

Jan. 31, 1931

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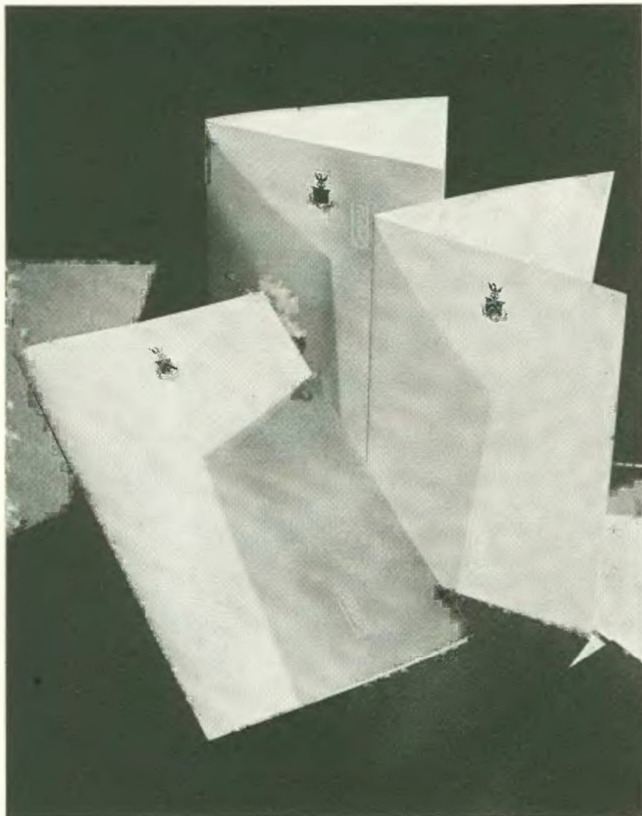


PARFUM MODERNE. CARON

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and Treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. VI, No. 50, January 31, 1931. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

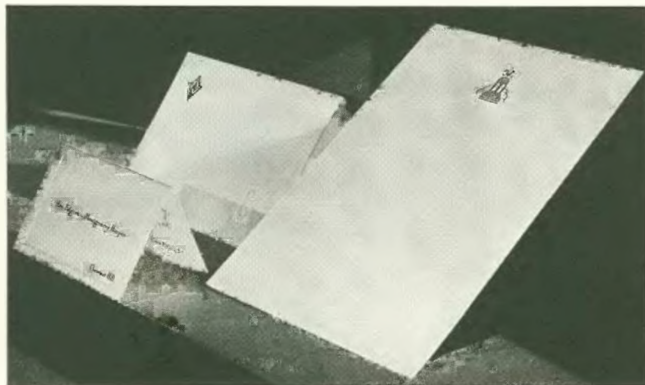
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GOINGS
ONABOUT
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 p.m. for attractions listed under "PLAYS," at 2:30 and 8:40 p.m. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANATOL—A splendidly produced but slightly tiresome revival of Schmitzler's series of love episodes in the life of a Viennese uniform. Joseph Schilkraut in the title role, assisted by Patricia Collinge, Miriam Hopkins, Walter Connolly, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Limited return engagement of Drinkwater's comedy. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Romeo and Juliet." (Fri. Eve., Jan. 30). . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Jan. 31). . . "The Three Sisters," good production of Chekhov's play. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 31). . . "Camille," revival of Dumas' play, with Miss Le Gallienne and Morgan Farley. (Mon., Wed., and Fri. Evs., Feb. 2, 4, and 6; Thurs. and Sat. Mats., Feb. 5 and 7). . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, and worth seeing. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 3). . . "Alison's House," by Susan Gaspell. (Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in another version, this time by Maxwell Anderson, of the little affair between Elizabeth and Essex. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIVE STAR FINAL—Modern sensational journalism caught in the act of dragging scandal through the living-room and roundly castigated for it in a two-act melodrama by Louis Weitzenkorn. Arthur Byron heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E.)

GRAND HOTEL—Thirty-six hours in a Berlin hotel, showing cross-sections of the lives of six or eight people. Absorbingly interesting. Eugenie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe are in it. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Life among the kept women, with some pretty funny banter, and amusing performances by Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale, and Dorothy Hall. (Harrix, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

MIDNIGHT—Middle-class murder in the Theatre Guild, of all places. A good antidote, however, to "Elizabeth, the Queen" and "Roar China!" (Avon, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—A story, not so quaint as it sounds, of how a young girl grew old and still looked like a young girl. Very nice. Cast headed by Edith Barrett, Sir Guy Standing, and Haidee Wright. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

OH, PROMISE ME!—Good rowdy farce dealing with the attempt of some charming racketeers to extort some breach-of-promise money out of an amorous capitalist. With Lee Tracy, Mary Philips, and Donald Meek. (Morosco, 45, W.)

ON THE SPOT—Edgar Wallace's broadside wallp at the Chicago gangsters, mixed in with some good buckeye melodrama. Crane Wilbur as the gangster who went too far and Anna May Wong as his temporary gal. (Forrest, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A very funny, and very bitter, assault on Hollywood and its methods, with Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and one of the authors, Mr. G. S. Kaufman. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—Helen Hayes, immeasurably aided by Reginald Owen and Henry Stephenson, in a slight British comedy about gentlemanly blackmail. (Empire, B'way at 40, 8:50 P.M.)

PHILIP GOES FORTH—The story of a young man who thinks he should be writing plays in New York and later finds out that he shouldn't. Not one of George Kelly's best. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7]

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Frank Craven's successful comedy about a house guest who extends his visit just a bit too long. Allan Dinehart and George W. Barber are in it. (Golden, 58, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—A visiting lecturer in a college town finds a way to bring the patter of little feet into the childless home of his hostess. Philip Barry's sincerity and feeling for words make this more impressive than it otherwise would have been. Herbert Marshall, Zita Johner, Osgood Perkins, and others. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—Another opera singer who finds her voice in an *affaire d'amour*, only this opera singer, being Helen Gabagan, can really sing. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE TRUTH GAME—Ivor Novello in somewhat elfin pursuit of Phoebe Foster, with Billie Burke and Viola Tree as two ladies with equally definite purposes. Nice and pleasant. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland and an excellent cast in a farce-comedy which gives her a chance to be just as good and rattle-brained as only she can be. Very funny for the most part. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

BALLYHOOD—W. C. Fields (and occasional guest stars) in a musical show which gives Mr. Fields a chance. Do you want more? (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in what looks like a solid year's run—and why not? Why stop at a year? (Erlanger, 44, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Some Gershwin tunes, very well handled, and a book which doesn't get in the way of Willie Howard's comedy. Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, William Kent, and Ethel Merman also assist. (Alvin, 52, W.)

MEET MY SISTER—Continental comedy with pretty songs interspersed and a general air of harmless romping. With Walter Slczak and Bettina Hall. (Shubert, 44, W.)

THE NEW YORKERS—Some very good specialties, including Waring's Pennsylvanians, Jimmie Durante, Horé Williams, Frances Williams, Charles King, and Ann Pennington. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

SWEET AND LOW—Fannie Brice, James Barton, and George Jessel in a revue which has its raw

spots but which is pretty funny, nevertheless. (44th Street, 44, W.)

THERE'S A CROWD—Something smart and delightful in revues, with Chiffon Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

VAUDEVILLE—Phil Baker, Bill Robinson, Herb Williams, and Aileen Stanley will be at the Palace Fri., Jan. 30. Helen Morgan and Phil Baker will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Jan. 31. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENING OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the date; managers often change their minds.)

ROCK ME, JULIE—A play by Kenneth Raisbeck, with Helen Menken and Paul Muni. Opens Mon., Feb. 2. (Royale, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

AS YOU DESIRE ME—A play by Luigi Pirandello, with Judith Anderson. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

GREEN GROVE THE LILACS—The Theatre Guild's production of a play by Lynn Riggs, with June Walker. (Guild, 52, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in a comedy by Mr. Coward. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Revival of the Sigmund Romberg-Dorothy Donnelly operetta. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYERS—A company of adult professional actors, under the direction of Adrienne Morrison, in "The Little Princess." Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 4. (Princess, 39, E.)

GREENWICH HOUSE THEATRE ASSOCIATION—"The Hunchback," a marionette play; Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 3:30. (Greenwich House, 29 Barrow St.)

TATTERMAN MARIONETTES—"The Glowing Bird." Sat. Morn., Feb. 7, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

DANCE RECITALS

DANCE REPERTORY THEATRE—Second season. Schedule of recitals: Doris Humphrey, Agnes de Mille, and Charles Weidman, Sun. Eve., Feb. 1; Martha Graham, Mon. Eve., Feb. 2; Tamiris, Agnes de Mille, and Charles Weidman, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3; Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Wed. Eve., Feb. 4; Agnes de Mille and Warren Leonard, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5; Martha Graham and Charles Weidman, Fri. Eve., Feb. 6; Charles Weidman and Agnes de Mille, Sat. Aft., Feb. 7; Tamiris, Sat. Eve., Feb. 7; joint program, Sun. Aft., Feb. 8. (Craig, 54, E. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 3 P.M.)

MARY WIGMAN—A new program by the remarkable modern German dancer; Sat. Eve., Jan. 31. (Carnegie Hall, 7 Ave., 8:30 P.M.)

TRFESINA—Another dancer from Spain; Fri. Eve., Jan. 30. (Craig, 54, E. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

DELLEAU, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-6175)—A new club, presenting Vincent Sorey and his orchestra.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)—Dancing to Leo Reisman's music. Impersonations by Norma Terris at midnight.

CLUB DELMONICO, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—An attractive room for supper dancing, featuring Morton Downey, Leon Belasco's orchestra, and dances by Barbara Bennett and Charles Sabin. Must dress.

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dances by Rosita and Ramon. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-6673)—Always a favorite. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—High-hat Broadway. Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and Will Osborne's orchestra are the main attractions.

(Continued on page 6)

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7]

OPENING OF NOTE

CITY LIGHTS—Charles Chaplin's latest picture. (Cohan, B'way at 43. Opening Thurs., Feb. 5, at 8:45 p.m.; performances continuous daily thereafter from 9:30 a.m.)

ART

BEGINNERS—The fourth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery. Chosen by Maurice Becker: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

FLOWERS—Also animals and still-life, by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Renoir, Dufy, Chirico, Kisting, and others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., through Sat., Jan. 31.

ICONS—An exhibition of Russian icons lent by the Soviet government through the American Russian Institute: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. until 6 p.m.; Sun. 1 to 6 p.m.

LAURET AND RYDON—Two of the fine French painters, a realist and a poet, borrowed from the Louvre and other places. On view starting Sun., Feb. 1, at 2 p.m.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; 8 to 10 p.m. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 p.m.

OKEFFE—Annual show of one of America's distinctive and great painters: Steigltz, An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 3 to 5 p.m.

ROSSAU—One-man show of the founder of Cubism. Exciting and to be remembered: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., through Sat., Jan. 31.

ROSSAU—First full show of this important influence, with many beautiful examples: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., through Sat., Jan. 31.

WOMEN—From Romanticism to Surrealism; various portraits by the French in their renovated Gallery, which has absorbed some of Jimmie Durant's builder-upper: Museum of French Art, 22 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., through Sat., Feb. 7.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 p.m. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

MARTHA BARD—Finish of Chopin cycle: Barbizon Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30.

SASCHA GORODNITZKY—Most striking of this season's Schubert Memorial artists in his own piano recital: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 1.

ROLAND HAYES—Art songs and spirituals in his familiar manner: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 2.

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Another chamber-music unit for your delight: Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Feb. 3.

GORDON STRING QUARTET—Continuing the subscription concerts of this excellent ensemble: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Lecture-recitals on "Götterdämmerung": McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3 (Acts I and II); Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5 (Act III).

MARCELE MARCERAI—An eminent 'cellist from France returns: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 4.

NIKOLAI ORLOFF—One of the most expressive of France returns: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 4.

BILTMORE MUSICALS—Anne Roselle, soprano;



Donald Pirnie, baritone; and Nikolai Orloff: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Feb. 6, at 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

ROY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Special concert, with soloists, Raape conducting: Roy Theatre, 7 Ave. at 50, Sun. Morn., Feb. 1, at 11.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Cailliet conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 1.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 4.

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Molinar conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 6; Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Mignon," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Jan. 30, at 2; "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8; "Boccaccio," Sat. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2; "Forza del Destino," Sat. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30; "Die Walküre," Mon. Eve., Feb. 2, at 7:45; "Boccaccio," Wed. Aft., Feb. 4, at 2; "The Barber of Seville," Wed. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:15; "Andrea Chénier," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8; "The Flying Dutchman," Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morn., Jan. 30 and Feb. 6, at 11, over WJEF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 9:10, over WJEF.

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Children's Concerts, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Jan. 31 and Feb. 7, at 11, over WABC. . . . Molinar conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 1, at 3:15, over WABC.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., Feb. 1, at 9:30, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Feb. 2, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Feb. 3, at 9:30, over WABC.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Violin soloist, with orchestra: Wed. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30, over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Jack "Kid" Berg vs. Herman Perlick, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30; Tommy Loughran vs. Max Baer, Fri. Eve., Feb. 6; preliminaries start at 8:30 p.m. . . . A. A. U. New York State Championships, Mon. and Wed. Eves., Feb. 2 and 4, at 8.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden, 8:45 p.m.: Americans vs. Ottawas, Sun. Eve., Feb. 1; Rangers vs. Montreal, Tues. Eve., Feb. 3; Americans vs. Rangers, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94; Governors Island vs. Fort Hamilton, Sat. Eve., Jan. 31; The Riding Club vs. Penn. M. C. Sat. Eve., Feb. 7. . . . At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn: Squadron C vs. Penn. M. C., Sat. Eve., Jan. 31.

OTHER EVENTS

PUBLIC BALLS—Russian Students' Ball: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 10:30. . . . Old Guard Ball, Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., Jan. 30, at 10:30. . . . Liberty Ball: The Park Lane, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 10:30. . . . N.Y. Newspaper Women's Club supper dance, with Vincent Lopez' orchestra and entertainment by various Broadway stars: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Feb. 6, at 10:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—French and English period furniture and decorations, tapestries and Oriental rugs: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 30 and 31, at 2:15. . . . The Library of B. George Ulizio, Part II: Mon. and Tues. Eves., Feb. 2 and 3, at 8:15. . . . Paintings from various sources: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Feb. 4 and 5, at 8:15. . . . Italian furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 6 and 7, at 2:15.



(Continued from page 4)

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Reign 4-5901)—Supper dancing to music by the Continentals. Must dress.

SEACLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Joseph Urban decorations, dances by Veloz and Yolanda, and, of course, music by Vincent Lopez. Must dress.

ST. MORITZ GRILL, 50 W. 59 (Wickersham 2-5800)—A new room for after-theatre dancing. Howard Lanin's orchestra.

VILLA VALLEE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—Where you will now find Smith Ballew and his orchestra.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Silver Slipper, 201 W. 48, for Clayton, Jackson, and Durante enthusiasts. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, no curfew, with Texas Guinan presiding. . . . Saloon Royal, 210 W. 58, also open late, with Mme. Florence and her gang. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Bob Nelson, Nan Blackstone, and a new floor show. . . . The big, noisy Broadway places, with no cover charge and elaborate revues: . . . Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46, for a lively and entertaining show.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, and is very good fun. . . . Makim's, 44 W. 8 (Spring 7-9216), with music by the California Collegians. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleeker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly. . . . With Spanish trimmings: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Two of the better-known places are: Club Salko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45. . . . Scott Paton's Saturday Supper Dances are held weekly at the Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BLUE ANGEL—Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in the tragedy of a middle-aged German schoolmaster. Very much worth your while in spite of the incomprehensible lines. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 5 and 6; performances continuous from 1 p.m.)

NEW MOON—Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in an operetta of romance in farthest Russia. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 p.m.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:50 p.m.)

OLD ENGLISH—From Galsworthy's play, with George Arlson again as the quick-witted octogenarian. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 3-5; performances continuous from 2 p.m.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—A mild little comedy of no consequence except to those people who must see Douglas Fairbanks in everything he does. (Criterion, B'way at 44, 2:45 and 8:45 p.m.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 p.m.)

TOLABLE DAVID—The old picture revised for the talkies. Worth seeing. (Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 4-6; performances continuous from 1 p.m.)

TOM SAWYER—An agreeable movie of the book, with Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 30-Feb. 2; performances continuous from 2 p.m.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—The popular Viennese operetta (in German) with very tuneful music. (55th Street, 55 E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Emilias, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 a.m. to midnight.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MANY people have asked us what was the real story behind the Wickersham report. It goes back to the jealousy between two local newspapers, the *Times* and the *Tribune*. For months the *Times* has been envious of "Calvin Coolidge Says," and also they were dissatisfied in a way with the Pope's encyclical, so they got their man Will Rogers to write the Wickersham report as a human-interest feature. Hoover, who is a writer himself, being the author of "A Remedy for Disappearing Game Fishes," read the report in proof form and was so taken with it that he gave it to the Associated Press as a joke. Then it turned out that the report, which Mr. Rogers had written to keep his contract with his paper, was the remedy for disappearing game fishes, and Mr. Hoover's joy knew no bounds except that unemployment wasn't getting any better. The papers all through the Middle West and the South took the report up and gave it a good deal of space, because they realized that in the confusion attending the disappearance of Justice Crater they had forgotten that game fish too were disappearing very rapidly, and that this was the reason. The net result was that Wickersham was taken completely off his guard and could scarcely remember how he had been drawn into the controversy except that he did remember that he had. Washington buzzed. All through the country the publication of the report began to clear the air for other matters that had been trying to gain a hearing. Spurred on by the renewed public interest in reading, a new book club was formed called the Autographed Editions Club, 96 Fifth

Avenue, which furnished personally autographed books to its subscribers, limiting each edition to three thousand copies so as not to put too much of a strain on the author. Banks took a turn for the better, and bakeries began to send us *Pfeffermisse*—the first honest graft we had ever collected. Tunney, relieved by the report, sailed for the Holy Land. Luggage shops, anticipating a wholesale migration south, advertised special discounts on wardrobe trunks; and Robert Esnault-Pelterie, the French engineer who won seventy-three infringement suits against airplane companies in France, seized the moment to propose a rocket flight to the moon, which was the only place the *Times* had no special correspondent. Major Frank Pease, national commander of the American Defenders, issued a call, from Marblehead, Massachusetts (birthplace of the American Navy), for supporters to help quash Communists, many of whom, unbeknownst to him and Hoover, were at that very moment being quashed by mounted policemen in front of the City Hall. "Communism," he wrote, "must be destroyed," and signed his initials. Everywhere in city and country there were signs of readjustment and renewed hope. Speakeasies that had been operating for years

in West Forty-ninth Street moved to East Fifty-third Street. Industry took a new lease of life. Within two days of the publication of the report, the annual meeting of the Masters of Foxhounds Association was held. Ice formed on the lakes in Central Park. Down in Philadelphia, when the report filtered through, it was met by a counter-proposal from the International Association of Clothing Designers, advocating green as the predominating color for men's wear this spring, be-

ginning with a green plush hat for William J. Grubb, one of the members of the Commission. Science, realizing the challenge, took up the cud-



gel and came forward with two important announcements: the discovery that rattlesnakes were not affected by music, and the discovery that Man's tendency to walk in circles when lost in the woods is some way connected with sex. National Thrift Week was observed in schools and churches. Atop the Hotel Pierre, Fifth Avenue and Sixty-first Street, the Club Pierrot, which had operated as a private supper club ever since October, folded quietly up from lack of patronage and its board of governors went back to their desks. Three blocks further south, in the little square opposite the Plaza, copies of the morning papers containing the report were being used to stuff up the chinks in the fountain, which has been falling down ever since game fish started to disappear. Society, always keyed to current events, reacted instantly to the news; and Russeks, seizing the opportunity,



sent out letters to all young society girls whose engagements had been announced in the papers, congratulating them. It was a time of high patriotic feeling and deep personal dissipation, and even in public places, like railway terminals and libraries, gay parties of revellers were to be seen at all hours of the day and night, throwing confetti and little pieces of torn newspapers, wishing each other Happy New Year, and generally getting themselves in shape for Easter.

That is the story behind the Wickersham report, as well as we can recall it.

Velvet

A FRIEND of ours tells of having been in the office of a bookdealer (you'd know his name if we felt like mentioning it) when an order for a certain rare book came in. "Endymion," or was it "Tamerlane"? Anyway, the order came in.

"How much is it worth?" asked the

bookdealer's assistant, who was handling the case.

"Twenty-one hundred dollars," said the dealer. "Who ordered it?"

"Mr. B——," said the assistant.

"Twenty-six hundred," corrected his employer.

Lost in a Great City

AS you may know if you follow financial matters, Mr. Harvey Dow Gibson and a group of associates a few



"Jack Bullard brought Wickersham into the club today."

weeks ago bought a working control of the Manufacturers Trust Company. Twelve and a half million dollars was put down and the deal was made without fuss or furor. That was on a Friday, and on that day too Mr. Gibson was elected president of the institution. He was to take over his new duties on the following Monday. On Saturday, however, he yielded to a moment of old-fashioned curiosity and decided to stroll over and see what his new offices looked like. Setting out from the offices of the New York Trust Company, of which he had for some time been chairman of the executive committee, he started along Broadway. He had gone but a little way when he was seen to hesitate, look around, and peer down side streets, and in general display uncertainty. Finally he went up to a policeman, spoke to him, and then started off smartly. What he had asked the policeman was: "Where is the Manufacturers Trust Company?"

Out of the Dark

THE other evening we were in Twelfth Street just at lecture-time, so we dropped into the New School for Social Research to see how it was coming along. Discovering that Mr. André Maurois was to speak on Marcel Proust, we engaged a seat. Next to us sat a lady of dignified mien, an upper-class lady, clearly.

"The decorations," she said, "are rather pleasing."

"They are," we replied.

"A most interesting building architecturally," she ventured.

"It is," we said.

Then Mr. Maurois began. He spoke for an hour and a quarter. The applause was loud. When it died, the lady turned to us again.

"Who is he, anyway?"

Uncracked Ice

WE better tell all we know about the big forthcoming under-ice North Pole trip of the submarine Nautilus before the Hearst news rights go into effect on March 1, otherwise we're licked. Well, the submarine Nautilus, which is in these waters now, under orders of Commander Sloan Danenhower, a retired Navy man, is going to duck down at Spitzbergen on the first of July and proceed scientifically under the Arctic sea to Point Barrow, Alaska, stopping for twenty-four

hours en route at the North Pole to release the conventional American flag. Lady Drummond Hay will not be along. The depth of the ocean will be measured from time to time, and specimens of water will be taken at different levels to ascertain what animal life, if any, exists under the ice and snow. (Ee-ternal snow.)

The Nautilus, formerly the O-12, has been rigged up with several special devices. Her torpedo tubes have been filled with cement to strengthen her bow. The conning tower is collapsible and is topped by an ice-cutting machine for boring up through the ice. Commander Danenhower knows about such matters because he is the son of Lieutenant Danenhower, who was on the Jeannette expedition of 1879. Then there are two emergency ice drills, able to cut upward for one hundred feet, one hole to let in fresh air, the other to let out bad. Fresh air is needed for recharging the batteries and giving new courage to the crew of eighteen. Recharging will take place every hundred and twenty-five miles, and if things go badly, divers will be released and will set off explosives greatly to the astonishment of all within hearing. Commander Danenhower believes that the ice will never be thicker than forty feet. He expects the submarine to toboggan along on the bottom of the ice, and he has equipped her with an overhead wheel to steady her, and with a wooden bowsprit that will snap easily if he hits anything, thereby breaking the shock to the craft.

The boat will make three knots—about like a walk. These next couple of months will be spent in preliminaries. First she goes to Labrador and ducks under the ice there, to see how she acts. Then back to the Hudson River to submerge in the cold waters off Vassar College to try her stability in fresh water. Commander Danenhower expects to encounter quite a bit of fresh water in the polar seas—melting bergs. Then there will be a christening in Philadelphia by Jules Verne, grandson of Jules Verne. Then goodbyes waved to the American

Geographical Society, the American Geographical Union, the Woods Hole Marine Life, then taking aboard the provisions and Mr. Hearst's cheque for a hundred and fifty thousand dol-

lars, and off she goes to the land of the little auks. The little auks, folks, are the birds that fly backwards; they don't care where they're going, but they like to see where they've been.

Signs

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a bit of information that might better have gone to the Scabury Commission. It's about the famous Lawyers' Row across from Jefferson Market Court, so known for the number of attorneys, notaries, bail bondsmen, and the like, who have their offices in the block of buildings there. In the midst of these is a small shop which displays stationery and artists' supplies in its window. Also a sign: "Framing Done Properly."

Hound Show

BEAGLES and foxhounds had a show of their own last week at the Riding Club, as confusing as it was entertaining. We attended as a matter of course, rubbing elbows with the Peapack people and the hunting set generally. Hunt kit was worn by the exhibitors, and the sound of the horn was merry in the arena. Next year we hope to go again and quietly release a fox.

The judging was complicated, and one had to choose what one was interested in, from such classes as "Two couple of dog hounds any age" or "Single dog hound whelped prior to January 1st 1929" or "Single bitch hound whelped since January 1st 1929" or "Stallion hound certified to be the sire of living puppies" or "Best couple of American foxhounds regardless of sex whelped within two years of the date of the show" or "Best beagle dog over 13 inches and under 15 inches." The names of the animals were just as charming as the animals themselves—our favorite being New College and Magdalen Bashful of the Whiteoakes Hunt.

The best showing, all in all, was made by the English foxhounds, next by the beagles, and the American

hounds came in rather at the tail end, the reason being that most of the important hunt clubs using American-bred packs are in the South, Maryland and Virginia, and are still hunt-





"Excuse me. Where do I get off for the Colony Club?"

ing. We had a good chance to see how American hounds differed from the English—the English were big, rangy fellows with straight forelegs (almost as stiff as a wire-haired terrier's). They were hounds obviously of great stamina and courage, whereas the American hounds were smaller, with domed heads and sprawling feet. Hounds bred in this country have better noses and better voice, because the average American hunting country is tougher going than the English grass country, which is rolling and open and damp as compared to our dry fields and dense coverts. American hounds, though, we were told, are apt to lack manners—it takes the British to have manners—and they sometimes go carousing after a hare, which is the unpardonable sin in foxhound circles.

Fernie Newsboy, of the Rolling Rock Hunt, was judged the best English hound in the show. What a Dickensian scene it was, too—the beagle servants with their green velvet jackets and white gaiters, the Masters in their pinks, Mrs. Bloodgood of the Smithtown pack having her boots polished by a fellow before going into the ring, huntsy people being called to the telephone by announcements through a loudspeaker; A. Henry Higginson, Esquire, president of the M.F.H. Association, critically picking the winners of the English groups, much cracking of the whip by the whippers-in, much fishing around for bits of liver in the tails of the pink coats; and the hounds themselves, nosy and eager, trying to behave creditably when one of their number deserted for the moment,

to pay a little visit to some other pack.

Dangerous

PHIL BAKER, the comedian who has a confederate in a box who talks back to him, thought up a humorous stunt, we are told, which he never had the opportunity to use. The idea was that Baker would say something about honesty and then declare

that all a man had to do was ask a straight question and he would be answered truthfully. "I'll prove it," he was to say. "If the man who killed Lingle is in the house, will he please stand up?" At this his confederate in the upper box was to rise. "Did you kill Lingle?" Baker then was to say, and the assistant was to reply: "Oh, no, I thought you said Lincoln." Baker had a high opinion of this bit, but the day before he was to work it, the assistant balked. "Suppose," he objected, "somebody was to take a shot at me before I could say Lincoln."

Protection

YOU remember we told, some time ago, about Mr. Robert Milroy, the Philadelphia policeman who hands out road maps to wandering motorists? Well, even if you don't, here is another story about a Philadelphia cop who is just as kind-hearted as Officer Milroy, and maybe kinder. It seems that late one night a gentleman was driving homeward out Germantown Avenue, and he failed to miss another car, coming in the opposite direction. Only a fender was bent, and the gentleman offered to pay for it, but the other driver wasn't satisfied with that. "You're drunk," he said—and indeed the gentleman was—"and I'm going to make you come across. You pay me fifty dollars or I call a cop." Just then, as it happened, a cop came strolling up. Both sides told their stories, the one of drunken driving, the other of extortion.

The cop did not hesitate. "Give this guy five bucks," he said to the drunken one. "That'll pay for his fender. And you," to the other driver, "you get off this beat and don't let me catch you on it again. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, takin' advantage of this poor fella." Still full of righteous indignation, he turned back to the poor fellow again. "Move over," he said, climbing into the car. "I'm gonna drive you home. If I don't, some of these crazy guys might get ya into real trouble."

Ship Ahoy

IT was our dentist who first told us about the man who spends his days in a tower on the Jersey coast, watching the horizon for incoming ships so he can tip off Western Union to prepare for their arrival. We protested that a telegraph company wouldn't go in for such old-fashioned procedure, now that most ships are equipped with wireless, some even with the wireless telephone.

We were wrong. There is such a man, Mr. Samuel F. Phillips. His tower is at the top of Lighthouse Hill, near Highlands, New Jersey, more than two hundred feet above sea level. It was erected in the eighteen-forties and originally flashed the news of incoming clipper ships to New York by a system of semaphores. As early as 1853, however, a telegraph wire was installed. Western Union shows no sign of abandoning the service, in spite of radio. For one thing, ships' operators are kept busy enough as it is as they reach port, without having to report their ships' progress into the harbor. Besides, they might forget. Mr. Phillips is reliable.

Day after day he sits in a comfortably padded office chair, its back feet fitted into cup-shaped glass contrivances so they won't cut the linoleum when he tilts back to put his feet on his desk. A powerful telescope enables him to spot vessels up to thirty miles out. Most ships Mr. Phillips recognizes at a glance, by the design of

their hull, the arrangement of decks, the funnel markings. For doubtful cases he has an index of more than eight thousand cards and a set of large ledger books with drawings in outline of numerous ships. If these don't dissipate his doubt he merely waits for a vessel to run up her identifying flags off Ambrose Lightship. There are two other observers along the coast who may recognize her if he doesn't anyway, one at Sandy Hook and the other at Quarantine. Nights he leaves up to the Sandy Hook man entirely, who identifies ships by the position of their running lights or their silhouette against the bright lights of Coney Island. At sundown Mr. Phillips closes shop and goes for a walk with his wife, his collie dog, and, sometimes, his twin daughters.

Mr. Phillips' recorded slip-ups in thirty years number only two. Once he mistook a North German Lloyd from Bremen for a sister ship expected from a Mediterranean cruise and got the wrong bunch of friends and relatives to the pier. A great hubbub ensued and Mr. Phillips felt sheepish. The other case had a happy ending. A Detroit businessman had bought a freighter abroad and had left orders with Western Union to be notified in Detroit when his new ship was sighted.

Mr. Phillips reported her and the gentleman was aboard a fast train for New York when it was discovered to be another case of sister ships. The right boat made an appearance a few hours later, however, considerably, as you may imagine, to Mr. Phillips' relief.

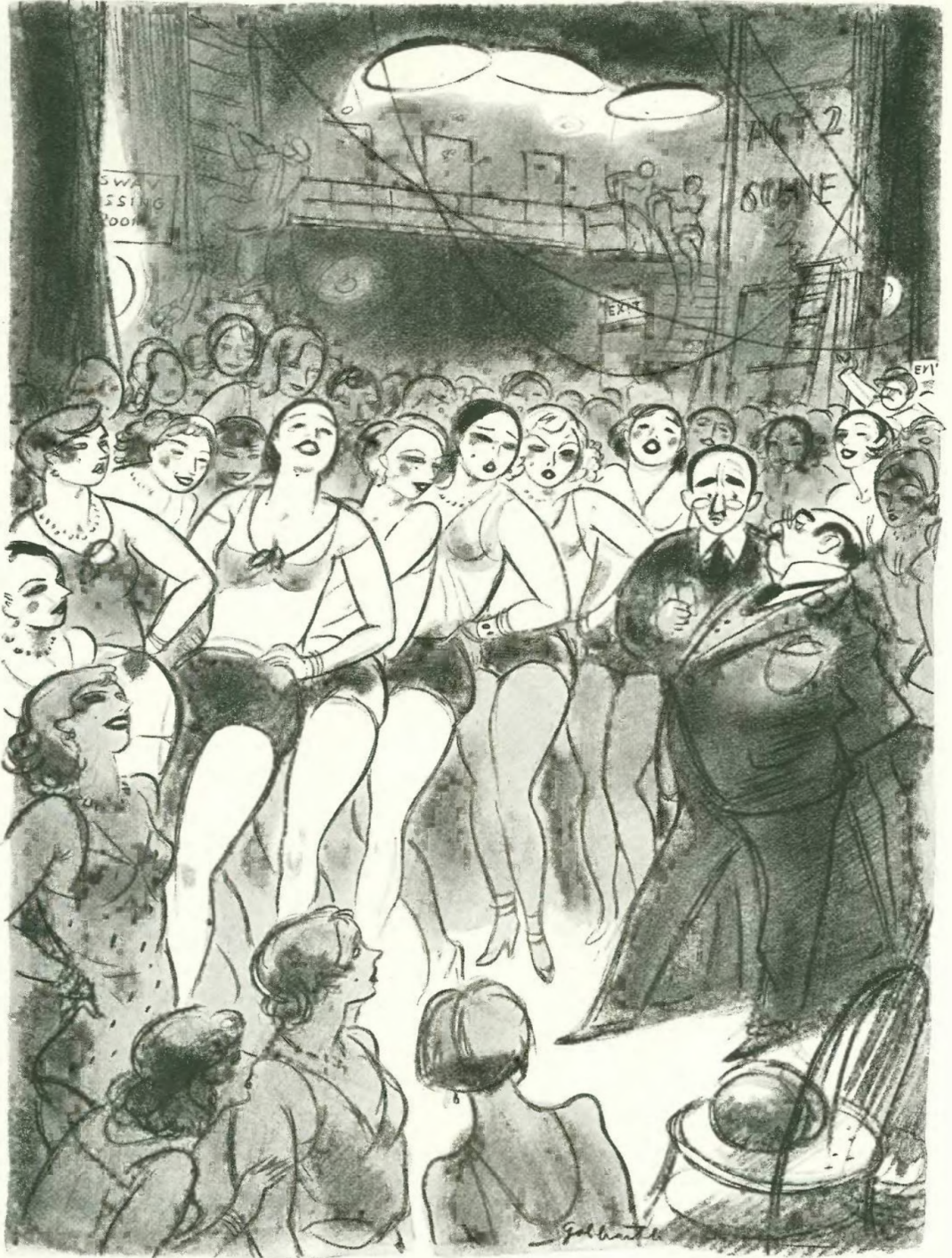
Proud Artist

A MANUFACTURER, who found himself in the Middle West, attended a meeting of Rotary, or something like Rotary, and a personal host was assigned him for the two or three days he was to be in the town. The latter was a substantial citizen of the place, its leading monument-maker. "Monumentalist" he was listed on the organization's roster. One morning he took the visitor for a tour of the points of interest. This included a visit to the biggest cemetery, which gloried in many examples of the monumentalist's handiwork. Toward lunchtime, as the guest was being taken hotelward by his host, a small boy scuffled past them, whistling. "See that kid?" said the local man. "Yes," said his companion. "The son of that big granite-and-iron job I showed you," said the monumentalist.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"The minute I saw this carp, Mrs. Mugler, I thought of you."



"See anything, Morris?"

ELSA MAXWELL

OR, THE FUTURE OF THE COSTUME BALL

A LETTER from Miss Samantha de Prook, a debutante, to her friend, Miss Barbara Mounce:

DEAR BABS:

Really, it has been *the* most exciting season here, despite the depression. As you may know, New York, aside from its many industries and fine natural harbor, is the social capital of the nation. This season the "Seven Million," as someone has termed New York Society, has been pretty much on the "go." How I pity you, Babkins, stagnating over there in dear, dead old Brooklyn!

If you were to ask me at what party I most enjoyed myself I should undoubtedly say the "Come As Your Opposite" party recently given by Elsa Maxwell at the Ritz. The Ritz would correspond to your Gilsey House.

Elsa is a simply divine creature who gives *the* most original parties. Every month she gives a party in a different country. I think she had something to do with the coronation of King Haile Selassie, but Elsa only smiled when Cholly Knickerbocker taxed her playfully with it.

It was Elsa, you know, who gave the famous Republican party to which everybody came as their opposites. Senator Norris and Senator Borah came as Republicans. (Incidentally, this was the same party that Hoover later gave the Democrats.) Perhaps Elsa's greatest achievement, however, was the Great War, which was held on her terrace in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Markoe Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goadby Loew, and Miss Ina Claire.

THERE you have Elsa in a nutshell. But to return to my "chronicle." The season had been pretty lively here before she arrived. A candy-pulling or fudge party twice a week; an oyster or pancake supper in the parish house, with an hour of Song and Story after, or perhaps a trip down to the Bijou to see the latest Francis X. Bushman picture. After that, up to somebody's house or other, snowballing each other the whole way and having fun. Then popcorn after we got there, with choice of cocoa or water for the thirsty ones.

A fairly fast pace. Yet it had its dull moments. It remained for Elsa to take the "dull" out of "dull." When she arrived we all knew things would

begin to happen. And happen they did! Almost her very first idea was to give a costume party; you know, a party where you come dressed up. Isn't it a simply *nouveau* idea! My dear, it spread like wildfire. The very next day after Elsa's party, the Beaux Arts crowd (a group of "Bohemians," many of whom are in trade) announced their intention of giving a costume party, too. Poor Elsa. Really, Babs, I do think that when one has brilliant ideas one should be allowed to patent them. Look at Edison. Look at Marconi. Look at Einstein. And then look at Elsa.

WELL, I had *the* most simply divine time at the party. I went as Hermann Oelrichs. I wore a battered black derby and a funny little mustache (black). I carried a cane and I wore some battered old trousers I had borrowed from Morton L. Schwartz, Gurnee Munn, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Glanzer, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Couden, and Edward M. McIlvain, Jr.

Herrmann went as Prince Serge Obolensky. He wore a baggy old suit, black mustache, a crumpled derby, funny old turned-up shoes, and he walked in a comical little hoppy way. It was too screaming.

Mrs. Harriman Russell went as the National City Bank, wearing a black mustache, cane, derby, misfit shoes, and an old, old suit left at the National City Bank one day by an absent-minded depositor.

Mrs. George D. Widener went as Mrs. Harriman Russell in the familiar Mrs. Harriman Russell costume—black derby, cane, wistful look, etc.

There were scads of people there, Babs. I saw at least twenty-two Grace Moores. There's a bumper crop of Grace Moores this year, much to the delight of the farmers.

Fred and Adele Astaire came as East and West Seventy-seventh Street. Mrs. Allen Gouverneur Wellman came as the Beecher-Tilton Case, in powdered wig, powdered wig, and powdered wig. Mr. Wellman, in black derby, funny pants, and cane, came as a Gentleman of the Court of Either Louis the Eleventh, Twelfth, or Thirteenth.

As usual Elsa outshone us all. It takes Elsa to show her guests how to come to a costume ball. Her costume was a veritable masterpiece of tact and ingenuity, because, not wishing to of-

fend any of her guests, she came as all of them.

From her right eye to over beyond her left ear just behind her cerebellum, she represented Mr. and Mrs. R. Amcotts Wilson. Her left shoulder was Mrs. Grafton Minot. Mr. Minot was her right shoulder. (He guessed left at first.) Guess who the ring finger of her right hand was. Mrs. Edwin Main Post, Jr. Mr. Post was the left elbow. Her right arm was all Vanderbilts and the nape of the neck was devoted entirely to the Jay Goulds, the Julian Gerards, the Count and Countess di Frasso, and the George Baker, Juniors. Miss Mary Cass Canfield was the patella and the Countess di Zoppola (the former "Tookie" Mortimer) was the fibula. Rudolph Spreckels was the epigastrium. Oh my dear Babs, I can't begin to *think* of everybody Elsa came as, but you may be sure she came as nobody who doesn't matter.

THERE were also many people of the stage present, as some of Elsa's best friends "tread the boards." I was very nice to all of them and made it a point to stop and chat in a friendly manner with each. I think I shall have a representative of the "sock and buskin" at my next party, Babs. I think they have *chic* and I just simply don't see why Grandmamma flies into such a pet whenever I suggest having a representative of the theatrical or literary professions to tea. She still considers they are in trade.

Mrs. "Jerry" Joyning, with "Jerry," came as Bishop Lindsey and Judge Manning, of the celebrated controversy of that name. "Jerry," as the Bishop, wore a toga, a riband about his brow, and carried a lyre. Mrs. "Jerry," as the Judge, wore the Hope diamond and the same shotgun her great-grandfather carried to the wedding of her grandfather and grandmother.

At midnight there was a big surprise, consisting of the most delightful pageant. Walter Wanger had come to the party as Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Irish essayist. He wore a long white beard, and promptly at midnight the beard parted in the middle and out came the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, as the Spirit of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, followed by Mr. and Mrs. James P. Donohue, Mortimer Schiff, "Jimmie" Cromwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Cutting. Then we touched a match



to Cholly Knickerbocker and as he exploded we all stood and sang "The Social Register."

THE last I remember was some time after that, during the "wee sma' hours," when "Jerry" Joyning dropped his lyre. Mrs. Joyning had dropped "Jerry" two hours before. I saw that "Jerry" was in no mood for stooping, so I picked up the lyre for him and handed it to him, saying "Your lyre, Jerry." And what do you think he did? He said "You're another" and socked me.

Of course I socked him back; I guess I know my Emily Post.

Well, more anon, as they say, when something intriguing comes along. In the meanwhile, believe me

Your ever lovin'
SAM

OUR BETTERS

ISIDOR J. KRESSEL

This half-sized lion of the law
Eats gangsters, crooks, and gunmen
raw.

Each day for breakfast on his plate
Is served a roasted magistrate.

At dinner on his bill of fare
Supreme Court justices cooked rare.
And when, perhaps, you'd think he's
filled,

He'll have some lawyers nicely
grilled,

And then his meal he always tops
With four or five assorted cops.

Were I a judge I'd hate to wrestle
In court with little Izzy Kresel.

—HAY



"Take a good look at these fellows, Tony, so you'll remember 'em next time."

A RING AROUND A ROSIE

"NO," said the manager, "I'm afraid your play won't do. I like it, mind you, and if the theatrical situation was different, I might take a chance, but with things the way they are right now, I couldn't do it."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the young author.

"Well, there isn't so much the matter with it," said the manager. "It's got an idea, and the dialogue is O.K. Any other time I'd probably take a chance, but right now I couldn't do it."

"But why not, if you like it?" said the author.

The manager sighed.

"It wouldn't sell," he said.

"Sell?" said the author. "To the public, you mean?"

"No," said the manager, "to the talkies."

"But I didn't write it for the talkies. I wrote it for the stage," said the author.

The manager twisted in his chair.

"Sure you did. That's what's the matter with it. It hasn't got a chance for the screen."

"But I didn't intend it to have. If I had I would have written it in scenario form, and sent it to Hollywood."

"That wouldn't have got you anywhere," said the manager.

"No?"

"No. It would have to be a play first."

"I don't understand," said the author.

The manager sighed again.

"It has to be adapted, hasn't it? How can they adapt it if it isn't a play first?"

"But—" the author began.

The manager took a firm grip on his cigar.

"LISTEN," he said patiently. "They want to make a picture. Well, they look around for a play to adapt. If you've got a play running with a good picture story, they buy it and have it put into shape for the screen."

"But if it was good picture material, wouldn't it be simpler for them to get it in scenario form in the first place?"

"Naw," said the manager. "They have to adapt it."

"But it seems to me," the author pursued, "that if I had a story suitable for talking pictures it would save trouble all round if I wrote it in usable form and sent it direct to its natural destination; much better in every way, because what would be suitable for the screen would not be suitable for the theatre."

"That wouldn't matter," said the manager.

"No?" said the author.

"No," said the manager. "You don't intend it for the stage. You intend it for the talkies."

"I don't follow you," said the author.

"Listen. You want a play produced, don't you? Then you want to write something that will sell to the pictures."

"But I don't," said the author.

The manager stared at him.

"I want to write a play that will sell to the theatre."

The manager shook his head.

"It won't sell to the theatre, if it won't sell to the talkies. Oh, maybe to the Guild it might, or maybe the Civic what's-its-name—you know—but for the theatre you got to write a play with a good picture idea. Something they can get hold of for a scenario."

The author mused a moment.

"BUT why a scenario? If I should write a play with the right quality for the talking pictures, couldn't they work from my manuscript?"

"Naw," said the manager. "All they want's the idea. They make their own scenario."

The author thought again.



Alvin Dunn

"Graham, you're missing all this. The President has just pushed a button!"

"But talking pictures are practically in play form," he said.

"Sure they are," said the manager, "but they fix them like that after they make the scenario."

"You mean," said the author, "that then I would have to write it all over again?"

"You wouldn't," said the manager. "Someone else would do that."

"You mean, put it back the way it was originally?"

"Not the way it was. They have to have dialogue written."

"But it's got dialogue," said the author.

"Well, but it's got to have screen dialogue," said the manager. "It's got to be different."

"How, different?" said the author.

"Different. For the screen," said the manager.

"Let me get this straight," said the author. "You won't buy my play for the theatre because it isn't suitable for the screen, but you mean that if it *was* exactly what they wanted, they'd change it?"

"Sure," said the manager.

"And it won't do for the stage because it won't sell to the movies, and if it would sell to the movies it would have to be done for the stage, and if it were done for the stage it wouldn't be right for the movies anyway?"

"It would have to be adapted," said the manager.

THE author was silent for a moment. Then he picked up his hat and his manuscript, and started for the door.

"Why don't you fix it over," said the manager, gesturing at the manuscript, "and let me see it again?"

"No," said the author. "I don't think I'll bother with plays. I think I'll try something less complicated, a book perhaps."

The manager nodded.

"Sure," he said. "That's O.K. They make pictures from books too."

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

OF ALL THINGS

THE Wickersham Commission has created something unique in political history. This is the first time that a majority ever issued a minority report.

Prohibition is good for us, the document says. Just one more round and we quit.

The fate of the Ham Fish Red Peril was practically pathetic. Between the Niagara Falls and Wickersham

reports, the poor thing simply never had a chance.

Our Mayor should by all means leave the city for needed recuperation. No family head ever gets his natural rest while housecleaning is going on.

Still another magistrate has had to resign because of ill health. He was suffering from a bad code.

District Attorney Crain, however, has solved the problem of how to keep physically fit. While others toil and moil, he is at his office doing his daily dozing.

January turned out to be Biography Month. The home-town papers were rich and colorful with the story of Leonard Wood, Pershing's memoirs, and the home life of Clara Bow.

Germany, it is reported, will move for a moratorium, as permitted under the Young Plan. Moratorium, if you don't know big words, means "Debt takes a holiday."

Whatever else it was, the Bank of United States was not mercenary. It lent large sums of money to its directors upon nothing but their charming personalities.

The only thing to do is to contribute generously to the Red Cross fund. Mr. Hoover will not feed starving people unless they move to Belgium.

Constitutional prohibition has passed its eleventh birthday and it shows no signs of ever being self-supporting. Where will it be at sixty-five?

One man who need never be jobless is Chairman Galvin of the Port Authority. His life-work is to keep people from calling the Hudson Bridge "The Hudson Bridge."

Dr. Butler says we have only eight real universities, but he refuses to name the other seven. We rise to nominate dear old Hard Knocks.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

DOLDRUMS

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

IT is high time that we all got together and started worrying about the younger generation again. Life is much too calm and peaceful, with nothing to brood about except the activities of gangsters and Supreme Court judges, the Red Menace, the possible repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and dull subjects like that. At the present time, there isn't a thing to View

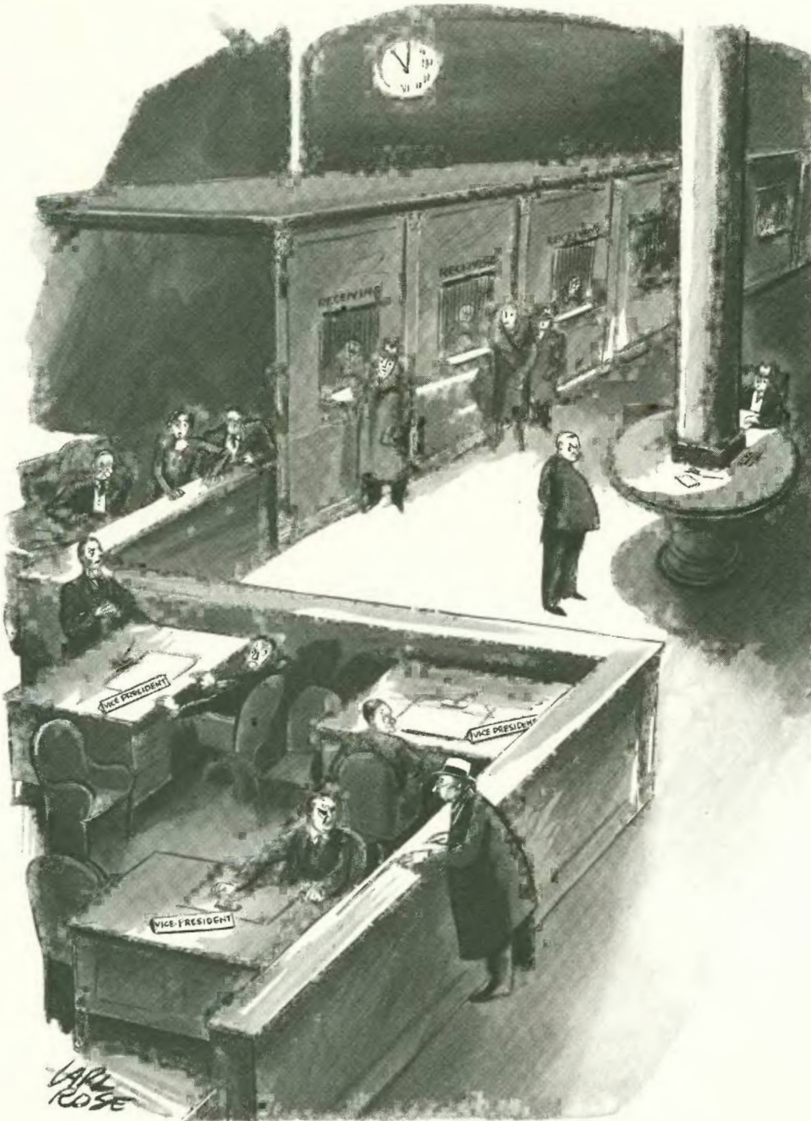
with Alarm that has the slightest fillip of sex to make it vital.

We will dismiss the present bunch of eighteen-year-olders as a lifeless and unimaginative lot following meekly in the footsteps of the pioneer postwar generation. Do they think they could cause a ripple, even in the pulpit, getting cock-eyed or wearing short skirts? No, it is to the really young generation that we must turn, our eyes bright with hope—those toddlers of one to ten, still blissfully unaware of the respon-

sibility that will be heaped upon them. What can they possibly think up that will conform to the age-old standard that the younger generation *must* shock the older? What can they possibly do to their toughened parents of just-after-the-war to make us toss and turn o' nights? We were the boys and girls who heard so much about our petting in automobiles, taking swigs from flasks, and being morally corrupted by companionate marriage, the automobile, and synthetic gin, that we came to believe it all ourselves. We read "Flaming Youth" and, our hearts heavy with dread, did our utmost to act as we were expected to act. We came through nobly. Now we are dated old fogies of the Scott Fitzgerald era, but the fact remains that we are going to be tough ones to horrify, unless we develop short memories from the synthetic gin above referred to.

I personally gave the matter sober attention for a long time. I am a simple type, of the conformist school, who flapped thoroughly at the flapper age, girl-about-towned it when that was the order of the day, and proceeded along the correct lines generally. And I insist on stifling all the Penrod in my young. I insist on being shocked by the goings-on of the young folks when I reach forty. It is my birthright, and I will not be cheated of it. That is why I worried for a long time whether the brats now staggering through Central Park would have enough imagination to figure out a few new vices.

The solution arrived in an unexpected way. Hearing cries of rapture from the nursery, as follows: "Goo, goo" (meaning "good," or "delicious"), the dotting mamma burst in to see what, in her well-ordered household, could be causing exceptional rapture. Maybe



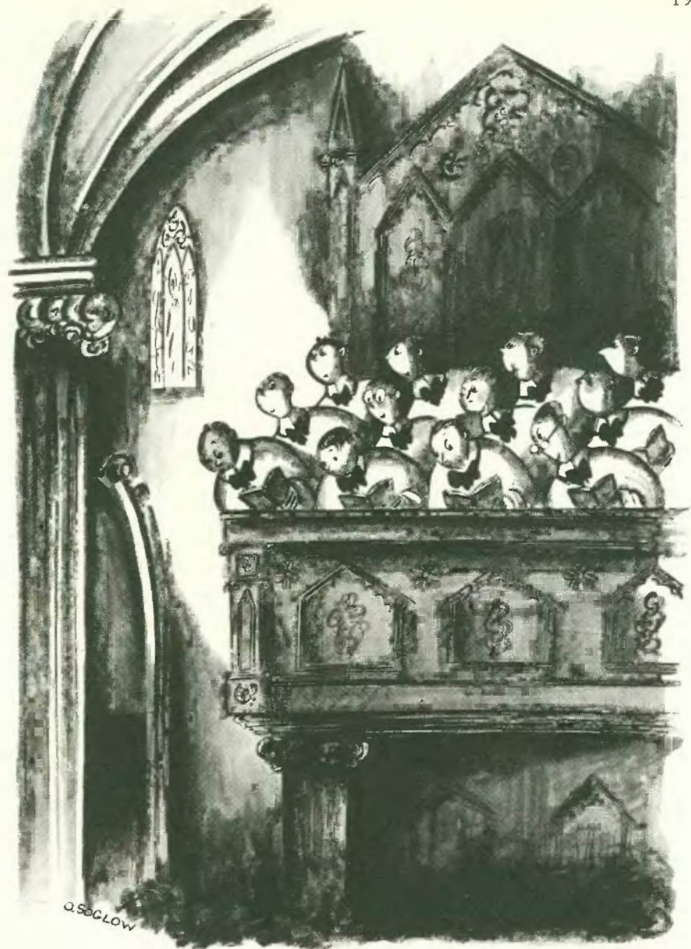
"Er—would it seriously inconvenience you if I withdrew two hundred dollars?"

Little Angel was finishing up the cocktails. Maybe she had got into Papa's cigars. Not at all. I was aghast to learn the appreciative cries were wrung from her at the sight of the spinach, Grade A milk, prunes, baked potato, and dry crusts that composed her Dennett lunch. It was then that I looked far, far into the future and, with a sudden sickening, began to figure the whole thing out.

THE Bernarr Macfadden age is what we are in for. They can't possibly think of anything else. Our sun-tanned whelps of two who are not fed between meals, dandled, or rocked to sleep, will be the death of us yet. The darlings who are used to more fresh air in an afternoon than their night-club parents get in a year will have us tearing our Tintexed hair and saying we don't know what the world is coming to, much as our mothers and grandmothers did before us.

You wait and see. When we are ruddy, apoplectic old souls with all kinds of strange and interesting new diseases of synthetic origin, clinging grimly to our quaint cocktails before dinner as our parents clung to grace before meat, they will be rosy-cheeked, big-chested young bores, eternally flexing their muscles in our weary faces. We will be bits of broken crockery, wobbly and weak but preserved forever in alcohol, who sit wrapped in our gray shawls watching the latest adagio dancers perform at the six A.M. show at the Cotton Club. And, when we querulously arise in the mornings (because the lusty singing of our young in the cold showers makes further sleep impossible), we will solemnly warn the unheeding youth of our land about the dangers of athlete's heart. We will deplore the dangers of night air that has not been filtered through the smoke of a thousand cigarettes; we will wax indignant about the shiny noses of our debutante daughters, who scorn rice powder; we will quaver feebly that scientific sex is immoral and will certainly plunge the country into chaos.

Fresh-air fiends are what we are raising. If one of us is sufficiently old-fashioned to light a cigarette, they will cough ostentatiously and fling open window after window—and lucky the strong-minded father and mother who are allowed windows that will shut at all. They will breathe deeply all the time, and hurl themselves out into zero weather, clad only in Grecian



"Oh look—Judge Lindsey!"

tunics, while we die of pneumonia in our sables. They will sleep on pallets, and look with scorn on the easy-chairs in which our old bones occasionally recline. The most violent and enterprising rebels will even shun straight-backed chairs and squat on their haunches instead of sitting at all, since this is the ideal way of keeping the organs properly in place. Look at the American Indian and what happened to him!

NO, I'd rather not go on with it. If there is anything I hate it is a person who exudes health and vitality. I have enough trouble on hang-over mornings without having somebody brisk and cheerful—and mind you, I love my children as well as the next one—rush in to shout "Good

mornings, Maw!" and pull up shades to let the blessed sunlight in. A few people like this have always existed, and even I run across them now and then, but it has never amounted to a serious epidemic. You know the kind. Such good sports and all. Don't drink or smoke, but cheerfully stay up till all hours watching their pals shorten their life span. And then wake up singing at seven-thirty the next morning and call you on the telephone to tell you it's a glorious morning and did you know how *funny* you were last night?

There are going to be thousands and thousands like these, cropping up in our own homes so that there is no getting away from them. It's a judgment on us for having caused our parents all that alarm so many years ago. For

our sins, we won't even have the fun of preparing tasty, home-cooked meals for healthy young appetites. They will insist on eating raw dates, carrots, uncooked fruits, herbs, and roots. It is even possible that mealtimes will be done away with altogether, because some fool scientist is bound to discover, sooner or later, a way of doing up a lunch in a pill that you swallow in water. Think of it—clam-juice cocktail, tomato soup, chicken patty, combination salad, and coffee, all done up in an itty, bitsy pellet half an inch in diameter! Well, I won't eat my lunch that way. I won't, I won't. Let me ruin my digestion in peace.

IT certainly won't be any fun being a parent to these horrible future children of ours, and they probably won't allow us the fun of being grandparents either. We can take a stroll over to the Board of Health and inspect Incubator 115647A (N.Y.) instead of knitting useless pink sweaters. We may even be permitted (because we are so old and pathetic and feeble-minded that they like to humor us) to go over to the State Farm and try, in our old-time way, to pick out a family resemblance somewhere so as to identify our grandchildren. There will be a lot of snickering about this, since Dr. Watson will have eliminated heredity entirely by 1940. I don't care; here I've sacrificed and struggled so that my children will never have to go through what I went through, and they won't even let me have a grandchild to spoil. It isn't fair. I feel terrible



about it. It's all in a line with that offensive attitude toward sex that the younger generation will have.

No mystery, no spice. No sniggering behind barns, no words on fences. No inaccurate and puzzling information about storks and cabbage leaves. No curiosity, no groping toward the Great Unknown. And it's all our fault. Right now, we are paving the way to that disgusting, clear-eyed attitude by being frank and honest with our tots instead of letting them pick up their information in the gutter. The gutter was good enough for their grandparents, and it ought to be good enough for them. But no. The younger generation haven't any imagination or sense of humor or healthy indecency. They won't listen to us when we try to undo the harm that we have already done. We will stand helplessly by while they pick their mates by chemical analysis.

We will remember the furtive, five A.M. swimming parties that rocked the world way back in 1924, and we will be aghast that our children go in for coeducational swimming in the altogether right out in broad daylight, without feeling wicked at all. I am miserable already. It is immoral not to have sex kept in its old place, a subject entirely for gossip, conjecture, slander, scandal, and sinister doubt. It is immoral to expose the old sham, that has kidded us about its "mystery" all these centuries. What are they going to put in its place? Whither are we drifting?

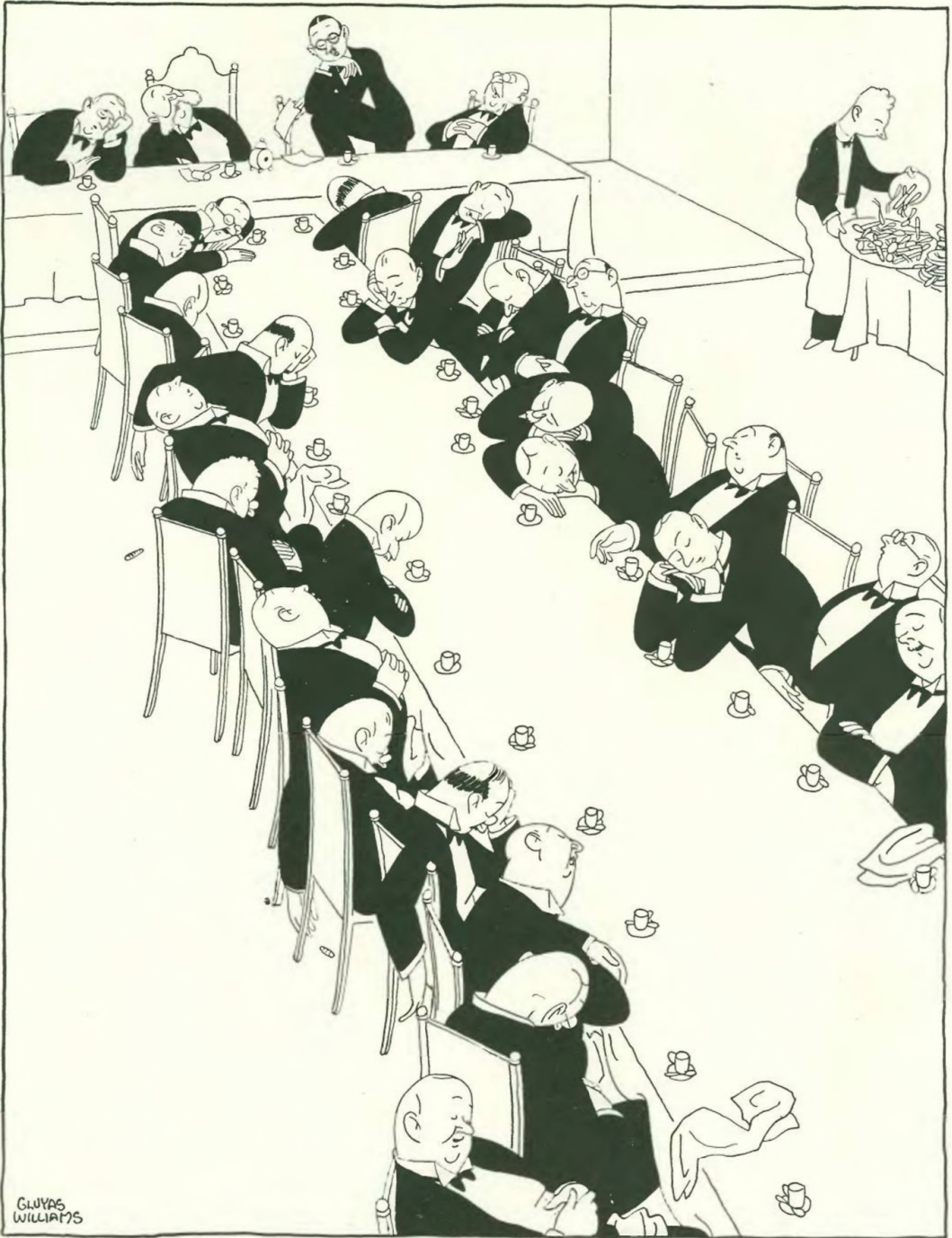
There is one consolation. After causing us all these gray hairs, there will always be another generation, however produced, who will put them in their place. By that time we will be dead and gone, but the thought is some comfort.

—LOIS LONG

FROM A MANHATTAN TOMB

I know that a little verse is a versicle but I don't know if a little phrase is a phrase
 But I do know that at the moment I feel too too alas and alackadaisicle.
 What though around me is the hustle and bustle of a great city at its labors?
 What though I am hemmed in by the most industrious and ingenious kind of neighbors?
 What though 227 miles away our President is striving like anything to restore prosperity?
 What though a great deal of good is being done day and night by Organized Charity?
 What though young people are joining forever or parting forever with each tick of the clock?
 What though Mr. Belloc admires Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Chesterton admires Mr. Belloc?
 What though to produce the Sunday papers thousands of square miles of Canada are deforested?
 What though in an attempt to amuse the public thousands of writers and actors and things are utterly exhorsted?
 What though young humans are getting born and old humans are getting deceased and middle-aged humans are getting used to it?
 What though a Bronxville husband has discovered that he can put the baby to sleep by reading Proust to it?
 All these things may be of great moment to those who are concerned with them in any way,
 But how are they going to help me to get through the day?
 For I have had to eat luncheon while I was still sorry I had eaten breakfast and I shall have to eat dinner while I am still sorry I ate luncheon
 And my spirit has been put through the third degree and thrown into a very dark dank dismal duncheon.
 Why do people insist on bringing me anecdotes and allegories and alcohol and food?
 Why won't they just let me sit and brood?
 Why does the population swirl around me with vivacious violence
 When all I want to do is sit and suffer in silence?
 Everybody I see tries to cheer me up
 And I wish to hell they would stup.

—ODGEN NASH



ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE SANKA COFFEE COMPANY

* * PROFILES * *

LIGHTS, PLEASE!

ALMOST everything about Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, is paradoxical. Although extremely intelligent, he has practically no conception of the limitations of others; although a minister, he has very little interest in humanity; although genuinely concerned with religion, he will stoop to showman's tricks to make it popular; although he has been an insatiable reader and student all his life, he still

has an unsophisticated mind; although of great physical vitality, he loathes all sports. Even his status as an American citizen is paradoxical. People are continually being baffled by the fact that he was born in Scotland, has never been naturalized, but is an American citizen. You may have guessed the explanation: that his parents were American citizens who happened to be in Scotland at the time of his birth; but no one connected with the government, short of a Cabinet member, can understand this. It's got so that every time he goes abroad, Dr. Guthrie applies for his passport directly to the Secretary of State—otherwise he never gets it.

Only a year ago the conditions of his birth got him involved in a fearful row with Miss Iva C. Arvo, a census-taker. Miss Arvo appeared at the Guthrie home in Stamford while the Rector was at dinner and commanded him to fill out the census at once, as she wanted her fee. He gave his birthplace, Dundee, wrote "No" to the question about whether he had been naturalized, and "Yes" to the one about being an American citizen. Miss Arvo thought he was trying to fool her, became enraged, and even after the situation had been explained, refused to admit that he was



Dr. William Norman Guthrie

the sheet. Miss Arvo then complained to the census head in Bridgeport that Dr. Guthrie had filled out many of the questions illegibly on purpose, but the man at Bridgeport was able to read them and declined to prosecute.

THIS trivial affair reveals several of Guthrie's outstanding characteristics: stubbornness, impatience, wit, sense of the dramatic. In his church, as well as at home, he enjoys playing to the gallery, but there is nothing of the charlatan in him. When he invites a Brahman priest to give his native services at St. Mark's or gets a full-blooded Mohawk to chant his native songs, he is quite frankly being a showman, but he is also carrying out a program with a serious idea behind it: he is trying to show the universality of religion. He has had over eighty different rituals translated from their original tongues and given in the church, and he never has one performed until he feels it has been made as perfect and comprehensible to the American mind as is possible. To understand this reverence for form in one with this temperament of an actor, you have to know that Dr. Guthrie is three-quarters French. His father, born de la Guthrie, came to this

an American citizen. She became still more incensed when Dr. Guthrie refused to indicate what language he spoke first. "In Europe," he explained, "we don't learn just one language at a time. I travelled a great deal, at an early age, and learned English, Italian, German, and French all at the same time." So in answer to the question he wrote down "polyglot." Miss Arvo didn't know just what this meant, thought she was being insulted, rushed out, and came back with two large policemen, who stood over the man of God while he filled out the rest of

country as a young man and married Frances Sylva d'Arusmont, whose father was French and whose mother was Fanny Wright, an ardent abolitionist. Fanny Wright came to America, lectured on higher education for women, and, just to show how she felt about slaves, bought a hundred, took them to Haiti, and freed them. Had it not been for the Civil War her grandson would probably have been born here, but in 1868 the family property in the South was bringing in almost nothing and the Guthries were living in Scotland, where Mrs. Guthrie had an estate. When the future *enfant terrible* of the Episcopal Church was only four years old, his father died of smallpox (a businessman, he practiced medicine on the side, and had been treating people in a smallpox epidemic in Dundee just before his death), leaving him and his brother, Kenneth, now a Fundamentalist preacher in a church in Yonkers, to the tender mercies of a very eccentric mother. Mrs. Guthrie, like her mother, Fanny Wright, had her own ideas about education. No school ever suited her for more than a few weeks. She sent her sons, successively, to institutions all over Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and England. The effect of this on young Guthrie was to make him highly critical of different educational systems. When, at sixteen, he came to America and subsequently entered the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee—he had a romantic interest in the South, Sewanee was the only church college there, and he had been brought up too religiously to think of going to an ordinary college—he was a man of wide culture compared to the rest of the boys.

According to those who knew him then, Guthrie was considered something of a freak, but everyone liked him. Sewanee was provincial, but it recognized brains, and Guthrie obviously had brains. He was also extremely handsome; today, in his sixty-third year, he is a striking figure, with a great head of gray hair, regular features, black bushy eyebrows, and keen, friendly brown eyes. He was an excellent student, edited the undergraduate magazine, read a great deal of poetry, and wrote almost as much. One day he brought some of his work to Professor William P. Trent (later of Columbia) for criticism. Trent advised him to write a sonnet, just for discipline. The next morning Guthrie appeared with twenty sonnets; all pretty bad,

incidentally. He combined then, as now, the qualities of exuberance and seriousness to a high degree, and was naturally a great admirer of Browning. (His favorite poets, today, are Goethe, Shelley, Arnold, Meredith, Keats, and Browning.) He founded and became president of the Sewanee Browning Society, and was scandalized one day when a clergyman whom he had invited to speak said that Browning wasn't a real poet at all, and advised the members of the Browning Society to read Tennyson instead. He never went in for any sport, was graduated in three years instead of four, and in his last year was intercollegiate orator, choosing for his subject, prophetically enough, "Divine Discontent."

The tradition at Sewanee decreed that an intelligent young man go into the ministry, but Guthrie wavered between that and education at first, and taught modern languages while taking his M.A. He was young for the position and his little charges tried to play jokes on him. One cold winter day they put gum on the stove which heated the classroom. A horrible odor ensued, Guthrie came in, ordered the boys outside, and held the class in the open air while his pupils froze. Nothing ever frightens him, though in his displays of courage, as in everything else, he is spectacular. One afternoon he and a friend were riding in the Tennessee mountains when a backwoodsman who was running a still in the vicinity shot at them. The bullet went over Guthrie's head. He immediately reined in his horse. "Friend," he bellowed, "that was a rotten shot. I could have done better myself."

Guthrie continued to teach for a year or two after getting his degree, but the philological method of teaching languages which obtains in this country was too much for one who had learned four in infancy, and he decided to become a minister. He was ordained at the age of twenty-five, and in the same year married Anna Stuart of Sewanee, who had been one of the first members of his Browning Society. For the next ten years he served at various churches in Cincinnati and later in California, returning to Sewanee in 1908 to give a course in literature. In 1909 he gave a lecture course at the University of Chicago. He enjoys lecturing more than anything else. The attention of an audience is tonic to him, and when he comes home from a tour—he still lectures, occasionally—he is vibrant,

never tired. On the platform (and in the pulpit) he waves his hands, shakes his fist, and speaks in clear, ringing tones, with tremendous emphasis and emotion. He carries this oratorical method over into private life, in conversation and in dictating letters to his secretary, speaking as if he were addressing immense multitudes even when he is in a small room with only a single hearer.

IT was while in New York on a lecture trip, incidentally, that Guthrie was called to St. Mark's. Built in 1799 on the oldest church site in the city (Peter Stuyvesant's chapel stood there in 1660), attended for over a century by members of the Stuyvesant, Fish, Ten Broeck, Schuyler, Min-

thorne, Iselin, and Morris families, St. Mark's had, in 1910, got to the point where its congregation consisted of some eighteen old ladies who came in Sunday mornings, out of sentiment. "Those high in the councils of the church," observed a newspaper at the time, "feel that this is not by any means a necessary condition, and they believe that in Mr. Guthrie they have found a man who will make the delightful box pews of the old church know once more the sensations of crowded Sunday mornings." Those high in the councils of the church got more than they bargained for. Trying not to hurt the feelings of the eighteen old ladies, Dr. Guthrie at first

*"We should
of known
better. You get
disappointed
so often
on these
blind dates."*



confined himself to substituting professional singers for the choirs, discarding hymns ("Most of them are nothing more or less than jig music. . . . They actually pain people with sensitive tastes") for Massenet, Grieg, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Beethoven, and changing the old Sunday-schoolroom into a combination lecture-room and art gallery. Attendance began to pick up, although a few of the old ladies dropped out. By 1920 Guthrie felt quite at home, and revived the ritual dance as a symbol of worship. No one made any adverse comment, but the first public sign of a rift between Guthrie and Manning—who had known each other since Sewanee, where Manning was two years behind Guthrie, and where, known as "Little Manning," he had been recognized almost exclusively for his extraordinary piety—occurred two months later. Three hundred unemployed men, whom Guthrie had been feeding and housing in his parish house, marched to a church in Trinity Parish to ask for shelter. They were refused but were offered tickets for Salvation Army lodging houses instead, which they declined to accept. Manning was then rector of Trinity, as well as bishop-elect, and it was rumored that this was an attack on him by Guthrie, who knew Manning wouldn't take the men in, but wanted to make a test case. Guthrie denied this. He kept on having ritual dances, installed a system of colored lights in

the church, to induce different moods, and in February, 1922, had a Parsee altar set up where a Parsee priest said Parsee prayers. This was the first time such a thing had been done in the history of the Episcopal Church and caused appreciable numbers of wealthy Episcopalians to look on Guthrie as the Wild Man of Borneo.

HIS subsequent activities did little to make them change their minds. The same year he invited Isadora Duncan to speak, on Christmas Eve, on "The Moralizing Effect of Dancing on the Human Soul." Bishop Manning, having received many letters of protest, persuaded him to recall this invitation, and a few days later Guthrie delivered a pointed sermon on the baleful influence of wealth on the churches. He kept right on inviting Indians, Hindus, Persians, and Chinese to perform their rituals in St. Mark's, held drama symposiums and medical clinics with great abandon, and in December, 1923, celebrated the festival of St. Nicholas with a dance. The girls appeared barefooted, as they always had before, but this time a reporter from one of the evening papers attended the services and, with the journalist's flair for inaccuracy, wrote up what he had seen as a "bare-leg, bare-hip" affair. Later he came to Guthrie's house and apologized for this description of a dance performed by six barefooted but amply clad Barnard graduates, but the damage had been done. Other papers copied his report, prominent Episco-

pals became very much alarmed, and Bishop Manning, with a weather eye out for possible contributions to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, forbade any more such goings-on. Guthrie suggested having a jury of ministers judge the dance, but Manning refused. Guthrie thereupon confided to him that the whole scandal was the result of the newspapers' wanting a good story, and said that if he and Manning walked down Fifth Avenue arm in arm they would be photographed by the papers, and there would be no more unfavorable publicity. To this brilliant suggestion the Bishop made practically no reply. When, three months later, Guthrie defied his edict with another dance, Manning cut St. Mark's off from episcopal visitation. Except for the time when, with Guthrie's consent, he officiated at the funeral of Miss Catherine E. S. Stuyvesant, eighty-fourth member of the family to be buried in the churchyard, he hasn't been there since. The Stuyvesants themselves don't go there any more except to be buried; every Easter they see that Peter's grave is properly decorated and go away without stepping inside the church.

It isn't a comfortable situation for Dr. Guthrie, and there must be times when he wishes for peace, but both he and Manning, opposites in almost every other way, are extremely obstinate. There is, however, nothing mean about Guthrie. During the drive for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine he sent Manning a gift of five hundred dollars. It's hard to say to what extent this was the true Christian spirit and to what extent a dramatic gesture.

Manning's reply is easier to analyze: he returned the money with a little note to the effect that under existing circumstances he could accept nothing from Guthrie. Later Guthrie intimated that the Cathedral was too large. "The Bishop," he said, "is likely to be mistaken for a fly or a mosquito by the people in the more remote parts of the great building."

THIS last remark is typical. Usually serious and devoid of humor except for the grotesque, Guthrie can-



"An' don't be sittin' there makin' fists at me in yer pockets, either."



not resist the temptation to be witty, and wit is a quality which alienates census-takers and bishops alike. Dull people never like him; he is too intelligent for them and too indifferent to hide his intelligence out of kindness. He is often unintentionally inconsiderate, and will talk for hours to people who don't know, or care, what he's talking about. Consequently he wastes a lot of energy, as, for example, when he tries to explain intricate religious problems to people who are obviously uninterested. Mrs. Guthrie and his daughters, of whom one takes an active part in the church work and the other works in a publishing house, do their best to keep him from wearing himself out this way, but he derives a definite histrionic pleasure from it: he is genuinely intoxicated by the sound of his own voice and the dramatic fervor of his own gesticulations. A talk with him is almost invariably a monologue; he will beam at you and call you "old man," but he doesn't want you to speak; he is too much involved in his own thoughts to be a good conversationalist. He can, however, go to the other extreme and become an excellent listener if you tell him something he knows nothing about. He loves to learn things, and reads heavy, instructive books continually. His house in New York, which is next to the church, at Eleventh Street and Second Avenue, is full of books. He usually has lunch at home, but sometimes goes to the National Arts Club, where his favorite dish is milk toast with hot chocolate poured over it. He likes picture galleries and the opera, which he and Mrs. Guthrie attend frequently. He loathes administrative work, though just now he is involved in a five-hundred-thousand-dollar endowment drive for St. Mark's. His performances at the

church cost a good deal, and the revenue from collections and the church's regular income (derived from real estate) isn't enough for everything. He fires his secretaries at frequent intervals and is treated like a lovable, if naughty, child by his office staff, who listen patiently to his long orations before he settles down to his morning's work. In spite of his occasional Latin outbursts, and the fact that one of his favorite words is "jackass," he is essentially sweet-tempered.

IHAVE given in some detail the outline of several crucial years at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, but if you want a more complete idea of the unorthodox way in which the church is run, this fragmentary list of people who have spoken there Sunday afternoons may help: John Cowper Powys; Nicholas Roerich; Amy Lowell; Evangeline Adams; Arnold Genthe, the photographer; Mrs. Douglas Robinson; Helen Menken; Carl Sandburg; John Erskine; Eva Le Gallienne; Richard B. Harrison, who plays the part of God in "The Green Pastures;" Kenneth Murchison, the architect; John Martin of *John Martin's Book*; Lee Simonson; and Daniel Frohman. Guthrie runs his church this way because he wants people to come, and they do. Today St. Mark's has no regular congregation to speak of; Messrs. Hamilton Fish and A. Van Horne Stuyvesant attend divine service elsewhere; there are only a handful of pew-renters; but there are large audiences, which vary from one Sunday to the next. A number of people who belong to other churches or to no church at all come in about once a month. Guthrie himself feels that organized religion is losing its appeal for the intelligent man

of today, who would rather read a book than hear a sermon, and that the more highly developed people are the less they go to church. "Not only are the Protestants doomed," he has said, though perhaps not publicly, "but they are losing at the top."

This paradox—intelligence in a minister who realizes that intelligence is one of the church's greatest enemies—accounts for most of Guthrie's experiments. Instead of following his thought to its natural conclusion, and dismissing a church career for one in education, art, or literature, he compromised by divorcing religion from theology and dishing it up with art, music, literature, and drama. The result is an affair which appeals to those of the educated or artistic classes who aren't annoyed by the questionable taste of such a procedure, in however good faith it has been done; it has been successful at St. Mark's, but, isolated instances to the contrary, it has had no real influence on the Episcopal Church. For most ministers and congregations, Guthrie's form of worship can only be a spectacle; they cannot accept it as religion. It is difficult to say what would have happened had Guthrie been brought up in a less narrow atmosphere and followed some intellectual or aesthetic pursuit without benefit of clergy; probably he is better off this way. Few artists, writers, professors, or theatrical producers have a little kingdom as much their own as St. Mark's is his.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

For the second consecutive year the town of Roxbury, N.H., has not had a marriage, birth, or death.—*Jacksonville (Tex.) Progress*.

We bet there's a lot of census graft just the same.



REVIVALS

THE revival of "Anatol" which Bela Blau has given us at the Lyceum is notable chiefly in those departments which come under the head of "Production." It has six of the loveliest stage sets I have ever seen, designed by Jo Mielziner, and it furnishes an undertone of offstage Viennese waltzes throughout the dialogue which is likely to reduce the *Alt Wien* fanciers in the audience to sodden masses of shirtfront. Having never

seen Vienna before 1925, I myself am particularly susceptible to all the old prewar waltzes and memories of a happier day and with difficulty control my Welsh-Irish emotions when "*Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume*" or "*Im Prater blüh'n wieder die Bäume*" is played. Heard with Mr. Mielziner's settings as a background, it is almost more than this old Hapsburg heart can bear.

It was lucky on the opening night that these stimuli were present in such

abundance to keep me in some sort of emotional agitation, otherwise I might have slept soundly throughout the first act. "Anatol" is very nice to read and might possibly have acted well with Mr. John Barrymore in the title rôle, but with Mr. Schildkraut taking his own good time (and ours) to get his laughs and to recall his lines, the scenes which occur in the first hour seemed interminable. Mr. Schildkraut is more a comic than a comedian, but he has not the pace of a comic, with the result that there are some rather trying pauses in the dialogue if you don't happen to be amused by burlesque technique. There is also, at times, a faint suggestion of Georgie Jessel about his delivery which leads you to expect some really good Jewish comedy any minute, a hope which is, unfortunately, never fulfilled. Add to all this the fact that, with or without Mr. Schildkraut, some of the early scenes of "Anatol" are too long for comfort, and you have the secret of the three hours we spent between nine and ten on the opening night.

It is really not until the last scene of the first act, with its background of lighted windows seen through falling snow and the lavender presence of Patricia Collinge to soften and tone him down, that Mr. Schildkraut justifies his selection for the part. In this scene he is just right and, of course, so is Miss Collinge. As this is also the most effectively written scene in the play, the curtain comes down on a considerably revived audience. When it goes up again on the second act and Miss Miriam Hopkins flutters in, avid for food and drink, things begin to pick up and quite a gay pace is set, thanks to Miss Hopkins, Mr. Schnitzler, Mr. Schildkraut in those passages which he remembers (I am told that Mr. Schildkraut had been ill previous to the opening, a fact which now explains much but which did not help at the time to relieve a horrible two minutes when the whole play seemed to be threatened), and Mr. Walter Connolly, who, as Max, carries on throughout the whole thing with a comforting ease and grace. The concluding scene, with Miss Ruthelma Stevens throwing things, was a little too horsey for my taste, but it was warming to see how Mr. Schildkraut enjoyed his gorgeous dressing-gown and red uniform and to feast one's eyes on these marvels and Mr. Mielziner's ultimate effort.

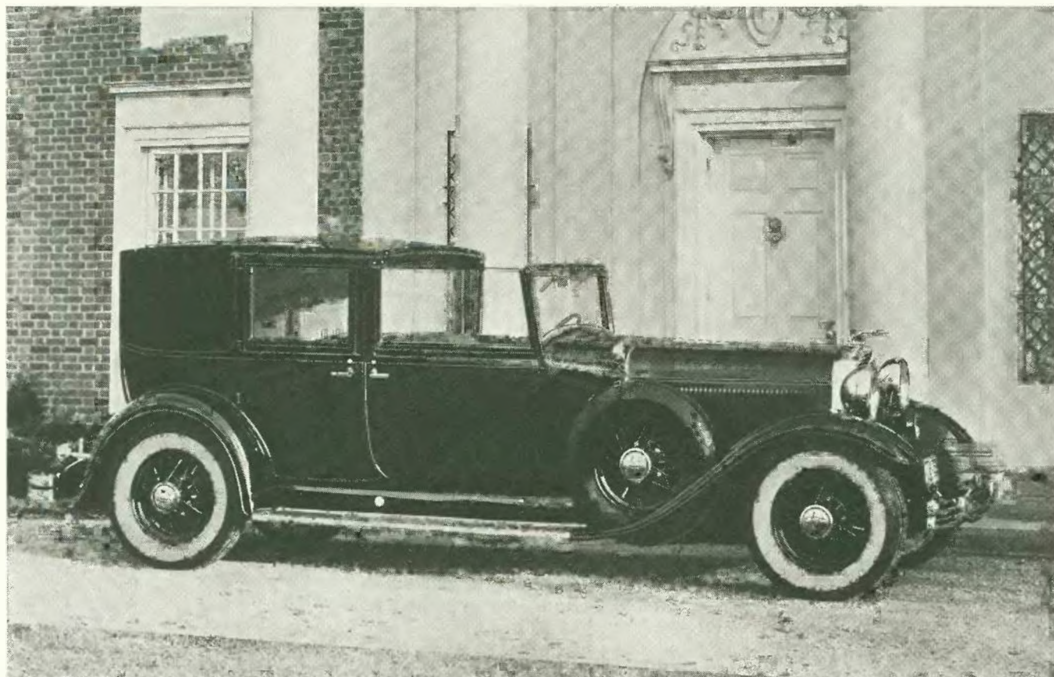
The fact that the Misses Dennie



"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE"

Miss Helen Hayes is here seen exercising a woman's prerogative in directing the affairs of state. Henry Stephenson is taking it like a man. At the Empire.

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More generous power is commanded by the driver of this car than any Lincoln has ever provided. The new engine develops 120 horse-power, and at the same time, it is more alert, more responsive, more silent. The new Lincoln is longer and lower. It is a newly designed car throughout, adhering strictly to the policy of well-balanced excellence which is the Lincoln tradition.

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the Lincoln, are heightened by the advanced engineering and design embodied in this car. And, immediately evident, the whole character of the car itself is expressed in the clean flow of its beautiful lines. Prices of the new Lincoln range from \$4400 upward, F. O. B. Detroit.

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Moore, Anne Forrest, and Elena Miramova did not register so strongly in the early scenes was not so much the fault of the young ladies as of the handicaps under which they were placed, handicaps which cannot be blamed entirely on Schnitzler, Mr. Schildkraut, or the hot theatre, but on an unfortunate combination of all three. But there were always the *Wiener Walzer* and those dear, sad memories which they evoke in all good New Yorkers' hearts.

LIKE the unexplained riveter in "The New Yorkers" who offers the entirely gratuitous information that he happens to like New York, I happen to like Lou Holtz. I like to hear him complaining to his correspondents in the necktie business that the "lest sippment" was unsatisfactory. I like to hear him boast of his friendships among the British aristocracy which include that with the Archbishop Shapiro. In fact, I like almost anything that he says, so long as he says it in Jewish (or British) and keeps out of blackface.

Happening to like Lou Holtz, I was not quite so oppressed by the timeworn formula of "You Said It" as I might otherwise have been. I was pretty oppressed, though. Ever since the stage at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre became the stomping-ground for the undergraduate bodies of "Good News" it seems as if it had never been quite clear of girls and boys in sweaters and skullcaps raising their elbows and stamping their feet to the accompaniment of all the brasses on the Atlantic seaboard. "You Said It" might well be the sixth and seventh acts of this composite collegiate musical comedy. There is practically no difference that can be detected, even to the gag about what is good for colds except whiskey. Donald Oenslager has made a couple of sets which are above the average of campus scenes, some brothers named Slate and one named Kendall Capps do some unusual dancing, and a young lady named Lyda Roberti has made her way out of Poland by way of Siberia and China to bring a completely new accent and the broadest smile in the world to the conventional Dumb Girl rôle. It will be some time before Miss Roberti can ever play anything but Polack, but she will be worth writing Polack parts for.

Aside from these items, "You Said It" is like one of those form dreams which keep recurring year in and year

out and which make sleeping such a bore.

WITHOUT wishing to encroach on our movie department, I would like to say just a word about Mr. George Bernard Shaw's final capitulation to the films with his "How He Lied to Her Husband," as anything that Mr. Shaw does is also the concern of the legitimate theatre. Presumably, since he has for so long refused to entrust his writings to the silver (or, in his case, probably golden) screen, now that he has at last released his first picture, and has overseen its production with what was probably nerve-racking care for the nominal director, he considers "How He Lied to Her Husband" everything that a motion picture should be.

Talking pictures have done Mr. Shaw a great disservice. First, in the movietone shorts of himself, we found that our fearsome god of the lightning was nothing but a nice old gentleman who rather fancied himself as an actor. With these two personal appearances he forever lost his power to frighten us. With his self-directed picture he has made us wonder if he has not forgotten all that he ever knew about the theatre. If Hollywood had turned out a short as dull and uninspired as "How He Lied to Her Husband," it would have got no farther than the cutting-room. The clay condition of our idol's feet has now spread to the knees. A few more experiments like this and all we shall have left is a bust of the noble brow and beard.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

182ND STREET

Daily the subway beareth him
Homeward at eve to Bronx Park
Station.
There for a little interim
He hath reward of civilization.

Machines of labor, health, and joy,
Machines of wit and music play,
And he is strengthened to employ
Mechanic life another day.

But the Machine abandoneth
Him as he sleepeth in his cell;
The east wind bringeth dreams of
death

On rank and quaking lion-smell.
—MORRIS BISHOP



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VISITING ENGLISHMAN

WHEN he left the Marbles' after-theatre party in East End Avenue there swept over Mr. Sackville-Shaw such a longing for home, such a nostalgia for his England, as he had not known before in his long summer in America. During the evening he had chanced to look out from the Marbles' high windows, and the river and the fog and lights dimmed with the mist had suddenly suggested London. His heart had turned over; it had flopped within his breast. Would he ever get back to civilization? Why had he come to this barbaric land? The American voices rose in a din behind him as he had stood by the window. If he had had to go somewhere out of England, why hadn't he at least chosen Australia? In Australia there would be some trace, anyhow, of England. His hostess had observed him and her hand had rested on his arm.

"Homesick, my dear? Is our little stranger hungry for his boiled sweets and his boiled greens and his suet puddings? Have some rye, my dear. It's perfectly wonderful, perfectly Golden Wedding."

Homesick! How the Americans used that word "home." "Won't you come to our little home in Red Bank?" "We just love our home—it's a mere shack, but home—in Newport." Yet they never had any home life, evidently, in any real sense. They were never alone in their homes. They always had guests. Never had he met such cordiality. He might send back to England a little sketch of his impressions of this country. "A Land Without a Home" he would call it. He would

get paid, a guinea for a thousand words. A guinea would help.

A TAXI drew up beside him, the driver taking in acutely the top hat and the extended English shoulders. Mr. Sackville-Shaw realized all at once that he would have to ride in a taxi. In this part of the city there seemed no other mode of conveyance, and he was tired in body as well as in spirit. He must make note of this expensive remoteness when considering other invitations in this district. Taxi-fares were a serious item in this country. He was startled out of his reflections by the driver. The man half-turned in his seat and called over his shoulder to him.

"Want to meet any women?" he said.

Mr. Sackville-Shaw drew back further in his corner.

"Certainly not," he replied icily.

"Oh, I saw you was to a party, and I thought you might be in the mood," said the driver, and he went on about his business with a good-natured shrug.

Astonishing, thought Mr. Sackville-Shaw. He didn't know just what to feel about the driver's suggestion. It might be just another instance of that prevalent American good-fellowship, that mysterious comradeship of theirs, what they called being "pals." He decided to take the man's overture in good temper, and when he paid the fare, which amounted to all of sixty-five cents, he added a tip of a dime. After all, the money hadn't been squandered really, for it covered his expenses for the whole evening, his dinner (friends had given him a lift to the



"This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home."



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HELEN GAHAGAN in "Tonight or Never" at the Belasco Theatre wears a Vionnet looking black crepe with rhinestone buttons. And please see how its careless scarf emphasizes the grace of her neck and shoulders, and the charm of her sensitive face. \$50

BILLIE BURKE, starring in "The Truth Game" at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre wears black crepe, too. But her piquant loveliness is complemented by a green and white collar which impertinently turns into a gaily tied girdle, without even giving notice. \$50

HELEN HAYES, starring in "Petticoat Influence" at the Empire Theatre, is a delight in this unusual crepe frock. Perhaps she chose it because the Scotch influence of its plaid collar and sash reminded her of an earlier success, who knows? . . . \$50

EUGENIE LEONTOVICH in "Grand Hotel" at the National Theatre. Mme. Leontovich chose this demure print, because its design is a striking contrast to her sophisticated beauty, and the subtle handling of its contrasting trimming accents the grace of her exquisite figure. \$50

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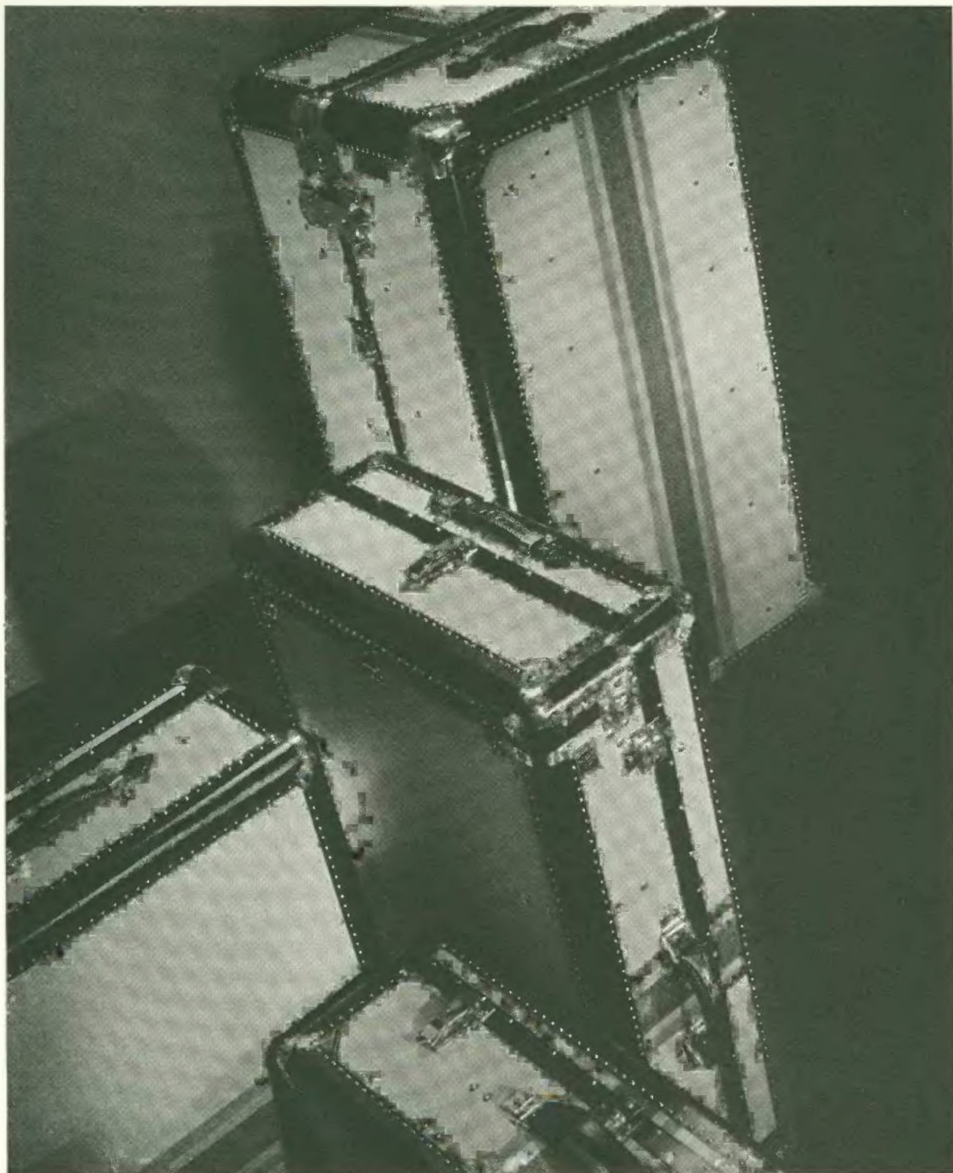
Marbles' in the beginning), the theatre (good seats, though he preferred not to be so near the stage, at a musical play with a popular Broadway performer named Cook), and the party afterward, with all its Golden Wedding. He had made various new acquaintances too, what would be called here, he believed, "contacts." A Mrs. Maccoomb had said that he must come down to her home in Tuxedo, and he had heard whispers of a trip to be planned in the winter to Palm Beach. He must accept them all, he felt, because it was his duty to see as much as possible of the way in which these people lived.

THERE was a note for him in his room, a furnished room it was, sublet to him for a fortnight by another Englishman, who had been invited to Washington to be presented at the White House. "Rather jolly!" The note was addressed to "Lord Sackville-Shaw," and its recipient flushed with some kind of embarrassment at the unwarranted title even before he laughed at it. It was from another kind lady, advising him about "lists." It seemed that if you were on the right "lists" you were invited to all the big debutante parties, and she wrote to assure him that she would see that his name was on them. How very different from England, thought Mr. Sackville-Shaw.

Then he saw that there was another letter for him, a letter from England, covered by a scrawled apology from the landlady for having mislaid it earlier in the afternoon. With delight he tore open the thick newsy letter. It was from his pleasant, amiable, gossipy sister in Gosport, and as he read it his depression and weariness vanished. He was all at once proud and confident and elated again, for a delightful thing had happened to them. They had both been invited, for the first time, to the Misses Peevy's garden party. Yes, the Misses Peevy of Gosport, Hants, had asked Mr. and Miss Sackville-Shaw to their annual celebration. Dame Givens had been there. His sister had gone and had had a charming time, and had been introduced to Dame Givens. Mr. Sackville-Shaw let the letter fall to the floor in a haze of pleasure. The Sackville-Shaws were getting on in the world. —JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

In using candies for table decorations, remember they should be used after dark.—Lancaster (Pa.) *New Era*.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

THERE are four young fellows down at the Tombs prison waiting to be tried for murder. Until about half-past four of the morning of January 18 they were pretty tough. They drank gin in the back parlor of Louie Boy's candy-store in Third Avenue, and had pistols in their pockets, and talked about putting people on the spot, and took great pains to let their girl friends know that they were dangerous men, looking for trouble. It was a little after four that they killed a man. And now they rush up to the bars of their cells when their mothers come visiting, begging to be told if anything has been done to get them out, and crying a good deal. One of them has a black eye and a swollen ear where a policeman let him have a nightstick, and he sits whimpering most of the time with his head in his hands. They are not so tough now.

ONE of them is Thomas Tobin. He is nineteen years old and uses an excessive quantity of vaseline on his black hair. He used to live with his mother on the third floor of an ancient, dirty tenement building at 175 East Ninety-sixth Street. When he was fifteen years old he quit the public schools and started picking up little jobs here and there. He worked about half his time and spent most of his money buy-

ing candy and soda-water at Louie Boy's place. Then, four or five months ago, he gave up the idea of work altogether. There wasn't enough in it.

Another one is Joseph Devore. He is a thin-faced boy of eighteen, and his mother is the chief information clerk at one of the hospitals. She is a well-dressed, poised woman, and her small flat in East Ninety-fifth Street is quite different from the Tobin home. It is very clean indeed, and furnished neatly. There are a few books. She knew that Joseph was not working very steadily at his job as bricklayer's assistant. But there was not, in fact, very much work for him to do, and every evening he would meet the bunch at Louie Boy's to give the girls a treat.

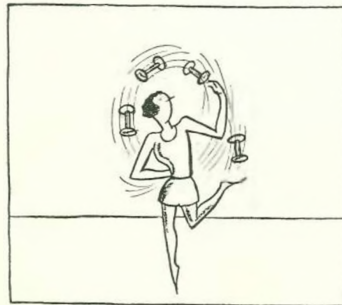
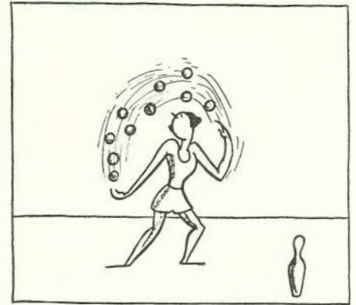
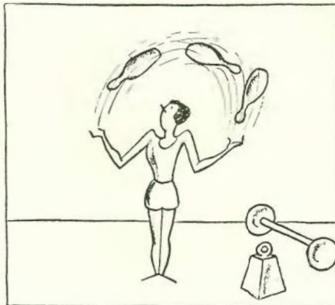
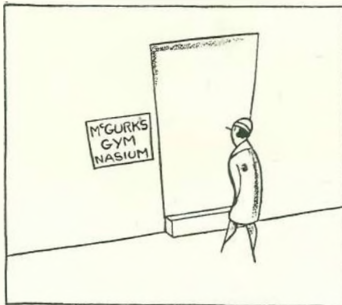
The third one is Jack Breen, who is twenty-six, and the last is William Mack. Mack is twenty-two, and he has a wife and two children. He and Breen are chauffeurs. They used to drive cabs now and then as extra men on the night shift but they did not like the grind of steady work. They lived in the neighborhood of Boy's store, and it was a good place to sit around.

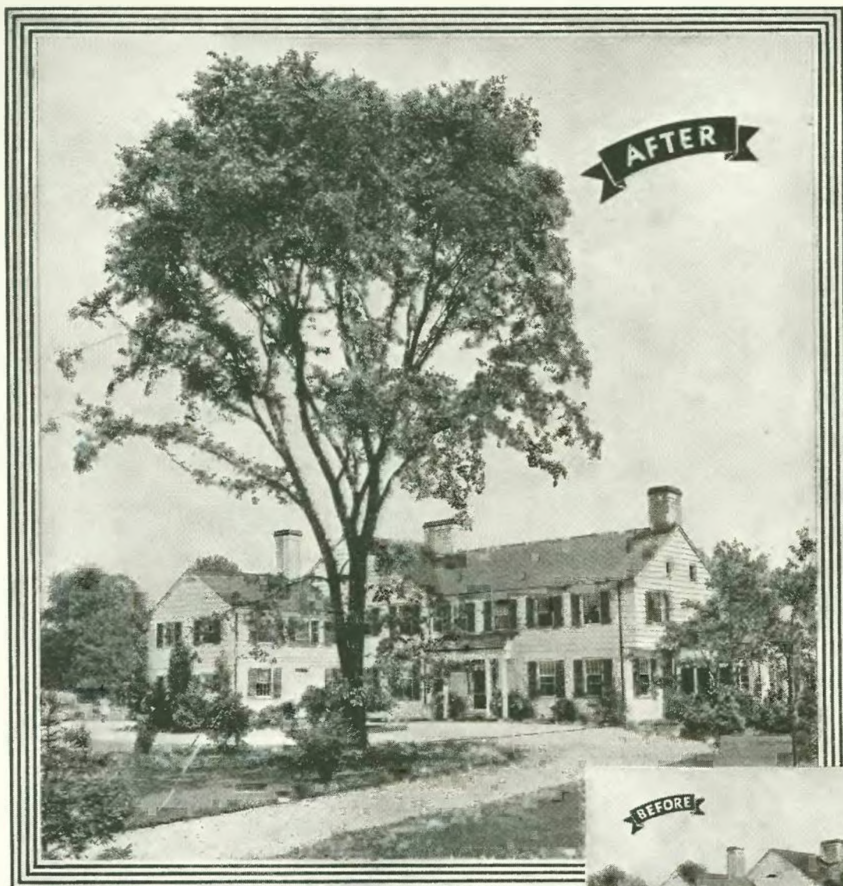
BUT it is not particularly pleasant to sit around anywhere when every new suggestion for an ice-cream soda

means a careful canvassing of pockets and a counting-up of resources. When the ice-cream sodas were abandoned in favor of gin, and when the girls decided that they, too, liked gin, the acute need for dimes became an acute need for half-dollars. Breen had a solution for the problem. They had already discovered, he pointed out, that working didn't get a man anywhere. Working for the big money, yes—but for the peewee money, it was the bunk. He talked to Devore: "I guess you want to spend the rest of your life laying down one brick on top of another one. Yeah, you'll get to be a regular bricklayer after a while, and that'll be a big kick, won't it?"

He said he knew some of the big shots—Jack Diamond and fellows like that. They had it pretty soft because they were too smart to nurse some peewee job eight hours a day. Nobody ever caught them working, but they lived at the swell hotels, and had to fight off the chorus girls, there were so many hanging around.

The gin was all gone, and this kind of talk made them thirsty. Tobin said something about a drugstore over in York Avenue where there was only one clerk, and then somebody found a couple of guns. That night they had fifty-four dollars to buy gin with, and they had a fine time, over the gin, tell-





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ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE

ing about the look on that drug clerk's face.

THIS went on for two or three weeks. Devore and Mack say they were not in on any of those first hold-ups, but Tobin told about ten that he had managed. Breen always waited for them at the candy-store and took a percentage for being the brains of the gang, and Louie Boy kept their guns for them when they went home at night. They were making twenty-five or thirty dollars each every week, out of two or three jobs on Saturdays and Sundays—and now they began to act like regular gangsters. They wore tight collars, and coats that fitted close around the waist. They took an entirely new tone with the girl friends—and sometimes when they were right in the midst of a gin and ginger ale they would suddenly turn and order the girls to leave. Business, they said, had to be talked over. Of course, they dropped just enough hints so that the girls would catch on and have a proper respect for the members of a tough gang. They kept their guns loaded, and learned to wear a murderous expression when they were telling a clerk to stick 'em up, and pushed the youngsters out of their way in the streets. But every night they went home, sooner or later, and slept in their familiar beds. They never went toward Broadway. They were satisfied to be the big shots in a poor little neighborhood and to make something secret out of Louie Boy's candy-store.

THEN, one night (this was Saturday night, the seventeenth of January), Breen told them they were pikers. What, he demanded, was the sense of taking those risks for a twenty-five or thirty-dollar haul? They ought to go in for something big. He told them that the Keystone Garage, at Ninety-first Street and York Avenue, was handmade for a big job. The Keystone people had a couple hundred taxicabs that came in off the street around three o'clock in the morning. After a Saturday night, the drivers would be turning in real money to the cashier.

"I worked there one night," he said, "and if there was ten cents there was twenty grand lying on the cashier's desk, just waiting to be picked up. You walk in, and show you mean business, and you walk out with twenty grand. That's all. And you get in with the big shots with that much jack."

It took him half an hour to explain how the job should be done. For a get-

TUESDAY—the day when a bird's nest fell into a can of water that Ping-Pang-Pong (Chinese for Wearie Willie) was heating over a bamboo fire for his evening tea. So appetizing was the resulting aroma that Pong

It's Tuesday.



decided to leave out the tea and leave in the bird's nest. Thus did China present to an unappreciative world the doubtful charms of Bird's Nest Soup. Tuesday is the day when even the weariest of Willies will be awake at 8:45 p.m. to hear The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers over WABC.

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away, he made it clear, there were always a dozen cabs standing in the street with their engines running and their drivers inside the garage. No risk. Easy money.

Mack and Tobin and Devore got their guns ready. They wanted four men for the job, but Breen explained that he had to stay behind to cover them in case anything happened, and that he would wait in the candy-store with Louie Boy. So they picked up a fourth helper in a Coffee Pot down the street. He has not been arrested yet, but the police know his name.

IT was just a little after four when Tobin walked up to the cashier's cage and stuck his pistol through. Mack and Devore were right behind him, and the fourth partner was watching the taxi-drivers who were lounging about, ready to take care of them if they made a disturbance.

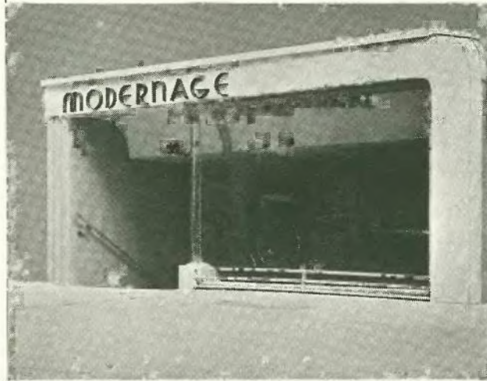
But Breen had neglected to tell them of the policeman who was always on duty in the garage to guard the receipts. The policeman, whose name was Frederick Ehleiter, was in the shadows, and he began shooting the moment he saw Tobin's pistol. He shot very badly and hit nobody, but his firing startled the robbers, and they too began to shoot. One of Tobin's first bullets, he confesses, killed the cashier. The cashier was John Thomas Moore. His wife will have a baby in about two months.

They got away. Mack and Devore and the fourth boy ran down the street, throwing their guns aside. Tobin jumped into a taxicab and told the driver that he would drive off quickly or be killed. The driver took him several blocks, then got out and, was robbed of sixteen dollars, and walked back to the garage.

NOW they decided to be real gangsters in the best tradition. They decided to take Breen for a ride, because he had driven them into a dangerous situation. They found him at the candy-store and cut his face with a knife. Then they took him to the Coffee Pot, telling him what they thought of him while they ate ham and eggs. Then they got into a taxicab with him, holding a pistol to his back and a knife to his thigh, and told him to say his prayers.

But they did not know enough about this business of taking a man for a ride. They knew how it was done in the movies and the tabloids, but they did not know quite how it was done in

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NURSERY

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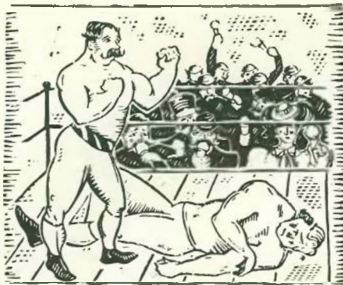
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SCULPTURE



Reid's "SPECIAL" Ice Cream strikes honest blow at monotony!

Here's the inside on our recent newspaper announcements of Reid's "Special" ice cream: Making ice cream for over a half-century hasn't been so monotonous. What got to be boring was the tradition that only a slight annual improvement in product was businesslike. And we had a gumshoe suspicion that the public didn't care a hoot for that tradition.

So we tossed it to the winds, and came out with Reid's "Special"... an ice cream the describing of which has folded up two previous advertising copy writers. For our part, we decline to describe it... you will simply have to enter your neighborhood Reid Dealer's place and demand "Special." Then you'll wonder (as we did) how people ever got along with other ice creams.

Reid's "Special" now comes in an almost bewildering array of flavors, packings, forms, quantities, etc. Your neighborhood Reid Dealer is set for nearly anything... but, if you'll call PRospect 9-8410, and ask for the "Party Counsellor", you'll get some fairish suggestions for dominating the refreshment element in any kind of party.

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a taxicab riding along First Avenue. They just kept talking savagely, and couldn't quite bring themselves to pull the trigger or let the knife go home.

Breen sensed that they did not have the stuff for their job. So he jumped out of the cab, and landed in the street, begging the driver to keep going. The knife scraped his thigh as he went out through the door, and he was afraid of bleeding to death. He went to a doctor's office, and waked the doctor up.

"Shall I call the police?" the doctor asked.

"For God's sake, do," urged Breen. And the police got there quickly. Mack and Tobin and Devore were at home asleep with pistols under the pillows when the police walked in. They did not try to use their pistols, but went along quietly, crying to see the tears on the faces of their mothers.

NOW there will be a trial, and the District Attorney will ask the jury to send the four to the electric chair. The law is specific in its statement that all of them are equally guilty of the murder of the cashier, even though Tobin says it was his bullet that killed the man. The lawyers who will defend them will draw their fees from you and me, because the lawyers are assigned by the State and are paid with tax money. None of the boys had money enough to employ a lawyer. They didn't get the twenty thousand dollars from the garage. They got nothing.

—MORRIS MARKEY

THOSE WHO READ IN BED

There are no late-hour devotees

As irreproachable as these,
Who sink to rest in pillowed nooks
And stick their ostrich heads in books.

Dim astigmatic votaries

Care not for crackers spread with
cheese.

They read, while duller folk explore
Within the open ice-chest door.

All worldly pleasures call in vain;

They lead the night life of the brain
And take their festive midnight snack
From volumes bound in red or black.

There are no late-hour devotees

As calmly ravenous as these,
Who dine like predatory birds
On little dark exciting words.

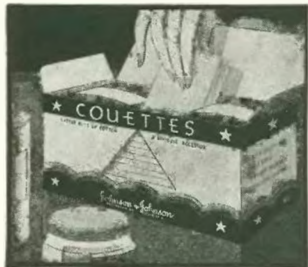
—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

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COUETTES

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JAN. 21

OF the great military leaders of the world war, Marshal Joffre was one of the first to be born and the last to die. He had outlived saving the Marne, outlived being disgraced, outlived Foch, who was made generalissimo over his head; he had outlived his old enemy, Clemenceau.

Though his more appreciative opponent, von Kluck, said that had France been a monarchy, it must have made Joffre Duc de la Marne, France almost failed to invite him to take part in the grand Champs-Élysées Victory Parade at the end of the war. To the embarrassed envoy from Clemenceau who bore the

tardy invitation and protests that, with one thing and another, the committee had been so busy, etc., the old Martian made the only ironic comment of his career: "No apologies, dear sir; there are moments when one can't think of everybody!"

JOFFRE's father was of Spanish ancestry (the name was originally Goffre). Joffre himself was one of eleven poor children, as a boy spoke Catalan, and in consequence as a man spoke French with a strong border accent. When still a stripling he was commissioned second lieutenant in time to take part in the defence of Paris in the War of 1870; in the late nineties he received his lieutenant-colonel's stripes for planting the French flag in Timbuktu. He was elected a member of the Académie Française in 1918 and, although he made no speeches, always turned up on dictionary days when military terms were to be defined.

Like many Catalans, Joffre was taciturn, unimaginative, a good feeder (very fond of his native goose liver), and originally an avowed Freemason and non-churchman. On a Good Friday during the war his commissariat served him a lean, pious meal. "I'm a good republican," the old Marshal roared, "et je mange gras, t'entends?" He got his goose liver, a special supply of which followed him all over France.

By his request he was buried with full benefit of clergy. For now it appears that of recent years he had entered the episcopal fold. His wife being a divorcée, their marriage had only been civil, but at the end of their long

life together he had it blessed and died in the Church's arms. It is stated that faith first came to him after the Armistice. "After all, there must be a God," he said solemnly, "for we have triumphed."

ANY new play by Bernstein is an event to certain first-nighters.

For them no one takes his place, even when he turns out claptrap, or, as is the case with his latest drama, "Le Jour," he takes Shakespeare's place and writes "Hamlet."

As last year, in "Mélo," he was accused of writing not a play but a cinema in dozens of cutbacks, so this year it is claimed he has

written a novel in sixteen chapters which he calls scenes. Considering that in both pieces he definitely expanded the impoverished emotional frontiers and technique of the Parisian stage, it might be a good plan if all French playwrights wrote movies and novels—if, that is, at the same time they could all write like Bernstein.

"Le Jour" is most clearly "Hamlet" in its characters: the intellectual son, the dead father (whose kingdom was a factory at Lyon), the widow who has married the man whom the son suspects of murder and wishes to kill. The psychological results, however, are fresh, cynical, blunt, un-Shakespearean. For the second marriage, though founded on crime, is happier and worthier than the first; the murderer is a better man than his victim was; Ophelia is neither mad nor pure and marries Hamlet; the soliloquy takes place in a railway carriage; and the murderer dies of an illness he has voluntarily refused to treat in order to aid the son in avenging the crime.

Well, no matter how far from the original, the play's still the thing, and an exciting, exhausting, intelligent one "Le Jour" proves to be. Bernstein is writing closer to human emotions than anyone else in France today, and the Gymnase cast and production, headed by Gaby Morlay, are closer to managerial perfection. If you like the theatre and are coming to Paris, this is the outstanding success to see—provided you can find a *strapontin*.

ANY speculation why Pierre Louÿs' meaty "Les Aventures du Roi Pausole" had never before been used



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as an operetta should be satisfied by the way it's being misused now at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Louÿs' broad prose has been condensed into rhymed couplets with interpolated wisecracks about Deauville and the radio; the amoral king has become a coarse Joe Cawthorne; the harem of three hundred and sixty-five has been reduced to seven. Only Honegger's score saves the performance. His music is witty, pretty, hard to sing (to judge from the struggles of the cast), and even harder to play. As a result of all these errors, the Bouffes-Parisiens is packed. Such a success is enough to make Louÿs turn in his grave.

A REMARKABLE exposition of books by Schmied, the master printer of France, has been held at the Galeries Georges Petit. His "Odyssee," regarded as the most expensive modern book printed in France, with special type by Darantière, does not compare with his famous "Daphne" of 1923 (which led to his discovery by Fleuron, the great British typographical journal), but "La Création," the Genesis of the Bible; his magnificent "Livre de la Vérité de la Parole," and "Faust" have finally led to his discovery by the French. It takes Schmied three weeks to set a page, and sometimes he requires forty-five blended colors. Of the making of his books, therefore, there is almost no end. —GENÈT

THE GOOD

Time deals gently with the sober-minded,
 And the cautious need not fear regret;
 Those who never ventured into folly
 Have nothing to forget.

Their autumn is a season of contentment;
 They drowse like aged woodchucks in
 November.

For those who never lost their heads
 completely
 Have nothing to remember.

—MIRIAM VEDDER

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 20.—Drivers and occupants of automobiles would be required to get out of the car and count five before proceeding across a railroad crossing, under a bill introduced in the senate here today.—A. P. dispatch in a Detroit newspaper.

Giving the train a sporting chance to get there.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

"Tannhäuser" Complete
—Sibelius Symphony—
Mme. Pons' Wax Début

PERHAPS you recall the "Tristan und Isolde" which Columbia recorded at a Bayreuth Festival a few years ago. This massive set now has a companion: "Tannhäuser," which was engraved on wax at Bayreuth last summer, with the approval of the late Siegfried Wagner. The opera is almost complete on thirty-six sides, the principal departure from the score being a quaint condensation of the *Sängerkrieg*; if you ask me, this telescoping is a good idea, for the competing *Sänger* usually are a lot of hams and their elision is an act of musical hygiene.

Maria Müller as Elisabeth and Herbert Janssen as Wolfram are the best of a cast that is up to Metropolitan standards. The tenor, Sigismund Pilinzsky, is recommended for the consolation of those who have to listen to the current crop of Wagnerian heroes. The chorus, of course, is excellent, and Herr Elmendorff conducts with vehement devotion to the letter of the score.

As recording, this set is first-rate—superior, I think, to the "Tristan" series; and if you're interested, consult the officials of the Gramophone Shop, who have imported the albums.

EVIDENTLY there is a market for the Sibelius symphonies, as the second, in D-major, has been issued locally by Columbia (Masterworks 149). There is less Tchaikovsky in this work than there is in the first, and it seems to be the least solemn of the various Sibelius symphonies. As an introduction to the composer, this album, directed by Robert Kajanus, who also conducted the first symphony for Columbia, is the best available offering; and there are few who won't enjoy the symphony.

The Ravel catalogue is augmented by the "Mother Goose" suite, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which Victor has for you (7370-7371). Dr. Koussevitzky's touch might be a trifle lighter, but the re-

ording is clear, and Ravel collectors will be happy with it. A more romantic bit for buyers of orchestral music is Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" affair, played with terrific punch by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam under Dr. Mengelberg (Columbia 67868-D and 67869-D). This is not so poetic a performance as Stokowski's earlier version for Victor, but the recording is somewhat more up-to-date.

VICTOR has lost no time in placing on the market the mad scene from "Lucia" by Lily Pons (7369), so that if you haven't heard the Metropolitan's latest lady, you may do so in the privacy, if any, of your living-room. The record makes Mme. Pons' voice sound a trifle deeper than it does in the opera house. It also accents her tendency to slide into tones—a fault that is not especially perceptible in an auditorium but which the recording microphone picks up sharply. There are defects in this record, but it is the best coloratura disc in many months, and you'll enjoy the voice.

THE Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra continues its career of making discs for Brunswick via Polydor, and the list of directorial talent is not only varied but gifted. Richard Strauss, for instance, has made two first-rate overtures: "Iphigenie in Aulis" (90110) and "The Flying Dutchman" (90120). The latter is a difficult work to record, and when you make your purchase, hear the record through, as some pressings seem to be overloaded.

Erich Kleiber turns up again with the German dances of Mozart, smartly played, with the "Idomeneo" overture (did you ever play it four-handed?) to fill out (90106-90107). Special for chamber-music people: Mozart's G-minor Quintet, by the Leners and a spare viola named d'Oliveira—not only special, but extra (Columbia Masterworks 150).

—R. A. S.

TRAIN KILLS STRANGER—Headline in the Telegram.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMINE FASHIONS

PARIS, JAN. 21
JANUARY, as far as Paris fashions are concerned, is that darkest hour just before dawn. Coming in the hush that precedes the February openings, it is the time of year when one spends the day crying quietly into an export *cassis*, wondering why one just can't make up some news to cover all that empty paper. All of which is by way of making what I am about to disclose the more pointed, for this week you are to learn what is usually guarded as Big Secrets until the couturiers have their formal openings.

FIRST of all, generalities. Colors: plenty of them and in almost all varieties. Three Paris houses have already given out notice that black is finished (although it's difficult to imagine that Paris women, at least, will ever desert it) and that two-color and three-color costumes are going to make up a good part of their collections. The colors themselves are mostly brilliant and unadulterated; get out your cobalts and ceruleans at once.

Materials: a good many woollens, even for afternoonish clothes. They are lightweight and in extremely lacy weaves (stop me if you've heard this); most of them are quite transparent. Rodier's *miljour sinellie* actually has holes in it as big as your fingernail. Montescourt's *voilescourt* is a ribbed wool voile with a rough surface marked by irregular nubs. Lesur's *gazna* is extremely porous, soft, and comparatively transparent. (You may not like these names, but the materials are beyond your wildest dreams of good looks and utility.)

NOW for the pick of the advance news. Several houses are going to use two silhouettes, but I'll tell you about Worth in particular because he was big-hearted enough to give me some important details. Worth's young women of slenderish tendencies are going to go out in the world in jacket suits: straight skirt (flared skirts are about finished—of course you knew that) and belted jacket with a short pléum that reaches no lower than the hipbone. His matrons will wear dresses of indefinite waistline (the waistline to be established on each person) and

jackets or coats of half or three-quarter length, hanging straight from the shoulders.

He has a corking arrangement for his straight skirts: a device to keep them in a straight, thin line, yet allow plenty of walking room. The front of the skirt will have a single deep pleat that hides a culotte; the back will be plain. This is not easy to describe—just wait until you see it, though. One of these outfits, still in the *toile* stage, has a skirt of lacy wool (in navy), a jacket of heavy tricot (also in navy), and a red blouse. The jacket is double-breasted and of the Norfolk type, although there are no pleats in evidence.

MOLYNEUX is going to use a lot of Brion's handsome *Scotmayah*, a transparent tweed that is woven or printed in big designs. The ones I've seen have been patterned in brown on beige, in conventional flower squares that give the effect of a plaid. *Scotmayah* will appear in all-over dresses with jackets, in jacket-and-skirt combinations, and in dresses that have plain-colored georgette tops. There will be lots of those new firmly woven jerseys in bright colors: greens, blues, even orange. There are to be fewer fur collars *chez* Molyneux this time. A good many completely furless outfits, in fact. There

will be lots of "working" (appliqués and such) even on the woollen things.

AGNÈS' opening made me eat my words about brims. Even her smallest hats make some use of a brim—turn it back or fold it up in a roll or something. A good many of her newest models have big brims, but all those that do not turn up are worn high over the right side of the forehead to give a sort of open-face effect.

These will give you the idea: Le Bonheur (at Macy soon), with a small brim of black picot (that soft, milanish straw) and a crown of shirred black satin. (All Agnès crowns are soft—made either of satin, ribbon, or silk tricot.) Bogador (at Stern), with a wide brim of navy picot, a crown of pale blue silk tricot, and brim facing (at the back only) of the tricot. Mayottebis (Altman is getting this), of a black straw rather like a fine leghorn. The brim is pulled sharply off the forehead and held back at the left side with a flat white flower. She has a new panama, too, very finely woven (called *nacré* because of its pearly finish), made into hats with big brims overlapped at the back to make them more cloche. (Aurore, originally in pale blue, is going to Macy in black.)

Agnès' pale blues and pinks and



Alan Dunn
 "Just the same, Ma'am, we must not forget that the nose has a purpose and a place in the scheme of things."



Hed Pfuze



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When you get to Gleneagles you can't remember a thing but what you're going to do to-morrow, and by the time you've done it you can call it a day. Say to yourself in London "When I get to Gleneagles I'll have a rest." But when you get there you won't want it. You feel too jolly and lively and up to doing anything that the youngest of them can suggest. You're on your toes there with every nerve chiming in with every other nerve and making you feel like a two-year-old.

For Tariff and Reservations apply: Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller L.M.S. Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Literature obtainable from T. R. Dexter, Vice-President - Passenger Traffic, L.M.S. Corporation, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services from Euston Station, London.

GOLF TENNIS DANCING FISHING
SWIMMING RIDING SHOOTING (Clay Pigeon)

greens are nothing to turn the eye away. The colors are extremely wearable, mainly because they're genuine *dragée* colors. (*Dragées*, you know, are those little candy-covered almonds that make up French baptismal gifts. Agnès takes them to the dyers, to be sure of getting the right tones). You'll love a little *dragée* pink thing of knitted silk edged with pink hyacinths.

MARIE ALPHONSINE is using a lot of the soft *perline*, a straw that looks like knitted fabric. She makes it into little collapsible hats with turned-back brims held in place by buttons of leather, jade, or carved coral. Her plaid taffeta hats are collapsible too, with brims that may be worn a dozen ways. She has one mouse-brown panama with an immense brim that has a second crown, made of plaid taffeta, sliding off the back. (At Altman.)

THERE still are lots of good tricorns. Lewis has a stunning one, made of *luciole* (you can see this at Stern) with the ornament put on in two spots instead of one, as is the new way: a *cocardé* back of the right ear and another on top of the head. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IT is an old, established custom among American wholesale manufacturers and designers to bring forth their collections of spring clothes just before they hop on boats for Europe to see how their French brothers and sisters intend to solve the same problem. Therefore, this enterprising department, armed with letters from Adam Gimbel and President Hoover, has been clambering up fire-escapes and through windows to look over the output of the more deluxe designers of this country. Examples of the collections that I intend to review for the next three weeks are to be found in the best retail shops throughout the country, usually anonymously. None of the houses mentioned will sell direct. I just want to give you an idea of what goes on.

So far, the general contours for daytime don't seem to have changed much. Determined to have what they call a "big suit spring," the houses are offering lots of them. There are scarves all over the place, done in every possible fabric and arranged in every possible way. Lots of bell sleeves, sometimes full-length, sometimes three-quarter. Lots of wild, wild colors to celebrate the end of That Depression. And, of course, such ingenuity among tweeds, homespuns, knits, and the like,

that they are often indistinguishable from one another.

WHEN suits are spoken of, one of the first names to pop into mind is Omar Kiam, who inspires a reverence among buyers never accorded that Khayyám poet fellow. An imaginative soul in all lines, he is also one of the scarf maniacs around town. He likes, for instance, to have a scarf attached on each side inside the "V"s of coat-dresses, suits, and separate coats. This you may tie in a big floppy bow inside the closing halfway between the collarbone and the buzzoom. There is a polka-dotted one ornamenting a tweed coat-dress, and a white crêpe one peeking shyly from a two-piece dress of a rough, snakeskin brown-and-yellow tweed that resembles a suit. When the scarf is of a heavy material, like tweed or suede, he may loop it trimly or make it huge, to be crossed and tossed over the shoulder at your own sweet will. There is a topcoat of mouse-colored homespun (this mousy cross between beige and gray is sneaking around considerably) with a sort of rickrack edging of chocolate-brown suede and an enormous suede scarf to hurl about your throat for effective exits.

Kiam is fond of the separate topcoat, without fur, for spring. (In passing I might mention that practically everything you see at this house is belted.) There is a nice type of collar on several of these: wide, draped, descending almost to the belt with a fichu effect that is new and attractive. One such coat, in black tweed, is worn over a white crêpe dress, with the casual collar descending and twisting around the black belt at one side. Many of the coats are plain, and can be worn with anything, particularly if the dress beneath has a scarf that can pop out at you. Some have wild knit linings that show on the revers and form a scarf. Some are made to accompany a dress as an ensemble. There is one greeny tweed coat worn over a dress of a gray, chartreuse, and pink print. The print lines the coat and forms the wide shawl collar. It also shows in the scalloped and ruffled edges of the coat all the way round. Just one of those gay things.

Other noteworthy items here include some dinner pajamas, lacy and feminine (at Jay-Thorpé). The transparent tweeds (see B. M.'s "Paris Fashions Letter" above) are grand, too. One costume is made of a tweed as sheer as lace net, in a red tone. It makes a simple dress with a cowl neck, and the circular quality of the skirt is empha-



LIU THE ELEGANT
IS FOR HER
WHO IS MODERN

Liu is a perfume of her and for her in the modern scene . . . she who disdains illusions . . . whose spirit is the restless staccato music of the hour . Liu is her voice , her moving voice , speaking nude frankness in accents of charm . . . firing a fusillade of daring quips. For quips are her armour — with which she both conquers and be-sparkles the turns of her daily drama . Liu echoes her casual and fabulous scenery . . . her melon emeralds , yachts , pent-houses , horses , dogs . Liu whispers that her jests lack joy — that sorrow dark as Erebus darkens her heart. Yet for her glamour and her gallantry Liu is hers — by the genius of Guerlain . . . Guerlain , whose power is supreme in creating beauty to increase the attraction of women !

GUERLAIN



\$12.74

The SWEATER adopts a new disguise!

THE new Spring sweater is as useful for town as for country, because it so greatly resembles a soft, informal blouse. It appears in lacey weaves. It adopts feminine details, and casual tie collars. Its yoke and cuffs are of wool lace. And its colors are charming pastels.

KNITWEAR SHOP
THIRD FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York



\$11.74

sized at the hem with horsehair stiffening. There is a jacket over this.

Shining examples of the Kiam art are to be found in New York at Bergdorf Goodman, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Jay-Thorpe, Bendel, Hickson, and Madame et la Jeune Fille.

AT William Bloom, that ole massa among sports houses, there is a deep, abiding love for double-breasted effects; for vest-blouses of all sorts; for trim skirts with inverted pleats stitched down to make the hips slim; for vivid colors; and for scarves.

There is one suit, for instance, that has a wildly Roman-striped jersey blouse, and a striped jersey yoke, going down to a "V" in back, on the box jacket. This is double-breasted up to the chest, and as youthful as possible. An orange-and-brown knit sports suit has a cardigan type of jacket (Bloom can take his collars and belts or leave them) with a sleeveless chamois vest, double-breasted, waist-length, and fastened with gold buttons. Another suit, of fine black wool crêpe this time, employs a school-days red, black, and white plaid faille for the scarf and for a blouse that is practically an old-fashioned bodice, fitted in tight, waist-length, and everything. Orange-and-white checked fine homespun lines the revers and forms scarf and blouse of an orange-suit arrangement. Tunics also appear on suits with rather long jackets. They are usually belted, pleated below that, and often double-breasted above the belt and below the shawl collar.

The sweaters around here are mad as a modernist sunset: all kinds of poison greens, chartreuses, reds, oranges, and such, very well combined. A new idea is to knit frilly touches around the collars of sweaters that are otherwise perfectly conventional. One waist-length navy-and-white sweater has a white frill, like lingerie, knitted about the neck. The knitted one-piece dress, with ribbing around the waist for fit and adjustment, also gets decorated in this way. Outstanding was one that was black at the bottom, black and white above the ribbing, and had an ornamental white crocheted collar, very lacy, with medallions and all. Frivolous but not inappropriate. —L. L.

EXECUTIONS IN
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QUIET CHINESE REDS

—Headline in Joliet (Ill.) Herald News.

We should think they would.

A NEW Mode of Living

- NEW comforts
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- NEW delights

Although designated "Apartment Hotel" out of deference to custom, accommodations and service at the Major Lane surpass anything hitherto available. Now renting, unfurnished or furnished; early Spring occupancy.

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Kitchenettes fully equipped with 4-burner gas range, Electrolux refrigerator, etc., and completely enclosed by new easy-sliding steel door (first in New York)—large dressing closets with dressing table and wardrobe—carpeted floors throughout (color selected by tenant)—radio outlets—no charge for maid service, gas, electricity, vacuum service and window cleaning. Delightful restaurant . . . Room Service.

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because it is feminine, new and different; because it comes in a low-heel walking oxford as comfortable as it is chic; because it lends itself to such delectable bonbon colors as pink eyeleted in blue, lime in lemon, maple in coffee, or all white; because it is only \$16.50!

Order it by mail if you prefer. And do send for Footwear Fashions Announcement N.Y.

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Delicious Salads, Sandwiches, Cakes and Tea, 75 cents.

"Your fortune in your cup"

THE SMART PLACE FOR TEA

STORIES OF TODAY

COPYCAT

When thousands of children
Were formally presented
To Haile Selassie I,
Emperor of Abyssinia,
At his coronation ceremonies,
He put American dimes
Into their outstretched hands.

FATALISTS

Two energetic bandits
Spent five hours
In an unsuccessful effort
To open a safe
At the Palace Theatre,
Peterborough, England.

They finally got disgusted,
Called up a constable,
And requested him
To "come and get us."

REMORSE

Henry Ansley,
Editor of the *Herald*
Of El Paso, Texas,
Regrets his editorial
Wherein he challenged
Any woman in the city
To keep quiet
For ten consecutive hours

For he immediately lost
A hundred and thirteen subscribers.

UNDONE BY PIETY

When A. Nicholas,
Bankrupt merchant
Of Jackson, Mississippi,
Knelt devoutly
In prayer at church,
A creditor noticed
He wore a money belt.

Investigation disclosed
Fourteen thousand dollars
In concealed assets.

ACHIEVEMENT

John and Charlotte Meyer
Recently received
Their fifth divorce
From each other—
This being their record:

YEAR MARRIED	YEAR DIVORCED
1910	1911
1912	1913
1915	1919
1920	1926
1926	1930

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

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WITHOUT SURGERY IN 10 DAYS**

Elizabeth Lee invites you to see actual proof of her work. She has applied her secret formula* to one-half of a woman demonstrator's face . . . who is in this office daily for your inspection. The other half has been left untouched and shows all the marks of a neglected complexion, wrinkles, freckles, lines. The side which Miss Lee has treated is COMPLETELY free of these disfigurements . . . and 20 years younger in appearance.

* Formula developed by the late William C. Dodson, physician and surgeon of Woman's Hospital, N. Y. C.

ELIZABETH LEE, inc.
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320 EAST 72

Back in the 80's it was the custom of society to take its airings to the pleasant music of sleigh bells. Now the "twelve-in-line" motor makes light of the miles and the brownstone front recedes in the shadow of the stately co-operative. But with newer times bringing newer luxury in our manner of living, the East Side regains its residential prestige with "320" fixing a definite standard of the modern mode. The purchase plan and the investment attractiveness of the building are suggested for your consideration.

NOW READY

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GUILD THEA. 22nd W. of B'way Eves. 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

MIDNIGHT

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Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN

MARTINBECK Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way
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Bela Blaw presents



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SCHILDKRAUT in
ARTHUR
SCHNITZLER'S
"ANATOL" with
WALTER
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MIRIAM
HOPKINS
PATRICIA
COLLINGE
ANNE
FORREST

LYCEUM
THEATRE
45th St. E. of
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Thurs. & Sat.
Eves. 8:30

HERMAN SHULIN presents
(in association with HARRY MOSES)

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EUGENIE LEONOVICH
SAM JAFFE, HORTENSE ALDEN
SIGGFRIED RUMANN & others
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MATS. WEDNESDAY & SAT. at 2:30
Curtain promptly at 8:30 sharp
No one seated during first scene

"A SENSATION—David Belasco has given us
an actress who is also a singer."
—*Darnton, Ece. World*

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HELEN GAHAGAN

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8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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A NEW PLAY BY PHILIP BARRY
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BILLIE AND IVOR
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In a rousing, rollicking riot of laughs
THE TRUTH GAME

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MARY BOLAND in
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—*Charles Darnton, Ece. World*

"It gave me a thrilling evening in the theatre and I
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ARTHUR BYRON in

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
and NOEL COWARD in
PRIVATE LIVES

An Intimate Comedy in Three Acts by
NOEL COWARD

TIMES SQUARE THEA., W. 42nd St.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pre-Pullman Pioneers—Tolstoi of Hollywood

VERY routine, stereotyped version of "The Covered Wagon" appears at the moment at the Rialto under the title "Fighting Caravans," derived from something of Mr. Zane Grey's. Even for those of us in the East whose ancestors were sensibly indolent enough not to make that difficult and extraordinarily uncomfortable trip, these "Westerns" have a sentimental value. They remind us that we belong to a stalwart race, that our history has its high moments. They reconcile us also to the bounce of the upper berth in this age of Pullmans. The grandchildren of those pioneers, making cool and endurable the hot air of the desert by draping wet sheets over the windows of their private cars, often burst into tears at the mere thought of those trundling carts of their grandparents.



"Fighting Caravans" is routine to the last shot. From its earliest scene you know exactly what is going to happen. There will be the hardships of climate, a tiff or two between the lovers, a foray of Indians, the arrival in the redwoods of California, the final reconciliation of the lovers. It all follows in due course. Not a surprise anywhere. Or perhaps it will surprise a number of patrons to find that a picture including in its cast such ardent spirits as Lily Damita and Gary Cooper should be devoted largely to the jocularities of two ancient scouts impersonated by Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall. The story is mostly a dialogue between these two, their humors being somewhat the more blurred, perhaps, by their long beards. As for the young people, they are not at their best. Miss Damita doesn't even look particularly provocative, an inexcusable error on the part of a young woman in a covered wagon. Mr. Cooper most unfortunately suggests in his trapper's rig exactly that "string bean" which his old cronies, the scouts, merrily term him. Naturally the photographers have managed to include some picturesque glimpses of landscape and of the long trail of wagons, but they are hardly enough to salvage the film from a thorough dullness.

ANOTHER picture with surprises, I suspect, for the public at large is the latest version of "Resurrection." I presume, that is, that to a large por-

tion of this public the title has no connotation, and that it will come as something of a joke on these good people, running to see their warbling John Boles and their hilarious Lupe Velez, when they get a good smack of Tolstoi into the bargain. Certainly it is a Tolstoi not of Moscow but of Hollywood which is here, yet the sombre, tragic story manages to persist somehow. A lyric or two has been grafted in for Mr. Boles in the earlier sequences of the film, but otherwise he plays the Russian prince with-

out the advantages of song or of dance. His speaking voice never changes its tone throughout, nor does his appearance, except in the final stretches of the narrative when the addition of a beard makes him resemble those 1860 photographs of a Yale valedictorian. Miss Velez on the other hand actually does a bit of acting, though it is to be noted that Siberia seems to agree with her, endowing her beauty with a novel, nunlike radiance.

DOWN in Eighth Street they are showing Henny Porten in a German picture, "Gretel and Liesel." Fräulein Porten is superb. Her acting is the only approach to theatric skill to be found on the screen this week, and it makes no difference, or at least not much, whether or not you know a word of German. Otherwise there is little to be mentioned. There is the very pretty face of Elissa Landi in the English "Children of Chance." In "The Gang Buster" Jack Oakie works hard for laughs as a hick from Arkansas who becomes involved with the New York underworld. In Mr. Joe E. Brown's humor and in his new picture, "Going Wild," I found no pleasure whatsoever though I did acquire, on the seat of my pants, a small morsel of chewing gum left behind, I presume, by some preceding member of his especial clientele. —J. C. M.

Sheriff Harry O. Stimson who made the arrest said Mrs. Hinden told him she shot Koustinen with a shotgun after the 40-year-old woodman had become abusive, knocked her down, and drew a revolver from his pocket.

—MERRY CHRISTMAS—
—Bangor (Me.) News.

Merry Christmas to you!

MAYFAIR
B'WAY AT 47th ST. B'WAY AT 68th ST.

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It's as wise as it's witty . . . and witty enough to make the wisest laugh!

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Colorful Travel Pictures
FEB. 1 & 2 **GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE**
February 8 & 9—"ABYSSINIA"

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Week Starting Jan. 31st
HELEN MORGAN
HARRY HERSCHFELD
And Other Notable Features

LEXINGTON LEX. AVE. and 51st ST.
Jan. 31, Feb. 1 & 2—**JOAN CRAWFORD** in "PAID"; Feb. 3 and 4—"THE LOTTERY BRIDE" with **JEANETTE MACDONALD**; Feb. 5 and 6—**JANET GAYNOR** and **CHARLES FARRELL** in "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

heel and toe

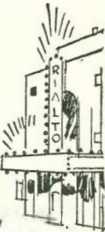


any soul who is really seeking a big boot, can get it without being a heel from those motion pictures now at

the rialto



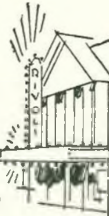
where there's "fighting caravans." with zane grey in the seat, paramount drives on from where "the covered wagon" stopped, with gary cooper, lily damita, earnest torrence and gene pallette on the wagon, this time.



the rivoli-united artists



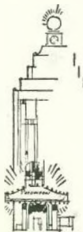
where "abraham lincoln" comes to rest on the screen, shot by d. w. griffith and projected from a booth.



the paramount



where paramount's "scandal sheet" is in circulation — george baneroff takes a tabloid and gives kay francis and clive brook a big headache. leo reisman leads the orchestra and the organ follows jesse crawford.



luxurious and comfortable these are

publix theatres

THE ART GALLERIES

This Year's O'Keeffe—
Mr. Schary Makes His
Bow — For the French



IN her annual exhibition at An American Place, Georgia O'Keeffe has added a few cubits to a stature that was already towering. It is no exaggeration to say that Miss O'Keeffe is bigger and better than ever. She had come to a point where she might safely rest and go on repeating herself for the remainder of her painting life. Her flower forms had reached a gorgeous perfection that was satisfying enough to everyone; except, apparently, herself. A year or two ago she went West and gathered her first impressions of the desert, of scenes strange and new to her. Some of them were undigested, we thought, when she exhibited them, put down in the haste that follows a new discovery. Now they have had time to mature, however, and she has come forth with a virile blending of her old style and her new.

Even in reworking her old pattern, Miss O'Keeffe has added a new richness (we doubt if any of her first superb flower pieces can come up to the "White Rose" in this exhibit), and all through her abstractions there is evidence of an artist's mind constantly aware of the compulsion that its growth puts upon work. For our part, we think she has made the greatest advance in her use of objective motifs. One of the "Ranchos Churches" is as tender and fine a canvas as we have ever seen; and so are some of the studies of mountain ranges in black, green, and dull red.

All of these pictures can be seen as representative painting, or they can be seen as abstractions. For either viewpoint the beauty to be found in them is equally great. Some of the sketches which are not included in the main rooms hold a still more thrilling promise for the future of this really creative American painter.

SINCE so many of his pictures are in an exhibit at Columbus, Ohio, the Daniel Gallery has postponed the eagerly-awaited memorial show for



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Preston Dickinson. In the meantime the Gallery has been turned over to one of its newcomers: Saul Schary.

In dealing with a debut it is judicious to speak of a painter in terms of the future. His first show seldom turns out to be his final challenge to posterity. It is more often a pretty bow, as if to say: "This is the way I intend to start." On that basis we must consider Schary. He has the cleverness and virtuosity that often go with youth. He can paint several different ways with a great deal of gusto, and also with an ease that is appalling. After several years of apprenticeship here, he went abroad, and came back with a feeling for some of the present-day French trends. He has experimented with them, and in many cases has done very well with his interpretations of abstractions according to the rules laid down by Picasso and his followers.

We have no objection to this sort of tutorship; it seems to be the only way to learn. We were amazed, though, when we were told that the abstractions are not Schary's latest work. The paintings fresh from his easel are the heavy, Academic nudes and the distinctly 1890 "Pierrot." This young painter's future now depends upon how and when he makes up his mind which school he will follow. We have grave fears for the artist who tries to juggle Picasso in one hand and Watrous in the other.

THE Museum of French Art, at 22 East Sixtieth Street, is a re-awakening of the French Institute, which has functioned as a polite sort of cultural centre for two decades. Under the active guidance of Maud Dale, the Museum's gallery will present shows of contemporary interest, changing every few weeks.

The first of the series, "Portraits of Women, Romanticism to Surrealism," has some high spots, and some not so high. Many excellent canvases have been borrowed from the Chester Dale Collection and there are one or two paintings that have never been on view before.—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

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HOCKEY

Beck of the New York Americans

THE hero of the Americans-Boston game a week ago was Beck.

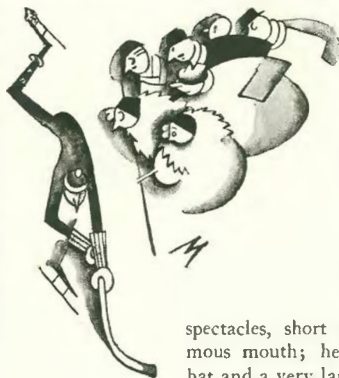
He made possible the home team's winning goal. I feel that greater acknowledgment should have been made of his services; for some reason he was cheated out of the credit. To a measure this was due to the comparative anonymity which he seems to prefer to an accepted place in public life. His name did not appear on the program that evening nor did he wear the uniform of his team. He gave his all without any bid for fame.

BECK's position in sport is more important than that of any player, even the greatest. For Beck is a rooter, representative of that vast throng of rooters for whom teams exist. He is not merely a rooter but *the* rooter. He is the loudest rooter ever admitted to Madison Square Garden. At every game the Americans play in town he sits behind the Eighth Avenue goal and annoys the opposing goalie.

Mystery shrouds his identity. I have tried in vain to find out his first name. He remains for me, and must remain for his public, simply Beck. To the officials of the Garden he is known as The Nuisance. He is readily identified by the doorman and the private constabulary of the arena but few attempts have been made to suppress him, and none has been successful. He has been at his work of annoyance for years and has achieved an unparalleled efficiency. At one time he made use of a cowbell, water whistle, and blatt-horn. That was in his heyday. Forced to desist from instrumentation, he has resorted to a classic or vocal style: "Hey there, Thompson. Watch yourself, Thompson. Watch yourself, Thompson, it ain't safe out there. Ooh! How'd you like that, Thompson? That was just a taste of it, so watch yourself. It ain't safe out there. Watch yourself, you bum, come on back here behind the wire. Come on back here, there's lots of room behind the wire with me. What's the matter, Thompson, did they scare you?"

Ooh—watch yourself, Thompson, you bum!"

To understand the effect of such a monologue continued with slight variations through an evening's play one must have some notion of the performer's personality. I mean Beck's personality, for when he is performing the people near him remain more or less unconscious of any other activity. Nature has given Beck a superb endowment for his calling. He is a stocky, hook-nosed man with



spectacles, short arms, and an enormous mouth; he wears a light gray hat and a very large stickpin. He has the nastiest voice that I have ever heard. Nor is he ever funny, like some noisy rooters. Beck is just loud. Yet somehow he gets in to see hockey games.

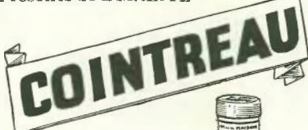
He appears only when the Americans are playing. Why he is let in nobody seems to know. It is rumored that he draws a salary for annoying rival goalies. This seems unlikely, for with each goalie thus annoyed several hundred paying patrons of the game also suffer. Even in the intermissions they cannot get away from Beck, as his most inspired moments occur when the team is off the ice. It is then that he stands up on his seat and, putting on a red hat, leads the band.

LAST Thursday night Beck scored his outstanding triumph of the season. He was at his post early and worked hard annoying Thompson, the Boston goalie. Thompson stood it for two periods. True, the Americans scored a goal on him, but it was well earned, and his own team had evened the score. Then in the third period Beck started the attack that won the game. Thompson did not turn around, of course, but he relaxed for a second. The grating voice behind him occupied his attention; the puck was far away, in the middle of the ice, but in that second Bill Burch got his stick on it and sent a long shot winging past Thompson's pads into the net, and the game was won. Beck was given a great ovation.

—N. B., JR.

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ITALIAN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES THROUGH SMOKED GLASSES

LAST summer I contemplated a trip to Italy, and, as I don't speak Italian, I thought it would be a good idea to find out something about it. So one evening I borrowed the Italian-English dictionary of my bootlegger's son (barber by day, New York University student by night). Clutching a glass of "ver' good wine, grape' come from Californeea" in one hand, I fluttered the pages of the worn and greasy volume with the other.

I soon decided I had better go to Germany or Switzerland instead of Italy. In places where I don't speak the language I prefer the people to be simple, naive, and kindly. The Italians are a lot of jaded cynics, and, moreover, their cynicism has a strange puritanical twist. *Truccare* illustrates this nicely; it means "to cheat; to hit the ball at billiards." You see? Anyone who succeeds in hitting the ball is assumed to have cheated. *Signora* means "Mrs., Madam, Lady (the title), trollop." This is going too far with the sisters-under-the-skin theory, in my opinion. And take *in cimberli*; the definition appended is "in high spirits (tipsy)." Italians apparently consider tipsy anyone they observe to be in high spirits. This certainly makes out Italy a pretty gloomy country—where you have to drink in order to be cheerful.

From a sporting aspect it seems a decidedly odd place, as is clearly indicated by *far la civetta*. The translation is "to hunt with the owl." The owl's customary prey is well known; are we to take it, then, that Italians spend their time seriously hunting mice?

Sgozzare is "to cut the throat," also "to empty the craw of poultry," which doesn't seem to be playing fair with the



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A LEADING research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists in order to get their expert opinion as to the best way to care for teeth and gums. Here is the summary of the replies received:

- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
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readers of the crime-news items. This curious preoccupation with fowls is further evidenced by *cipolla*; to wit: "onion, head, large watch," and suddenly "gizzard of a fowl." *Incastagnare* means either "to wainscot" or "to become confused." I wonder that the carpenters' union doesn't have this changed by petitioning Mussolini, who must control the language along with everything else.

IT is interesting to note that Italy has the same breed of Sunday motorists that we have. They have even coined a word to describe them. *Brucatore* is "one who strips off leaves." This saves a lot of trouble for country-dwellers, as does *scompuzzare*: "to fill with an offensive smell." When little Giuseppe, out in the woods with his air-rifle, crosses the path of a skunk, his mother need only say "Take off your clothes on the kitchen porch, Giuseppe; I won't have you *scompuzzing* the whole house." *Redoncare* also would be a useful word here. It means "to drink again" and could be substituted for the long and cryptic phrase (so puzzling to visiting Englishmen): "to come off the wagon."

Speaking of the cryptic, *stuollo* means "dossil" or "pledget;" and *sucedaneo*, "sucedaneous." No reward is offered the dictionary-user for a solution to these.

A word which brought a vague picture to my mind of Italy as a nation of frenziedly active real-estate men was *sfitare*: "not to let." Are we to infer that in the land of Caesar and Garibaldi it is necessary to post one's house as being *not* to let?

No, no; give me the Swiss or the Dutch, some nice obvious people. Italy is far too subtle and equivocal for me.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

My home is in Dubuque, Iowa—which may or may not be held against me—and I am paying a visit to your thriving metropolis for the first time in years and I don't mind telling you that I am not only astounded but aghast at the carryings-on of your fair sex.

I am not so old fashioned that I didn't know women smoked, but the way they publicly flaunt this vice in New York City is a shame and a disgrace. Things have come to a pretty pass when our fair sex puff away at cigarets in dining rooms and even the lobbies of theatres. The first thing we know they will be smoking on the streets.

If this is Manhattan, I am going back to Iowa.—*Letter in the Telegram.*

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READING AND WRITING

Mr. Vanderbilt, and Other Entertainers

I CAN only conclude that the events of these last few days have been the work of the fairy who was not invited to my christening. It is but just to the uninvited guest to admit that she has been doing a pretty thorough job of reprisal all my life; yet it seems that, since day before yesterday, she has fairly outdone herself in thinking up fancy tricks to play. First there was my case of grippé—to which I am referring as “we”—bearing with it the attendant ills of loss of voice (good here!), knee-melting, enforced knowledge of joints I never realized I or anybody else possessed, white nights, and aggravated attacks of the Not-Getting-Anywhere Blues. And then there were those four books I was given to read and, as an added attraction, to write about. I could concede that the grippé might happen to anybody, even to those who had never had a christening party. But she surely selected those books. Such things are not the work of any merely human agency.

THE first of the quartette is “Palm Beach,” by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior, the Boy Who Didn’t Have to Do It. It is specified, upon the title page, that the work is “by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Author of ‘Reno’”; this, I expect, is to distinguish him not only from all other Cornelius Vanderbilts, but from any other Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior. It is further pointed out, on the dust-cover, that “Palm Beach” is by far the best of Mr. Vanderbilt’s novels. I have not, unhappily for this report, read “Reno;” but his publishers, of course, have, so it remains for me only to give them the advantage of the doubt and say: all right, “Palm Beach” is by far the best. But surely it is allowed me to have my own midnight thoughts as to what a little beauty “Reno” must have been.

I am—and if this be a strain of Red in me, make the most of it—always a bit cold of heart and narrow of eye toward the boys who are born with silver pens in their mouths; therefore I use, for me, strong words when I say that “Palm Beach” isn’t as bad as I

thought it would be. It is no rose; but there were and are duller books. And remember, “duller” is all I said, before you go around accusing me of social climbing.

I might have felt somewhat more gracious to the work if Mr. Vanderbilt and I (“Mr. Vanderbilt and I”! Oh, we must have that often!) had not got off on each other’s wrong feet when I had gone no farther than the dedication. This reads:

To
Palm Beach
Queen of Winter
Playgrounds. Where
these T. B. M. and these
W. K. W. give every
little bum a grand.

I have worked over that. I have tried and tried. I have sought the aid of the quickest-minded and the most conscientiously taught among my friends. But it is denied me, as it is them, to figure out what it means, if it is funny, and why, or if it is serious, and how. “T. B. M.” I know, and “W. K. W.” I can take a guess at; but “give every little bum a grand” eludes me. My forced

conclusion—with which I am far from satisfied—is that it is a something less than inspired paraphrase of “give this little girl a hand.” If the words are to be taken at their face value, with “grand” meaning a thousand dollars, there is no truth in them. Once I was in Palm Beach, and I did not amass so much as a worn Canadian dime.

IT is possible that Mr. Vanderbilt, with the brave start of this book and its predecessor, is contemplating a series of pictures of American scenes; he may be, even, in the Bromfieldian manner, regarding them not as novels but as “panels in a screen.” Surely the series presents fascinating possibilities. He can go on to books on Southampton, Newport, Old Westbury—as opposed, I have always assumed, to Pretty Old Westbury—Sutton Place, or indeed, West Fifty-second Street, which last would be, for somebody to write, as exciting and as important an affair as “Life on the Mississippi.” Ambition I respect, and no one more; yet I cannot feel, after a deep study of “Palm Beach,” that Mr. Vanderbilt is pre-



“She lives on 181st Street but her roots are in France.”

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cisely the boy for the job. For his novel is so crammed with incident that there is little room for atmosphere. True, he achieves his realism by calling the Alba, Whitehall, Bradley's, Lake Worth, and the Coconut Grove by name, as well as designating, equally by title, such habitués as Dudley Field Malone, Elsie de Wolfe, Peggy Joyce, William Rhinelander Stewart, Princess Bibesco, and "the impeccable Jimmy Walker." But background is built of subtler and more difficult things than those, and it is the cold truth that Mr. Vanderbilt might have set his story against any other scene. Or, better still, let the thing slide altogether, and filled his book with feathers.

With the lavishness of a movie producer Mr. Vanderbilt has thrown incidents around with both hands, and has given, till it hurts, all the stock characters. There is the eighteen-year-old heiress, hurled into the marriage mart, a young lady "glowing with life and love," and endowed, by her author, with "athletic little fists;" there is the shady titled Englishman who has "a distinctive back" and keeps the heroine thinking of "the lean long brownness of him;" there is the breezy reporter with the golden heart, whom the author has caused to be employed by a tabloid newspaper—doubtless out of sentiment for those poisonous old days; there is the scheming mother given to swooning and Swamis. There is, in fact, practically every one you ever met in any of those dandy novels that show up Society. And all bound together in a book written in such phrases as "a veritable fairyland of palatial estates" . . . "the vortex of gayety and smartness" . . . "white and romantic, the road stretched ahead, the moonlight turning its utilitarian crushed oyster shells to tinsel" . . .

YET, and I can't at all tell why or where, there is something disarming about "Palm Beach." Somehow you feel that the author meant it, so hard, and thought of it, so long, that you cannot get really angry about it. Mr. Vanderbilt is, surely, among the sincerest of young men, as his career, from newspaperman to novelist, has shown. (One grasps, though, some of the things that must have been the matter with those papers. Accuracy is after all the first requisite, or so I have been told, in news. And Mr. Vanderbilt proves, in "Palm Beach," that accuracy is none of his concern. Please, Mr. V., may it be drawn to your attention that *Vanity Fair* does not publish society

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snapshots, no matter how many times you say it does?) One would like to see the young man achieve his appointed goal as an author. It is a mean shame that there are those two blocks in his path: he is unable to write for sour apples, and he has nothing to say, even if he could.

REGARDING the other gifts of that uninvited fairy, there is little, if any, to relate. One of the selections is a gem entitled, and comprehensively, "Love, Marriage, and Divorce," by Judge Louis Harris. Judge Harris has dedicated his tome "To the Sweethearts, Wives, Divorcées, and Mistresses of the World," which seemed to me so flagrant a discrimination against the spinsters that I wouldn't read another word of it. After all, some of my best friends are spinsters; and you never see one lying drunk in the gutter.

There was also a large, thick book, a translation from the French of Octave Mirbeau, called "Célestine: Being the Diary of a Chambermaid." In the first place, years ago I took a solemn vow never to read anything the subtitle of which began with the word "being." In the second place, the dust-cover bore the announcement that the book was "The Frenchiest of French Novels." In the third, the work, which is published by a Mr. William Faro, is listed as one of the Modern Amatory Classics. And in the fourth, no later than page thirteen, there entered that standby of a certain school of French literature—the old gentleman who likes to eat the lady's shoes. So I went no farther with "Célestine," and who asks for it may have it for keeps.

The final gift was the licit, or ruined, edition of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover." It has been cut as cruelly as was ever the whiskey sold you by the man who said he got it from the steward on your boat, and it stands in the same relation as does that to the fine and powerful original.

So you see. You see what happens. I guess I will return thankfully to my gripper. After all, it is the only one of the fairy's gifts that is worth while taking to bed with me.

—CONSTANT READER

At another table was Mrs. J. Harrington Walker gowned in a tailored suit of brown with a chic hat of the same color over which she wore a long mink coat.—*Detroit News.*

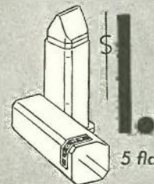
But she couldn't fool us—we knew it was Mrs. J. Harrington Walker.



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8

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RECENT BOOKS

*A Bodenheim—Expatriates
—Nathan vs. Nathan*



NOW all together, let's give three times three for Maxwell Bodenheim, and a tiger for Horace Liveright, for publishing his books. Of course, I seem to remember that when certain people got nasty about one of them—"Replenishing Jessica," I think it was called—the latter gentleman confessed he hadn't read the book at all: apparently the business of merely publishing it kept him too busy to find out what was inside it. Nevertheless, Mr. Liveright would look well with a tiger, so let's give him one; as far as that goes, maybe the stand he took on the matter of reading Bodenheim was the wisest after all. Why read him, anyway? Why not just talk about him?

But a cheer for Bodenheim nevertheless. What would we do without him? If this were any kind of a country at all, like France, say, with some interest in artistic matters besides merely censoring them, he would long ago have been classed as a *monument historique*, and dedicated to perpetuate the memory of the Greenwich Village of the very early nineteen-twenties. Even as it is, unaided he does a lot to keep our recollection of those vivid days alive. Boldly he wields his pen in arguments that once resounded in the Liberal Club and Romany Marie's; bravely he fights those bygone battles over again. Is jazz music? Are women people? Is love partly biological? Shall we say "damn" right out in print? A yes, a yes to all, is Mr. Bodenheim's answer to himself, and he sallies out to the fray. If these points have all long ago been conceded and the contending armies have withdrawn, leaving Mr. Bodenheim pretty much alone on the field—well, obviously that only serves to individualize him the more, and I say he ought to be preserved.

TAKE his new book, for instance. "Naked on Roller Skates," it's called, and what a title! Is that going to *épater le bourgeois* right out of his shoes? I ask you! And what a story! Terry Barberlit, a picturesque devil who has been everywhere and seen everything and who now, having aged

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a bit, is touring the rural districts in a rattletrap Ford selling snake-oil liniment to the natives; Ruth Riatt, a spirited and provocative young girl who owns a garage in one of the towns he passes through. Terry parks his car in the garage, and before night falls the proprietress is in his arms. She is pining in that small town. "I want to get punched in the face," she says. She wants to go with him for a year, and see life in the raw.

Terry takes her up. He shows her Harlem; he shows her the Casino in Central Park, Chinese chop-suey joints, Eighth Avenue speakeasies; brawls, badinage, gunfights, gamblers, drinking, and love-making along the way. The tour, in short, becomes a kind of "Divina Commedia" of the gutter, with Terry cast as a drunken Virgil showing his female Dante around. Out of the inferno their love is born, and in the end you see them, unwearied, undismayed, off to Chicago to see what things look like there.

Read it only if you feel a nostalgia for what would have been vibrant social criticism, packed with some pretty hot stuff too, in 1921. Read also, for the matter of that, Maurice Dekobra's "Venus on Wheels," which Macaulay publishes, if you want to get back to the old-fashioned French farce of, say, the eighteen-nineties. The title of Mr. Bodenheim's book, by the way, is explained toward the end of the story. "We're naked on roller skates," says Terry, "sliding around the old question-mark." The question-mark, I need hardly add, is Life, and I really think the phrase helps me to understand things better, don't you? The significance of "Venus on Wheels," unfortunately, is not explained.

MAYBE, on the whole, you would like "Paradise City," by Henry Channon, and published by Dutton,



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better than either. In fact, not to mince matters, I'm sure you would. It is told with a quiet elegance, a certain unintrusive charm; and more and more, after the hysterical revelations of so many current novels, I've come to feel that a little more quietness, a little more reticence in an author's attitude toward his characters' emotions, are exactly what we need.

Paradise City is a small lakeside town, whose national social life is complicated by an annual invasion of summer colonists. The action of the book starts in the late nineties, and the opening chapter describes the youthful doings of the then younger generation: Polly Peacock, the miller's daughter, loves Danny Springer, the doctor's son, who isn't attracted and fritters around with other girls. Other figures appear and disappear—Amy Plank, the Barlows, the Bullens—moving in and out of the story with a curious vagueness that is at first a little disconcerting and that later comes to typify, almost as if without the author's intention, the loose, sprawling pattern of small-town life.

With this as prologue, the book continues to describe the ultimate career of each of these youngsters. Polly Peacock, failing of Daniel's love, marries one of the wealthy Bullens, becomes a beauty, electrifies London society; Daniel goes to Venice to write, remains there, aging, as a kind of rusty factotum of the arts, and dies; the Plank girl, coming into a bit of money, settles in Italy too and goes gradually, but quite harmlessly, mad; the Barlow boy becomes a millionaire.

As you see, the book is utterly formless in its structure. On leaving Paradise City, the characters plunge into their separate destinies and are totally lost to each other: the thing is really,



G. Copple

rather than a novel, a series of short stories connected only by their common background. I found it, however, on the whole quite charming—entirely so, in fact, except for a tendency toward sententiousness on Mr. Channon's part, a habit he has of rounding off his paragraphs with a ruminative, moralistic remark. His great gift is his understanding of the peculiar emotional loneliness of the expatriate, and the gradual processes by which, in that condition, one's personal idiosyncrasies and little cranky habits can grow and grow until they are all the mind has left to feed on. His charm lies in the unintrusiveness I mentioned a while back. He never falls in the fault of over-psychanalyzing his personages; rather, he tells of their surface activities, mental and otherwise, and leaves to the reader the privilege, seldom accorded nowadays, of figuring out their motivation for himself. I think you'd like it.

I HAVE only room left to record a little game I played with George Jean Nathan's "Testament of a Critic," published by Knopf—a sort of deck-chair diversion, as I sat looking out over the sea of words. It has often seemed to me that Mr. Nathan, in spite of his general excellence as a critic, does so much laying about in the cause of art that he must, inevitably, sometimes take a crack at himself. I found, in fact, he does. Thus on one page you find him announcing that if American actors have a careless diction it's the playwrights' fault; on another, with some asperity, he comes right back at himself and says it's all nonsense about our actors being menly-mouthed: the trouble is, they speak too precisely. Again, he speaks of the versatility of British dramatists—only to denounce them, later, for being cut-and-dried. I found it sort of fun. —R. M. C.

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