the drowning man who grabs it feebly, and is drawn ashore. There is a long silence.)

The Coxswain: It must be twenty minutes after.

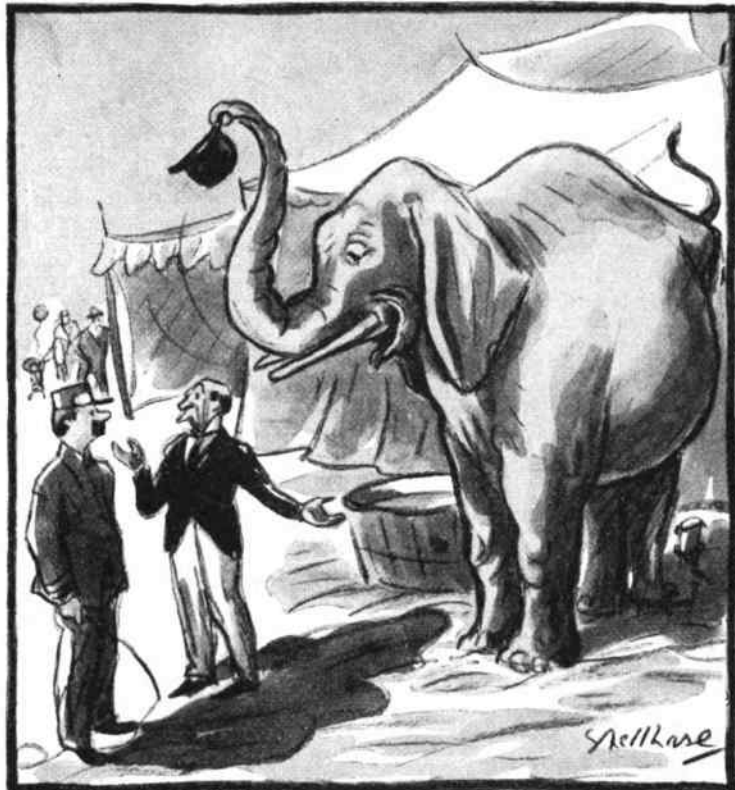
The Bow: Well, let's ask the fellow.
—Parke Cummings.

Summer Song

I rise at dawn
To seed my lawn
With dearest, choicest clover.
I work all spring;
And everything
Is fertilized all over.

But summer brings
Up other things—
Not sown by hand of mine.
Can someone tell
Just why in hell
It comes up dandelion?

—R. H.



"I don't care whether he remembers me or not—
I never saw him before!"

BE AN EXPERT

Make Big Money! Learn Baseball Writing! Here is How!

MR. UPSET A. BUKETT, famous sports writer for the New Yawn *Evening Scram*, and author of "Playing Safe With Bukett," reveals the secret of his success. Fill in the form below. You don't know anything about pre-season dope? Well, what of it. Do the experts?

The——baseball warriors, who last year finished——in the——League race are working hard here in——, preparing for the long pennant-chasing grind. Veterans and recruits alike are being put through a stiff daily drill by old (or young but seasoned)——, manager, who is beginning his——year at the helm.

Selecting a reliable hurling crew will be Manager——'s toughest task. He will have——, the speed-ball artist, of course, and if lanky (or fat, short, tall, big)——, who garnered——scalps during the 1931 campaign can work his sore whip into shape, Manager——should not lose much sleep (or weight).

Old Reliable (or Dead-Eye)——, who tacked up a grand total of——hits last season, is back in fine condition. He confidently predicts that his record will be even better this year, since his teeth have been extracted (or since he has cut down on chewing tobacco; or since he worked off excess weight chopping wood on his father's farm). So your scribe advises you to keep an eye on this lad (or youngster; or mauler). When——'s stick (or log; or maple; or hickory) connects with the pill (or apple; or spheroid; or horsehide; or [archaic] ball), it usually goes for one long, long ride (or journey; or excursion; or etc., etc.).

"I can't make any predictions as yet," Manager——advised your scribe (or your correspondent, your diagnoser, your humble servant). "Things look promising (or good, fair, bright, encouraging), however," he continued. "Watch the——land up in the first division at least when the season ends."

—Elmer W. Dingeldey.

An Alumnus Letter to End All Alumni Letters

The Alumni Association
Sawbuck College.

Dear Alumni Association:

I RECEIVED your interesting letter today, and I certainly agree with you that this is the time of year when the thoughts of every loyal Sawbuck man (even those who, like the writer, were booted out in their freshman year) turn inevitably to those carefree, golden days and priceless associations which have meant so much to you and me. Yes, I was certainly glad to hear you say that.

And now that you mention it, I certainly *do* remember the time when several daring members of the class of umpty-ump sneaked into prexy's bedroom, sawed off his beard, and glued it to the face of his two-year-old daughter without waking either of them. At least, I've heard the story told so many times, and with such a number of variations, that I'm sure it must have happened. Also, as you suggest, I clearly recall the time a bevy of scholars pried the French prof's door from its hinges, copied the final exam, and put the door back again, all in nine minutes; I also seem to remember that the prof suddenly switched exams at the last minute and caught everybody cold. What a lark, eh? Dear me—those

were the good old days, weren't they?

Glancing further through your letter, I note with interest that the chapel needs a new nave; that the gym needs a larger basketball court; that the baseball field simply cannot go another season without a new grandstand; and that the North Dormitory, the infirmary, the dining-hall, the profs' houses, the astronomy observatory, and the campus elm trees all need something or other. I believe you mentioned the details in your letter but the only one I remember at the moment is that the dining-hall needs a new cook—which is certainly no news to me. Of course, I have not the slightest doubt that you are telling the truth when you say that the college must collect enough money to meet all the above improvements, so necessary to the continuance of the old Sawbuck Traditions.

Through my tears I can just see the poor old chapel struggling along with an out-of-date nave—the noble Sawbuck athletes playing with grim but plucky smiles in that rickety old basketball court—the palsied old cook optimistically preparing the lamb, beef, pork, and veal together in the same

old burnt-out pan he used twenty years ago—the—but stop! I just can't go on; it's breaking my heart.

And because I know so well how you must feel, I hesitate to burden you further along that line. I would conclude this letter right now, without bringing my own selfish interests into it, were it not for the fact that you emphasized so heartily that the good old Sawbuck alumni must always stick together, as they did in the good old college days. So, not to be a traitor to the old all-for-one-and-one-for-all Sawbuck Spirit, I'll put before you a few facts which will be of vital concern to you, as sympathetic Sawbuck alumni:

In the first place—you remember my fine old Steinway piano—you know, the one the Sawbuck alumni always use to play the old college tunes with one finger when they come down to New York for a week-end? Well, in some mysterious fashion, the poor old thing has suddenly become very much out of tune; in fact, three or four of the keys seem to have been somehow broken. Nothing serious, you understand—just a little item of seventy-five or eighty dollars to put it in shape again, the repairer informs me. Then there's that little matter of the wallpaper. Of course, now that it's happened, I realize that I should have been thoughtful enough to have placed a pad of paper by the telephone for the benefit of Sawbuck alumni and undergrads who have to scribble down girls' names and phone numbers in a hurry.

And, of course, it was very careless of me not to have bought a few dozen more ash-trays before entertaining the Sawbuck lads the other night. I'll remember that next time, I'm sure; it's surprising how much it costs to re-finish a few mahogany tables these days. I forget the exact figure, but it was something like one hundred and fifty dollars. Perhaps I shouldn't even mention the few remaining picayune items—the demolition of the beautiful old lace table-cloth that's been in my family for generations, the strange markings which suddenly appeared on my old silver chafing-dish, or the mysterious forty-five-minute phone-call to San Francisco. Curious coincidence, isn't it—I mean, that I don't know anyone in San Francisco?

But why should I go into this further? Surely you, dear alumni association, being composed of thousands of



"No, Mr. Botts isn't in yet—he hasn't been in yesterday yet."

MEMORIAL PANES—NO. 2



DESIGNED (BUT NOT EXECUTED) FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

individuals like myself, are in an infinitely sadder position than I can claim to be. In fact, as I say, were it not for your touching remarks on the good old Sawbuck stick-together-and-share-your-woes spirit, I would have saved this story for the ears of the bankruptcy clerk alone.

And, by the way—speaking of the old Sawbuck Spirit—if you should happen to run into Bob Macy, who, I see, is down as an officer of the Sawbuck Alumni Association Executive Committee, you might show him this letter and gently remind him that the three hundred I loaned him to go to Hollywood the night of his premature graduation would go a long way toward mellowing the bonds of my Good Old Sawbuck Memories.

Fraternally yours,

• Jim Niles.

Aptitude Test for After Dinner Speakers

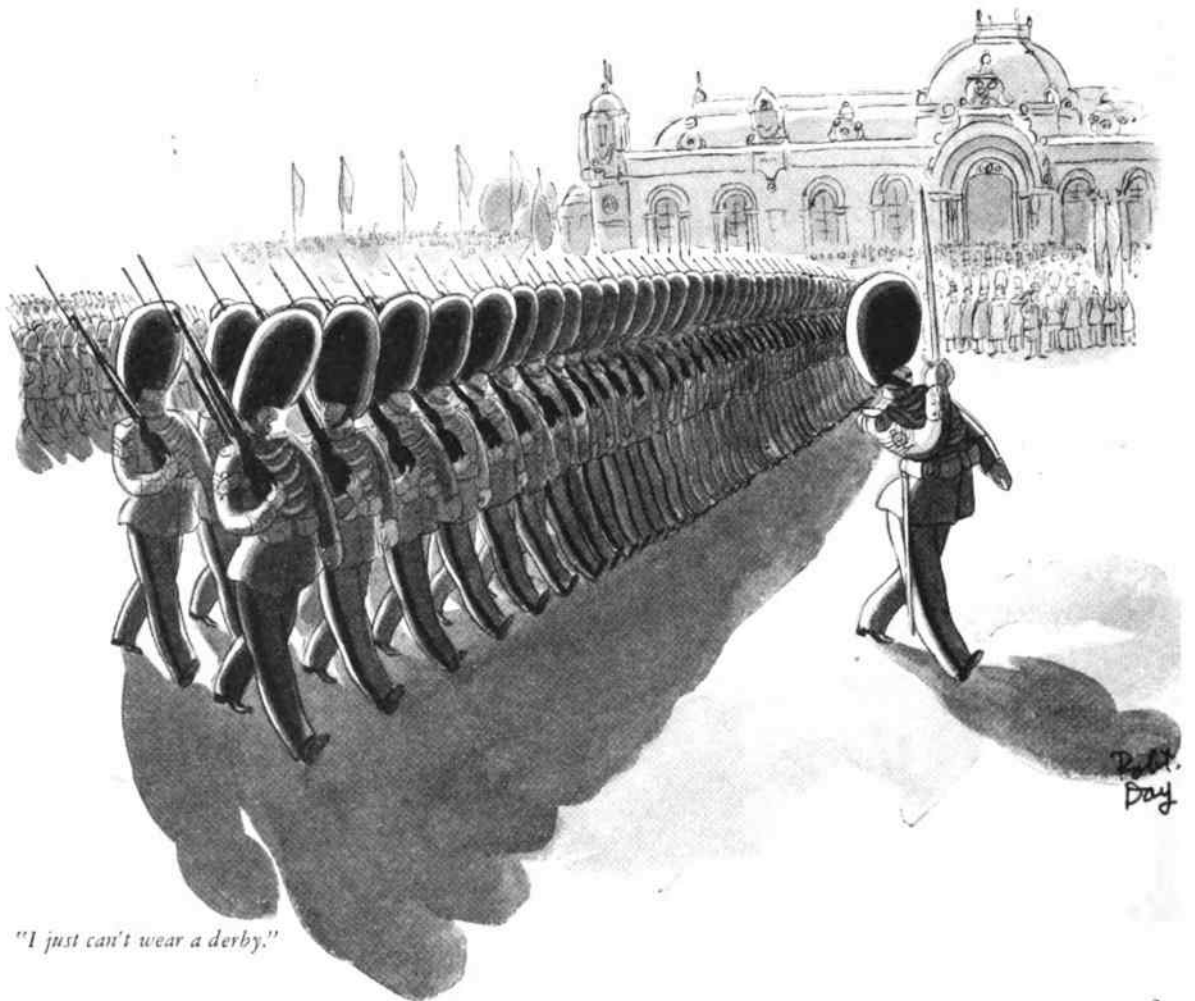
(To be administered in small doses to non-stop talkers. Especially effective during conventions.)

1. What is your definition of a bore? Give three vivid adjectives describing what you see every morning as you shave.
2. Are you really interested in what you are talking about? You must be; you've told about it three times.
3. Make a complete outline of all the dull subjects you can think of off-hand. Discuss each for thirty minutes, then start over.
4. What is your reaction to a yawning listener? Did it ever occur to you that *he* might want to tell about *his* success?
5. Did you ever own a stop watch? You really should get one; it would

be rather nice to have something that stops.

6. What was that last thing you were talking about? I wasn't listening.
7. Who is your dentist, the lucky man?
8. Describe in detail your first trip abroad.
9. Describe in detail your second trip abroad.
10. Did your wife ever threaten to divorce you? Think carefully about this. How did you get a wife, anyway?
11. How many words do you put out in an hour? How many friends do you put out in a day?
12. What would you do if somebody walked out on you? What would you do if everybody walked out on you?
13. Do you enjoy traveling? Let's see you.

—Kaybee.



"I just can't wear a derby."



"Hoover laughed!"

Chantey of Notorious Bibbers

Oh, Homer was a vinous Greek who loved the flowing bottle;
Herodotus a thirsty cuss, and so was Aristotle.

Sing ho! that archipelago where mighty Attic thinkers
Invoked the grape to keep in shape and lampooned water drinkers.

King Richard fought the heathen Turk along with his Crusaders,
On wobbly legs they tiptoed kegs and hated lemonaders.

Sing ho! that gallant English king, sing ho, his merry yeomen,
Who felt the need of potent mead to make them better bowmen.

Bill Shakespeare loved to dip his pen in Mermaid Inn canary,
And Bobby B. was boiled when he indited "Highland Mary."

Sing ho, the buxom barmaid muse who did her work on brandy,
She now eschews such vulgar brews and trains on sugar candy.

Dan Webster stoked his boilers with brown jugs of apple cider,
And when he made a speech, he yanked the spiggots open wider.

Sing ho, those spirited debates, bereft of all restrictions,

When statesmen carried on their hip the strength of their convictions.

Now pass the faucet-water, lads, and pledge in melancholy,
The simple ways of ancient days, for alcohol is folly!

Let's live and grow on H₂O, and shun the lethal snicker,

For records show that man below goes wrong by drinking likker!

—E. C. Parry, Jr.

Al Smith has been suggested as a candidate on a third party ticket. We think an apt symbol for the proposed party would be the zebra—the Democratic donkey with the Tammany stripes.

The Philippines show a profit and we immediately promise them their independence. Now the only thing left for us to do is to balance the budget and give this country back to the Indians.

A Golfer and a Tennis Player Talk Things Over

THE TENNIS PLAYER: How's the old game, Joe? Keeping them on the fairways? You know I often wish I played golf instead of tennis.

THE GOLFER: Yeah? That's funny, but I was just going to say that sometimes I think I'm a fool to be wasting my time with a mashie when I might be swinging a racket.

THE TENNIS PLAYER: I don't know about that, Joe. We tennis players often find ourselves regretting that tennis isn't more sociable. We don't have enough time for friendly chats with our opponents.

THE GOLFER: Perhaps. But on the other hand, Ed, we golfers often have tedious waits before we can get a chance at the course. There's far less delay in tennis. It's a great game.

THE TENNIS PLAYER: And golf one of the best of all. Of course you don't get the exercise—

THE GOLFER: WHAT! You mean to say you don't think there's any exercise in eighteen holes of golf? Now, just because tennis doesn't require the skill that golf—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Not require the skill! Are you out of your head? No skill to make a half volley or a backhand drive? Now if golf had some competition in it—

THE GOLFER: Competition! Why in golf you're competing against par all the time. A tennis player can let down and—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Let down, my eye! You once let down at tennis, and you're licked. Between holes a golfer can rest, and—

THE GOLFER: Rest nothing! Did you ever walk five miles—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Did you ever try to smash—

THE GOLFER: Now, the uncanny accuracy required for putting—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: To serve really well only a physically perfect specimen can—

THE GOLFER: Listen, you idiot, in golf—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Don't call me an idiot, you conceited ass! In tennis—
(Their wives refuse to claim the bodies.)

—Parke Cummings.

MORE JOBS FOR THE COLLEGE GRAD

By the Authors

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to a request from the authors, the Editors of LIFE asked Gurney Williams and Paul Showers further to investigate the potential fields of endeavor and recommend for the current college graduate several new or uncrowded professions. Their suggestions follow.)

Preface

SINCE we feel that the reader should become thoroughly acquainted with our method of research before becoming involved in the main body of this report we wish to point out that research in our sense of the word consists of looking through a dictionary for the correct spelling of the word, closing the book, lighting a cigarette, and then attempting to write the word. Somewhere in this process (probably while lighting the cigarette) the correct spelling is forgotten and the writer finds it necessary to look again, or research for the word. Thus our interpretation of—

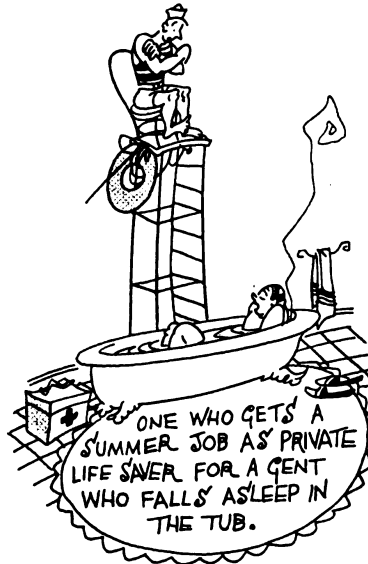
(EDITORS NOTE: Get along with the article.)

Chart Making

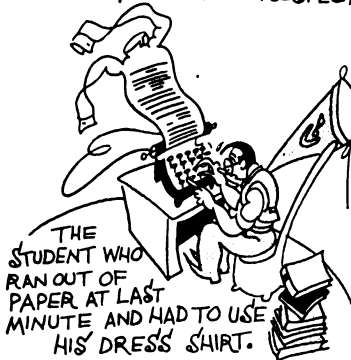
The fact that there is at present no market for sales charts or graphs need not deter the college grad from manufacturing charts or graphs for other purposes. Steamship companies, for instance, would pay a handsome price for a graph plotting a new transatlantic course, or lane. Adventurous captains get pretty sick and tired of following the same old course on every trip, and skippers of week-end cruises are positively fed up with going around in circles.

One interesting chart can be made by opening an atlas to Bonne's projection of India and drawing a straight line from Calcutta, India, to Mt. Loi Pang Ngoum (which is in Burma or Yunnan, we're not sure which). All that is necessary then is to figure out the varying altitudes of the land crossed by the line, prop them up sideways on a chart, label one end of the slightly drunken line "New York," the other "Europe", and sell it to a steamship company.

Another novel chart may be made



STARTING THE BAREFOOT FAD
ANSWERING THE PLEA OF THE
HAT MERCHANTS' WITHOUT
LOSING ANY SELF RESPECT.



by photographing a streak of lightning and mounting it horizontally on a checkered background. This chart should not be used as a steamship lane, however, because its sharp angles might prove disastrous as turning points for a ship. What it could be used for is a question.

Reward Collecting

Lost and Found columns in the metropolitan dailies offer rich rewards for college trained men. We quote from *The Herald Tribune* (New York) of recent date:

\$200 REWARD

Diamond and platinum fancy brooch containing one square diamond, 20 baguette diamonds and 176 round diamonds. . . .

The process of taking advantage of these offers is simple. One has but to walk around until one or more of the lost articles is found, return it (or them) to its (or their) owner(s), and collect the reward(s). If \$200 seems a trivial amount for the return of a diamond brooch it should be borne in mind that \$200 will purchase 4,000 loaves of bread, 400 pounds of sirloin steak, or two tons of granulated sugar.

Returning to the subject of ocean travel, a college man aboard ship should be able to pick up pin money by watching out for the type of passenger who, in rough weather, "would give a thousand dollars for an island." It would be a simple matter in many instances to lower a boat, row such an individual to a nearby island, and collect the money.

Then, once rescued from the island and deposited safely in Europe, the aggressive student should purchase three or four horses and ride from country to country keeping a sharp ear tuned for the phrase, "My kingdom for a horse!" Some European kingdoms aren't worth even a horse with the heavens these days but a knowledge of economics and the ability to dicker should yield a satisfactory profit.

General Notes

We cannot recommend the profession of writing as productive of a satisfactory income.

Country Club Pests

The Tennis Kibitzer

"Hey there, be careful, there's a hole in your racquet!" . . . "You know you're supposed to hit the ball *over* the net!" . . . "What's the matter, old boy? It seems to be a new racket for you!" . . . "You ought to take that fore-hand drive of yours back. It's only a three-hand one!" . . . "You're one of these vagabond lobbies, aren't you?" . . . "Oh, oh, another balk like that, and the batter'll take his base!" . . . "Well, anyway, you tried hard for that one—better luck next time!" . . . "You oughtn't to play again until you're as good as Big Bill. It'll be a long wait Til-den!" . . . "The idea, my dear chap, is to hit the ball, not to gently

chastise the air!" . . . "Well, well, that service of yours is almost as good as the automat!" . . . "Why 'deuce' all

the time? Why not come out with a good strong 'damn' once in a while?" . . . "Ah, getting affectionate again!"

HAPPY THOUGHT

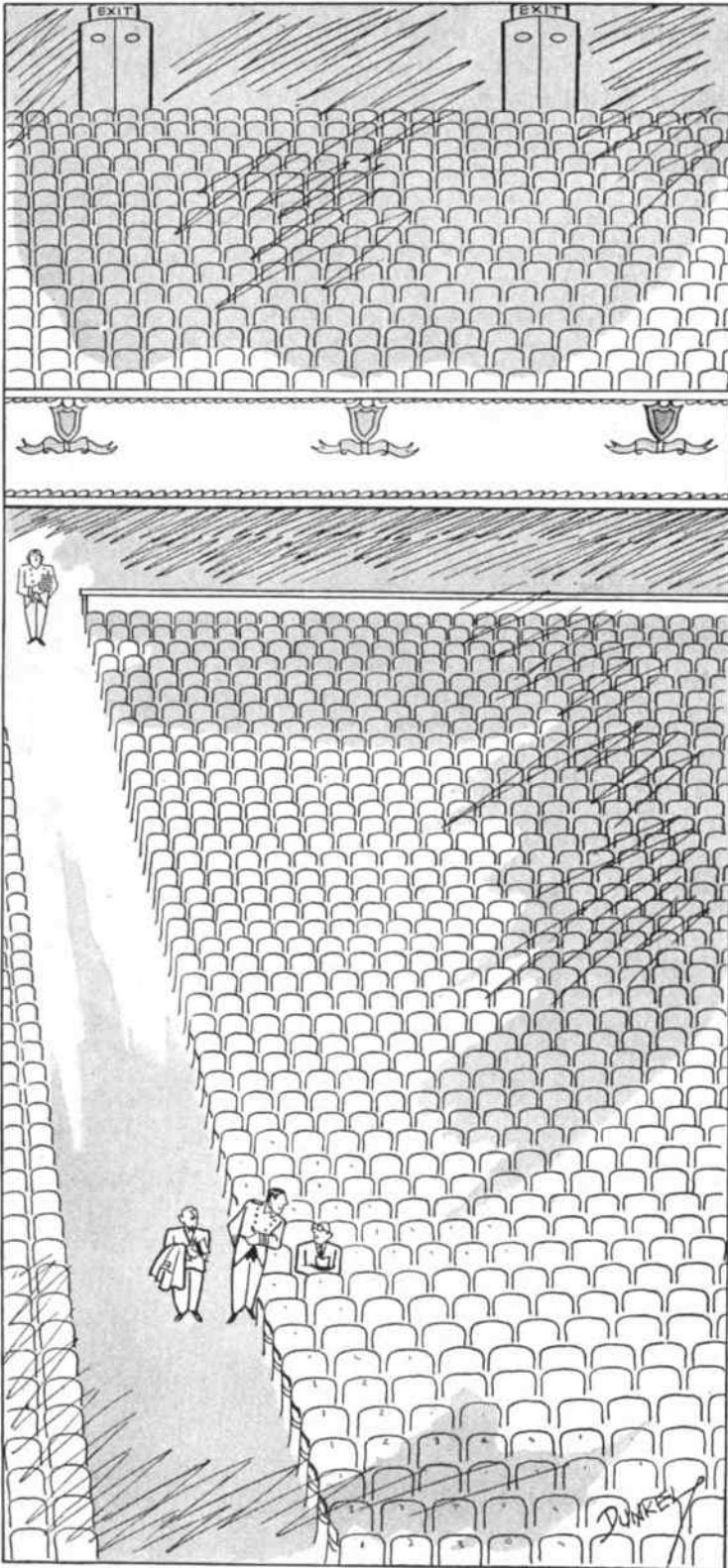
I'm one of those work-a-day fellows
Who have to get up by the clock;
At six in the morning, it rolls me out yawning
With a jangle that's heard for a block.

Just as others, I dream of great riches
And I dream of a pile of bricks
Kept close to my right, and a new clock each night
That I'd bust every morning at six.

—A. S. W.



"Where can I find the agent for these tours?"



"Sorry, sir, but you've got this gentleman's seat."

More Life Lines

It develops that a bag of dynamite, enough to blow up lower New York, was checked by bomb plotters in a subway station four days. We understand the Noise Abatement Commission is indignant.

After a long struggle the co-eds of Northwestern University have been granted permission to smoke in their sorority houses, so now they won't have to stop.

Buenos Aires has a "Drink More Beer" campaign. Our sympathy is with the patriotic citizen who can't.

An executive advertises in a New York newspaper for a secretary with small feet. Office space in the big city is expensive.

When the wind blew down his barn a Pennsylvania farmer found a keg of rye bonded in 1911, but ordinarily farmers don't have much fun.

It never rains in California, but somehow we wonder how a member of the nudist colony there would look carrying an umbrella.

As we understand the numerous arguments in favor of liquor, it is not bad luck unless you light only three persons with one quart.

Things are down in the rural districts. It is said they are offering three birds in the bushes for one in hand.

An Oxford graduate has become a bootblack. Thus the student who says Greek won't help him when he gets out in the world may be mistaken.

And another thing that makes both parties hesitate is there is so little prohibition to come out against.

Triplet of Wonderment

What is all the shouting for?

Love is such a simple thing—

He adores, and I adore;

What is all the shouting for?

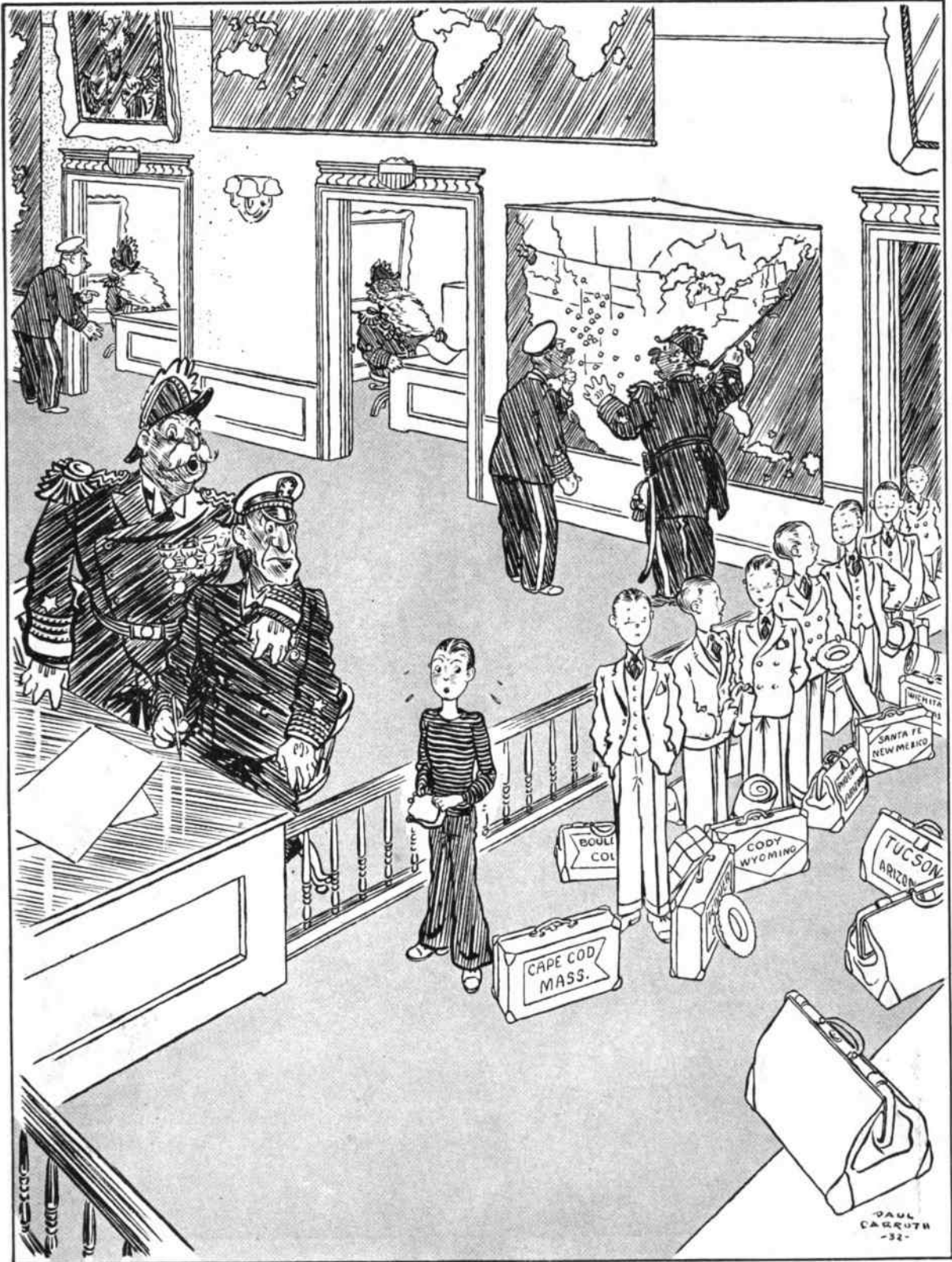
Writers write and presses roar,

Birds and crooners squawk and sing;

What is all the shouting for?

Love is such a simple thing!

—D. R. K.



CRISIS AT ANNAPOLIS
An applicant from a seaboard town!

IN YE GOOD OLDE DAYES



YE MONTHE OF JUNE

Who's Whom

LUMMY, E(thelbert) Henry, entertnr. at parties, and ins. slsmn.; *b.* New Rochelle, N. Y., January 1, 1900; *s.* William and Etta (Lush) L.; ed. pub. schs. New Rochelle; unmarried. Early became accomplished stunts at parties; 1908, learned to move scalp; 1910, learned to wiggle ears together, later could control one at a time; 1911, comical faces, including cross-eyed; same year sent to Montgomery Ward for 10c book, "How to Be a Ventriloquist"; 1912—developed imitations of animals: cat (by imprisoning air in cheek), chick, hen, dog, etc. triumphing with taxicab horn 1925; also open-air imitations, as cat, amount and peacock; expert at use of store tricks, i. e., sneeze powder, itch powder, false features, rubber-pointed pencil, dud matches, leaking glass, stink bombs, plate lifters, ticklers; can simulate expectoration very realistically, walk like crippled beggar or ape (with scratching); also adept at dialect stories, Irish, Jewish, Swedish, Negro, Brooklyn. Since 1920 ins. broker, New York, except Bellevue Hosp. June-Oct. 1922 after trying handshake on man friend, holding lighted cigarette between fingers. Republican, Democrat, Progressive. Mem. Elks, Red Men, Eagles, Odd Fellows, Masons, Tall Cedars; Baptist, Methodist, Congregational churches. *Address*, 23rd St. Y.M.C.A., New York.

—Stacy V. Jones.

A book of pictures has been published showing the horrors of war. One of the most gruesome illustrations is said to be a photograph of a plate of army beans.

Nowadays two pints make one cavort.

Ignominnaeus

A witless disciple of Linnaeus
Was a botany student named Phinnaeus;
He analyzed flowers
In the garden for owers,
But he couldn't tell roses from zinnaeus.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

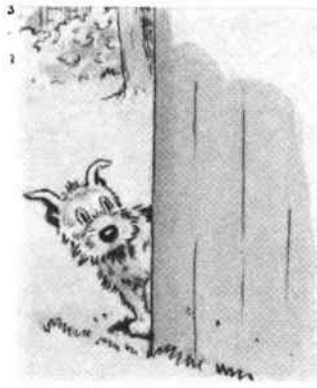
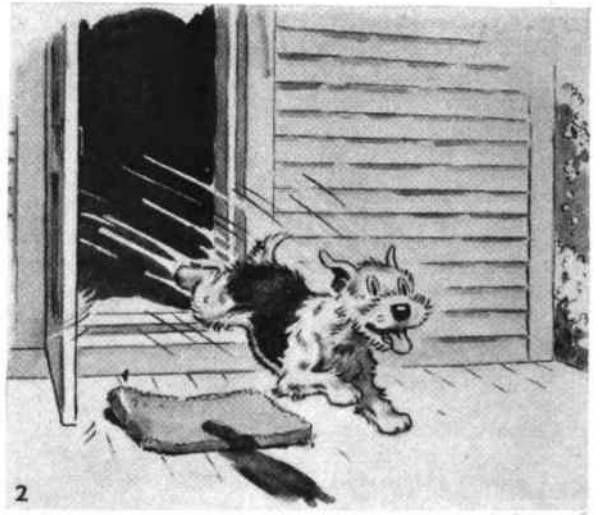


"What's happened to my ping-pong net?"

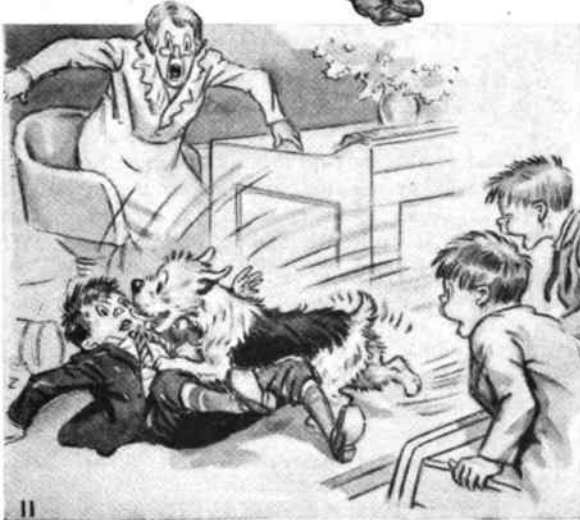


"Guess we'll have to turn it over, Joe."

SINBAD



..... IN THE NICK OF TIME!



THE DEFICIT . . . LOCAL SELF GOVERNMENT

BY E. S. MARTIN

MR. RICHARD WHITNEY, of the Stock Exchange, called to Washington to explain the drop in security prices in the week of April 7th was too polite to say to his inquisitors *Circumspice!*—(look around). But everybody except Congress seems to recognize that the immediate discouragement reflected in the stock market prices was due to increasing doubt whether Congress was equal to its job of supplying emergency remedies and balancing the budgets. The recent trouble with the stock market was Congress. When an Italian from New York disregarding party obligations was able to lead rebels from both parties in a successful movement to defeat items on the tax bill, that was disturbing because it broke the arrangement under which the House was trying to do its necessary business.

When tax fumbling showed in Congress security values began to drop. The value of Stock Exchange seats has dropped to about one-fifth of what it was. How about the value of seats in Congress? Have they fallen off any? Are they thought to be as secure as ever except subject possibly to a moderate drop in pay? The members of Congress might give attention to that. Are they a great fundamental fact or are they still no more than a factor in an experiment of government?

There was a Parliament in England that was dissolved by a blunt soldier who concluded it was no good. It is probably not a serious impiety to suggest that Congress as an institution of these States is more on trial than it realizes, and if in the present remarkable crisis in human affairs it should fail to do what seemed necessary to the welfare of the people of the country it might be wiped off the slate. After all there is the Stock Exchange and there is Congress and there is the Constitution. They are all devised for the convenience and welfare of our people. A part of Congress looks upon the Stock Exchange as an unrighteous assembly that is capable of almost any naughtiness, but the Stock Exchange looks at Congress and says very little. Stock prices drop, intimating conclusions that are not flattering to Congress.

When the reformers scared Congress into Prohibition the reputation of that assembly suffered. Everything that Prohibition has touched has suffered in morale in consequence.

But after all Congress has never been a band of champions but always an aggregation of rather ordinary persons with some good workers and some good leaders among them.

It is intimated by some observers that constitutional government both here and in England has serious changes ahead of it. That is possible enough. The problems immediately ahead are extraordinary and means quite as much out of ordinary may have to be contrived to meet them.

CONGRESS has to invent taxes and the stocks fluctuate according to opinion whether its inventions are good or bad, hopeful or otherwise.



THE NOT-QUITE-ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

POUND NOTE (to Dollar Bill): "I know that sinking feeling. Glad you're going to take the same stuff I took. Picked me up a lot!"—Punch (by permission).

Congress is not worse than usual but it is up against more difficult questions than usual. Some of the brethren down there have been working hard and with intelligence, but the problems are difficult. What is good for one part of the country may not be good for another, usually is not. That is one great trouble with the Dry law. It works better in Kansas than it does in Massachusetts or New York. We need a great deal of local self government. The British seem to be somewhat ahead of us. They ought to be. England, including Wales, is a compact territory with a homogeneous population. To be sure nowadays the Dominions conflict its problems but they are simpler still than ours.

As our matters now stand one lot of States vote for taxes and another lot pays them. There are a lot of mountain states between Kansas and California with two votes apiece in the Senate but no more than a microscopic contribution to the national revenues. There is a name for those States as seen by Eastern taxpayers which is far from polite.

Can our machinery of government be improved? Of course we can get along with it as it is, but could it be improved? Of course it can be improved by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, which is a disgusting tyranny but beyond that, what? The champion of the bonus is Patman, a Congressman from Texas. He won't have to pay it. Texas is a great state but not so very profuse a taxpayer.



FRED
NEHER.

"The pigeons have arrived on the window ledge, sir!"



A NEW YORK STREET IN SIZZLING JULY

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-five years. In that time it has expended almost half a million dollars and has given a happy holiday in the country to 55,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which will be acknowledged in LIFE) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 E. 42nd St., New York.

A Matter of Interest

WHEW! Isn't it hot?"
"Yes, indeed! Gives a good idea of what a summer in New York must be! Glad my folks will be up country all season, and that I'm to join them for my August vacation."

But, how about the people who can't get away for the hot months—who won't have any vacation, and who have not been having and are not likely to have any too much to eat, either? How about them?

Unfortunately, there are only too many of these in our Greater New York. People whose savings were all used up during the unemployment period of the winter—so they came almost down to the bread lines. Where is the money coming from for their children's vacations?

What does a vacation at one of LIFE'S Camps mean? It means fifteen Summer days and cool country nights under the most ideal conditions. The camps, for Boys at Pottersville, New Jersey, and for Girls at Branchville, Connecticut, to these poor youngsters, are *The Land of Dreams Come True*. Each Camp is on a big farm, out in the country, with everything a growing child needs, including personal supervision by trained college counsellors

with the "human touch"—the very best of wholesome food—swimming under the tutelage of a trained instructor—a study of Nature's laws—an insight into animal life—dramatics and many other things which belong to children,—children who are to be the citizens of tomorrow.

We are proud of our Camps and we cast modesty to the winds in laying claim to this fact. We welcome visitors who come to see for themselves.

Last year we reduced our budget \$5,000 as compared to the year before

Your Twenty Dollars May Change This Little Fellow's Entire Life



Drawn for LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund
by Charles Dana Gibson.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND NEEDS YOU!

and we took somewhat fewer children. This year, to be safe, we should reduce it by a similar sum but we really shouldn't reduce the number of children. We are going to start the season at least by "gambling" on the fact that you will give this year. To be sure, gambling on a person's love of children is a pretty sure "bet." After all, are not children the best bet of all?

We admit that we are limited mechanically in making this appeal to your generosity. Therefore, after you have read this, as we hope you will won't you please pass this copy of LIFE along to some sympathetic friend? We ask this for no selfish reason but only and solely for the sake of needy children who are virtually crying aloud for help and opportunity. Our vacation days will be happy ones, let us hope. We can enjoy them more with the thought that we have given happiness to some deserving child.

Anything that you can send will be gratefully appreciated, be it one dollar or many times that amount.

Checks payable to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City will pay you dividends a thousand-fold: health and happiness—a real opportunity—for a little Boy or Girl.

\$500 given as LIFE'S Fresh Air Endowment, means the money will be put with other funds that are now in a perpetual trust, and the income from your \$500 will ensure a vacation each summer for one poor city child at our Camps.

Contributions such as shoes, clothes, etc., can be sent either to LIFE'S Camp for Boys, Pottersville, New Jersey, or to LIFE'S Camp for Girls, Branchville, Georgetown P.O., Connecticut.

All contributions will be acknowledged in LIFE in an early issue, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

May we count on you?

—THE EDITORS.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

YOUR idea of signing up for professional baseball for the coming summer and thereby taking yourself off my dole line sounds good to me. If that really was a scout from the Yankees who was at college talking to you it means you will at least get your room, board and spending money in Memphis or San Antonio. I have watched a lot of ball players in my time, for I go back to the days of Cupid Childs, Winnie Mercer and Cy Seymour! and I regard a few seasons of even minor league ball a valuable experience for it teaches a young man to live without working, and that is the essential thing to know these days. You have the primary qualification for a professional ball player. You like to sit by the hour in hotel lobbies.

Of course, it would be nice if you made good with the Yankees. You started out to be a doctor, but if you've studied your American history you know that while a lot of doctors have had to take up life insurance the American people have never failed to reward a fellow who had a hop on his fast one.

Your brother Theodore, the one who is taking foreign and domestic commerce, is trying to get lined up for the summer as a counsellor at a boys' camp. As he can't swim or ride and knows nothing of woodcraft or boys he should have no trouble qualifying.

There's nothing to be done about

Charlie, for as he is a football coach he can't work in the summer without violating the union rules.

Fortunately I've been busy myself this spring. We've had some nice orders down at the brick yard. Nothing to get excited about but sufficient to save me from having to putter around the roses in the back yard.



"I want to buy—what do you call it—a razor?"

Did I tell you about the break I got here at home last month? Your mother got it into her head that she should do something to help me, so she took all the Early American furniture out of the living room and sold it. She got half enough from the sale to refurnish

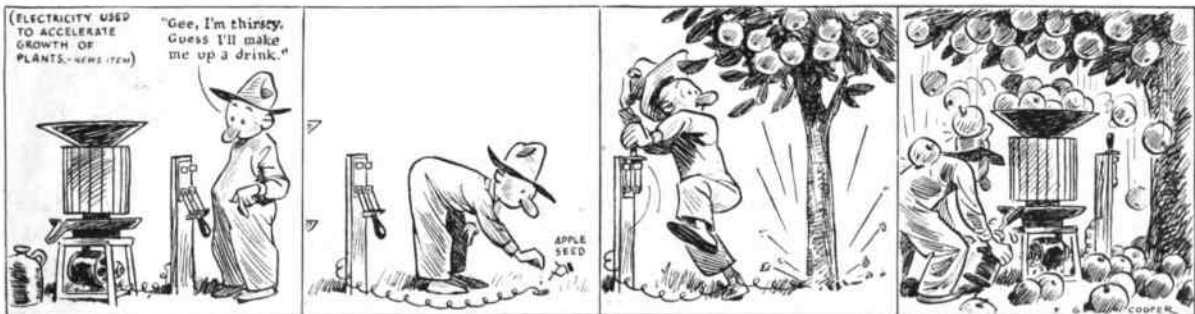
the room in modern style, so she got the pleasure of thinking she was helping me and I got something comfortable to sit in for only fourteen hundred dollars.

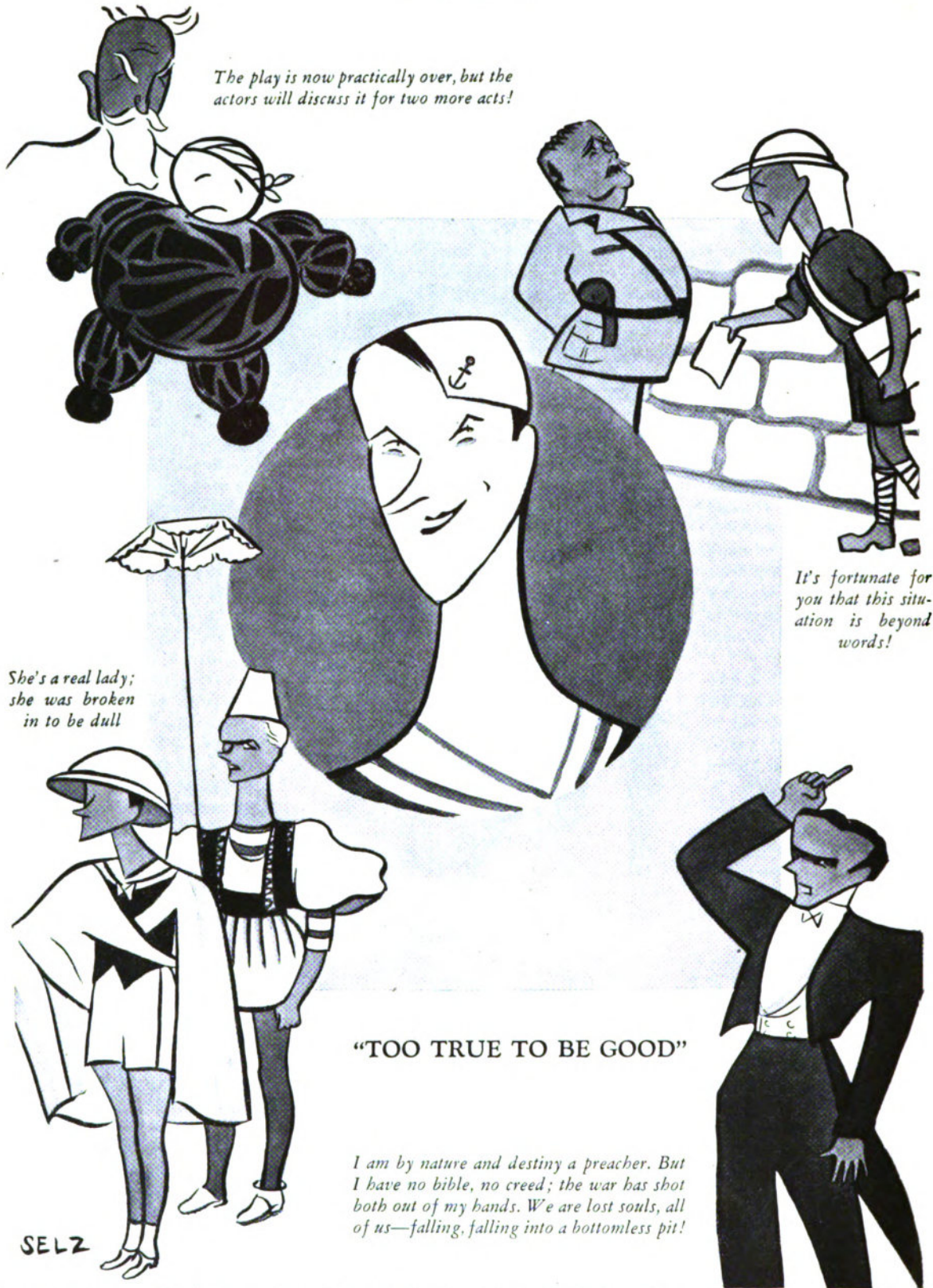
She kept two or three of the finer old pieces, just enough to refer to when we have company and call up in the minds of the visitors a house with white pillars and a line of silver-haired retainers waiting on the portico to greet Young Miss as the Master brings her home a bride. The fact that your Mother's childhood home was on the ninth floor of an apartment house doesn't seem to prevent her having an ancestral seat when it comes time for callers to depart and vague generalities are perfectly safe.

But she got furious with me the other night when I tried to take my turn and referred to the stable my grandfather used to keep. I told her there wasn't any difference between touching up a livery stable and making it a racing stable and converting a rear flat into a rambling Georgian mansion in fancy's eye. But as you will learn some day it all depends on whose ancestors are being gilded by the delicate brush of memory.

I realize you will sacrifice your amateur standing if you sign this contract but the last time I saw Bobby Jones in the motion pictures he looked well and fairly happy.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.





The play is now practically over, but the actors will discuss it for two more acts!

She's a real lady; she was broken in to be dull

It's fortunate for you that this situation is beyond words!

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD"

I am by nature and destiny a preacher. But I have no bible, no creed; the war has shot both out of my hands. We are lost souls, all of us—falling, falling into a bottomless pit!

SELZ

From left to right (top): Shaw, overseeing *A Microbe*, played by Julius Evans; Ernest Cossart as Colonel Tallboys, V. C., D. S. O.; and Leo G. Carroll, as Private Meek. (Center): Beatrice Lillie, as a chambermaid, masquerading as a nurse, masquerading as a countess. (Bottom): Beatrice Lillie and Hope Williams, as her native servant. Hugh Sinclair as *The Burglar*, interpreting Shaw.

THE THEATRE

By Louise Bascom Barratt

BERNARD SHAW'S measles nightmare, perhaps well-named *Too True To Be Good*, saves the secret dictionary addict days of research in the realm of gnus and gnats and refreshes the mind on numberless subjects from the dullness of society and the uncertainty of the lower and higher centers to the dangers of safety and security—a laugh in itself today!

The great Englishman's shrewdness and humor are much augmented by Beatrice Lillie, who almost throws the drama out of focus by so many delightful antics that it is difficult not to exclaim, "Give us more Lillie and less Shaw". As an ex-chambermaid nurse, she bounces through Mr. Jorgulesco's interesting scenery abetted by Hope Williams, her irritable and fashionable patient, who claims to be terribly delicate when awake. The remainder of Mr. Shaw's always stimulating vocabulary is put in the mouths of a burglar-curate who preaches on every subject from the luxury of honesty to fertilizer; a choleric colonel who storms about justice being no less justice because it is delayed; an ex-colonel who has joined the ranks because of inability to endure the conversation of the officer's mess; a sergeant who performs a juggling act with the Bible, John Bunyan and love; an anchorite; a bored doctor; an over-wrought Mamma; and a well dressed microbe.

At no time is the observer cognizant of what is going to happen, so there is no disappointment when nothing whatsoever occurs. Mr. Shaw's well produced symposium of at times amusing sermons, with here and there a quip such as, "A woman's future is not with her mother", is decidedly for believers that the Guild can do no wrong, rather than for merry pleasure seekers unused to seeing microbes in fancy dress. Yet in all the clutter of profundity and clowning there are moments of power to thrill the revered master's worshippers and spur the mentally lazy to grope for the meanings behind the barrage of words.

In sharp contrast to the somewhat static quality of this drama by a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature is the

rapid action of *Riddle Me This!*, John Golden's gift to nervous women who enjoy mystery plays but who dread pistol shots and the apprehension of waiting for the next victim. The worst is over when the curtain rises and the play gallops off capably ridden by Frank Craven and Thomas Mitchell, who somehow possess the rare gift of looking like, talking like, and acting like human beings. A dormant-diaphragmed corpse, a pleasant villain, and a pink and white stock broker (who obviously eats cream puffs and whose mother apparently has kept from him the truth about Kreuger and Toll) assist the stars in proving that either the audience's eyes or the detectives' deductions are inexcusably poor. As usual the criminologists turn out to be slightly in error. For non-searchers after problems, sex or brilliant dialogue, *Riddle Me This!* is as lively entertainment as *Too True To Be Good* is a test of concentration.

Quite different from the curiously contrasting successes of Bernard Shaw and Daniel Rubin is *There's Always Juliet*—a play with one of those irritating, difficult-to-remember titles which playwrights now implant in their works by means of Shakespearean references.

As in the case of *Reunion in Vienna*, the unquestioned box-office triumph of John Van Druten's comedy depends largely on Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, who, like Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, have played together

until they have established an understanding and rhythmic smoothness that makes every gesture a pleasure to watch. They toss their thistle-downs of thought to one another with tenderness and skill, as if always anxious that the other should carry off any possible palm-leaf award. The blue ribbon rating of their vehicle, however, might conceivably turn to red in the hands of jealous actors, eager to step on the co-star's lines and laughs.

The dialogue is crisp, but not extraordinary, the plot of two human beings falling in love at sight and spending pleasant moments together with practically no interference is almost too simple to be called a plot, and yet the attention is dexterously caught and held. The secret, it would seem, is that all observers are overjoyed to find two attractive, smart-looking, worldly people uttering exactly the every-day trivialities they themselves would use in the same glamorous circumstances.

PLAYS TO SEE

Tested Shows Two Months or More Old

Counsellor-at-Law: Well played melodrama about the troubles of a Jewish criminal lawyer and his Park Avenue wife.

Hot-Cha!: Ziegfeld musical background for Ziegfeld girls.

Mourning Becomes Electra: The second company, headed by Judith Anderson and Florence Reed, in a two-plays-in-one O'Neill show so gloomy that the stock market looks bright in comparison.

Of Thee I Sing: Good-natured, hilarious political satire, featuring Gershwin's modern music.

Reunion in Vienna: Fontanne-Lunt in sparkling, sophisticated comedy.

Springtime for Henry: Naughty farce-comedy. Liked very much or not at all.

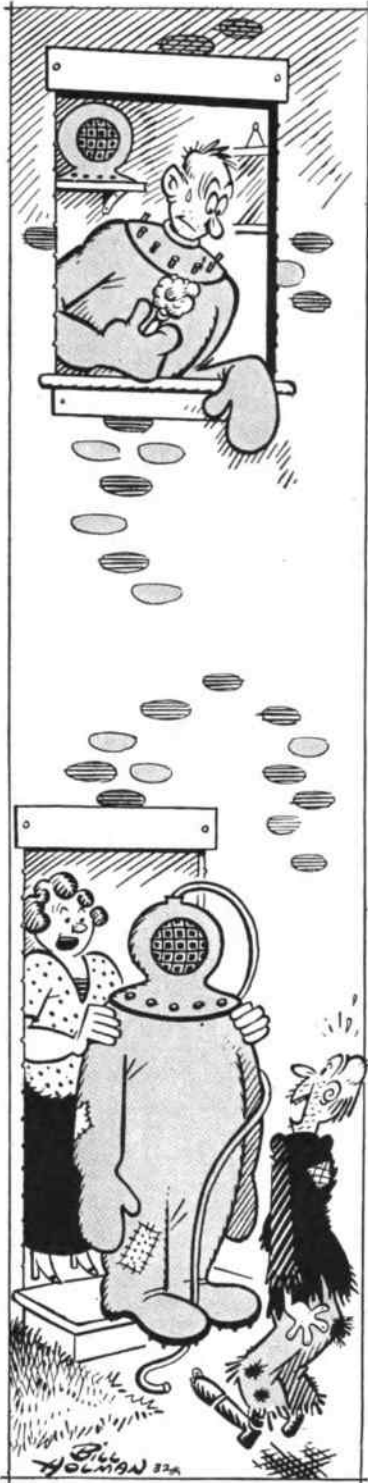
The Animal Kingdom: Leslie Howard marries the wrong woman in a theatrically contrived story containing charming people to know.

The Cat and the Fiddle: Leisurely, pleasing, tuneful musical comedy.

The Laugh Parade: Ed Wynn in Ed Wynn, set to music.

Whistling in the Dark: Whimsical Ernest Truex entangled in a really good gangster-mystery plot.





DIVER'S WIFE: I can let you have one of my husband's old suits!

Sunday Afternoon Interludes

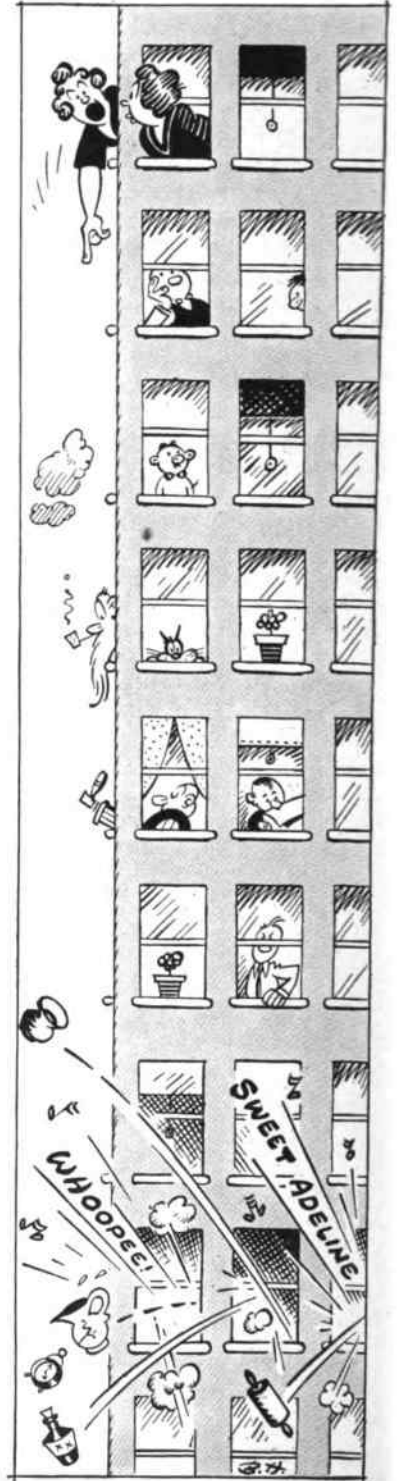
"John, what's that? . . . Why, that shouting! Don't you hear it? . . . Well, listen. . . There! There it is again. . . Why, it's—isn't it an extra? . . . John, it *is* an extra! . . . What of it? Why, it's probably something *important*, that's what of it! Listen, now, and see if you can make out what he says. . . Can you get it? . . . What? Who *cares*? . . . Well, I care, and I should certainly think *you* would! The *idea* of not taking any more interest in what's going on! It's—it's unpatriotic! . . . Listen now, there he goes again. Can you make it out? . . . John, are you *listening*? It sounds like—why—why, it sounds like—John, it *is*! It's '*disaster*'! . . . It's DISASTER, John! John, he's saying '*all about the big disaster*'—just as plain as day! . . . What? '*Hooley*'? What do you mean, '*hooley*'? As if they'd *dare* go around shouting something that wasn't so, don't be ridiculous! . . . Here he *comes*, John! . . . John, he's coming right this way—John, run quick! . . . John, I say run and *get* one, he's coming right down our *street*! . . . Oh, now it's just as *plain*—'*all about the big DISASTER, DISASTER*'—oh, I know it's something *terrible*! JOHN! How CAN you sit there like a *bump on a LOG*! BOY! BOY! BRING ME A PAPER! HURRY—What, a nickel? . . . John, bring me a nickel, John give the boy a nickel, I want to hurry up and see what . . . Well, just a *minute*, John, till I find OUT what it is, I'm looking—I don't see . . . 'Talking film stars Mayor Walker on Broadway'—that can't be it. . . Oh, HERE it is—'*Disaster Foreseen in Five-Year Plan*.' . . . Well. . . Is that all! . . . Well, for Heaven's sake, if that isn't the *limit*! . . . Why, the *idea* of charging a nickel for that! . . . What are you laughing at, John? I suppose you're *pleased* that I got cheated! . . . Well, it was *your* nickel, Mr. Smarty, don't forget that. . . What do you mean, '*worth it*'? . . . Hmph! Well, if you can see anything worth a nickel in *such* stupid drivel, why, take the old paper—THERE!"

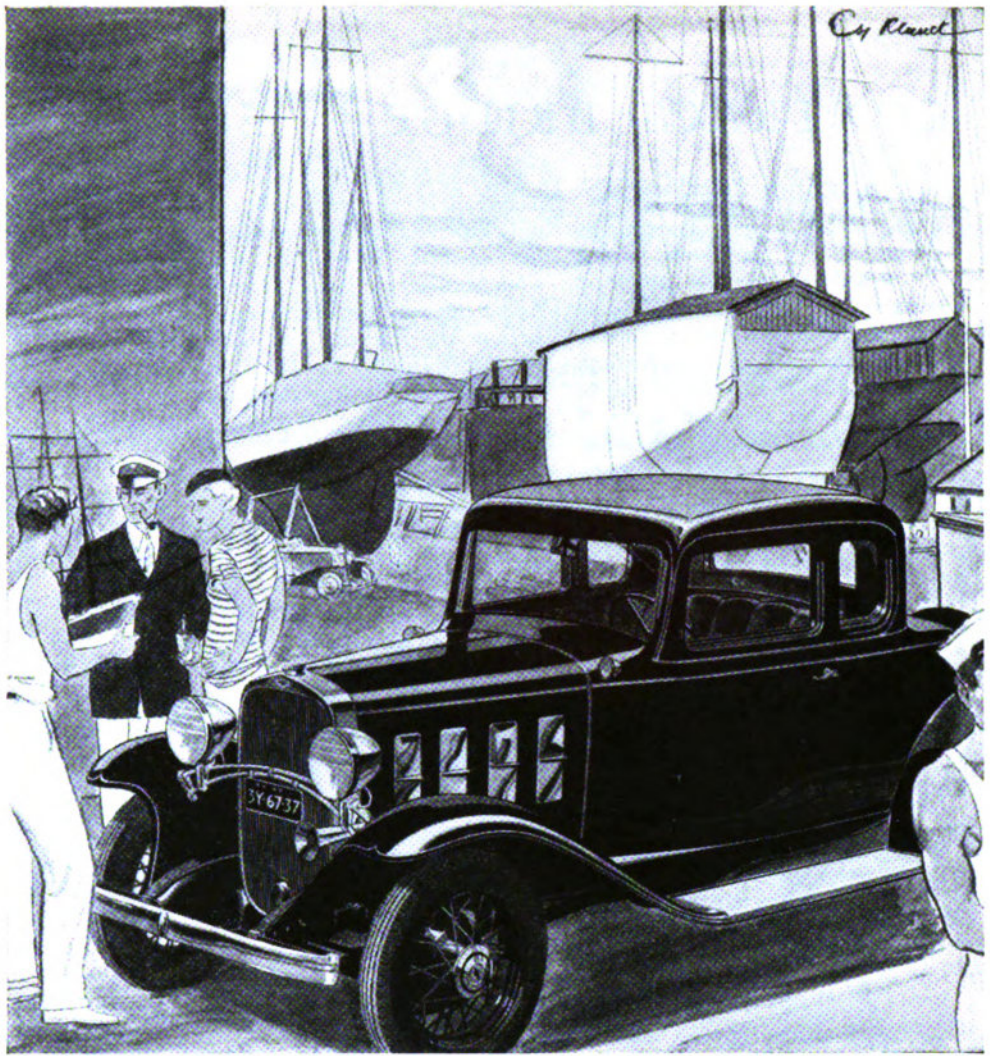
—Marian Deitrick.

Epitaph For A Popular Poet

It takes a heap o' dying
to make a
cemetery.

"I'm glad we moved from that neighborhood on the third floor."





STYLED TO THE MINUTE AND BUILT FOR THE YEARS

We really don't think it necessary at this late date to call your attention to the smart, modern appearance of the new Chevrolet Six. Like everybody else, you've undoubtedly already set it down as something new under the sun, and something extremely pleasing. But we *would* like to remind you that Chevrolet's beauty is more than paint deep. That lustrous finish you admire is durable

Duco. That gleaming hardware is plated with stainless chromium. The trim interiors of the stoutly-built Fisher bodies are lined with carefully selected upholstery. And the thrills you'll get from driving this car are firmly rooted in quality materials and construction. All parts of the car are built to withstand the rigors of the most demanding driving, while the smoothness and quietness

of the engine are *built-in* smoothness and quietness. The result is that when you buy a Chevrolet, you can plan on having fine appearance and performance for years, although you pay one of the lowest prices at which motor cars are sold.

Priced as
Low as **\$445** *f. o. b. Flint,
Michigan*
Special Equipment Extra
CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

☆ ☆ THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE ☆ ☆

CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON

Placing Your Partner on the Rack

PHYSICAL torture, according to history, was one of the favorite methods of primitive people in wreaking vengeance on their foes. In later ages, it has been used to convince people, whose ideas failed to conform with the orthodox, that they should see the error of their ways and repent. If we are to believe the reports printed in the public press, it is part of the equipment of a good police department to force an unwilling suspect to confess his crimes.

Physical torture, of course, is never applied at the Bridge table, but mental torture is sometimes consciously, or unconsciously, used by a player on his partner. Those who have written the codes of ethics of the game have never dealt with this particular offence, and I suppose it really is a matter beyond their ken and without their jurisdiction.

The other day I walked into a Bridge club in New York and saw two tables engaged in a team-of-four contest. The

contestants were of the modern school. They believed that the science of bidding was in concealing strength from the opponents as much as possible, while encouraging partner to continue the bidding until the best eventual declaration was reached. I sat down to watch the play of a few hands, which proceeded in an orderly manner until the hand given below was dealt.

East—Dealer
North and South vulnerable

		♠ A-J-9-8-6-5-4			
		♥ 4			
		♦ A-K-Q-J-4			
		♣ —			
♠ 10-3-2	N W E S	♠ K			
♥ J-5-2		♥ K-Q-3			
♦ 9-8-2		♦ 10-7-3			
♣ 9-8-5-2		♣ A-K-J-10-7-6			
		♠ Q-7			
		♥ A-10-9-8-7-6			
		♦ 6-5			
		♣ Q-4-3			



The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	2 ♣ (2)	Double (3)
Pass (4)	Pass	3 ♣ (5)	Double (6)
Pass	Pass	4 ♣ (7)	Double (8)
Pass (9)	Pass	5 ♣ (10)	Double (11)
Pass	Pass	6 ♣ (12)	Double
Pass	Pass	6 ♠ (13)	Double
Pass	Pass	Redouble	Pass
Pass	Pass	(14)	

(1) Obviously a very sound and strong Opening bid.

(2) An immediate Overcall in opponents' bid suit—a bid forcing partner to keep the bidding open until game is reached.

(3) East makes it unnecessary for partner to respond.

(4) South might be justified in now bidding two hearts on a six-card suit and 11½ honor-tricks, but he decides to await further action by his partner.

(5) Still demanding a bid from partner.

(6) Continuing to double with the thought that North may eventually reach the wrong contract.

(7) This bid requires a Takeout.

(8) Still an attempt to intercept the lines of communication.

(9) South has been on the rack since the first bid. He is now feeling the pull of the torture paraphernalia.

(10) North gives the thumbscrew another turn.

(11) The opponent joins in the process.

(12) A remarkable series of Overcalls, but picture partner's feelings.

(13) At last disclosing his suit.

(14) Still another turn of the thumbscrew.



"What, Colonel—no honors?"

Help us end this

\$25,000 argument

Write a "blurb"—
464 prizes this month!

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!	
For best Colgate "blurbs"	For best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st . . . \$500	1st . . . \$500
2nd . . . 125	2nd . . . 125
3rd . . . 50	3rd . . . 50
9 next . . . 25	9 next . . . 25
20 next . . . 10	20 next . . . 10
200 next . . . 5	200 next . . . 5



WATER'S PLENTY HARD, CHARLIE. BETTER TRY SOME OF THIS COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM. NOTHIN' LIKE IT FOR A REAL CLOSE 24-HOUR SHAVE.

THANKS, BUTCH. I'M USIN' PALMOLIVE. THERE AINT ANYTHING BETTER—AND NEVER WILL BE. GIVE ME AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM FOR GENUINE SHAVING COMFORT!



NIX, CHARLIE, I KNOW WHEN I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SHAVE. WHEN A CREAM GIVES ME A SMOOTH ALL-DAY SHAVE LIKE COLGATE'S DOES—I'M STICKIN' TO IT.

WELL, O.K. FELLER. THE CREAM THAT LEAVES MY FACE FEELIN' THE WAY PALMOLIVE DOES IS MY BABY—AND I DON'T TWO-TIME!

LISTEN to this argument, men! It's just the kind of argument you're likely to hear any time—in any part of the country.

Millions of men like Charlie and Butch have made Palmolive and Colgate's shaving creams the biggest sellers in the world. The overwhelming leaders in a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Colgate users swear there's nothing like it. Palmolive shavers are "sold solid." What's *your* slant? Are you with Butch or Charlie? Are you for Colgate's or Palmolive?

Write a "blurb" and let us know. Read over the "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths above. Then say *your* say—in favor of Palmolive *or* in favor of Colgate's (not both). Write in one of the empty "blurb" spaces at right, or better on a separate sheet of paper. Just "horn in" on the argument—in your own words. Get your pencil out—now!

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. E-6, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs"

received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29. \$4200 Mar. 31. \$4200
April 30. \$4200 May 31. \$4200
June 30. \$4200 July 31. \$4200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each ty-

ing contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

All contributions shall become the property of the manufacturers, to be used as desired.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some of the reasons why more men prefer Colgate's and Palmolive than any other shaving cream.

Write your "blurb" here, men!

Get some of that \$25,000

What can you Colgate users say to help Butch out? Or what can you Palmolive shavers add to Charlie's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money!

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

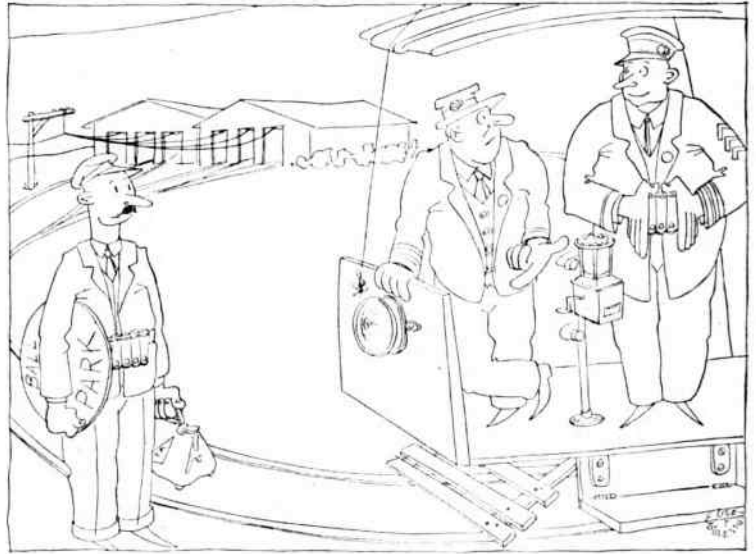
COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

It is much easier to imagine South's reaction to North's spectacular bids than to describe them. Actually, however, North's bidding, particularly up to the third round, was entirely sound. He required very little strength in his partner's hand to make a game and he hoped, by his series of Overcalls of the opposing bid, to convey to his opponents an incorrect picture of his two-suited holding. East, he reasoned, would place him with strength in hearts, as well as in spades, to justify his bidding pyrotechnics, which seemed to display a willingness to play the hand at any suit other than clubs. This was the picture that North wished to have firmly painted upon East's mind in order that a satisfactory Double might be coaxed from East at some stage in the bidding. The bids of five clubs and six clubs were, no doubt, overbids, as North was extremely fortunate in the particular distribution of the hand.

In playing the hand, North actually made seven spades, but this happy result was due to correct reading of the spade distribution, coupled with the fact that his partner held the Ace of hearts and that the diamonds adversely held broke evenly. Had North found an unfortunate distribution in the trump suit, his contract of six must surely have been defeated.

It is, of course, unwise to attempt to analyze this bidding on the basis of mere set rules. The bidding of North is far more correctly described as a study in opponent psychology rather than a picture of the values held in the hand by the series of bids which resulted so fortunately for North and South. If the Slam, makable on this hand, is to be reached in the bidding, the responsibility must rest with North in getting the picture of his holding across to his partner. The repeated Overcall in the opponent's bid suit should have sufficed to give South an idea of the distributional values held by North. North, no doubt, was well aware of this, but for himself had early decided that the hand must be played in a Slam. "In view of this," he reasoned, "what safer course is there to reach a Slam than to continually overcall the oppos-



INSPECTOR: *This is Mr. Abernathy, our guest conductor from Philadelphia*

ing bid, as long as that course is open to me?"

East had the opportunity to defeat North's strategy by the simple, but sound, policy of passing North's bids. South would then have been in a position of being forced to speak, and North might not have been able to create the mental picture which brought about the Double and the smashing Redouble.

When the mathematicians had completed the work of adding up the score

on this particular hand, North blamed his partner, who was limp from the strain of the bidding, for "giving too much encouragement."

"You should have made a bid," said North, "and stopped me from going so high. Your passes caused me to bid the Slam, which we might not have made."

And thus we find a Bridge player who outdoes Shakespeare's character who "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

A pass by partner—an encouraging bid—but then it must be confessed that North needed little, if any, encouragement.

This Month's Pointer

As in war, surprise is the essential factor in psychological tactics against opponents. The bid (or sometimes the absence of a bid) which misinforms the enemy and leads him to make a wrong assumption is a surprise bid. Under this general heading there are grouped many different kinds of surprise bids variously known as "bluff," "camouflage," or "psychic" bids. In this connection it is important to clear up two points which are apt to cause confusion—one dealing with ethics of surprise bids, and the other dealing with a certain kind of idiotic bluff bids.



That's What I Say, Too!

N. W. Ayer & Co., Inc. says:

“Advertising, reduced to its lowest common denominator, is circulation. In other words—readers.

“The first office of an advertising agent is to know what he is buying for his client—not only where a medium goes, but how many and what kinds of people read it and whether the number of readers justify its rate. The second office is to fill that space with copy that will gain reader interest and cause reader action.”

CAN you imagine any passengers who ride inside a Fifth Avenue bus failing to read the advertisements in front of them? We know how many passengers ride. We collect the dimes and count them! We have studied the kinds of people who ride and we know they are people of above the average means, with good taste and discrimination. We also know that bus passengers are all dressed up, ready to be persuaded with the smallest amount of effort on their part, to buy merchandise when they leave the bus. Your merchandise can be reproduced exactly in color at no extra expense for the space. This is the year of opportunity. Spaces are now obtainable that have not been offered for ten years. Let us tell you about them.

Agency commission 15%—cash discount 2%

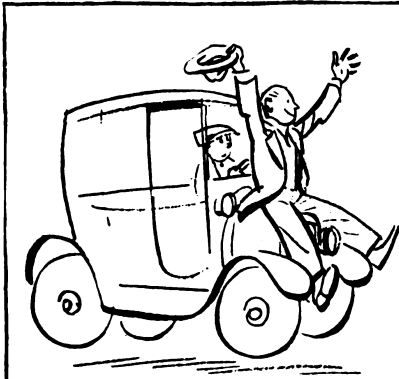
JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.

ADVERTISING SPACE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE COACHES

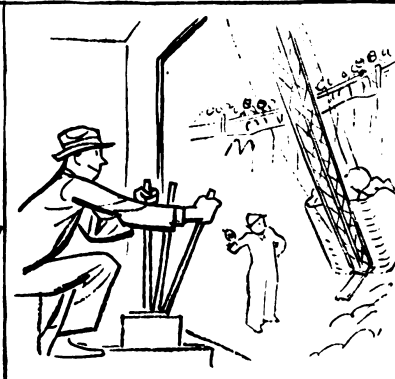
425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Telephone CAledonia 5-2151

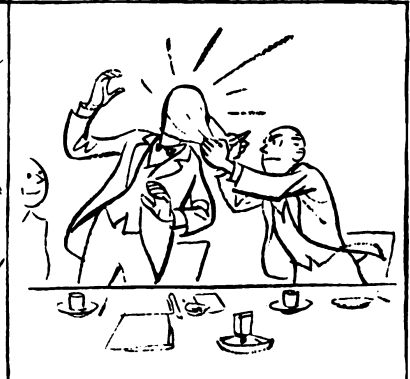
DREAM OF THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WANTED TO—



Joy ride on a taxi hood.



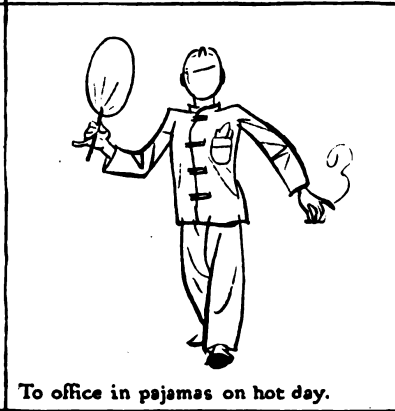
Operate a steam shovel.



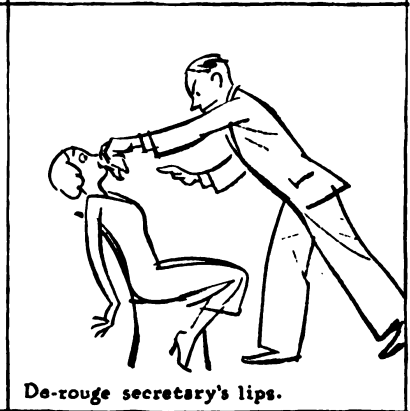
Smother an after-meal speaker.



Kiss the prettiest girl he meets.



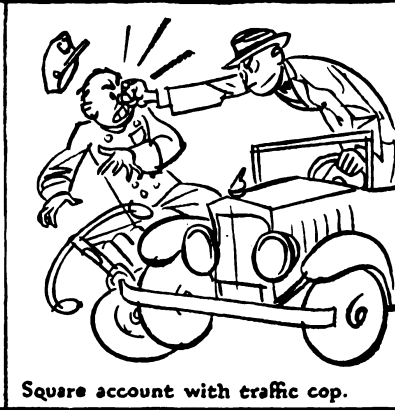
To office in pajamas on hot day.



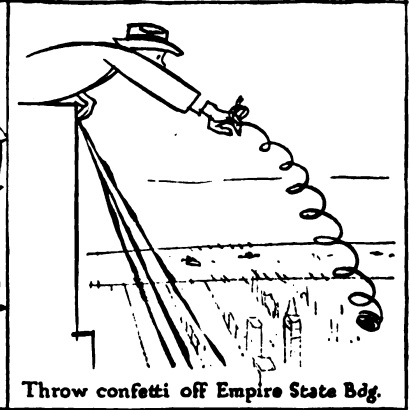
De-rouge secretary's lips.



Make pedestrians keep to left.



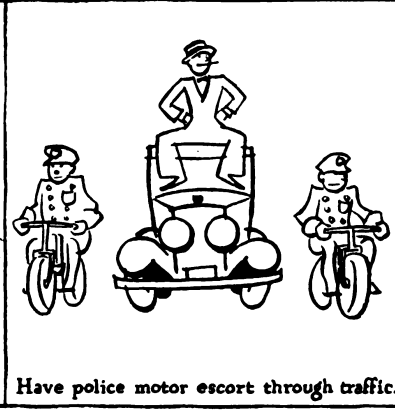
Square account with traffic cop.



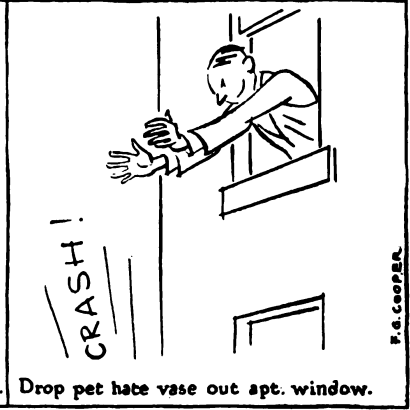
Throw confetti off Empire State Bdg.



Drive golf ball up Fifth Avenue.



Have police motor escort through traffic.



Drop pet hate vase out apt. window.

P. G. COOPER

Blow-your-own-Horn-Column

As for myself an ideal program—in fact, the one I hope to build some sweet day for myself—is a half-hour with a glittering, sparkling orchestra and an ever-changing parade of assisting artists. Something doing every second. Plenty of variety, surprises, speed and punch. And, of course, full opportunity to run rampant through it myself—to sing, pound the ivories, chat, kid and cut loose generally.

—Ray Perkins, radio humorist.

"You really *must* meet me! You'll *rave* over me! Everybody is *crazy* about me! I'm perfectly *divine*!"

—Tallulah Bankhead, in *Picture Play*.

LADY WILKINS telling me ecstatically about Friday's Opera . . . after her weekend with Sir Hubert in Montreal. . . .

—May Christy, in *The N.Y. Journal*.

I'll never forget the time a small town printer folded up on me. I was in the press room, panting with eagerness for the first copy of our high school paper which carried my name as editor. Hot dog!

—Editor, *College Humor*.

"They always cast me in the rôle of a 'love-'em-and-leave-'em' baby when all the time I am trying to convince movie directors I can do heavy, dramatic parts."

—Jean Harlow.

Epitaph For A Janitor

Inured to dust
I may continue
sleeping.

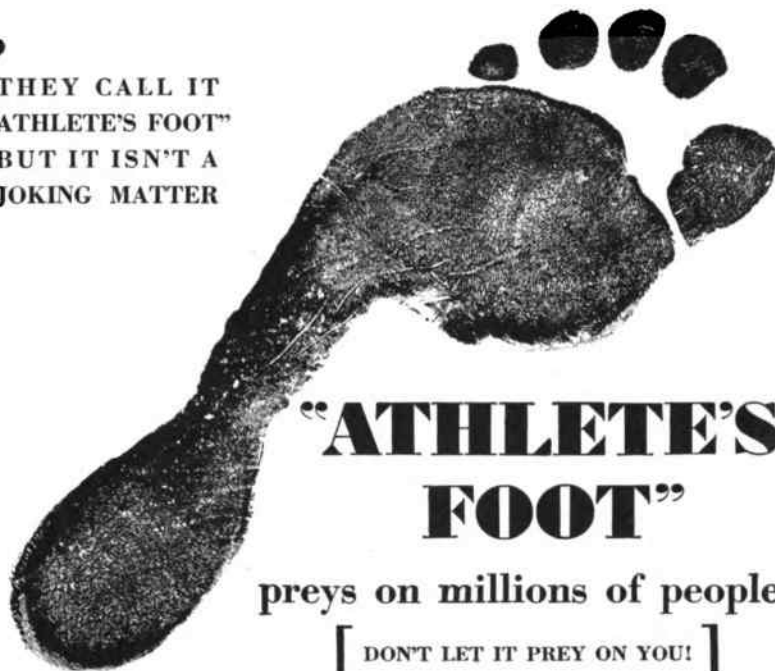
Amerrykahna

Varneesh.
Musalidge.
Vasleen.
Linnimunt.

Ice Crim Cowans.
Ginjarale.
Vunnalla Extrak.
Mintz Meat.

Marethon Contests.
Real State Developmunts.
Charety Buzzars.
Distric Turneys.

●
THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER



"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp

surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



DESERT ROUGH CUTS

BY

HARRY OLIVER

THERE ain't any real reason for these stories about my desert friends and this Mañana store only that Borego Valley's still a happy tomorrow place and probably won't be when them cement roads, escrows, traffic laws an' billboards sneak up on us.

Now this here establishment of mine happened where it is unintentional. Me an' Uncle Zeke was drivin' a tote team loaded with provisions years ago in one of them Southern California gold rushes an' got this far when the team wore out and the wagon collapsed. So the company we was working for says, "Build a 'dobe store and we'll make our headquarters here."

The company didn't find much gold and about a year later Uncle Zeke couldn't find the company. Zeke had the store, an' not knowin' what to do with it, just kinda kept it going easy-like.

There was always a few of them desert prospectors coming along and we kept mail in a keg for them. Helping Uncle Sam like that we couldn't leave the mail, for U. S. mail is U. S. mail you know, even though lots of folks came back only every year or more, an' darn near all of 'em owed us for grub.

Not long after the company smashed up, poor Uncle Zeke missed a water hole by 'bout a mile and a half, looking for that gold. But I stayed here in the shade satisfied with a few copers and waiting for life to come my way. It come, folks, good and plenty with lots that was interesting, bringing heroes and cowards, successes and failures, cheats and the cheated from many corners of the world, all come to find peace and decency and live close to the sun and earth. They shed their pasts like lizards shed their tails.

There's no use diggin' down below

pay dirt in people's lives. These wide open spaces are so wide and so open that if a fellow had a sneaky thought or a mean disposition, he'd have to tie a rock on each corner of it to keep it from leavin' him.

Here in the desert we take an interest in simple things that become right important after a while, things such as the family affairs of a horned toad, the flight of a tarantula hawk, the location of Fremont's footprints, Anza's trail and the Peg-Leg Mine, what dried up the dry lakes, what makes mirages, why cactus has stickers and water must be witched, why jumping cactus jumps and the sidewinder goes sideways and smoke trees smoke and siestas siest.

People find their corners and fit themselves into them, just naturally acquiring new names. Life is at its simplest best in this little heart-shaped valley called Borego.

Whenever days move slow at the Mañana store I take to making woodcuts of my desert friends and the things they do and see and think about. Some

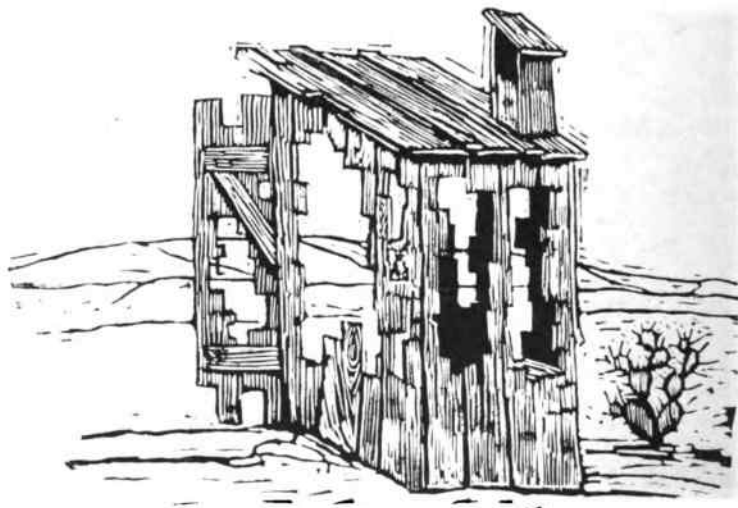
of my cuts were whittled out in the wind, some while half asleep sittin' in the sun, some over the counter where an idea come leapin' out of nowhere. I was always a little short on talent, experience and wood. Last time the Widow Winchester was here she looked out back of my place and said, kinda stern and reprov'in', "Hal, 'fore you go much further with this wood-cuttin' foolishness of yours, you better move up in the hills among the pines."

The Passing of Borego Valley Scotty

SCOTTY ain't no more; he ain't dead or gone, mind you, but still there ain't no more Scotty. I know it's kinda confusin' but facts is facts, and we feel like there's been a funeral even when we know there ain't.

It come to a head yesterday. Haywire Johnnie rigs up a sure-fire, all-hitting, no-missing cuspidor to take the place of the sawdust box. It was a brass cuspidor. Someone willed it to Liminat Lem and he give it to me. It's got fine proportions and can accommodate all my customers. First time the boys used it, they discovered if you hit it dead center it makes a loud plink. That gives Johnnie an idea.

He comes over early yesterday mornin' to fix a contraption that'll fool the boys. All's it calls for is a piece of haywire, a rubber band and a string. It looks something like a mouse trap and is small enough to be hid behind the cuspidor with the manipulating





AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

string round the end of the counter. Every time Johnnie pulls back on the string and lets go he stretches and releases the rubber band which is attached to a knobby-headed wire, and on the release the knob hits the cuspidor with a deceiving plink. Johnnie first shows his skill and technique to Gopher Joe and collects a two bit side bet with a trick shot that was supposed to turn around the corner at the finish and light in the gabboon, and did, for all Joe knew, hearing that home-base gong. Then Gopher Joe bet four bits with Liminatin Lem who come in next that he couldn't sit where he was and spit without hitting the floor, but lost because Lem spit out of the window.

Then in come Colonel Kashin and Borego Valley Scotty. Johnnie gives a knowing wink to Flapjack. "Here's your chance to make your money back," he says.

So Flapjack makes a five dollar bet with Scotty that he can spit around the corner and land square in the spittoon. Scotty takes Flapjack on and Johnnie sees to it that he loses. Scotty paid with a smile, like he liked it, and set the boys up to a round of cigars and soda pop. Strange doin's for a Scotchman, but that's the way Scotty's always been.

Kashin makes a wise-crack about his Scotch generosity and Scotty tells us how for thirty years he's been trying to live down the Scotch jokes and be different till he got so used to giving till it hurt that he kinda liked the pain. With that he buys another round of soda pop. Then I remember I have a letter for Scotty which I kept three weeks trying to figure out where it's from. So I hands it to him and he reads it, and you couldn't say from the expression on his face that the news was good. He busts out sudden with a string of cuss words fit to hang a man.

A LONE figure in overalls surveys the fields of his labor. Freshly planted rows point their even lines around a gently rising hill. Seemingly the world and its people are far away. But this man is not alone!



His home is at the top of the distant hill. And in his home is a telephone. Eighty-five million miles of wire lead to it. His call is a command to one or more of several hundred thousand employees. Day or night he may call, through the Bell System, any one of nearly twenty million other telephones in this country and an additional twelve million abroad.

And yet, like you, he pays but a small sum for a service that is frequently priceless in value. The presence of the telephone, ready for instant use, costs only a few

cents a day. With your telephone, you are never alone. It is an investment in companionship, convenience, and security. Through it you can project your personality to the faraway places of the earth, or bring familiar voices to the friendliness of your fireside.

Undoubtedly a great factor in the continued progress and improvement of telephone service is the intangible but real spirit of service that has become a tradition in the telephone business. This spirit expresses itself daily and in any emergency. And behind the army engaged in giving service is the pioneering help of a regiment of five thousand scientists and technical men, engaged in the sole task of working for improvement. This group devotes itself exclusively to seeking ways and means of making your telephone service constantly better and better.

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"It's from Switzerland," he says, after stopping for breath. "I've hae'n one hundred thousand dollars left me and a half interest in a cookoo clock factory."

"Well that's nothing to get sore at," says Kashin. "You ought to be happy."

"Maybe you think it nothing to get sai'r about," says Scotty. "Here I've been mai'r than thirty years trying to be what a Scotchman ain't and noo I'm findin' oot I'm aw' wrong. For the

bloke I thought was my faither was only my frien' and foster parent. It makes my heart sair and gars me greet to ken I'm no Scotch after aw'. I've been deceived. The man who was really my faither turns out to be a Swiss."

Borego Valley Scotty ain't no more, but as Big Think says, he'll have a hell of a time living down that accent.

(Hal tells more about his friends next month.)

BOOK TALK

FOR a time after finishing John Dos Passos' "1919" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) I had black spots flickering across my eyes—the way the old-fashioned movies used to affect me. Gradually they disappeared and I could see the whole magnificent book in a better perspective. The spots were caused by Mr. Dos Passos himself. Intentionally perhaps. He kept getting into the picture. He kept jerking the film. Every now and then he pulled it out of focus. Had it been an unremitting succession of Hemingway jerks the eye could have gotten accustomed to them. But the jerks of "1919" interrupt long smooth runs of intense romance and steadily advancing character evolutions.

The war, of course, is the subject, America and the war. The young men and women who go to war and their follies and their talk and their tragedies—these are the smoothly running romances. And just about the time they are running smoothly, along come "new reels" of headlines that we could very well do without, verbal snapshots of prominent characters of the time that happen to register with the picture, and then, slipped in without adding to the effect, are the jerk paragraphs that the author calls "Camera Eye" and which are nothing more nor less than Mr. Dos Passos telling his remembrances of the war. These we could forego without spoiling a splendid book.

The Victorian novelist had a way of saying, "Gentle Reader, we will now, etc."—and lead the G. R. off the course of the narrative into the bushes of his thoughts and sensations. The modern novelist would scorn the thought of using such a palpable trick. But here's an author doing precisely the same thing, with the difference that he isn't gentle about it, has no intention of being gentle. He leaps plunk into the middle of highly engaging narrative without apology. What Thackeray did with a winning gesture John Dos Passos does with yells and stutters.

Despite this—and when the black

spots fade out of the mental eye—"1919" stands revealed as a magnificent picture of youth being drawn on to an inevitable doom and having a riotous time as it goes there.

Accustomed once more to the orderly succession of events—and to take the acid taste out of the mouth—we follow Gustav Eckstein through "Lives" (Harper & Bros.). Eckstein, it will be remembered, wrote that splendid study of Noguchi, the Japanese medical explorer. Here his lives are microscopic almost—white mice, cockroaches, a macaw, cats, turtles—and such other strange companions as biologists take for their intimates. The studies are



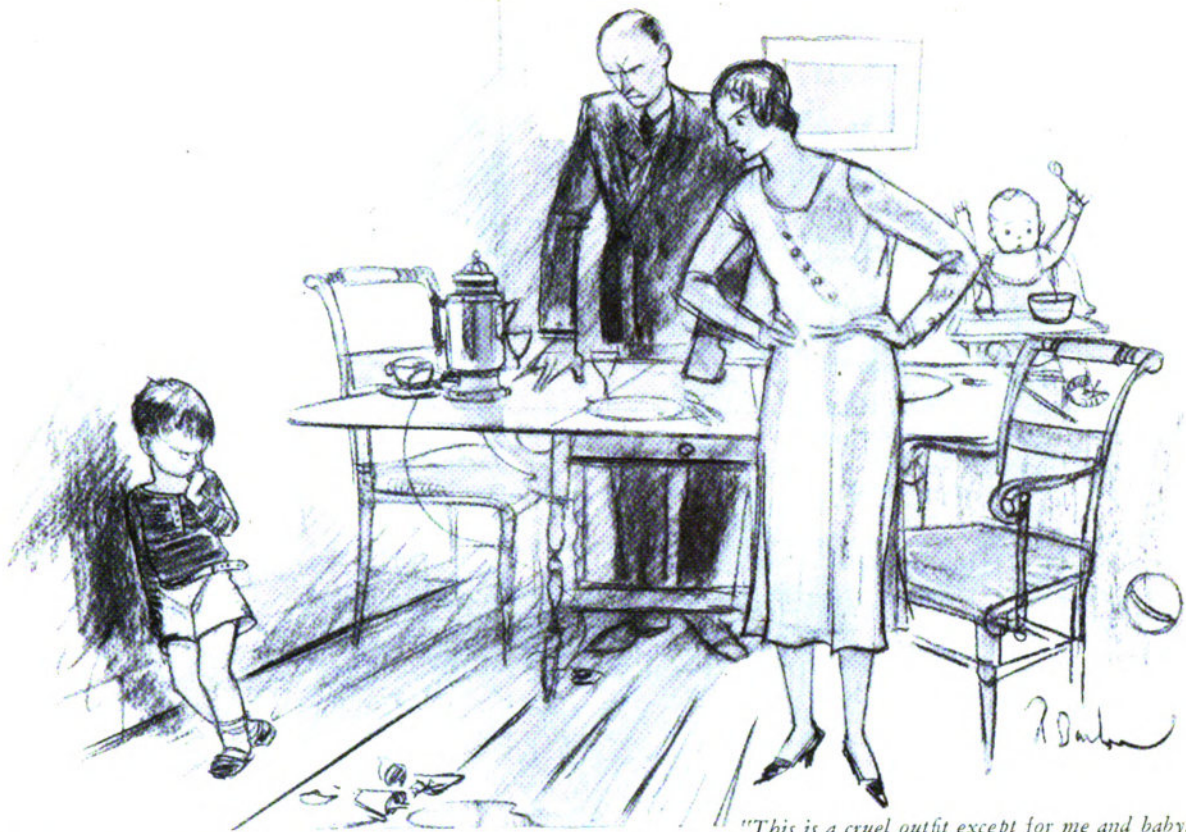
"What kinda book would yonse like?"

close-up miniatures of mute romance, adventure, tragedy and bitter cynicism. The hand of the experimenter constantly overshadows their lives. He is their nemesis. He pulls the strings of their tiny careers. But gently. No jerks here. This God isn't nervous. His Gentle Reader is always sitting just by his side absorbed in the world below. And when the lives are finished, the G. R. has become somewhat timid and trusting himself, so gently does Eckstein lead his small friends through their short lives.

Up to the present, according to his own biography published by Long-

mans, Green and Company, life has been a grand tussle between the gods and Frank Lloyd Wright. There's Welsh blood in the man and that always makes for stubborn resistance. That major planet, Frank Lloyd Wright, has been swimming around the world of architecture and headlines for many years. Strangely enough America saw only the headlines. Ages ago foreign artists hailed him as a luminary of the highest intensity. From him emanated Modernism in architecture. He was the grand-daddy of it all—only we haven't realized it—or had the courage to break through the prejudices against the man to acknowledge our debt to him. With the same old gusto and still firm in his beliefs, he unrolls his life before us. He is a gentleman revolutionist in the drafting room. He hurls a mean T-square and only after many years have American architects learned the trick of catching it. . . . Of the women? That was where the gods and Mr. Wright seem to have fought it to a draw. But those tortuous and dramatic romances are as much a product of this man's upstanding soul as ever the Imperial Hotel in Tokio or any of the other Modernist structures his fancy has created. He has written a valiant book.

From this choppy sea of architecture and love nests it is a relief to drop anchor in the quiet bay of gardening. Walter Prichard Eaton, usually thought of as a dramatic critic, takes up the spade and hoe, and writes one of the sanest books yet published on this gentle diversion. The English novelist does this sort of thing with a turn of the hand and no one gives it a thought, but here in America gardening books are written by gardeners and dramatic criticism by dramatic critics and never the twain do meet nor does anyone ever think of even introducing them. "Everybody's Garden" (Knopf) is written from actual gardening experiences by a man who applies to the garden the same penetrating judgment that he turns on the stage. Mr. Eaton has his feet on the garden ground . . . and there's plenty of its soil on his hands. —Robert Erskine.



"This is a cruel outfit except for me and baby."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, 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. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Editor, George T. Eggleston, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (2) That the owner is: Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. F. B. Mallory, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the 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 which trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions 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. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1932. (Seal) J. N. Nau, Notary Public, New York County No. 8; New York Register No. 2NS. My commission expires March 30, 1932



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THE MOVIES

BY HARRY EVANS

THE ANSWERS TO
"GRAND HOTEL"

NO PARTY today is a success until somebody has asked somebody else the following list of questions:

1. Have you seen "Grand Hotel?"
2. How do you think it compares with the Book and the Play?
3. Why did they use so many Big Stars?
4. Do you think Joan Crawford steals the picture from Garbo?
5. I think Lionel Barrymore is miscast . . . do you?
6. And do you think his work overshadows John's performance?
7. Shouldn't Wallace Beery's part have been given to Jean Hersholt?
8. There are some swell pictures in the theatre lobby showing bedroom scenes between Joan and Wallace. What became of these in the film?
9. Don't you think that huge set of the hotel is in bad taste?
10. I notice that when the characters in a movie are supposed to be Germans, some speak with an accent and some do not. Why the hell is this?
11. What did you think of Lewis Stone's makeup as *The Doctor*?
12. And what is your opinion of Edmund Goulding's direction?

ANSWERS:

1. Yes. And if you haven't you should.

2. If you read the Vicki Baum novel and are familiar with the stars of the film, you realize that you will have to readjust your mental pictures of some of the characters . . . which will be easier than you imagine, due to excellent direction. I think the picture is more interesting than the play.

3. If you've been to see the film you know. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted to be sure you would. Another reason is that Miss Baum's novel called for

five characters of almost equal importance. The screen version offers all but one of the principals a suitable chance to attain this importance. The exception is Joan Crawford in the rôle of *Flaemmichen*.

4. Joan does not steal the picture from Greta. In portraying the dancer, *Grusinskaya*, Garbo leaves little to be desired. She plays with such earnestness that in one scene she steps completely out of her usual shell of reserve



"I ain't gonna bring up my kids to do this!"

and fits about in a flit—I mean, flits about in a fit of girlish ecstasy.

Garbo is not built for flitting, nor is "girlish ecstasy" second-nature with her, as the fellow says. But she works up to this dangerous display of emoting with convincing enthusiasm, and quits at exactly the right time (for which, no doubt, she can share a bow with Director Goulding). This scene, alone, will cause the Garbo fans to leave the theatre with an increased admiration for their idol.

5. Lionel Barrymore looks far too

healthy to be the *Kringelein* you will expect if you read the book or saw the play. Despite this physical incompatibility he arouses your complete sympathy and dominates the action every time he is given an opportunity. The scene at the bar during which he denounces his former slave-driving employer (Beery) is a characteristic example of the emotional sincerity that establishes Lionel's greatness.

6. It would be unfair to compare John's work with Lionel's because he is not afforded an equal chance to shine. The challenge of Lionel's growing reputation, and the presence of other Big Shots in the cast present a temptation for John to overact in trying to make the most of his chances. Instead of committing this error he plays with a restraint and candid directness that is a distinct improvement in his screen deportment.

7. I doubt if Hersholt, or any other screen actor, could play *Preysing* more acceptably than Wallace Beery.

8. The answer to this one lies between Will Hays and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cutting room. Looking back on the recent M-G-M film, "*Arsene Lupin*," and remembering that bedroom scene between John Barrymore and Karen Morley, I doubt if old Parson Hays did the objecting. The only other theory is that somebody with authority kept Joan "under wraps." It is not necessary for Miss Crawford to undress to be attractive, but the effectiveness of her rôle depended on following, to a reasonable degree, the action as written by Vicki Baum. I may be wrong but my guess is that her bedroom scene with Mr. Beery was made according to the script—that it was one of the outstanding scenes in the picture, just as it was supposed to be—and that it was deleted for political rather than moral reasons. There are times when a good-looking pair of legs can be an awful handicap—to somebody else . . . which reminds me of the old nifty, that *nine out of ten women-haters are women*.



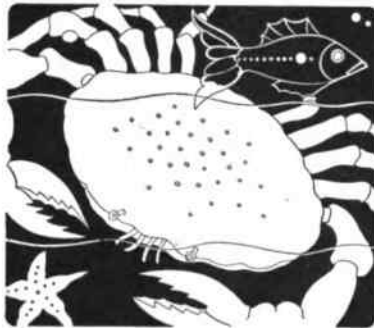
"He says he isn't allowed to say hell on the tom-tom!"

Fills to the Gills

Andrew Mellon, once a treasurer,
Gone to England, seeking pleasure.
Secretary Ogden Mills
Sits around on window sills.
If he's not careful he'll get chills
And be so busy taking pills
He won't have time to collect our bills,
For jack we've loaned to foreign dills,
To help them cure financial ills.
And now although it almost kills
Them, very much against their wills,
They just pick up their busy quills
And tell us of their empty tills.
Aren't we just a bunch of sils?
Still we have an ample measure
Of nothing else but lots of leisure,
By Gad, sir.

—Bye Andrus.

A JUNE WEEK-END IN THE MAURETANIA TO BERMUDA



JUNE : : THE CRAB
gleaming in the half-light of
a limpid pool off Bermuda.

J U N E 1 7

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On the other hand I may just be mad because the pretty pictures of Joan in the theatre lobby gave me the "Goody-Goodies!" . . . and then failed to materialize.

9. This pretentious piece of stage architecture is composed of a spiral staircase seven stories high. It represents the one extreme Hollywood touch in the film, but the photographic effects obtained by placing cameras on the top floor and focusing them on the lobby will provide a thrill for the average fan that justifies the ga-ga idea.

10. Well, you've got me there, Pal! I've been trying to figure this one out for years. All of the characters in "Grand Hotel" are supposed to be German or Russian . . . but look what happens. John, Joan, Lionel and Lewis speak straight English . . . Wallace bobs up with a heavy Prussian accent . . . the other characters take turns at speaking with and without accents . . . and Garbo, of course, speaks Garbo.

11. I see no reason why they should disfigure Lewis Stone's face as they have in his makeup as *The Doctor*. A patch over the eye and a scar on the face would be sufficient. To create the impression that he has an artificial limb, Lewis wears a felt sole on one shoe and a wooden one on the other. The resulting sound effect is realistic.

12. The smooth manner in which Director Goulding makes the big shots play to each other would indicate that he is a diplomat. Or maybe it is the depression. In any case, he handles an extremely heavy assignment with splendid judgment and a light, sure hand.

Revuettes

(Pictures marked [x] not suitable for children.)

"THIS IS THE NIGHT"

Type. Romantic Comedy.
Cast. Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Roland Young, Thelma Todd, Cary Grant.
Credits. The cast is simply swell; the direction by Frank Tuttle is one of those nearly perfect jobs; and Ralph Rainger's musical ideas deserve a full review in themselves.
Comment. You rarely have the chance to laugh as you will at this screen version of Avery Hopwood's play, so don't miss it.
Decision. Yes.

"TARZAN"

Type. Jungle Animal Thriller.
Cast. Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, C. Aubrey Smith.
Credits. Director W. S. Van Dyke makes a worthy successor to "Trader Horn" . . . and Johnny Weissmuller has all the gals talking to themselves over his manly figger.
Comment. Go to see this with your imagination wide open . . . take the kids . . . and you'll have a swell time.
Decision. Yes.

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU" (x)

Type. Continental Comedy Romance.
Cast. Maurice Chevalier, Jeannette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, Charlie Ruggles.
Credits. Maurice is as cute as ever and has splendid support. And Ernst Lubitsch directed the film. What more do you want?
Comment. You can't beat Ernst and Maurice when it comes to making them funny and risque. They were so afraid of the censors on this one that Maurice appeared before them in person to explain why certain scenes and dialog are really just good clean fun. I think it is a smart, highly amusing film, but if Will Hays can keep the scissors off of some of the lines in this one, the other producers will soon be taking advantage of this new leniency. You will love it . . . but keep Junior home.
Decision. Yes.

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

Type. Faith Healer-Crook Romance.
Cast. Sylvia Sidney, Hobart Bosworth, Chester Morris, Ned Sparks, Bobby Coogan, John Wray, Boris Karloff, Frank Darien, Lloyd Hughes, Virginia Bruce.
Credits. Bosworth's excellent performance . . . Sylvia continues upward . . . Other performers convincing . . . Intelligent direction by Norman McLeod.
Comment. This is a new picture and not

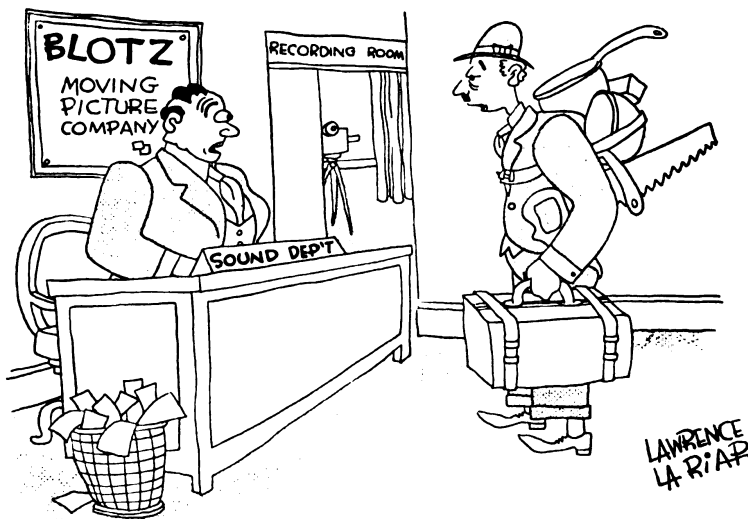
the old silent one with sound. That effective comic, Ned Sparks, plays the part of a crook whose screen name is Harry Evans. This is the third time this has happened. The next time I'll sue.
Decision. Yes.

"THE CROWD ROARS"

Type. Auto Race Drivers Romance.
Cast. James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Eric Linden, Ann Dvorak.
Credits. James does another convincing hard-boiled job. Well supported, particularly by Eric.
Comment. As usual I find Mr. Cagney a touch too overbearing with his hard stuff at times. Several shots of real auto wrecks are worked in cleverly and furnish a big kick. But one of the hoped for thrills turns out to be a snicker. One car burns up as it leaps through the fence, leaving a wall of flaming gas and oil across the track through which the other cars are forced to pass. Close-ups show the drivers choking for breath as they hurtle through the blinding smoke and fire, but unfortunately the cameras suddenly present a long shot, and the menacing wall of flame is seen to be a feeble ribbon of burning oil which extends only half way across the track, and which could easily be avoided. (Always belittlin'.) Which doesn't keep it from being a thrilling picture right on.
Decision. Yes—if you can take it.

And Don't See—

- "BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"
- "LOVE STARVED"
- "THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE"
- "THE MISLEADING LADY"
- "DEVIL'S LOTTERY"



"I'm the wind in your next feature."



The Author—Self-portrait
cast in pewter

ART LINES

ONE of the surest signs of Spring in all our larger cities, is the annual show of their "independent" artists. New York Independents recently opened their much discussed exhibition in the Grand Central Palace.

The group was formed way back in 1916 by some spirited young artists including Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Bellows and Samuel Halperts, as a revolutionary gesture against that old ossified institution bombastically calling itself The National Academy of Design.

But since then many a thing changed. The "spirited and revolutionary young artists" turned into the staunch, and what's more, accepted pillars of American art, and even that old fogy institution forgot itself the other day and asked Ed. Hopper—a declared modernist—to join its ranks as an associate member. The say-so has it that he declined this dubious honor. Last but not least, the Independents' show changed too; not to its advantage, however. Modernism became standard enough to be copied by people who have no feeling for it, and consequently make a terrible mess out of it. A show like this, perhaps more than anything else, makes one realize that modern art became our bread and butter and even that old, hard boiled conservative—the public itself—came to take it for granted.

At times it is hard to believe that as recently as ten or twelve years ago there was such a thing as a group of serious artists and critics, plus a specially founded magazine (The Art World) to propagate the idea that men like Cézanne, Manet, Seurat or Matisse (the same Matisse of whom so much fuss was made last year, when he visited New York) are crazy, sadistic; their art a cult of Satanism (sic), obscene, and ugly beyond every description. This raving against the modern trend even went so far as to cause a certain doctor by the name of Theo. Hyslop (I don't know why, but this name reminds one of prohibition) to put the whole thing on a scientific basis and "prove" that these artists are pathologically insane. (If you care to read more of these worthy people's denunciations of modern art, Ruckstull's book, "Great Works of Art, and What Makes Them Great", will provide you with a good evening's entertainment.)

But let us go back to the show of the "Independents"—even if only to find that it was not worth the trouble.

The crop, as a whole, yields only a very few interesting pieces, mostly by artists we know. The rest is worthless. It's really nothing else but plain effrontery, to dare to exhibit things so utterly void of both talent and taste. I believe that there is a limit where tolerance and willingness to listen, look, and understand turn into signs of inexperience, us into suckers, and the attitude of these exhibiting nincompoops into plain insult.

An interesting feature of the show was an indicator showing what things were offered in barter for art. The cake, as usual, goes to the doctors and dentists, who apparently re-

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SHIPBUILDING CORP.
MORRIS HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY



"Well, if it isn't Miss Fidich, our old school teacher!"

main our most faithful and dependable audience. In the Paris Salon D'Echange, where the idea of barter in this form originated, the same held true. It is certain that I rather do not take advantage of the offer, but it proves, nevertheless, that we knew what we are talking about when we asserted, that *art can be turned into the medicine of many ills.*

AN exhibition of the works of Carl Milles, the much discussed Swedish sculptor (this is the same show Philadelphia and St. Louis saw prior to its coming to New York), induced us to take the dip under the East River, and subway over to Brooklyn. It is so far the most complete show of this artist's work in the United States.

As a sculptor and designer of fountains and garden sculpture he is the most outstanding artist of our times. He came to America upon the invitation of the Cranbrook Foundation, and it is this foundation I wish to tell about.

There were many attempts made both here and in Europe, to develop a cultural center which not only teaches, but also applies its teachings to the practical demands of Life. I dare say the ideal solution is Cranbrook. The history of this foundation goes back about twenty-five years, when George Booth (publisher of the *Detroit News*) bought some land in Bloomfield Hills, about an hour's drive from Detroit, for a private residence. Soon other Detroiters followed suit, and a school for children was needed. This little school quietly developed into something, which today sounds less like reality than the utopian dream of an idealist.

First a school for boys and girls was added, then to encourage talented children, schools for different crafts; later an art institution and art academy; and the whole foundation is rounded out with a master artists colony, to form a center for the teachers and invited artists. The characteristic part of Cranbrook is that it does not talk but creates art, and that it grew out of this beautiful hilly countryside by its own efforts. In 1926 the Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen (who with his entry to the *Chicago Tribune* tower competition revolutionized the design of the modern skyscraper) was invited, and he started in by designing a building for the architect to work in. From here the rest was slowly developed, built, decorated and furnished. Every piece of furniture, every rug, every lamp, and every wrought iron piece (this last is the specialty of Mr. Booth) is a product of the foundation, which gives free swing to its student individuality—instead of, as is so common in other craft schools, encouraging the imitation of antiques.

I think that you will want to know that the whole foundation is a twelve million dollar *outright* gift of Booth to American Culture. It is an open secret that, excepting their original home, the Booths kept nothing for themselves, and Cranbrook today stands on its own grounds, and has its own board of directors. You can walk around the foundation for a couple of days, feeling as in a dream, without ever finding a monument, memorial or dedication to this Philanthropist's unprecedented deed.

The school regularly invites the world's most outstanding artists to teach there by working out different projects. This is how Carl Milles came to America in the fall of 1930, and I understand that he will stay there for three years.

To be sure, a foundation like this establishes a precedent the like of which has not existed even in the much talked about princely courts of Renaissance Italy. —Gene Lux



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CHICAGO

NO. 1 HORIZONTAL

1. Natural advantage.
12. You have to do this to get along.
13. What most employers are swinging.
14. Born.
15. William came from here.
17. A popular kind of library.
19. Can you tie this?
20. This was a fish, but got all twisted up.
22. Portuguese dinero.
23. What excesses do to the market.
24. Where a lot of blowouts occur.
26. What the Boswell sisters are.
27. A mark under the letter "C" to indicate the sound of "S".
29. This keeps you from being out.
31. If you are slow you can make haste, but if you're Swift you can make this.
32. Decline.
34. A river in southern China.
35. Lack of understanding.
36. Symbol for an element.
37. The rest of this state is awake (abbr.).
38. Some people eat this with a knife.
39. Doubly (prefix).
41. Try to find this in your soles.
45. This is easy to fall into.
47. This might help you on your climb.
48. This will give you a shock.
49. Man's name.
51. A cockney tiller.
52. The front end of a trench.
53. Longer than broad.
55. Your landlord calls you this.
57. Prefix meaning new.
58. Part of her tresses.
60. You do this to a mark.
61. Showing true feelings or intent.

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61														

NO. 1 VERTICAL

1. These will bring business back.
2. Side issue.
3. Dora thinks this is the law.

NO. 1

4. Try to do this to a Missouri mule.
5. Approached halfway.
6. Tester.
7. The rear end of a café.
8. The mark of a villain.
9. A Scotchman will accept this amount.
10. This is salty.
11. Obstinate (two words).
16. A kind of wit.
18. High balls go over this.
20. Al's brown derby.
21. Horizontal 20 straightened out again.
24. Abodes of the gods.
25. The higher you go on this the less you pay.
27. African fresh air taxi.
28. The farmer boy.
30. The visitor's half of an inning.
31. What the bricklayer takes to the top.
33. These are always ready (abbr.).
34. Almost sober.
40. This will fit you.
42. Goddess who incited men to crime.
43. Objective, feminine.
44. These layers do not produce eggs.
46. This is never against anything.
48. Broadway dodger.
50. This can be opposite.
52. What Purdue made Stagg do.
54. We wonder if the jockey will do this on his horse.
56. Neither.
58. What he looks like when turned around.
59. Most factories warn with this sign (abbr.).

NO. 2

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NO. 2 HORIZONTAL

1. A sure way to get ahead.
4. Something that is felt very often.
7. To fall senseless.
11. An exclamation of regret.
13. Poetical effusion.
14. This is final.

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"Old Town Boats"

15. The kind of work that gives you a pain.
17. Some time.
19. Lookie!
20. The way the war debts were last year.
22. One place where there's still gold.
23. What makes a fat lady fat.
24. To save.
27. Very black.
29. A Saturday Night Ritual.
30. Another thing Hoover wants.
31. Where bridges go.
32. Sometimes called the widow's.
33. What women never tell.
34. Naughty, naughty!
35. Where all tooth-paste comes from.
37. To be.
38. What a grandfather does to his grandchildren.
40. Do or die.
41. He killed his brother.
43. One source of ivory.
44. Big enough to float a battleship.
45. Twice told tales.
46. These houses come high.
47. Something never kept up around a club.
48. The relief that never came.
49. Foot-bath.
50. Persuade or allure.
51. Always in the red now.
52. Part of a circle.
53. Thrash soundly.
55. The word for the French.
56. Sorrow.
58. The way to get a thing.
62. An international agreement.
63. A wise old bird.
65. Where the farmer keeps part of his corn.
66. A barren place.
67. Wax manufacturer.
68. Something damp at night.

NO. 2 VERTICAL

1. No way to be happy.
2. Comparatively low spirits.
3. Flat dish.
4. What mice live in.
5. This keeps newspapers going.
6. Golfers do this to a golf ball.
7. Something to put food into.
8. Burnt wood.
9. Sex appeal.
10. Something that bites.
12. Windy weather.
14. Forsaken.
16. Holy terror.
18. Lean.
19. Time to go home.
21. Hell raiser.
23. The path of destiny.
24. Blot.
25. Things to hang hats on.
26. To be plural.
28. The guest who is never on time.
29. Something for baby at dinner.
31. Bread baker.
32. Northern ox.
34. The roughest lake.
35. Examination.
36. Kind of beef.
39. Rare type of piano.
40. This is profound.
41. When this is drawn out, the company liquidates.
42. Behind the hand of the law.
44. Total.
45. Cows' path.
46. To walk rapidly.
47. These never get paid.
48. Steal.
49. Court order.
50. Where dirty clothes go.
52. Gateway.
54. What actors prefer fat.
56. Gangster's weapon.
57. Something that hangs on watches.
59. Help!
60. A little land in a lot of water.
61. Today.
62. The state your father's always in.
64. The editorial plural.

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Hair**



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City and State.....

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What's It All About?

Personals

DICK—Cannot be Los Angeles; house vacant; don't threaten, I'm too nervous; I'll be said by all of you and get away from here. Jessie.

—*Kansas City Star.*

EDWARD—Communicate with lady you accompanied home Saturday evening you were so ill you had to leave. I have moved.

—*Dallas News.*

JOE PLEASE COMMUNICATE with me or Murrey; electrician keeping business going; people think you sick.

MILLIE, Wife.
—*N. Y. Times.*

INTERESTED muchly, give confidentially rendezvous. Y-2122.

—*N. Y. American.*

HERMAN, COMMUNICATE OR telephone with Joe at once; everything O. K.

—*N. Y. Times.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Epitaph For A Mystery Story Writer

The usual plot . . .
X marks
the final spot.



"Would you mind pointing out the 33,000 speakeasies?"

"Is this failing confined to the feminine sex?"



SINCE WHEN?

chorus the women

▼ A woman from California is the author of a rather scathing letter we have just received.

"I seem to be getting a little weary of the advice you heap upon us women about perspiration odor.

"We must realize the danger. We must not risk disillusioning the men. We must use something regularly, other than our daily bath.

"All right, we admit it. And most of us do something about it.

"But since when has perspiration odor become a failing of the feminine sex exclusively? Don't men perspire? Is there any good reason why they shouldn't do something about it?"

"Call us unreasonable if you dare."

▼▼ Well, we don't dare, do we, men? Why not look at this thing squarely—especially since perspiration odor is such an easy thing to avoid?

Just half a minute morning or evening when you dress is all you need. A little Mum rubbed under each arm and you can't offend with perspiration odor.

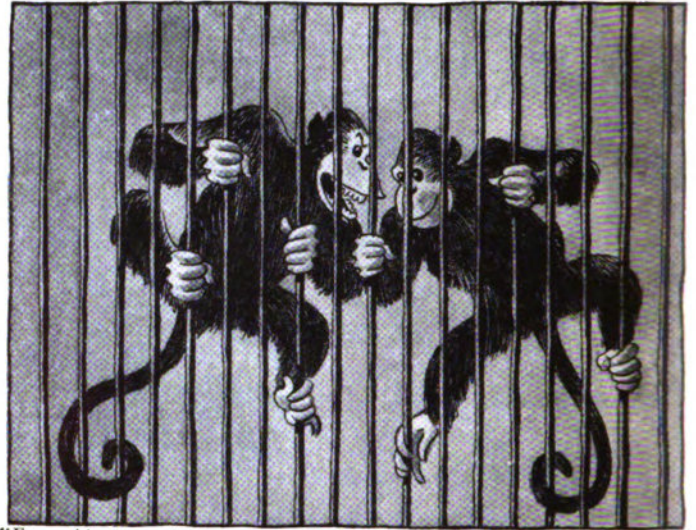
Mum is an instant cream deodorant. It's harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes—just destroys body odor.

Keep a jar of Mum in the bathroom; take it in your traveling bag; it can't spill or scatter. Be safe all day every day—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



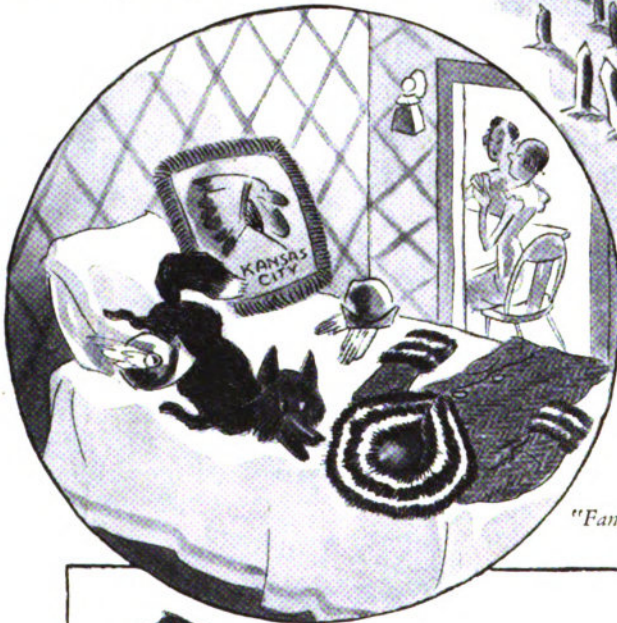
USE MUM ON BURNING FEET. When your feet are hot and perspiring rub lightly with Mum. It is so soothing and cooling. Destroys every trace of odor and keeps hose fresher.

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE



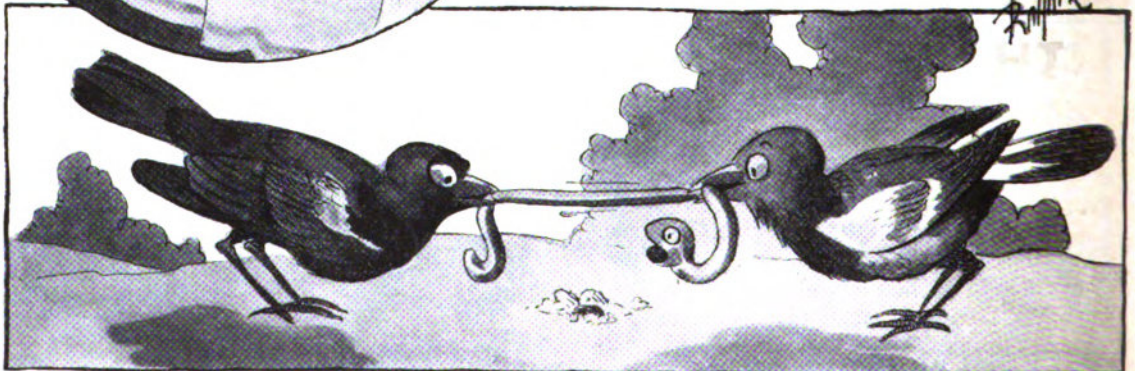
"Everything's set for tomorrow night when they come to clean the cage."

FIRST MOSQUITO: Remember the nights along the Riviera?



"When I came here, this was just a wilderness."

"Fancy meeting you here!"



"Gentlemen—pull-ease!"

Phillip Lane



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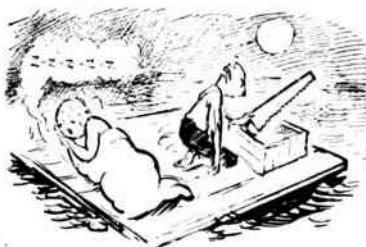
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IMPERIAL
ANIMAL MEDICINES

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says

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Don't

Pay!"



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Well sir, I never see such a change come over a feller. He's spendin' more money in one day than he used to spend in a week, but bein' of an agreeable nature now and havin' lots of friends he's makin' more in one day than he used to make in two weeks. I thank you.

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EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
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Name

Address

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, W62
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Designate the advertiser, the magazine, and the date of issue.

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Answers must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon, on June 29th. Winners will be announced in the August issue.

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