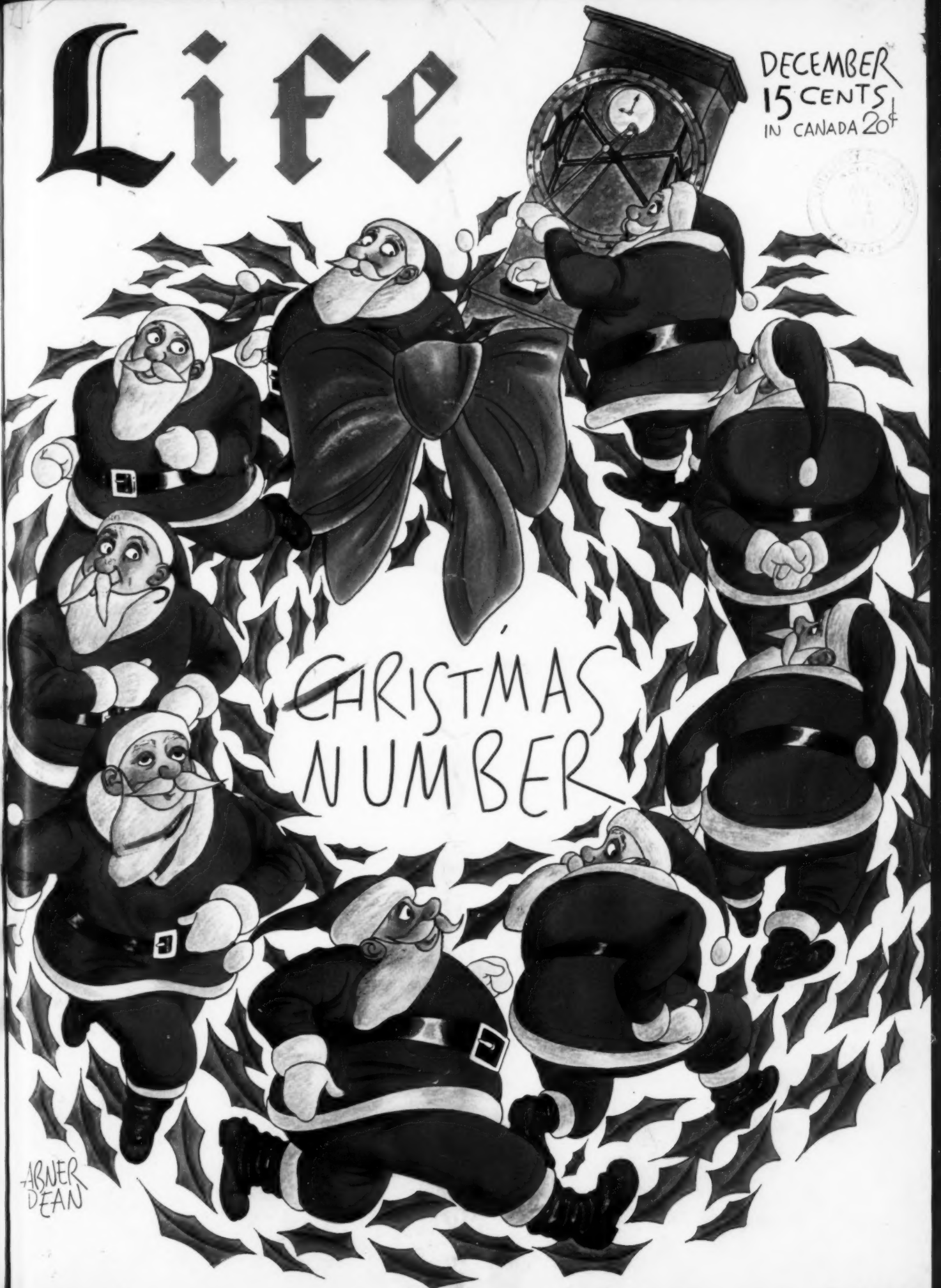


Life

DECEMBER
15 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

ARNER
DEAN



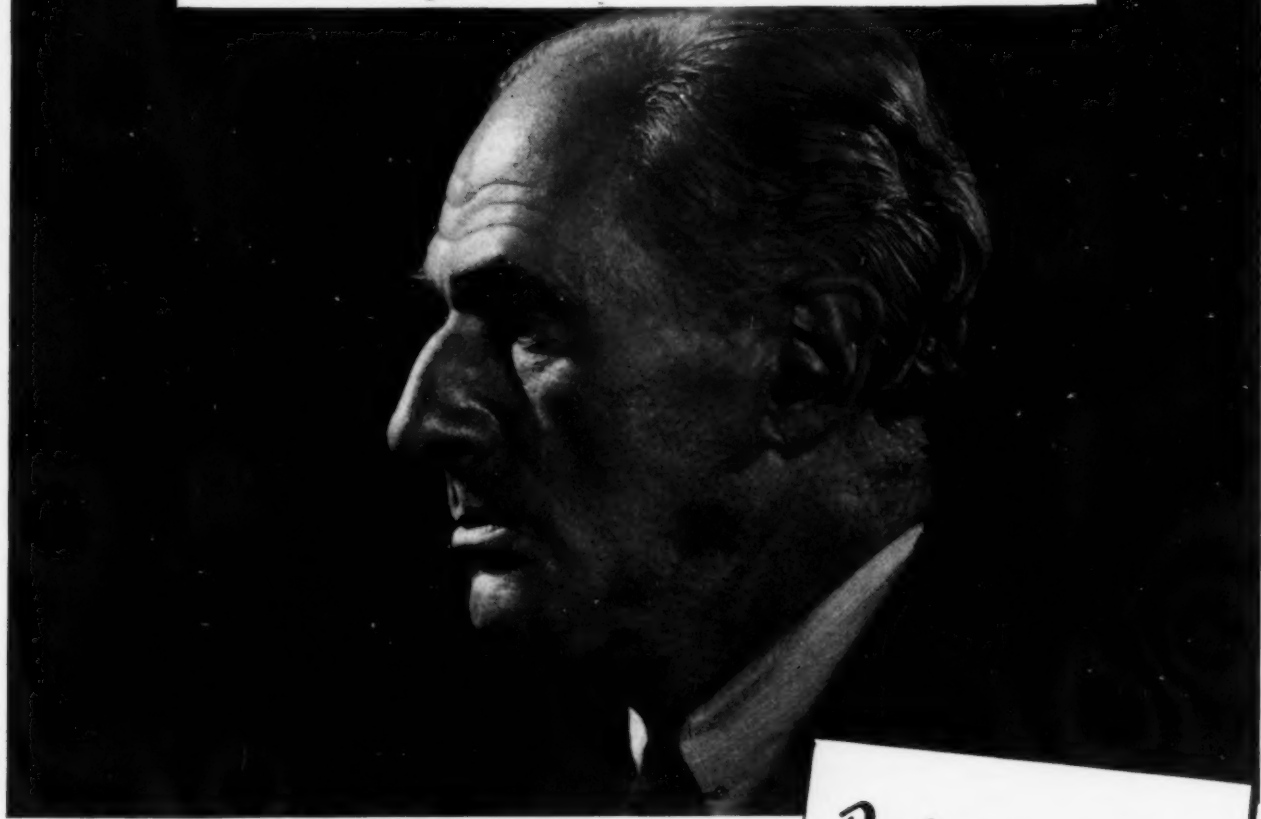
HOLIDAY

Spirit

Joyful Greetings of the Season

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION
Philadelphia

Changed a City's Skyline but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

This man is a brilliant architect—one of the big names in his profession. He has the admiration of his city—the praise of his contemporaries—and the deep pity of his dentist. He is, literally, a Dental Cripple.

The fault is his own—the blame rests squarely on his own doorstep. Neglect of "pink tooth brush" is responsible—the foolish neglect of a dental warning that should have been perfectly clear to any intelligent man.

Today he recognizes the truth of his dentist's warnings—today he knows that our daily menus of soft, modern foods can and do rob our gums of work and health. But today—it's too late.

You can't trifle with "pink tooth brush." Don't let it go on and on. Don't let it mark you down for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Play safe—get Ipana Tooth Paste today. And add gum massage with Ipana to your daily health routine.

Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And each time you brush your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums. Ipana with massage helps bring back the gum tissues to healthy firmness.

Remember, your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition. And safer!

Professional Opinion says:

- From a dental text book:
"The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."
- Excerpt from a professional journal:
"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."
- By a famous specialist:
"Massaging the gums . . . aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."



TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR
THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS
—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



AMERICA

on the wire

• AMERICANS get more out of the telephone than any other people in the world.

Partly it is because we still have the pioneer qualities. We are restless, inquisitive, ambitious, sociable, ingenious, enterprising. The telephone is adapted to us and we are adapted to the telephone. But another reason why the average American uses the telephone more is that there are more telephones to use—more than thirteen million in the Bell System alone. And the service is better.

Your telephone grows in value the more you use it—the more you rely on it to help you through the day's activities.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Life

DECEMBER : 1934

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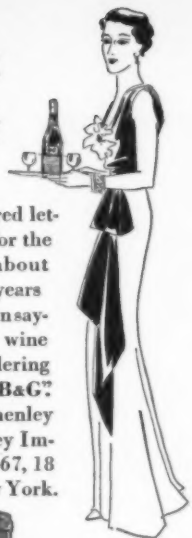
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TRY IT!



If not available at your food or drug store, send this coupon:

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I want to try a 1/4 lb. bottle of Bovril.
I enclose \$1 Send C. O. D.
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Martini & Rossi Vermouth is standard throughout the world and has been for generations. It is an international drink. It literally covers the globe. Its list of branch offices and warehouses reads like an atlas—begins with Addis Ababa, ends with Yokohama. As nearly as we can tell, these are the best known bottles in the world.



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This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

The genuine bears this seal



It Swept America in one short year



Better get in some more Crab Orchard. More people are calling for it than any other straight bourbon.



Double my standing order on Crab Orchard. Its high quality and low price is making it sell like hot cakes.



Have the liquor store send up a case of Crab Orchard for the holidays—it's the one whiskey all our friends like.



A year ago Crab Orchard was one of hundreds of new brands—today it is America's largest-selling straight whiskey. *Quality tells!* Naturally aged and bottled from the barrel—not artificially treated—it is a genuine straight Kentucky whiskey. Enormous popularity makes its low price possible. **ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.**

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Crab Orchard STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Produced by the same
distillers:

OLD GRAND DAD	OLD HERMITAGE
OLD TAYLOR	MOUNT VERNON RYE
OLD McBRAYER	REWCO RYE
OLD CROW	OLD OVERHOLT RYE
SUNNY BROOK	OLD FARM RYE



Straight as a string

NEWSREEL MARTYR

By Gurney Williams

A One-Man Revolution

"WE'VE got to do something about Thompson, Mr. Gale. I've just come from the projection room and his last batch of news events was terrible!"

"Hmm—what's the trouble, Mike?"

"Well, for one thing, he covered the blasting of that old chimney in Philadelphia and didn't arrange for a reverse shot showing the chimney falling up again."

"That's bad."

"Sure. If you'll remember, Mr. Gale, Thompson's the guy who covered the tennis matches last June and failed to get a close-up of the spectators moving their heads from side to side. And in July he botched the Intercollegiate swimming meet—he ground up 500 feet of film on some diving champs and not one foot showed a diver coming up backwards out of the water. In August—"

"I see. Miss Morgan, please tell Thompson to come here. What else about the new stuff, Mike?"

"Well, in the junk I just saw, Mr. Gale, there wasn't a single freak animal, unusual baby, strange hobby, novel invention or reenactment of crime by a ransomed kidnaper. Besides that he—here he is now, Mr. Gale. If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go back to work."

"Certainly, Mike. Look here, Thompson, Mike tells me your stuff is punk. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"I know I'm slipping, Mr. Gale. In fact, I'm about through. I haven't been the same since I went to a—went to a movie, last Fall."

"WHAT! You went to a movie!"

"Yes, sir. I should have known better, but Rachel—that's my wife—wanted to go. Well, we went to this movie and I tried not to look when the newsreel came on but I couldn't help it."

"But, Mr. Gale, it wasn't the pictures that got me down. It was the running comment. Listen, Mr. Gale, at this movie I'm talking about I saw four of my own shots: First, that regulation Thanksgiving No. 45-T-X showing thousands of nutty turkeys running around a farm; second, that phony beer drinking contest I arranged in Chicago; third, the Brooklyn kid who can light four boxes of matches in his pants pocket and not feel them; and



ACROSS HIS DESK flows the news of the world: Ray Baker of International News Service. Telegraph wires . . . cables from foreign countries . . . flash 100,000 words a day to Baker . . . to be quickly judged and edited.

TIRED OUT?



GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LEAF TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT POINT THE WAY TO INCREASED ENERGY!

Newspaper man—hockey star—business woman—wherever smokers are placed in life, they notice a positive energy-refreshing effect from smoking Camels when they are tired or "out of sorts."

As Ray Baker says regarding his own experience: "The man on the INS news desk has a high-pressure job.

"Whenever I feel 'all in' Camels bring back my pep, and I can tackle

the next story with renewed energy! For over ten years I've preferred Camels. They have a rich, distinctive flavor that just suits me. And I can smoke Camels continually without jangled nerves."

Science confirms the experience of smokers regarding Camel's "energizing effect." You can smoke them freely since Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos never upsets the nerves!



HOCKEY STAR. "Bill" Cook says: "I smoke only Camels. Their taste sure hits the spot! I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."



BUSINESS GIRL. Eve L. Miller says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor, and Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low."

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

1935 HUPMOBILE TEARS UP PRICE TAGS



New 1935 Aero-dynamic Hupmobile 6-passenger Sedan \$1095... Other models from \$695 to \$1395

MATCH the 1935 Aero-dynamic Hupmobile with any car at any price... Park this new Hupmobile in a group of the most swank and most expensive cars made and it will ask... and need... no alibis. It literally makes fancy price tags seem foolish.

Look at this new Hupp... and you will see why its suave streamlined beauty draws envious glances in any company.

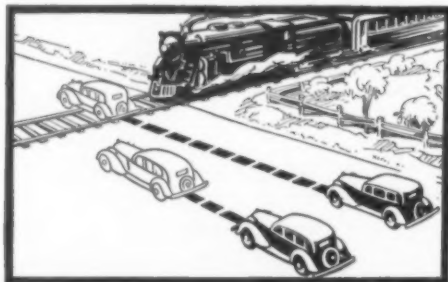
Step into the new Hupp... through great, wide, kind-to-elbow doors... and learn what comfort really is. Stretching room to spare! Living room luxury! "Open-car" vision through over-sized windows and "pilot-house" windshield of exclusive Hupmobile design!

Ride in the new Hupp... and enjoy flight-like smoothness that comes from Hupmobile's exclusive coördinated suspension, from its chassis torsional stabilizer, and from its side-sway eliminator.

Drive the new Hupp... Steer with a touch! Stop on a dime with safety power brakes! Thrill to its silent surging power, its polo pony nimbleness!

Own the new Hupp... and learn why Hupmobile has earned a 25-year reputation for sturdiness, mechanical dependability, and low up-keep... Learn why Hupmobile is called "the car of the careful investor".

Prices f.o.b. factory... tax and special equipment extra



SAFETY POWER BRAKES mean — that at 40 miles per hour speed, for instance, you can stop in 39 feet shorter distance, using the same pedal pressure. At normal traffic speeds, pedal pressure is reduced 50%.

THE 1935 AERO-DYNAMIC
Hupmobile

fourth, that shot I faked of an infant prodigy writing music. Remember? It ends up where this one-year-old kid mugs the camera with a goopy grin and smears jam all over the so-called music."

"I remember. Very good hokum."

"Well, I can understand faking that stuff because the citizens love it. But this announcer—you know what he said?"

"I think I know."

"At the end of the turkey shot he said, *'This is certainly a fowl business.'* At the end of the beer drinking contest he said, *'Some foam, eh, kid?'* When the Brooklyn kid lighted all those matches in his pocket this announcer said, *'He sure is burning his breeches behind him!'* And when that infant smeared jam on the alleged musical composition, the announcer said, *'How's that for defacing the music?'* I brooded about that, Mr. Gale and—well, anyhow, I haven't been able to do a good job since. I guess I'd better resign, Mr. Gale. If I could only get my hands on the guy who thinks up that stuff . . . !"

"Well, Thompson, suppose I told you I write that stuff—have been for three years?"

"You must be joking, Mr. Gale!"

"I'm not joking, Thompson."

"Is that so? Hmm. Well, then, how will this sound in next week's release? Homer Gale, newsreel executive, had all his teeth knocked out in his office last week by an enraged cameraman. *That's flying into the teeth of a Gale! Oh-oh!*"



"Even as a child I couldn't run fast."



What is John Jameson made of ?



It is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat, oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is distilled by the pot still method. This is the traditional one and, we think, the best. It happens to be the most expensive—to us, not to you. It is distilled perfectly, since we have had 150 years of experience.



Then it is aged 7 years in the wood before bottling. Don't you agree that such sound methods should produce a great whiskey? Let a bottle of John Jameson prove to you that they *have!* But be sure you get the *right* Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON

Pure Old Pot Still

IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET. DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING



IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

Theatre—Movies—Books—Radio—Records

(For more lengthy reviews see pages 26, 34 and 36 respectively)

THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

● **A Ship Comes In.** The advertisements read: "A delightful and refreshingly original play—Theodore Dreiser." It is apparent that Theo has been drinking the wrong stuff lately. *Longacre, W. 48th.*

● **A Sleeping Clergyman.** If it were cast in the story form, any magazine editor over the age of seventeen would promptly toss it into the wastebasket. But being cast in play form, and signed with a conspicuous name—and having been done at Malvern—the Theatre Guild has fallen for it. *Guild, W. 52nd.*

● **Bridal Quilt.** A bad actor's (Tom Powers) idea of character comedy. Eminent tripe, duly and promptly interred. *Biltmore, W. 47th.*

● **Dance With Your Gods.** Professing gravely to deal with voodooism, this one did nothing but laboriously work itself up to the old scene wherein the villain, with a gleam in his eye, invades the virgin's boudoir. Heigh-ho for the storehouse! *Mansfield, W. 47th.*

● **Divided By Three.** A married woman has a lover. Her son finds out about it. And is he sore! Nor does the writing do anything to improve the old Gallic wham. *Barrymore, W. 47th.*

● **Dodsworth.** First-rate dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' novel. Walter Huston in fine fettle as Lovin' Sam. Fay Bainter also in trim as the wife any man, if he isn't lucky, might get. *Shubert, W. 44th.*

● **D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.** Gilbert and Sullivan done very much better than the local trade has lately been accustomed to. There are flaws, but you can't expect everything in the world for \$3.30. *Martin Beck, W. 45th.*

● **Dream Child.** By and with J. C. Nugent, along with his family. Three cheers for the Four Cohans. *Vanderbilt, W. 48th.*

● **Judgment Day.** Elmer Rice is so worked up over the evils of Hitlerism that he believes a good play should be written on the subject. It may be, some day. *Fulton, W. 46th.*

● **Kill That Story.** Stale rubbish. *Ambassador, W. 49th.*

● **Lady Jane.** H. M. Harwood writes a sex comedy that Dan Frohman might have produced profitably thirty years ago, if there had been nothing better available at the time. Frances Starr plays doloroso the rôle played allegretto by Marie Tempest in London. A dead one. *48th St. Theatre.*

● **Life Begins at 8:40.** A lively and humorous revue, with Bert Lahr, Ray

Bolger and Luella Gear. One of the music-show theatre's better evenings. *Winter Garden, B'way and 50th.*

● **Lost Horizons.** Harry Segall, the author, is a Hollywood scenario confectioner and the rights to his cobbled play were purchased, long before its production, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So fill in your own criticism. *St. James, W. 44th.*

● **Merrily We Roll Along.** A pretty good show, as Broadway goes, and one that will often entertain you, if you aren't too particular and if your demands as to authentic dramatic merit are not especially high. If you're that sort, change the color to green. But I critically stick to yellow. *Music Box, W. 45th.*

● **Order Please.** A mystery comedy—and about as awful as they come. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

● **Sailor, Beware!** It is now in its second year and may entertain you with its sexual roughhouse, but its company is also in the second phase. *Lyceum, W. 45th.*

● **Small Miracle.** Another transcript of the "Grand Hotel" idea, the scene being the lounge of a theatre. It got swell notices from the press, but your finical professor remains steadfastly and offensively doubtful. *Golden, W. 45th.*

● **Spring Freshet.** Still another dud by that august chef of duds, Mr. Owen Davis. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

● **Spring Song.** East Side Yiddish stuff embracing the stereotyped sweet-souled old momma, little daughter Florrie who succumbs to the blandishments of modish Sidney Kurtz and comes down with child, genial old Freiberg, the butcher, who endeavors to ease momma's grief, and all the other familiar whangdoodle that drives even orthodox Jews to the Mac West movies. *Morosco, W. 45th.*

● **The Distaff Side.** Sentimental comedy by the talented John van Druten and 'way below his mark. Redeemed only by the performance of Sybil Thorndike. *Booth, W. 45th.*

● **The First Legion.** A large and beautiful bore, and make no mistake about it, boys. *46th St. Theatre.*

● **The Great Waltz.** A Hippodrome production, minus only the Battle of Gettysburg and the elephants, visited upon a number of Strauss waltzes. If you believe that the Empire State Building is one thousand times more loftily artistic than the Petit Trianon, take a chance, but don't complain afterwards to me. *Centre, 49th and 6th Ave.*

● **Tobacco Road.** A study of Georgia low-life dramatized from the Erskine Caldwell novel. Worth your atten-

tion, if your dramatic stomach isn't overly weak. *Forrest, W. 49th.*

● **Within the Gates.** Sean O'Casey's poetically vitriolic microcosm of the world we live in. One of the truly fine plays of the modern theatre by one of that theatre's authentic geniuses. *National, W. 41st.*

MOVIES

By Don Herold

[*Indicates Not Suitable for Children]

● **Belle of the Nineties.*** Mac West waddling voluptuously through another big show, dropping wisecracks as she rolls along, and sharing her refreshing superiority complex with us worms. She thinks another man has done her wrong (this time he's a prize-fighter) and she unhesitatingly slips him knockout drops just before the finish of his big fight.

● **British Agent.** Supposed to be a great picture, but I couldn't keep up with the bobbing about. I think it was put together wrong. Or maybe I was.

● **Caravan.** Determinedly tuneful and romantic picture about a lot of gypsies and the Hungarian wine harvest and a Countess Wilma (Loretta Young) who is told she has to marry to inherit the family estate, and who calls in the nearest gypsy violinist (Charles Boyer) and marries him, though she is loved by a guy in a grand uniform (Phillips Holmes), but, honestly, it's much better than that.

● **Chu Chin Chow.** Stupendous and sometimes stupendously boring British musical spectacle on the Ali Baba theme, not exactly the kind of picture Americans are doing at the moment, but better in spots than our musicals ever hope to be.

● **Judge Priest.** My favorite Will Rogers picture in a coon's age, even if it does lag around like Stepin Fetchit (who is in the cast) a lot of the time. Rich in down-South flavor and in Irvin Cobb mellowness. Henry Walthall in a remarkable comeback as a small town minister.

● **Now and Forever.** Not even Shirley Temple and Carole Lombard, two of my favorite dames, can drag out of the fire this mediocre story about a little girl who reforms her thieving daddy (Gary Cooper) by asking him "Honor bright, Daddy?"

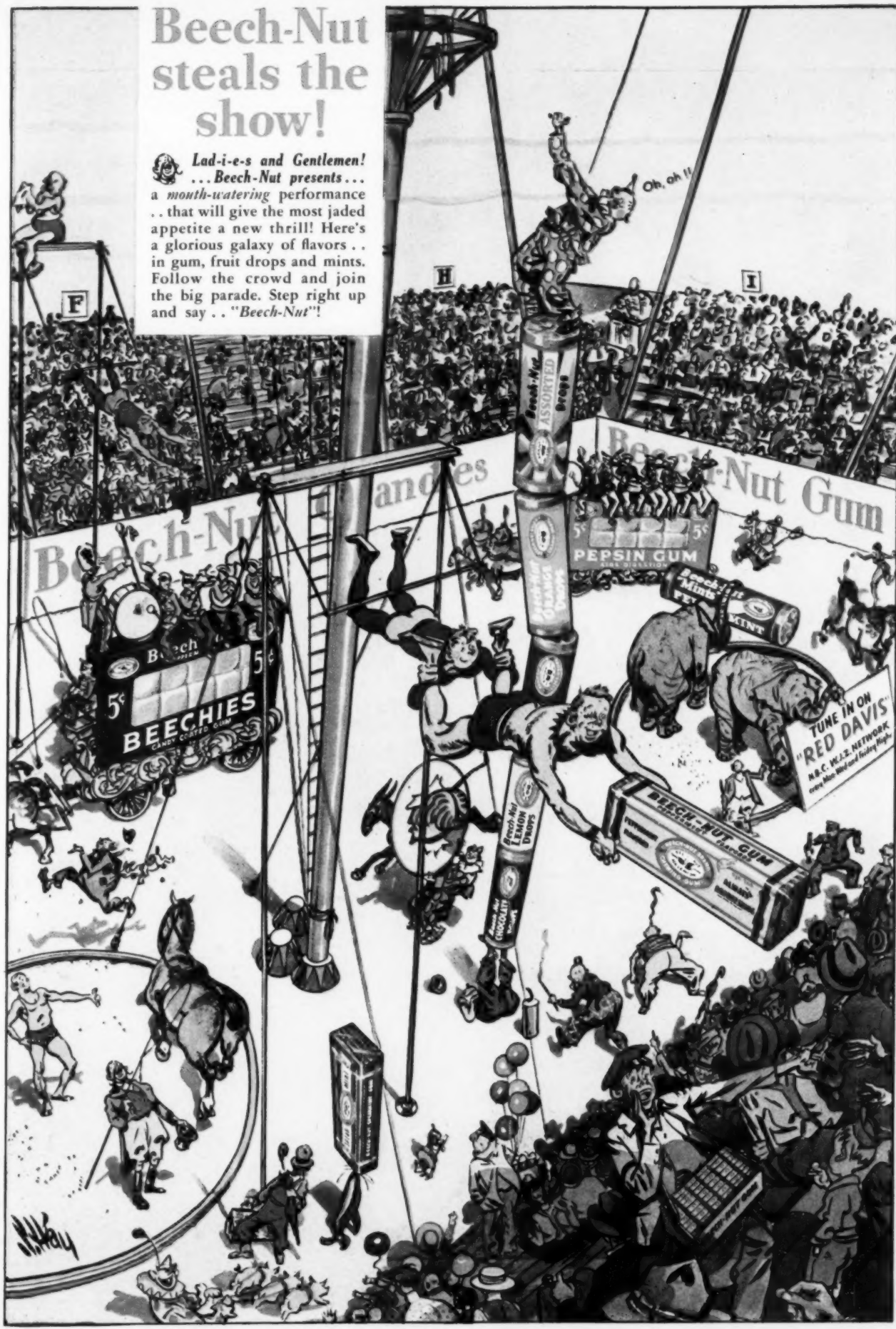
● **Our Daily Bread.** A characteristically honest, thoughtful, observant King Vidor production about a young couple's struggle with the depression and the drought. A compelling commentary on present-day life, of which few, if any, other directors than King Vidor would be capable.

● **Peck's Bad Boy.*** Not the Peck's bad boy that I knew, but a thoroughly acceptable good-boy substitute in Jackie Cooper, our best juvenile actor. Assisted by Little Jackie Searl, a villain not to be sneezed at (hissing is the thing).

(Continued on page 52)

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!
...Beech-Nut presents...
 a mouth-watering performance
 .. that will give the most jaded
 appetite a new thrill! Here's
 a glorious galaxy of flavors ..
 in gum, fruit drops and mints.
 Follow the crowd and join
 the big parade. Step right up
 and say .. "Beech-Nut"!"



W. W. W.



FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRERES

HAT BY LILY DACHE

INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.



All hers!

.. yet she uses a
25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a

slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**



DECEMBER, 1934

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

OUR COUNTRY

Forgotten Man Item

THE fifty thousand freight cars which American railroads are scrapping will be replaced by new cars without rods.

Speechmaker

POSTMASTER GENERAL JIM FARLEY was a busy man last summer, dedicating post offices. To date he has dedicated 75. Next summer will be four times as busy, with about 300 new post offices coming along. Jim's speeches average about 2500 words and take approximately 20 minutes to deliver. They invariably start out with: "It was a gratifying honor to receive your invitation to come to the great city of, etc."

The whole publicity staff of the P.O. Department works on them. Someone gets all the local history of the particular post office being dedicated; someone else works up a few facts

about the significant part the city has played in commerce, art, politics, finance, etc.; somebody else ties up the local dope with a few finely turned phrases regarding "destiny," "the future," "Democracy" and "fearlessness." The General always reads them over pretty carefully before delivering them, though.

Zoologist

AN artist we know was driving down from Canada the other day and came, as all men must, to the American Customs. The officer on duty took a look at the car and its occupant and asked what articles of merchandise he had with him. Our friend replied that, being an artist, he had few of this world's goods including a palette and an easel.

The officer consulted a book rather vaguely for a few minutes and then delivered his opinion: "The palette's all right," he said, "but you can't bring the easel in if it's still alive."

Sorority Pin

THE wax figure of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge among the representations of ex-Presidents' wives in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington has a very serious error on it. Perhaps the janitor is responsible; we don't know. At any rate, sisters of Mrs. Coolidge in Pi Beta Phi sorority have reported that the Pi Phi pin, which the wax figure wears, not only points in the wrong direction but is fastened several darts and a couple of gores away from where it should be.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Kris Kringle

PRESUMING the notion of Santa Claus dwelling at the North Pole to be abandoned, we made the rounds of the stores last week to find out where he does come from. Consensus of department store opinion has it that the best S. C.'s are recruited



"Draw up a chair, G. B. We're crossing Kindle's name off our business cards."

from the ranks of unemployment actors. It gives them a chance for a histrionic workout and they like it.

One store boasts that some of its S. C.'s have trod the boards with Mrs. Fiske, Booth & Barrett and the best of them in their time. Santa Clausing is a recognized profession, and the old-timers have a strong sense of professional pride. Salary range is between \$25 and \$75 a week, depending upon rank and reputation.

Not all S. C.'s really have their hearts in their work. Lord & Taylor had to let one of theirs go because he enjoyed mystifying the kiddies less than he did philosophizing with their mamas. One of Macy's used to get so fed up that he'd call in somebody to swap soiled stories for a while, to freshen up.

Scotch Taster

THE highly specialized profession of whiskey-taster has come into its own since repeal, and probably the foremost practitioner of the art is Calman Levine, chief taster and blender for Seagrams, who has re-

cently come to this country from Scotland, via Canada.

Mr. Levine, to the surprise of many native sons of Scotland, is an adopted citizen of that country, having come there at the age of two from his native Russia. But something peculiar to the Scots' air must have invaded his blood, because at the age of seventeen he blossomed forth as a full-fledged master of an exacting business almost semi-mystical in its dependence upon the human elements of taste and smell. It is the super-normally sensitive palate and nose of Mr. Levine that are his stock in trade. The average Scotch whiskey is composed of twenty separate whiskeys, and a good taster is essential to the Scotch distiller. Mr. Levine can accurately predict the taste and quality whiskey will have five, ten, and fifteen years after his blend is perfected. He is now applying this talent to the production of superior rye and bourbon blends.

His palate is at its keenest in the forenoon, and he has to be careful not to drink any of the whiskies he blends

while working, or it would ruin his palate for that day's job. He confines his drinking to the evenings.

Double Disk

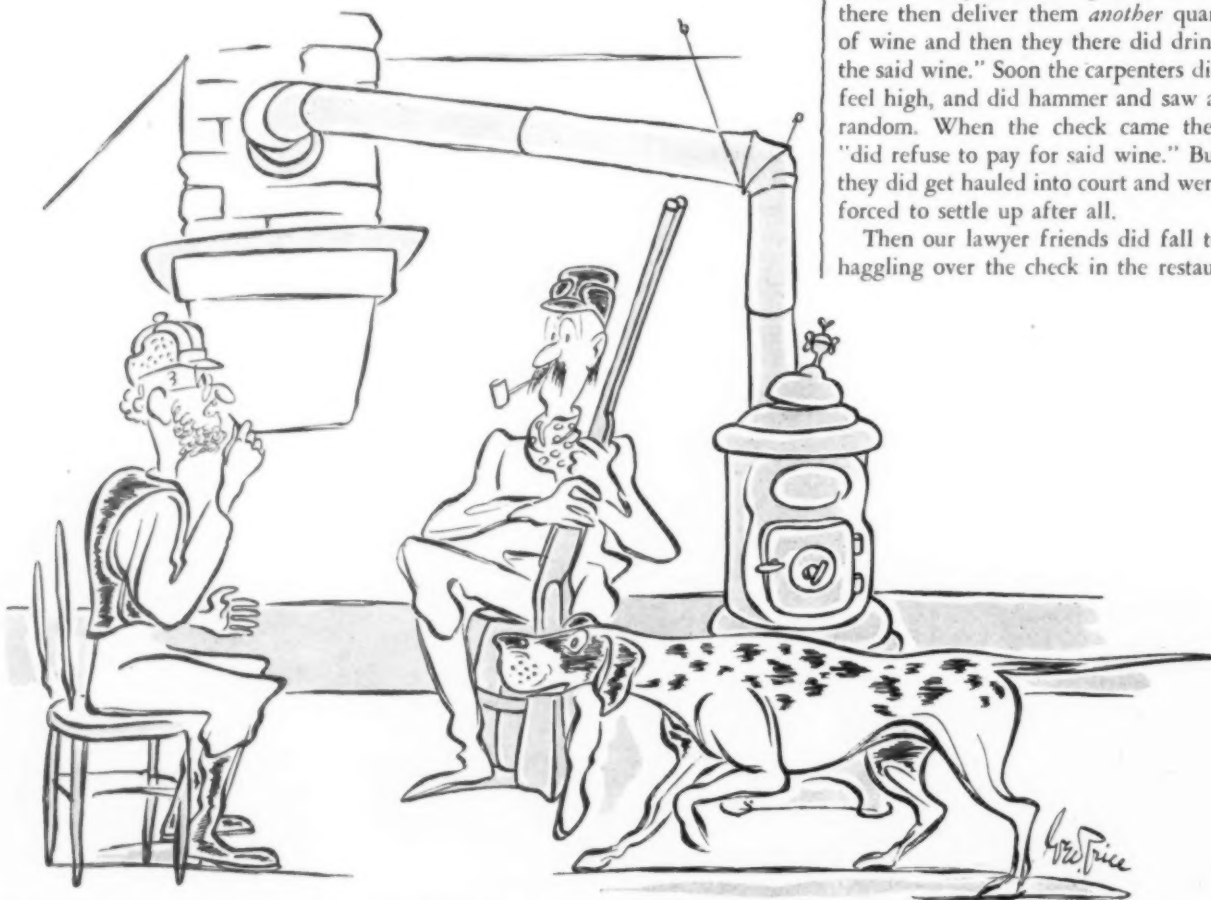
AN all-weather phonograph record has just been patented in England. It's made of toffee or chocolate. When you get tired of hearing it you can eat it.

Medieval Brawl

WE got to talking with some barristers the other day about what would happen if we ran out of the restaurant without paying our check, and were soon lost in a maze of technicalities even on a simple little case like that.

Near as we can remember, the argument ran something like this: precedent set by The Six Carpenters Case, eighth year of the reign of James I, Michaelmas term, as follows: Six Carpenters "at hora quarta post meridiem, the door thereof being open, did enter a common tavern and bought and drank a quart of wine and paid for it; but further: one John Redding, servant, did there then deliver them another quart of wine and then they there did drink the said wine." Soon the carpenters did feel high, and did hammer and saw at random. When the check came they "did refuse to pay for said wine." But they did get hauled into court and were forced to settle up after all.

Then our lawyer friends did fall to haggling over the check in the restau-



"It's all right—he's pointing at the quail I just et."



"I can't play, Coach—I haven't anything on under this!"

rant and we, the door thereof being open, did walk out.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Fade-Out

WE were sorry to disappear so suddenly from the thoughtful little pamphlet called "Motion Picture Appreciation" which the Natl. Congress of Parents and Teachers put out, and which Miss Clarice Wade, Publicity Secretary, sent us. We were in such good company, too. As printed this booklet said: "The intelligent planning of the family visits to the motion picture theatre might well include analysis of reviews from such differing magazines as *Time*, *Liberty*, the *Literary Digest*, *Life*, and others." Subsequently a strip was pasted over the whole paragraph, with the melancholy explanation "this paragraph was printed in violation of the bylaws." Well, thanks anyway.

ENTERTAINMENT

Rare Bird

IT'S not all beer and skittles, being a Hollywood casting director. After glimpsing a few of the wires one of them sends to his New

York co-workers, we're convinced it's just one stickler after another, like the White Cockatoo case, which came over like this:

STUDIO LOOKING FOR WHITE COCKATOO FOR USE IN PICTURE OF SAME TITLE STOP LOTS OF WHITE COCKATOOS TO BE HAD BUT THIS ONE MUST BE TRAINED TO APPROACH STRANGERS AND REMOVE THINGS FROM THEIR POCKETS MUCH LIKE A TRAINED ORGAN GRINDER MONKEY DOES STOP

Two days later:

STUDIO STILL TRYING FIND TRAINED WHITE COCKATOO ALTHO DIRECTOR CROSLAND HAS EXAMINED CLOSE HUNDRED STOP IF RIGHT ONE NOT FOUND TOMORROW WE PLAN ISSUE RADIO APPEAL STOP

Refinement Item

THE title of Anna Sten's new picture for Samuel Goldwyn has been changed from *Broken Soil* to *Wedding Night*.

Strange Passengers

A LADY has written us again about those signs on boats and trains which read: "Passengers Are Warned Against Playing Cards With Strangers." The lady claims the "Strangers" are being discriminated

against; says they, too, are passengers, and should be treated as such in the sign. Says she wouldn't object if the sign were changed to read: "Passengers Are Warned Against Playing Cards With Each Other."

GREAT MINDS

"I'll fight all the leading heavyweights in the same ring the same night."
—Max Baer.

"My advice on any matter has not been desired by Washington."
—Governor W. H. Murray.

"I tried to run the United States, but they wouldn't let me."
—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

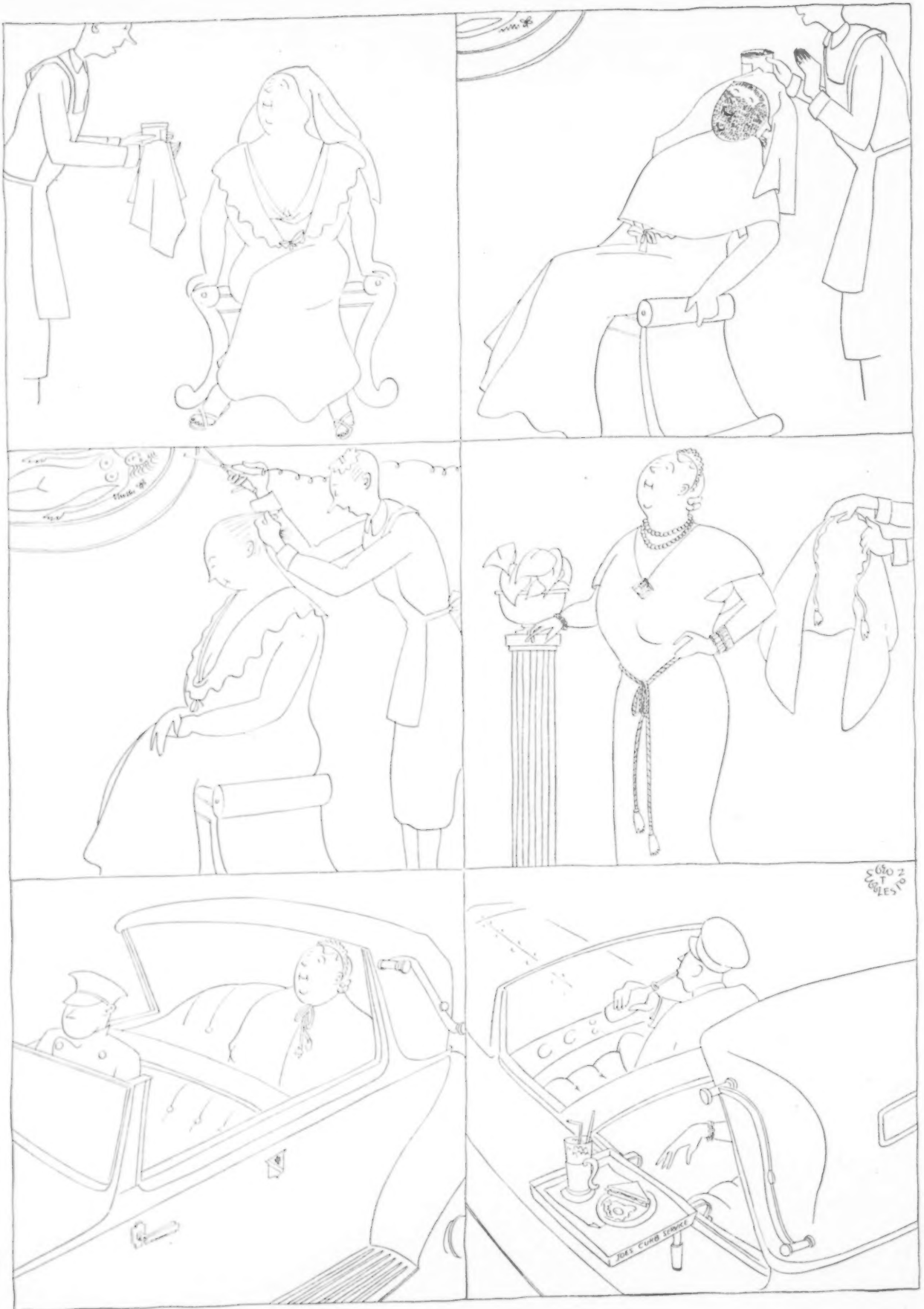
"What goes on in the Capital is of no great importance."
—Henry Ford.

"I slept like a baby because I said to myself that Roosevelt can run the country."
—Upton Sinclair.

"We don't like the Mae West type."
—Cardinal Mundelein.

"I am a man of destiny."
—Senator Huey P. Long.

Life





"Can I help you, sir?"

ONCE EVERY YEAR

By E. B. Crosswhite

The Christmas Card Phobia

"NOEL, I've been thinking. We ought to be deciding about our Christmas cards for this year."

"Uh huh."

"Put down that paper and listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"I say we should start thinking about our cards to send out this Christmas."

"What about 'em?"

"That's it. We haven't decided on a thing. And last year you remember we put off doing it until we had to get a lot of just ordinary cards at the last minute. . . . Will you please put down that paper and listen to me—"

"I said I'm listening. You're talking

about being late with the cards you sent out."

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I said that now when there's still plenty of time, we ought to plan on something different, or at least unique."

"What for?"

"People are judged by whether their cards are clever or not. Take the card the Bammingtons sent out last year—"

"Was that the one with the picture of the pink whippet?"

"Noel, you make me so furious! It was a very

clever modernistic card. And if you had really looked at it instead of sneering, you'd have seen that it was a deer and not a whippet."

"Having a deer on a Christmas card was unique."

"Oh, you make me so utterly furious I could scream! I didn't say anything about a deer being unique. I said their card was unique, and it was. That's the way I want our cards to be this year."

"Get some with deer on them, then."

"Noel, will you please put down that paper and be sensible? Now see what you think of this idea: I thought it would be clever to have a nice looking card and then instead of 'Christmas Greetings' have just the word 'N-O-E-L'—"

"Why not 'Noel and Fern'?"

"I'm not talking about your name! 'N-O-E-L' is a French word—I think it's French—and it means 'Happy Yuletide Thoughts' or something like that. I'm going to get some cards with the Three Wise Men on them, and have 'N-O-E-L' printed below, with our names."

"Sounds very snappy."

"For the last time, will you please put that paper down and be serious! If you don't like what I've suggested, suppose you offer something better."

"Well, instead of the Wise Men, why not a winter scene—modernistic, you know—with orange-colored snow and some red-and-blue-checked pine trees—"

"Noel, you can make me so—"

"And then instead of your French word that means 'Happy Arbor Day', or whatever it is, just say 'Sneemish', which is Lithuanian for 'We Wish To Gosh You'd Cross Us Off Your Silly Mailing List and Keep Us Off—' Hey! Put those plates down!"

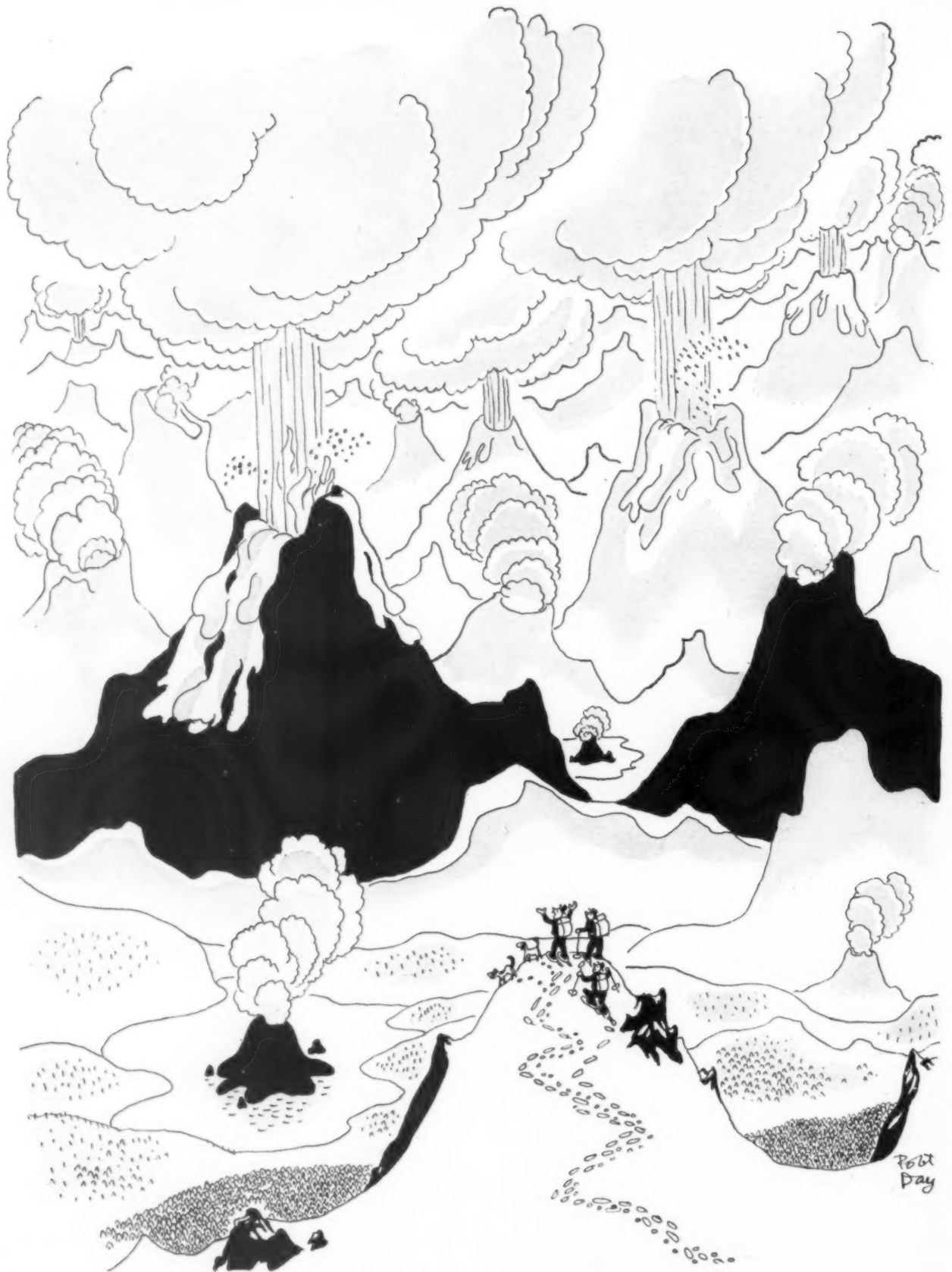
When television becomes perfected, television artistes will probably buy up all the old comic magazines and start lifting the pictures.

We're a dental cripple, too, in a way. That is, our dentist has certainly crippled our bank account.

And according to some of the dramatists, all work and no play never makes jack.



Life



Polt
Day

"What a swell stamp Mr. Farley could make out of this!"

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

By S. J. Perelman

IV—In Which Our Hollywood Man Finally Gets Down to Work and Is Confronted with Some Shooting Stars

THE first pale streaks of a Hollywood morning crept through the Venetian blinds and tinted my tousled head the rich hue of burnished gold. In a few seconds rosy-fingered dawn and dawn-fingered Rosy, my maid-of-all-work, would come bearing my breakfast. I awoke and stretched myself like a great tawny cat. Slipping on a Japanese kimono the silkworms had woven during the night, I sauntered into the garden and crunched up the gravel path. I was hungry, and I would have gorged myself on the delicious little stones had I not remembered that breakfast was waiting.

Between sips of fragrant Oolong I tore open my mail. A card from Peets & Moultrie, Meats and Poultry, invited me to sample their line of condemned army meats, favorite of leading Hollywood hostesses. Mendel Aberration, my tailor, advertised his monthly special: four suits of Harris tweed for eleven hundred dollars, or, if I preferred, four hundred suits for eleven dollars. Yawning, I finished my farina and padded into the living-room to read the papers. As I sank into an easy chair, I again congratulated myself on my good fortune in acquiring *The Shambles*. I had rented it under the very noses of Garbo, Gable, Crawford, Gaylor and Hepburn, and small wonder that they were livid with jealousy. It was patterned after an Italian abattoir of the sixteenth century and had been remodeled by Christopher Wren, who had introduced chewing-gum into the left wing. Up to this time there had been no chewing-gum in the left wing. The entire house was built of lacklustre celotex and heated by a series of smudge fires issuing from a charcoal brassiere. Consequently, there were very few mosquitoes or tenants in *The Shambles*.

But it was time to think of reporting at the studio. Glowing with health I decided not to take a shower. Then came the problem of what to wear. Beeves, my man, had laid out a pair of loosely-woven monk's-cloth trousers and a nutmeg-colored sweater. But my

mood today was definitely creative, and I decided on a greenish garment I had purchased the day before at a students'-and-misfit-clothing store. As I pulled on Glastonbury health underwear my mind was busy with scenarios, novellettes, long short stories, short short stories, and the like. Two secretaries busily took down wise sayings, aphorisms, homespun observations, and shrewd comments on current fads and foibles as they fell from my lips.

BOWLING swiftly down Sunset Boulevard toward the Plushnick studios in my motor, I dictated half a novel and an uproarious comedy drama destined to run ten months on Broadway. Midmorning found me at my desk clearing up de-

tails and making decisions. My brokers, Whitelipped & Trembling, had run me up in panic. An ugly rumor that I would reorganize the motion-picture industry was being bruited about in the world's commodity markets. The Paris Bourse was begging me for assurances of stability and Threadneedle Street waited with drumming pulses for my next move. Film stocks ricocheted sharply, although wools and meats were sluggish, if not downright sullen. A few words murmured into the transatlantic telephone, the lift of an eyebrow here, the shrug of a shoulder there, and financial equilibrium returned.

I had barely opened *Variety* and spread it over my face for a few minutes. (Continued on page 44)



"I have it! Let's go upstairs and play with Junior."

A VISIT FROM SAINT INITIALUS

By Ogden Nash

T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring.
 What? Not Jouett Shouse?
 No, not Jouett Shouse. And not Colonel House.
 Even Senator Long was as meek as a mouse.

Oh heigh-ho! Sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere Farley.

The farmers were dreaming of acres plowed under,
 The jobholders' visions
 Were dancing with plunder.
 Oh yes, there's still plunder where congressmen thunder,
 Though how, and from where, even congressmen wonder.

The taxpayer fitfully dozed in a barrel,
 Which served him as lodging,
 As well as apparel.
 "What useful apparel!" the congressmen carol,
 "Now it's emptied of pork, you can *live* in the barrel!"

Mama in her deficit, I in my code,
 Were sewing a mortgage
 Upon our abode.
 Our modest abode, for which we still owed,
 When the jingle of sleighbells we heard on the road.

"Now Ickes! Now Tugwell! Now good Madam Perk!
 On Morgenthau! Richberg!
 And Wallace! To work!

The jolliest of work! To spend like a Turk!
 And remember Lew Douglas, if tempted to shirk."

He was genial and suave, and a daredevil driver,
 And the jobholders cheered
 Through their hungry saliva.
 'Twas the taxpayer's fiver appeased their saliva,
 And they hooted the oaf for a Tory Godiva.

So fast and so furious the presents came sprinkling,
 The stockings were filled
 In less than a twinkling.
 At the end of which twinkling 'twas every one's inkling
 To hurry next door for additional sprinkling.

'Twas a Yuletide than which there was never a whicher,
 The currency flowed
 From a bottomless pitcher.
 Oh, miraculous pitcher! There never was whicher,
 For Peter was poorer, yet Paul was no richer.

"Happy Christmas, my friends!" called a voice full of
 laughter,
 "Not only today,
 But every day after!"
 "Yes, Christmas will have to come daily hereafter!"
 The jobholders answered with rapturous laughter,
 While the taxpayer dangled, unwept, from a rafter.

Oh heigh-ho! Sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere Farley.



"Here y'are, mister—send 25 cents for three, unposed walkin' photos!"

TOWARD A MERRIER CHRISTMAS

By James W. Holden

Some Actual Contributions of Science to Yuletide Joy

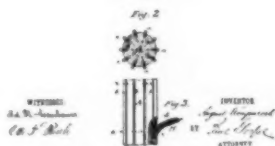
ONE of the handiest gifts of science to Santa Claus was the Collapsible Christmas Tree. "A Christmas tree of this kind may be used again from year to year," said a pioneer in this art as he turned his drawings over to the Patent Office (1882). August Wengenroth's idea of a folding tree was an upright trunk full of holes (Exhibit A). Wire branches were to be stuck in the holes and pulled out when Christmas was over. Next year you could stick the branches in different holes and have a new tree, in some ways, anyhow.

In 1886 a "Mechanism for Turning Christmas Trees With or Without Accompaniment of Music" disappeared into the files of the Patent Office. This ingenious bit of clockwork was the invention of a German, Johannes Echart. All you had to do was stick the tree on a spike, wind her up and let go.

As time went on, a tree that would both rotate and be artificial popped in-

to the mind of Arthur Zahl (Bensenville, Illinois). This was a modernistic idea, being made of a "number of tubular sections joined endwise." The branches were also pipes; and the tree looked something like a steam boiler after something has gone wrong.

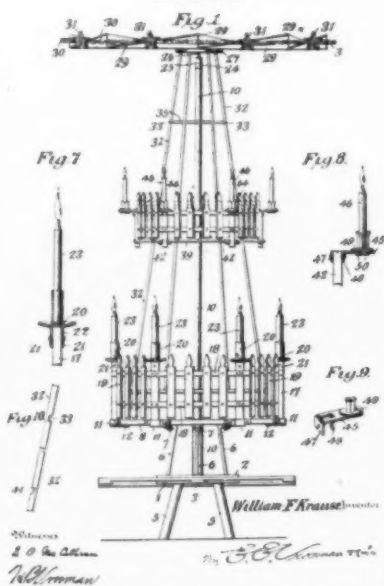
Exhibit A



The Wengenroth artificial tree

A spinning tree which ran by the heat of its own candles (Exhibit B) was the giftie of William Krause, who worked it out at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. It was remarkable in other ways, too; a frame rising something like a clothes horse but not exactly, with two rows of powerful-looking candles. At the top was a fan or propeller with a "plurality of radiating blades. . . . The candles 23 are lighted and also the candles 46, and the heat rising from the candles 23 will engage the propeller and cause the same to rotate."

Exhibit B

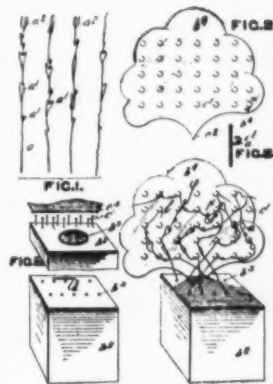


The W. F. Krause rotating tree

would be hard to imagine, but some inventor will. It did not look like much, but made all the noises of a steam locomotive and made them better. Briefly it was a "frame having a bearing wheel near one end on which it may be trundled along the ground, a pair of cylinders on the frame, pistons therein operatively connected to the wheel, a whistle. . . ." There were also means to imitate the sound of escaping steam, and a gong.

It was on account of such gadgets that people began buying "educational" toys like the "Mechanical Toy Speller" of Cyrus Gifford (Erie, Pa.). This had a cloth band with simple words like "Bean" on it, which were supposed to appear at a slot from time to time. The difficulty with this toy was to get a child to go near it.

Exhibit C

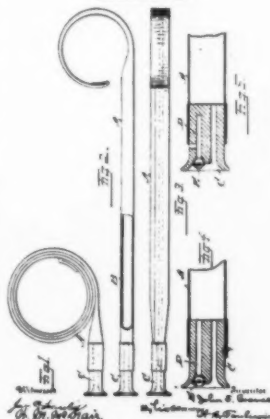


The Emily Wynne-Jones "Educational Toy"

ONE of the goofiest patents ever given out was for an "Educational Toy" by Emily Wynne-Jones, an Englishwoman. She must have (1910) been thinking about something else. Her drawing (Exhibit C) shows a small box with a cloud rising about it. The cloud is full of geometrical figures. It was described as a base with "flexible members detachably connected" to it, these members being "bent to imitate leaves and twigs." There were also "pieces imitating fruit" to be stuck on.

A familiar nuisance was called a "Toy" by John S. Crowell, working at Springfield (Ohio). Crowell was the father, you might say, of the snake that uncoils with a shriek when you blow into it. This gadget (Exhibit D) did a lot toward bringing science home to us landlubbers.

Exhibit D



The J. S. Crowell paper snake

THE question of toys is equally complex, in fact much more so. Most of the patent toys did something when you did something — wiggled their ears when you dragged them, for instance. John T. Miller (Clovis, New Mexico) devised a "cart, a man seated in the cart, and a horse in front of the cart," as he sensibly put it. When you wound it up the cart ran and the horse, not to be outdone, weaved its head.

One Max Oehler invented a walking St. Bernard. It went by gravity, dragging its feet down hill but not up hill, differing from the St. Bernards of the Swiss Alps, which drag them both ways.

A more devilish contrivance than the "Toy" of Rush S. Gilkeson (Detroit)

WHY I DO NOT BUY A CAR

By Fred Allen

The Nostalgic Memoirs of a Pioneer Motorist Who Has Transferred His Zeal to the Air Waves

IT is a peculiar situation to be in, this situation of not owning a car. It certainly does not look stylish, but it really springs from more or less rational causes. If you will examine these causes you will find them furrowed with the elements of tragedy and pathos. To understand them, you will have to delve with me into the recesses of the Allen subconscious. You will have to understand the Allen soul.

In the first place I am rather a rugged sort. Old ways of doing things please me provided they are a little inconvenient. My fountain pen, for instance, is a crude and primitive affair, but I go on using it. I even find chewing gum a little too modern, and I stick to my ancient favorites which are cut plug and slippery elm. Thus I lean toward the character-building mode of life and I am inclined to exult in minor hard-

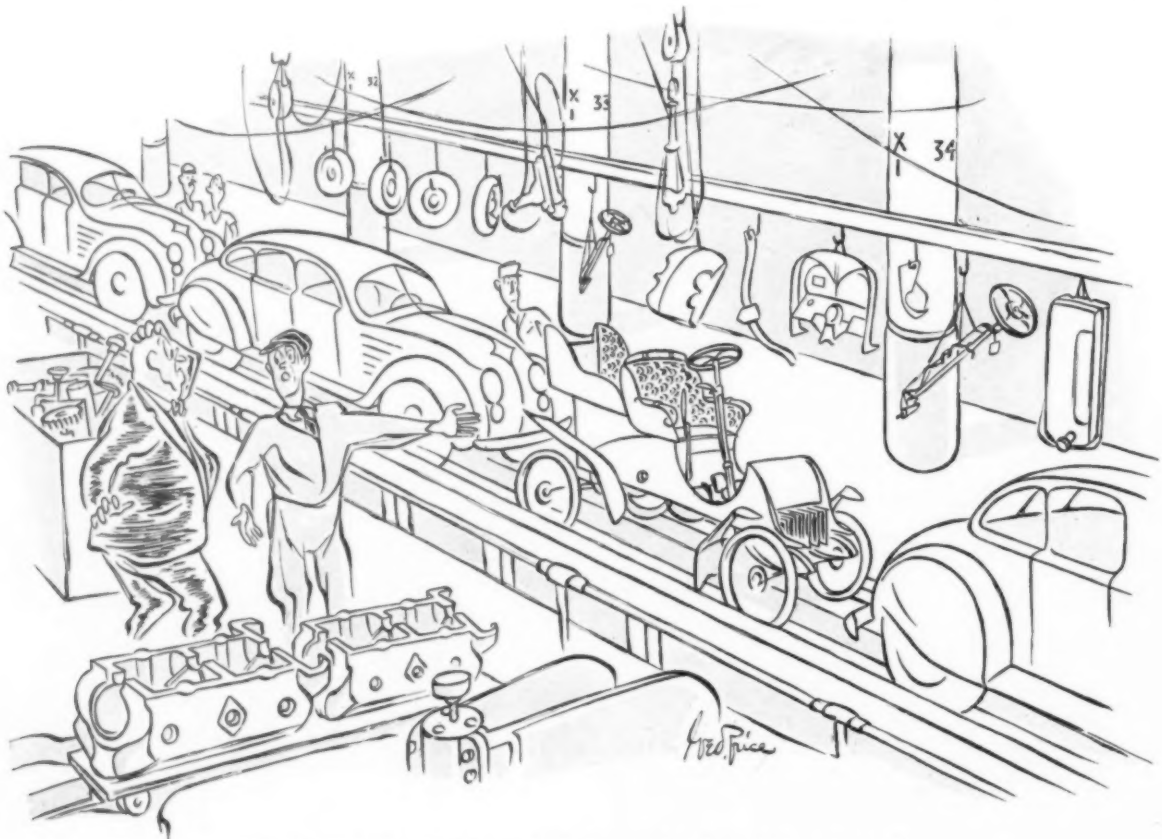
ships, such as breaking the ice in a wash basin on a cold morning, a process which I am told has produced several presidents of the United States.

But I can listen without offence to the jibes of my motoring friends, who call me an Old Softie. I can keep my counsel and murmur to myself—"Ah, I, too, have lived. These old hands clutched an emergency brake before the days of windshield wipers—even, come to think of it, before the days of emergency brakes." I, as a motorist, was the original Early Bird of the Worm-Drive when it came to dirty work at the crossroads. I can now afford to relax and rest on my hub caps.

NOWADAYS I occasionally pass up and down the Columbus Circle district of upper Broadway, gazing into the auto salesrooms.

I view the newest variation of streamline bodies. I find they do not move me, except of course when they come suddenly upon me from the rear. I am afraid they are entirely too comfortable and convenient for my rugged pioneering spirit. I do not wish to hurt the feelings of the great army of designing engineers who have turned out these latest creations of plush and steel, but I cannot resist a wave of aversion which sweeps over me and makes me sigh for my old two-cylinder Brush. To me these modern cars are terrifying in their blaze of adornment. They recall the days when my Uncle Eustace was a lightning rod salesman in Eastern Iowa. They, assuredly, are not meant to be crawled under with a stream of curses and a spanner which won't fit.

There is a road up Boston way strewn with the product of an adjacent stone



"Gosh, Mr. Chrysler! I just looked up suddenly and there it was!"



"Good grief, I must have laid young master's clothes out backwards!"

quarry, or perhaps I had better say it *was* in that condition when last I traversed it with my Stoddard Dayton in 1909. I remember vividly bumping and crashing my front wheels among the loose stones as I went merrily along this route in the Spring of that memorable year. Would these modern baubles stand the strain? I wonder.

I will admit the modern car—beautiful as it is—holds me in a spell of fascination. Not long, however, for I know by bitter experience that if I stand for too many minutes near the entrance of the salesroom, a fast-moving, fast-talking salesman will emerge, seize me by the coat lapel and drag me kicking and screaming inside. Also—fearful thought—I may find myself buying a car. That happened to me once, not so long ago.

It was an unusually bright May morning and I might have known that the very brilliance of the day presaged disaster for me. As I went stealthily down Broadway, my sharp eyes darting hither and thither over the sidewalk in search of a possible dropped nickel, I passed directly under the stern of a large car which was revolving slowly in a salesroom window. I heard the shout of the skipper, the cry of warning from several passers-by and then the swish

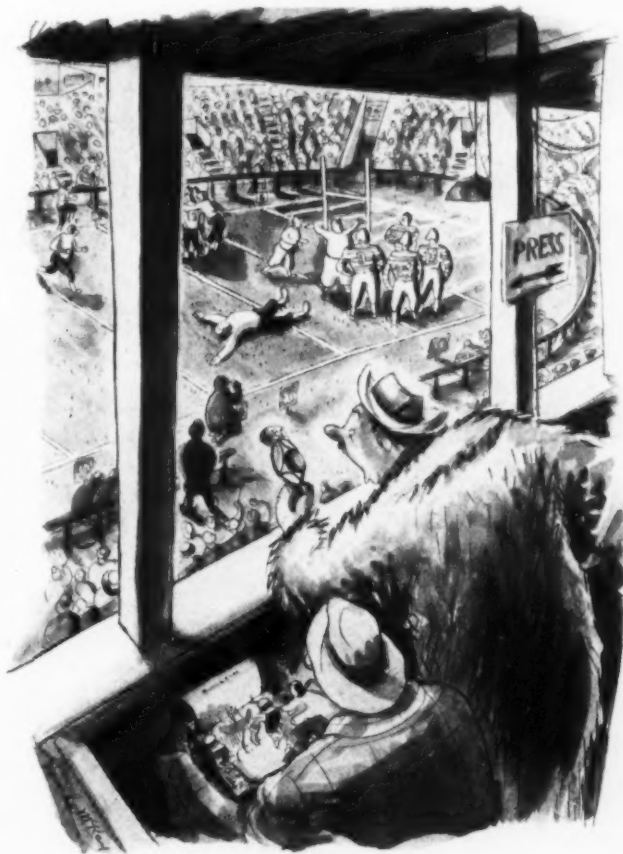
of the harpoon and the thud as it struck home. But it was too late. Standing be-

fore me and wearing not less than two teeth on his watch-chain was an engaging middle-aged liar who fixed me with his glittering eye. Before I knew it, I was inside the salesroom surrounded by other fiends of the same ilk. Two minutes later I had bought a car and was preparing to phone my wife the sordid tidings.

I kept this car three days. It was high-powered, high-priced and high-colored. In fact the only low things about the car were the motives of the salesman who delivered it to me (or rather me to it) and the doors through which you got inside the vehicle. In the three days of my captivity, the car developed a clogged carburetor, and fourteen rattles, very evenly distributed. It had been rammed successively by a Packard, a Checker Cab, a Paramount Cab and by a small boy on a tricycle. The car was jinxed, so I finally got rid of it, and went back to my pre-dismountable rim memories.

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at the trials and tribulations of motorists in the days before filling stations and crossing signals, but the jokesters are usually those who have

"We can't tell who he is because his number's on his back, and his back is on the ground!"





"Don't worry, George, I'll buy you a new hat."

cramped souls and do not have the breadth of imagination necessary to understand that these drawbacks to complete comfort on the road were the spice and garnish to the true motorist's palate. In 1910 when starting, let us say, from New York City for a jaunt to Stamford, you got up at five o'clock in the morning to be sure to be there in time for a late supper. One of the first things you did was to supply yourself with plenty of kitchen matches. Then you could be sure that when darkness overtook you in the Bronx and a high wind was whipping around the skirts of your linen duster, you would at least have a fighting chance of getting your headlights going. To do this, you removed a cold chisel from a hip pocket and, approaching the bow of your ark gradually, you suddenly and fiercely pried off the lenses of your lamps, using a hammer if the clamps had rusted in the last rain. Then you pumped a small hand pump to force acetylene gas into the burners and ap-

plied the matches. (I usually required forty-one matches.) On the forty-first match, you were rewarded by a feeble sputter which gradually grew to brightness. It was with a pervasive sense of satisfaction that you clambered back over the ruts to a place opposite the driver's seat and informed your wife, sister or sweetheart—"The last match took hold." Then with a grin of delight you unclamped the crank from its place on the footboard, walked around to the side of the car, gave your engine from twelve to twenty spins and sat down to get your breath for another shot at it. Three of these efforts were usually enough. At first there would be a "chug"—another—next a succession of "chugs" and finally, with all shipshape, you went spinning down the road twenty miles an hour, your

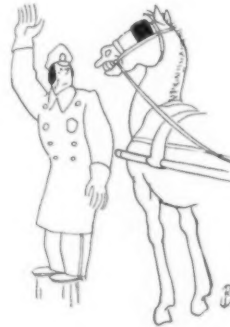
one-lunger carrying the car forward forty feet to the "chug." This, my friends, was motoring when Old Man Allen was up to his pioneering neck in it.

TODAY, when I am driven along the highway, which is dotted with vermilion, blue and purple gas pumps, pale green hot dog counters, red signal lights, cross road flashers, tourists' havens, silent policemen, traffic cops, lawns dotted with porcelain dwarfs, jelly shacks and comfort stations, a feeling of sodden helplessness comes over me. I am dazed, dazzled and obfuscated by the unending monotony of chromium flashes, broken here and there by boys who have put together something with parts they found under an old barn. This bewildering experience is given painful point, when a gas station built along the lines of the Taj Mahal sweeps into view and we stop there for oil, gas or water. Immediately we are set upon by an army of men in denim rompers who ask a flood of ingratiating questions, polish the windshield, check oil and gas, douse the radiator and hood with water, rub down our spokes and test the trunkclaps.

I find all this very depressing. I recall that in the days when I was a model of the American motorist, we could set out in the morning without a signpost in sight. There were no lights and no hotdogs. A traffic cop was as scarce as a hen's tooth. I bought gas and oil from a place hard by the livery stable.

When you had slight engine trouble you and your car limped to the nearest garage which usually was in the third town beyond the next. If the engine trouble was serious, you were pulled thence by a horse or horses.

The garage was a shed behind the most prominent grocery, and in this shed a man covered with oil and grease looked at your car and then sat down and thought it over. Occasionally he would approach your hack with a



pair of pliers and give it a ruminative tap here and there in its most vital part. Then he would go back to tinkering
(Continued on page 48)

ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1934

By Paul Gallico

A Review of the High—and Weak—Spots of What Is Often Called Playing the Game

NOEL, Noel, comrades! I bring to you the glad tidings of the great achievements in the world of sport for 1934. Each year sees us struggling onwards and upwards following the bright beacon of sportsmanship to the goal of perfection. Count that year lost when some strides are not made towards the high peak. Happily, 1934 was rich in those achievements that fill us with quiet pride. It is my intention to catalogue a few.

It was in October of 1934 that National League Umpire Bill Klem, his neck a lovely magenta red, his large and extraordinarily mobile mouth twisted fancifully, pursued Leon (Goose) Goslin, outfielder for the Detroit Tigers, through the lobby of a Detroit hotel bawling a number of bad words at Mr. Goslin. For this he was fined \$50 by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. When an umpire is fined for cussing out a player we may definitely be said to be progressing.

At the same session before Judge Landis, which followed the World Series, Catcher William Delancey of the victorious St. Louis Cardinals was fined \$50 for calling umpire Brick Owens a series of lurid names when he called him out on strikes in St. Louis. The Judge said, "Bill, did you call Umpire Owens, here, a thief, a blind man and incompetent?"

"No," said Mr. Delancey, "I did not, and if anybody says I did I have been misquoted and I would like to have it corrected because I do not wish the boys back in Arkansas to think I have gone sissified. When he called the first strike on me I turned around and said, 'Why, you dirty[®] offspring of a not too scrupulous parent.' When he called strike two on a ball that was so low it passed under my instep, I told him he was a 'blank-dash, degenerate, use-your-own-imagination so-and-so.' When he called the third strike I got good and sore and called him a 'lousy, fill-this-in-yourself, blanky, unprintable, usual-thing.' I wish you would see that the newspaper boys get this right,

Judge, because I did not call him anything like you said."

Such homely regard for the old fashioned back-country niceties of expression will be appreciated by all true patriots and citizens.

IN the summer of 1934 one Signor Enzo Fiermonte, an Italian prizefighter, was severely criticised when he withdrew gracefully and like a gentleman from the bed and board of his society wife, Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor Dick, to return to his old business of professional pugilism, a trade his wife did not wish him to

pursue. The Signor's forswearing of the fleshpots of Newport, Palm Beach and Park Avenue was achieved with some dignity. While this was going on, his stepson, John Jacob Astor, One-Two-Three scion of American Society, was yelling like a spoiled brat for the return of a chunk of ice from the ring finger of Eileen Gillespie, his fiancée, with whom he quarrelled, first personally and then through the columns of the press. Next, young Astor got himself publicly hitched to a Miss Tucky French in the manner of a prize bull at a country fair, and thirdly he tried to prove how

(Continued on page 46)



"The South, sub, refuses to defend the No'th goal."



"Si-i-lent night!"



GOODYEAR has spread upon the records of 1934 a brilliant success—by building the now famous "G-3" All-Weather.

Like every success, this great tire grew out of a popular need—it supplied something that the public wanted.

Swifter cars demanded not merely a longer-wearing tread—but a *safer* tread—able to grip and stop on smooth highways, and *keep its grip* under modern driving conditions.

And millions of car owners now know from experience the facts which grueling test fleet driving originally established—

The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather *gives 43% more non-skid mileage than its great predecessor—keeps*

its grip twice as long as any tire tested against it.

Such a tire would not have been possible without another great Goodyear contribution to safety—the extra-durable, extra-elastic Supertwist cord in the tire-body to stand the extra strain.

But something even more than this, even more than experience and science, even more than superlative materials produces such a triumph as the new "G-3".

And that something is the fine determination which spreads through the Goodyear organization, from president to pitman—guiding the energies, the loyalties, the resources, the skill, of the world's largest tire builder—a determination rooted in every Goodyear man's heart that every tire he builds must *protect our good name.*

THE GREATEST NAME  IN RUBBER
GOOD YEAR



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

JUST as anyone with an intelligence quota a few degrees higher than that of a Nazi trombone player had about given up hope that the local stage would ever again divulge anything that anyone with an intelligence quota a few degrees higher than that of a *New Masses* editorial writer against Nazi trombone players could sit through without suffering an attack of cephalo-meningitis, Mr. Sean O'Casey came along and threw the theatre a life-line in the shape of *Within The Gates*. With this splendid and gleaming play the business of dramatic criticism, after two long, dreary months of enforced snoring, was again privileged to roll out of bed and earn for itself the right to make a living. That some of its practitioners unfortunately did not do themselves especially proud and revealed themselves as more magnificently equipped to pass upon the art works of Mr. Tom Powers, Mr. Owen Davis, Mr. J. C. Nugent and other such local dramaturgic magnificoes is beside the point. For the point is that here was—and is—a drama in the true tradition of genius and, unless I am hopelessly cuckoo, one of the finest things that, since the same author's *The Plough and the Stars*, has come to give a renewed breath of life to a stage that has seemed disconcertingly to be edging toward the morgue.

That I have been, for many months, prejudiced in favor of the play, everyone around town who has had the misfortune to encounter me sufficiently knows. The moment I laid it down in the manuscript that O'Casey, whom I had then never laid eyes on, had sent to me, I began to buttonhole the drunk and the sober on streets and in alleyways and to harangue them on its virtues. I have long noted, I wish to confess at this point, that whenever I

am seized with a great personal enthusiasm about a play it seems to be the custom of almost everyone to whom I seek to impart some of it to eye me skeptically, as if I were a cocaine sniffer, and arbitrarily not only to disagree with me but to insist upon an elaborate and even rambunctious contrary view, particularly if they have not read the play.

THIS was true again in the present case. Those who hadn't read it airily nosed me and attributed my unwonted ebullition, it seemed, (1) to the probable circumstance that I must have had some personal quarrel with Eugene O'Neill and was merely trying to put over another favorite by way of putting O'Neill in his place; (2) that I was simply up to my old business of retailing another dubious European genius at the expense of such American geniuses as hang out at Tony's; or (3) that I must have a new girl. Those who read it, when I had it sent to them via the more diplomatic Mr. Richard Madden, either reported that they could see absolutely no merit in it or alibi'd themselves out of committing themselves the one way or the other. The Theatre Guild, wrought up to a high twitter over the magnificence of the zero called *A Sleeping Clergyman*, politely allowed that its board of directors considered it pretty lousy. Mr. Rowland Stebbins, stewing in the glories of *Tight Britches* and *Lost Horizons*, averred he couldn't make head or tail of it, and, anyway, what the hell about all that symbolical stuff? Mr. Max Gordon, agog over the wonders of *Spring Song*; Mr. Guthrie McClintic, hardly able to contain himself over the dazzles of *Divided By Three*; the Messrs. Shubert, lost in admiration for the manuscripts of *College Sinners* and *Spring Freshet*; Mr. Brock Pemberton, a-swoon over the esthetic

excellences of *Personal Appearance*; and almost all the other saviours of the American stage followed—in more or less paraphrased phraseology—suit.

It remained for a couple of odd boys named Tuerk and Bushar, who are seldom invited to these other notable producers' lunch parties and who probably wouldn't go if they were, to see anything at all in the play, to risk their reputations and the esteem of their profound colleagues by admitting it, and to dig down into their pants for the money to give it a hearing. That hearing you may now enjoy at the National Theatre, unless the play turns out by this time to have been as unwelcome to the tastes of the audiences that are just crazy about *Small Miracle* and *Merrily We Roll Along* as it was to those of the producers of such rare gems as *The Bride of Torozko* and the like. But whether it runs for three nights or three months or three years, this *Within The Gates*—and take it out on me in the future if I will be found to be wrong—remains one of the truly sizeable and living plays, as its author remains one of the few real dramatic artists, of the modern theatre.

TAKING hold of the parachute and descending into the surrounding bog, we survey the lovely delicatessen that passes for drama in the current showhouses. I have alluded to several specimens: *A Sleeping Clergyman*, *Spring Song*, *Small Miracle*, *Divided By Three*, *Merrily We Roll Along* and *Spring Freshet* among them. The first named, by the Scotch medico who signs himself James Bridie, consumes almost three hours to impart the astounding hereditarian and biological philosophy that if your grandfather was a bum you yourself may not necessarily turn out to be a Congressman too.



"If we took young Aabdt into the firm we could have first place in the 'phone book."

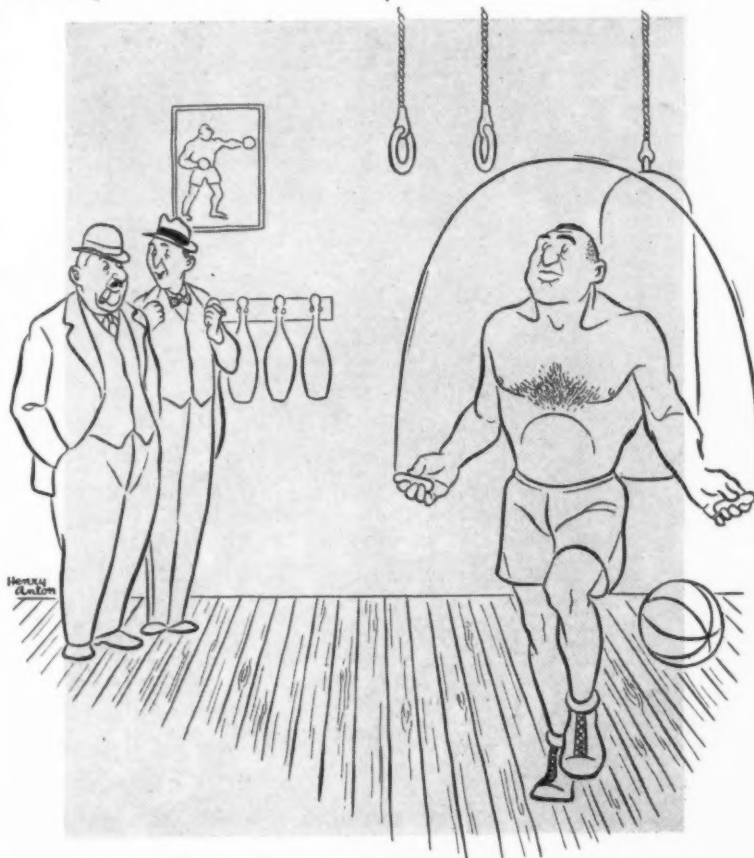
To get over this nifty idea, it took the eminent doctor more words than you'll find in the Complete Works of Charles Klein and more poisonings, seductions, murders, table-poundings, rapidly changed blond and gray wigs, and make-up boxes than have been employed in a single exhibit since the early Essanay moving pictures. The acting in most instances was quite as luscious as the play and reached heights that the late Corse Payton himself never dreamed of in the performance of Mr. Glenn Anders. In one scene, wherein he was called upon to expire on a bed from consumption, Mr. Anders, what with his wealth of heavings, tossings, rollings and laryngeal creakings, suggested nothing so much as a banana freighter caught in a West Indies simoon; and in another and later, wherein he played his own grandson, an illustrious bacteriologist beset by the alarms of a prevailing plague, his bangings on the table, physical heebie-jeebies and vocal garglings were such that one momentarily expected Mr. Philip Moeller, who had tried to be his director, to come out, step to the footlights, and inquire solicitously if there was a doctor in the house.

SPRING SONG, by the Spewacks, was a schnitz'l of tragic East Side life in which Miss Francine Larrimore ended up by having an illegitimate babe, to the grief of her dear old momma and Max Gordon.

It was all very touching, especially to Mr. Gordon, who was doubtless touched to the producing tune of at least fifteen thousand dollars. *Small Miracle* drew such press notices as haven't been

seen hereabouts since Hearn's department store celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and was found, upon inspection, to be an art work in which a racketeer hid in a telephone booth, eluding the police, and emerged subsequently to pot a knavish confrère in the gizzard. This all took place in the lounge of a theatre and was embroidered with a variety of desultory characters and episodes which, placed in the proper order, spelled Vicki Baum. I read that the management is demanding \$100,000 for the moving picture rights, which gives you a rough idea. *Divided By Three*, by Margaret Leech and Beatrice Kaufman, also drew some pretty notices from the boys and proved to be a rehash of the kind of play all Frenchmen stopped going to soon after the Franco-

Prussian war—the one about the married woman with a lover and the woe that comes to her son when he finds out about it. The authors tried hard to inject a note of casualness into their writing, thus vainly hoping to remove some of the mildew from the
(Continued on page 43)



"O. K. then, Mack. We each get forty-five percent of him."



Here's the Answer to



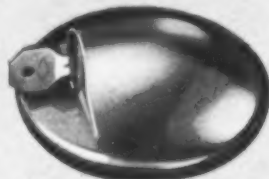
GEAR SHIFT BALL
50c



RIGHT HAND
WINDSHIELD WIPER
\$5.50



CIGARETTE LIGHTER
\$1.25



LOCKING GAS TANK CAP
\$2.25



SPOTLIGHT
\$14.95



LUGGAGE CARRIER
\$40.00



Genuine



Reading from left to right, Ladies and Gentlemen, or up and down, as you may prefer—you behold the newest, freshest ideas for Christmas gifts. Through such "different" gifts, 10,000 Chevrolet dealers combine to really help you pull old Santa out of the rut; give him a youthful viewpoint in the Great Annual Problem. . . . Mother or Dad, Brother Bill or Sister Sue, or your own particular Heart Throb, will welcome any of these comforts, conveniences or necessities for their cars. The wide price range—from \$1.75 to \$59.50—affords you gifts at

figures which fit your financial condition of the moment. . . . Note, please, the gay box in which your gift will be packaged, and the cheery card which accompanies the gift. . . . Avoid the Christmas rush—your nearest Chevrolet dealer will help you.



Opposite the names on your Christmas list, write . . .

"Something for the Car"

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Your Xmas Problem

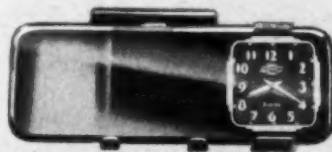
Something New in Gifts



ELECTRIC CLOCK
\$1025



PULL WIND CLOCK
\$400



ELECTRIC CLOCK
\$875

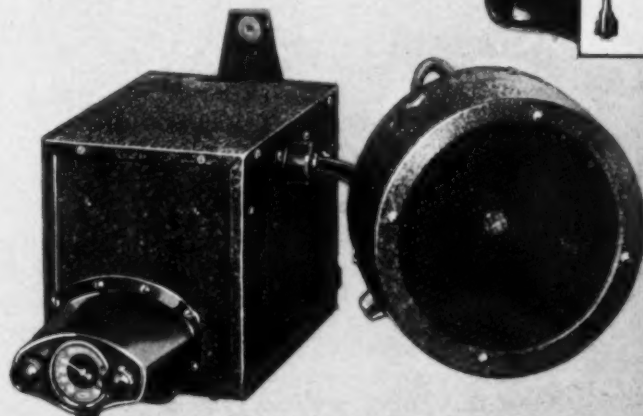
FENDER MARKER
\$250 SET



RAFT HEATER
\$1095



DE LUXE HEATER
\$1550



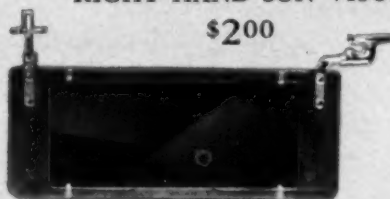
DE LUXE RADIO SET
\$5950



LICENSE FRAME
\$240 SET



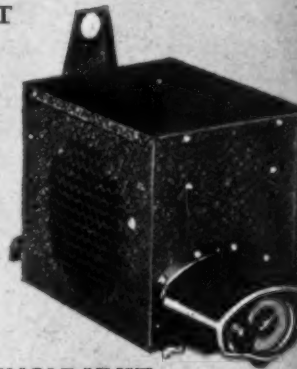
RIGHT HAND SUN VISOR
\$200



VANITY MIRROR
\$100



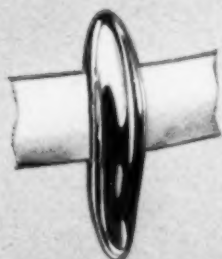
MATCHED HORNS
\$1000 PAIR



SINGLE UNIT RADIO
\$4500



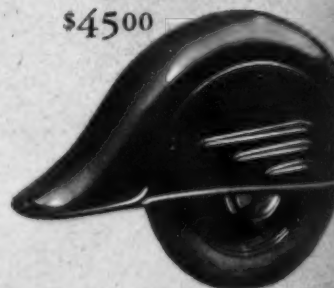
SEAT COVER
\$169 UP



BUMPER GUARDS
\$340 SET



WHEEL MOULDINGS
\$675 SET



WHEEL SHIELDS
\$800 SET

CHEVROLET ACCESSORIES

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

It's a Tough Racket

FEELING full of Christmas spirit this aft I barged downtown to a department store to watch Santa Claus greeting the kiddies. Imagine my surprise when I found old Kris huddled in a corner getting the raspberry from a bunch of tiny tots. "What's the matter?" I asked one of them.

"He gave us rubber ducks!" the youngster told me indignantly. "Ducks, phooey! What a joint! Why, the Santa Claus over at Gimbel's is handing out airplane models!"

Honestly, it just made me boil. The idea of sprouts like that giving Santa the bird! Children these days are certainly getting out of control. I shuddered when I read in the paper the other night that "More and more girls are deciding a career in the business world is too difficult, and are going in for the simpler and more satisfactory career of Motherhood."

Simple, my eye! And what do they mean, satisfactory? Motherhood may have been simple in the old days when kids were kids, didn't speak until spoken to, and ate their spinach or else. But them days is gone forever.

The idea now is that every child is just a quivering little mass of individuality that has to be handled like a cross between an orchid and a piece of Dresden china. That you've got to let him gabble or he'll get a complex. And if you dare tell Junior in plain English to hump himself with that spinach, it'll do something awful to his ego. I snicker sadly whenever I hear of some young couple slaving to give their child every advantage. Believe me, he already has the advantage!

Yessir, raising a family these days is a mighty tough racket. Consider the case of that lady in Chicago, for instance, whom I read about in the paper. "My girls," said she, "must never be repressed. Once when they threw the Christmas tree out the front window when the weather was near zero, it was hard not to say anything. But I didn't even turn my head."

Ye gods! If you want to keep peace in a family, *somebody's* gotta be re-



"Tut, tut, Mother—don't be medieval!"

pressed! If it isn't the child, then it must be the parent. And just imagine the mental anguish it causes a girl, who before marriage spent her time vigorously pounding a typewriter, to have to withhold the hair brush from Junior's bottom when he's acting ornery! Mark my words, twenty years from now the sanitariums will be full of mamas, their reason all warped by repression.



"Junior won't admit he's sorry for stealing cookies!"

When even a dumb kid can make life miserable for its parents, it's a mystery to me why so many people still pine for Prodigies. Gosh, I'd just as soon keep dynamite in the house. Every time I go over to Bill and Alice McGuire's, their kid blows the roof off the garage cooking something new with his chemical set.

And Lulu Wilkins, whose child is an electrical genius, told me she's been knocked cold three times using the vacuum cleaner.

THE way I feel about it, any femme who is happily knitting on tiny garments these days must have something heroic in her makeup. A lot of stuff's been written about how modern inventions make it so easy to bring up a child properly. Horsefeathers! The movies and the radio've made it practically impossible. No longer do the kiddies think Mama is the most beautiful person in the world. They know better; they've seen Greta Garbo. And it certainly knocks the spots out of an argument when you accuse Junior of telling a whopper to have Junior reply cutely: "Vas you there, Sharlie?"

According to Mussolini, every woman should be a mother. Sez you, Benito! It may be OK for some women to be mothers, but the sensitive ones should simply keep guppies!

A NAZI'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

(To be sung to the tune of: "A Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One")

WHEN a Nazi's not engaged in his employment,

Or maturing his pogromistic little plans,

His capacity for innocent enjoyment

Is just as great as any German band's:

Our contentment we with difficulty smother,

When a nasty little murder's to be done.

Ah, take one Fascisti outrage with another,

A Nazi's lot is not a happy one.

When the Aryanizing Hitler's not a-Hitling,

When a Goering isn't taking any dope,

He loves to read of Wells's Mr. Britling,

And listen to the Hohenzollerns croak:

When Goebbel's finished killing off another,

He loves to sing the glories of the Hun.

Ah, take one consideration with another,

A Nazi's lot is not a happy one.

—Ernest Boyd.



LADY: "What's that fellow bawling out, Redcap?"

REDCAP: "He say, Ma'am, dat de average age ob GOLDEN WEDDING RYE am 4 years old, Ma'am."

LADY: "Humph, he might as well save his breath — — everybody knows that!"



Don't Guess—Demand
GOLDEN WEDDING RYE

AVERAGE AGE **4 YEARS OLD**

It's ALL whiskey... age of the youngest whiskey used five months...the average age 4 YEARS OLD

Golden Wedding also obtainable in BOURBON

For a really fine Gin... try Silver Wedding Gin



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Delaying War

THE assassination of King Alexander occasioned so many comparisons with the killing of Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914 that there was a reaction against such reasoning. It seemed too simple, this talk of the death of a ruler precipitating another world war. From this there has arisen the notion in some quarters that we are frightening ourselves unduly about war and really furthering the chances of conflict by our nervousness.

We should like to believe this were true but it is simple nonsense. It assumes, for one thing, that we have ever ceased thinking about war. As a matter of history, there were something like thirty wars being fought at the very moment peace was being made at Versailles. There is the further fact that just such an ostrich attitude of thinking allowed the World War to start. There had been a succession of crises prior to 1914 — Algeciras, Bosnia, Agadir, the Balkan wars. There was tension in the air and people talked of war but with the surmounting of each new difficulty even the diplomats began to think war was something for the distant future, if at all. Even after Sarajevo, excitement died down to such an extent that the German ministers went on their vacations, confident that nothing would happen. Sir Edward Grey and the British Foreign office also left London for their holidays. Berchtold of Austria-Hungary and Sazonoff of Czarist Russia were very much on the job, however. Before those who cared greatly for peace had time to protect it, war was declared.

THE *New York Times* quotes with approval an article by Foster Rhea Dulles in *Scribner's* in which

he holds that lovers of peace do their cause great harm by excessively stressing war. "They almost play into the hands of the big army propagandists." By extreme application it might be possible to evolve a statement more stupid than that, but we should dislike to be put to the task. It can only be compared to the verdict of the French court which held that Calmette, the unfortunately

deceased gentleman, had deliberately placed his head in the way of the bullets from Madame Caillaux's gun just to embarrass her. The facts about war are simple: (a) wars are caused by the rivalries of empires; (b) diplomats and munition makers need no help from the pacifists in finding reasons for arming; and (c) the only possible way to delay war is to keep the white light of publicity full upon those eager to violate peace.

—K. S. C.

Fascist dictators, we suppose, would describe their government as "dictated but not red."

Our past mistakes always bother us, especially at night when we sit around wishing we were young enough to repeat some of them.



Mankind



in *Washington's* MAYFLOWER LOUNGE
 MEN WHO MAKE THE HEADLINES
 ARE SAYING SEAGRAM'S

As you follow Fred, maitre d'hotel of Washington's Mayflower Hotel, to your table, you recognize faces that look at you frequently from newspaper front pages and smart magazines ~ ~ A titled European ambassador with his distinguished wife ~ ~ Prominent Senators and young New-Dealers in off-the-record poses ~ ~ Here, nightly, official Washington eats choice dishes, sips rare treasures from the world's supply of liquors ~ ~ Here, where men respect old whiskey, you find a preference for both types of Seagram's rare bottled-in-bond whiskies. Of their Canadian whiskies — so smooth, so mellow is six-year old Seagram's V. O. that it is a leading favorite in Canada. Seagram's "83" is another Canadian whiskey of superb flavor. And of their bonded American whiskies, distilled in Canada by American experts, Seagram's "Ancient Bottle" Rye and Seagram's Bourbon reign the undisputed favorites ~ ~ All are from the largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies in the world.



YOU WILL ENJOY—
 SEAGRAM'S CELEBRATED LONDON DRY GIN
 SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR LONDON DRY GIN
 AND SEAGRAM'S MODERATELY
 PRICED WHISKIES:
 SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN • SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Say
Seagram's
 and be sure

DISTILLERS SINCE 1857



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

The Merry Widow

I'LL bet Mr. Ernst Lubitsch could bake an angel food cake in the middle of a U. S. Steel plant. I mean, I can't imagine how any man can produce such finespun humor and such exquisite beauty among the gargantuan confusion and under the cruel pressure of one of the monster picture mills. The man must have the soul of a Fritz Kreisler and the hide of a U. S. marine sergeant.

Maybe you ought to pass me my bib, but I think *The Merry Widow* is the best picture I've ever seen. It could easily have been (aside from the music) the most boring thing in the world. Any revival of an oldtime costume operetta could be. And I confess I went a little braced, having forgotten Mr. Lubitsch's knack of making the dead not only walk but trip a delightfully light fantastic. He has wisely canned the story of the old stage *Widow* completely and had the boys cook up a new one more to his own notion. And with the burden on his shoulders of spending \$1,500,000 he is as irresponsible as a bird in a tree and as effervescent as a glass of champagne. Everybody within megaphone distance seems to catch his spirit; he makes consummate artists out of even the most numy of his supernumeraries; why, he is the first man in Hollywood to make Sterling Holloway get a haircut. He touches each incident with the fluffiest playfulness and daubs the whole with a gorgeous beauty. He can tell his leading woman how to hold her little finger or direct the sway of a ballroom full of extras . . . just right. He is eloquent with doorknobs, and makes even a hardwood floor voice his art.

As for Chevalier, no other living man could carry with such grace and conviction the absurd rôle of egotist and large-scale boudoirist he is asked to play as Danilo in *The Merry Widow*, and Jeanette MacDonald is beyond compare among the singing stars.

The Last Gentleman

IT must be fun to be George Arliss, and this makes it fun to watch him. (This rule usually holds, but there are exceptions, i.e., Wheeler & Woolsey.)

Mr. Arliss is off on another of his larks in *The Last Gentleman*, which I like even better than many of his other pictures. In some of his historical characterizations he is apt to be a little too chimpanzee, but in this picture he is just a rich and eccentric old granddad, human rather than historical, having himself a circus while he bullyrags a lot of relatives for whom he has little use, and letting us smile with him in his sleeve all the while. Finally a granddaughter (to whom he has not spoken for 16 years because she has the im-

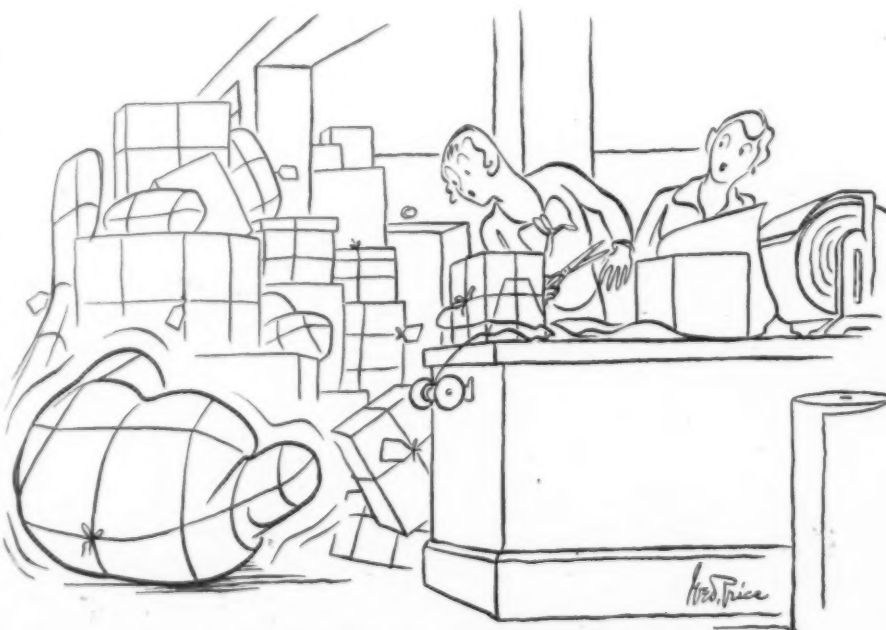
pudence to be born a girl instead of a boy) punctures his shell by saying exactly what she thinks to him and by her obvious recognition of his sense of humor.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET is of course one of the major pictures of the year, and I am going to pick on it more mercilessly than I would if it were a less pretentious attempt. It presents itself as a tremendously important production, and isn't. Perhaps its chief fault is that it tries too hard; it advertised itself widely as having three of the world's greatest stars. But if it did not happen to contain two exceptionally human performances by Maureen O'Sullivan (as one of the lesser Barrett sisters) and a water spaniel, it would be almost too stiff to take.

Norma Shearer (not, in my opinion, one of our great screen actresses) is, in this, pleasantly restrained and dignified, but still fails to intimate much of the

(Continued on page 53)



"Good grief—we've wrapped up Mr. Hopkins!"

**NO
BOOTLEGGERS
EVEN attempted
TO DUPLICATE
THE FLAVOR**
*of this
aristocrat of vermouths*

YOU couldn't get Cora Vermouth when America was dry. No bootlegger could buy it, nor anyone who even "might" pass it on to bootleggers. The Coras prized their reputation too much for that... They knew that bootlegged liquors were too often "imitated."

And ever since Vermouth was invented no outsider has been able even to "approach" Cora Vermouth flavor!

FAMOUS IN EUROPE FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS

But if you've lived abroad, you know Cora well—the vermouth served in the world-famous hotels of the Continent... the official choice of royalty and nobility... unrivalled among connoisseurs for almost 100 years.

At the Ritz Bar in Paris... at the Embassy Club in London... on the Riviera... *everywhere* the great European cocktail experts bring you the matchless touch of Cora Vermouth.

NOW IN AMERICA

Have it now... in your own home... at your own club! Slightly "drier"... a little stronger... embodying all the art and wine-making genius of the Cora family for four generations... it will "blend" the ingredients of your cocktails in a way no ordinary vermouth can approach.

Get a bottle of Cora Vermouth at your favorite store... Try it straight... Compare it "mixed"! Instantly your taste will tell the difference!



THE ARISTOCRAT OF VERMOUTHS

In Italian or French (Dry) styles. Cora Italian Vermouth is made in Italy; Cora French (Dry) Vermouth, in France from French grapes.

Try These Cora Cocktails

THE "REGULAR" MANHATTAN

$\frac{1}{3}$ Cora Italian Vermouth $\frac{2}{3}$ Rye Whiskey 1 Dash Angostura Bitters
Stir and strain into cocktail glass, with cherry.

THE "CORASAMPLER"

$\frac{1}{4}$ Cora Italian Vermouth $\frac{1}{4}$ Cora French (Dry) Vermouth $\frac{1}{2}$ Dry Gin
Stir—don't shake—and strain into cocktail glass, with olive.

"THE BLARNEY"

$\frac{2}{3}$ Irish Whiskey $\frac{1}{3}$ Cora Italian Vermouth
Lump of Sugar... Touch Angostura Bitters. Make like Old-Fashioned.

Cora VERMOUTH
NEARLY 100 YEARS OLD — Est. 1835

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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON

The Annual Round-Up



MOST Read-able Novel of the Year: *Appointment in Samarra*, by John O'Hara.

Probable Pulitzer Prize Novel: *So Red the Rose*, by Stark Young. Not my choice but the one the judges will undoubtedly select because of the provision in the award that it must be a second-rate Southern novel and never a Faulkner.

Most Overrated Novel: *Dusk at the Grove*, by Samuel Rogers.

Biggest Flop: *We Accept with Pleasure*, by Bernard DeVoto.

Best Novel of the Year: *And Quiet Flows the Don*, by Sholokhov.

Best Reporting: John L. Spivak in the *New Masses*.

Worst Reporting: H. B. Knickerbocker in the Hearst papers. In particular the series on war in which he accepted at face value the nonsensical statements of the various rulers.

Best Historical Work: *R. E. Lee*, by Douglas Southall Freeman.

Best Non-Fiction Work: *The Native's Return*, by Louis Adamic.

Best Work on Economics: *The Decline of American Capitalism*, by Lewis Corey.

Best Political Work: *Fascism and Social Revolution*, by R. Palme Dutt.

Worst Non-Fiction Work: *The Challenge to Liberty*, by Herbert Hoover.

Most Vicious Articles: George S. Schuyler in the *American Spectator*.

Best Book Review: George Stevens on *So Red the Rose* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Worst Book Reviews: J. Donald Adams in the *New York Times*.

Most Pitiful Articles: H. L. Mencken in *Liberty*.

Best Recollections: *Not I, But the Wind*, by Frieda Lawrence.

Worst Editorials: Richard Washburn Child in the Hearst papers.

Prophecy for 1935: The big book of the year will be Robert Briffault's *Europa*.

WHAT strikes me on this warm October day are thoughts of Christmas and I sense a strange softening, perhaps of the brain. In such a mood I am prepared to in-

sist that William Lyon Phelps is a critic and John Erskine is a writer. Ordinarily the fall of snow and the tinkling of sleigh bells do not bring me this far but with peace so firmly established on earth and poverty eliminated, it is surely the least I can do to add my voice to the hosannahs.

It has been a good year in so many respects that nothing but good taste prevents me from conceding that *Anthony Adverse* is greater than *War and Peace*. I have been fighting this conviction but in my present state I may even find words of praise for the literary quality of that Sage of Iowa, that palladium of ethics and liberty, that doyen of the engineering profession, that (*name your man!*) . . . Herbert Hoover.

In all solemnity, however, the year hasn't been bad. There have been a few first rate novels, all of them foreign, unfortunately, and a few others so gorgeously inept that even the *New York Times* Sunday section has restricted itself to the formal words of laudation. The foreign novels I have

in mind are *Journey to the End of the Night* by Céline, *Man's Fate* by Malraux, *And Quiet Flows the Don* by Sholokhov, *Fontamara* by Silone, *Joseph and His Brothers* by Thomas Mann and *The Proud and the Meek* by Jules Romains. Of these I have liked best *And Quiet Flows the Don*, doubtless because it seems in the Tolstoi tradition. Not only does it deal with a theme which has importance and hence, to my way of thinking, nobility, but Sholokhov has the Russian genius for creating not only one great character but a gallery of them. This returns me to my old theory that a good big halfback is better than a good little one. I sense a touch of resentment against the long novel but you will not find me on that side of the street when the census is made. If it's good it can continue until groundhog day; if it's bad it can as easily be left at the post. You will remember me as one of the two Americans who has completed Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*. Mr. Mencken is the other and after contemplating the distance of his fall, I am not so confident about the future.

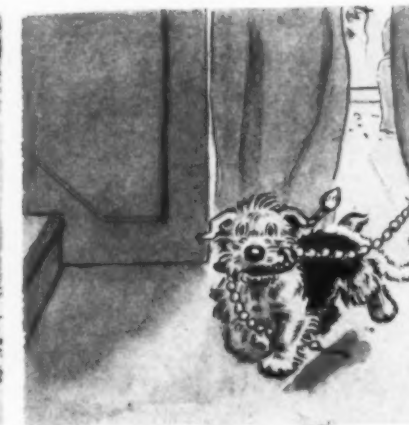
OF the American novels, I find, through this access of Christian benevolence, that I have been
(Continued on page 50)



Good Cheer...

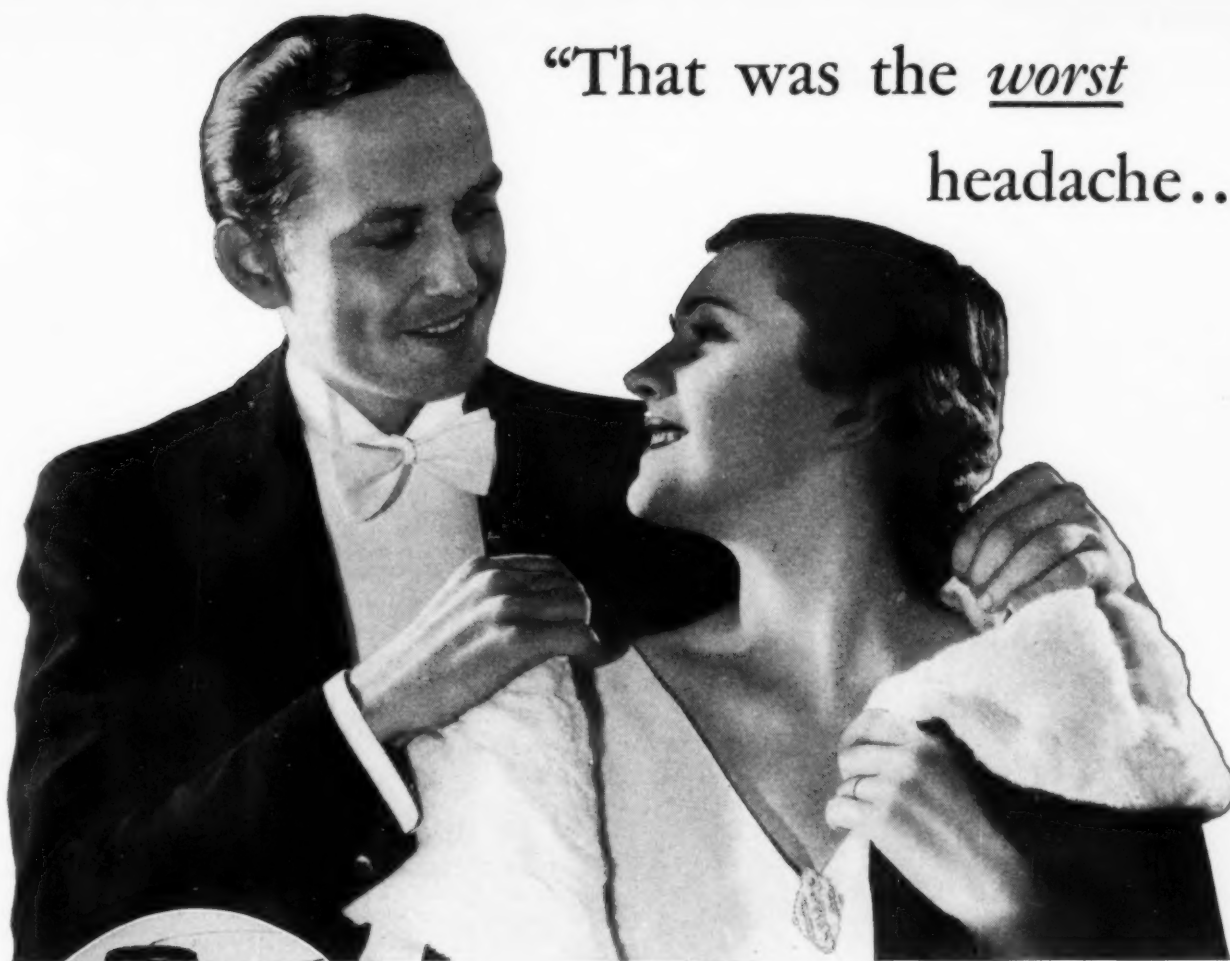
on the alkaline side





Sinbad

"That was the worst
headache..."



... what a relief. A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stom-

ach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

Listen to *The Bromo-Seltzer Revue*, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30-9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30-10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

Any voyage to California via Havana, through the Panama Canal, is bound to be a pleasure. But when you make this 5,500 mile, two weeks' cruise on one of the Round the World President Liners you add a lot of thrills . . . for you make it on a real world-traveling ship. And you make it in the company of people that you very likely wouldn't meet elsewhere . . . entertaining men and women bound in and out of the world's most interesting far-off places.

California
BY ROUND THE WORLD
PRESIDENT LINER
\$140
FIRST CLASS



"Electric mules" tow your liner through Panama locks

President Liners sail every week from New York to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and First Class fares are from \$140.

You will find every stateroom outside, large and airy—with fine, modern beds . . . spacious decks and public rooms and outdoor swimming pool . . . Menus justly famed. And you may stopover en route as you choose, continuing on the next or a later President Liner.

Your own travel agent, or any of our offices (New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Chicago, Cleveland, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles) will be glad to tell you all about this service . . . about Round America trips (one way by President Liner, one way by train—from \$230 First Class; or by plane across the continent) . . . and about the unique Orient and Round the World cruises these liners offer at surprisingly low fares.

DOLLAR
STEAMSHIP LINES

QUEERESPONDENCE

A Study of Our National Absurdities

Conducted by Prof. Gurney Williams



DEAR PROF: Has any man ever succeeded in matching his coat at a Pants-to-Match-Your-Coat store?—Joe Vanderburg, 600 N. Harwood St., Dallas, Texas.

Dear Joe: A guy named S. Caldwell Swanson dropped into my office recently and claimed that the gray tweed suit he was wearing was the result of taking an old coat to one of those stores and obtaining the pants of identical texture and color. It was such a perfect match that I openly sneered at his story and asked for further proof, whereupon Mr. Swanson punched me in the nose and went away. At first I was inclined to become roiled at the incident but my nose hurt so much that I took a few drinks and became broiled instead.

Not long ago a Bronx tailor of questionable intelligence started a business based on a variation of the Pants-to-Match-Your-Coat idea: He advertised that he had coats to match your pants. As every man knows, however, the first unit of a suit to wear out is the pants, so it was natural that in six months the tailor was facing bankruptcy. Then a miracle happened—men took up the fad of wearing odd combinations of two

and three tones. The tailor used his brains this time. He bought out a nearby pants store, ordered a lot of odd vests and guaranteed customers that *nothing* would match. You can guess the rest.

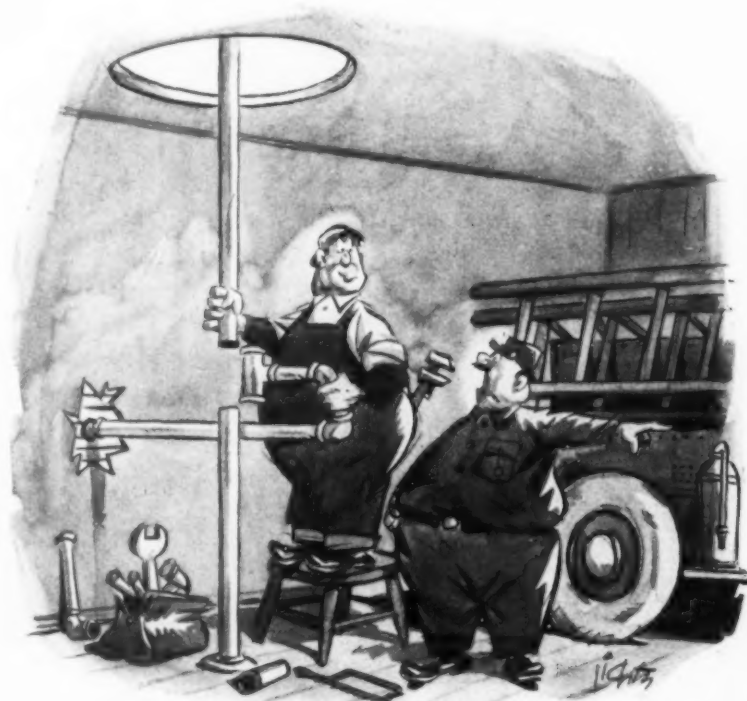
It is interesting to note in passing that the Pants Store idea came into being when a man who had intended to open a Paint Store employed an illiterate painter to make his advertising signs. Rather than have the signs done over, the man stocked up with pants instead of paints but retained his original slogan: "One Coat Covers."

Christmas Presents

DEAR PROF: Did anyone, conscientiously replying to the query "What do you want for Christmas?", ever receive one of the desired gifts?—Miss M. Schiefner, 65 Willingdon Apts., Regina, Sask., Canada.

Dear M: Two cases bearing upon this question are in my files but I'm too busy at the moment to look them up. However, I can easily recall the facts concerning Mr. Del McCune of Missoula, Mont. The facts:

Last year Mr. McCune invited his near relatives and friends to a large party two weeks before Christmas and



"You idiot! It's that pipe in the washroom!"

"CANADIAN CLUB"



Happy Choice!



From man to man, Hiram Walker's fine old bottled-in-bond "Canadian Club" is a gift well selected. One of the great whiskies of the world, it is a tribute to the taste of the one who receives it . . . a compliment to the friendship which inspires the gift. The same can truly be said of Hiram Walker's De Luxe Bourbon . . . of Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin . . . of all the many quality brands of the famous old house of Hiram Walker & Sons. For all are products of the rich experience of 75 years of continuous distilling. All meet exacting requirements of purity and excellence, and all can be chosen with the definite assurance that they are as fine values as can be obtained.

Hiram Walker & Sons

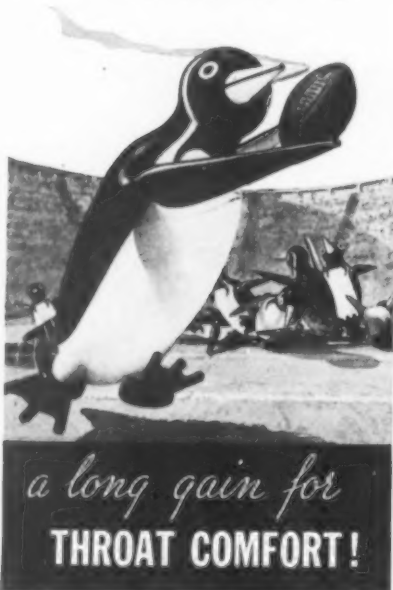
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DISTILLERIES AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES
[CORK-TIPPED]



Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are mildly mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

made a speech. "I'm tired," he said, "of getting up every Christmas morning and opening boxes containing mouldy cigars, smeary neckties, hippopotamus socks and the wrong kind of razor blades. If any of you feel inclined to present me with a useless gift this year, please make it a large useless gift—so I'll think I'm getting something."

You'd think this would have queered Mr. McCune forever with his friends and relatives, but it didn't. They thought it was a unique wish and ganged up to fulfill it, with the result that when Mr. McCune got up last Christmas morning and looked out of the window he was amazed to see, scattered about the lawn, (1) an old steam shovel, (2) a rusty office safe and (3) a large portable saw mill. Mr. McCune became enraged at the damage the donors had done to the lawn but he was even more enraged when he read the greeting cards: (1) "We hope you'll like it," (2) "We hope you'll lock it," and, most horrible of all, (3) "We hope yule log it."

The Fresh Egg Question

COPY of telegram:

LIMCX 75 NL
MERCED CALIF SEPT 27 1934
PROF G WILLIAMS

LIFE 60 EAST 42 ST NEW YORK NY
I AM A GROCERY CLERK STOP AT NINE
OCLOCK THIS MORNING I SOLD DOZEN
EGGS TO WOMAN WHO DID NOT ASK
QUOTE ARE THESE EGGS FRESH UN-
QUOTE BELIEVE THIS ONLY AUTHENTIC
CASE OF CUSTOMER FAILING TO ASK
THIS QUESTION STOP PURCHASER OF
EGGS RESPECTABLE MARRIED WOMAN
AND CONSIDERED NORMAL STOP AFFI-
DAVITS FOLLOW BY AIR MAIL STOP
PLEASE EXAMINE ALL EXISTING DATA
AND ADVISE IF ANY RECORD OF SIMILAR
OCCURRENCE

J P ODELL 542 M STREET MERCED CALIF

Copy of reply:

4VDZ NL NEW YORK NY SEPT 28 1934
J P ODELL

542 M ST MERCED CALIF
HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS RARE FIND
STOP WOULD CUSTOMER CONSIDER
DOUBLING IN VAUDEVILLE WITH
BROOKLYN WOMAN WHO ALWAYS HAS
FARE READY WHEN BOARDING STREET
CAR STOP HAVE YOU REENACTED SCENE
FOR NEWSREELS STOP NO SIMILAR CASE
ON FILE EXCEPT KANSAS CITY CLERK
WHO WHEN ASKED QUOTE ARE THESE
EGGS FRESH UNQUOTE REPLIED QUOTE
NO MADAM THEY ARE SEVERAL
MONTHS OLD UNQUOTE STOP CUS-
TOMER SMILED AT APPARENT PLEAS-

ANTRY AND BOUGHT EGGS STOP LATER
FOUND THEM ALL ROTTEN STOP NO
CONNECTION WITH YOUR CASE BUT
THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT
YOUR CONTEMPORARIES ARE DOING
PROF WILLIAMS

Restaurant Linen

DEAR Prof: Has any waiter in a swanky restaurant ever removed the soiled tablecloth before spreading a clean one over the table? —Mrs. William Chamberlain, 80 Indian Hill Road, Winetka, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Chamberlain: Mr. George Pierrot of Detroit wrote an interesting book on the subject a couple of years ago. It is titled *Exploring the American Restaurant Linen Strata* and I quote from Chap. IV (the only chapter in the book, by the way):

"On October 29, 1929, I found a table in a Detroit hotel that seemed to be exactly what I had been seeking. After ordering dinner I ate my butter as fast as possible and looked around expectantly for a waiter to bring me more. This device produced the desired effect: Every waiter in the room immediately scurried out to the kitchen and hid there until I had finished my job.

"Hastily taking a sharp knife I cut through the clean cloth and exposed a coffee stain on cloth No. 2. Cutting further I found successively the following clearly marked layers: Blueberry pie, gravy, pencil scribbling, blackberry tart, three more coffee stain strata and finally, to my great delight, the original cloth bearing pencilled figures definitely proving that it was of the pre-prohibition era. On it some one had jotted down a partial Christmas list, which is reproduced below.

Liberty bond for Fred \$100-
Xmas box to Bob A.E.F 10-
Case of Scotch for Dad 24-

"I immediately rushed back home and completed this book, in which I make two predictions: (1) Waiters will never change their ways, and (2) this book will never be a best seller."

To date Mr. Pierrot has been correct in both predictions.



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

(Continued from page 27)

theme which the French have been wont to treat like a riot in the Chamber of Deputies. But their casualness only slowed up things so that the theme seemed twice as tedious as it did in the Paris theatres of the old days.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

by the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, got notices surpassing even those of *Small Miracle* and stampeded the crowds to the box-office. What the crowds, like the newspaper reviewers, saw was a masterful drama of the decline of an artist who had surrendered his early ideals and who wound up a deplorable hack. What a dramatic critic, on the other hand, saw was a good Broadway show that got no nearer to sound and reputable drama than various other similarly successful and highly touted Broadway shows in the past. Admirable direction, picturesque staging and highly competent acting so diverted a too close attention to the basic manuscript that the latter was completely lost sight of by the reviewers in their surface excitement—and another theoretical great masterpiece was put over on the boobs. As for *Spring Freshet*, it found Mr. Owen Davis in his old form. Which was sufficient warning.

A FEW more words and you may go back to sleep. *Lost Horizons* had its origin in the classic atmosphere of Hollywood, Chloroformia, and will doubtless return home in double-quick order. It was written by one Segall, a film scenario writer; was revised by a half dozen or so other gentlemen who, if they aren't scenario writers already, give every indication of becoming them in due time; and was bought for the screen by an enthusiastic Hollywood company even before it saw the light of day on Broadway. It turned out to be a sadly muddled and amateurish script and the production accorded it, despite about \$20,000 spent on revolving stages, was Grade Z. Miss Jane Wyatt's performance was the only thing about it worth reviewing ink. *Personal Appearance*, by Lawrence Riley, dealing with a movie actress' tour among the film-worshipping infrractuals, is a wisecrack sex farce with an occasional amusing line relieving stretches of flat and stenciled suburban plot. Miss Gladys George plays the lead, and is very good at the job.

(For other comments, see page 8)

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

Allegretto

PLEASE STOP AND SEE THE DOCTOR, GEORGE - YOUR CHEEKS ARE HOT AND RED!

YOUR TROUBLE, SON, IS JUST HOT SHAVES, —THE KIND ALL SHAVERS DREAD—

Con Entusiasmo

WHEN INGRAM'S CREAM IS GRAND AND COOL, WHY USE HARSH CREAMS INSTEAD?

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!

WE COME IN TUBE AND JAR - AND BOY! HOW COOL WE ARE!

HERE'S A PRESCRIPTION FOR COOLER, QUICKER CLEANER SHAVES THAT ANY DRUGGIST CAN FILL! GET SOME INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM -TUBE OR JAR. BRUSH WELL BEFORE SHAVING. AND FEEL GRAND AT ONCE! INGRAM'S LATHER NOT ONLY WILTS WHISKERS' RESISTANCE TO THE RAZOR, BUT COOLS AND SOOTHES YOUR FACE SO YOU NEVER FEEL ANY RAZOR-STING. TRY A 10-SHAVE TUBE, FREE.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. DEPT. K-4
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

D. O. M.
La Grande Liqueur
Française



Bénédictine

The world's most famous
after-dinner liqueur

When you serve Bénédictine to your dinner guests you celebrate a gracious rite of hospitality more than four centuries old. There is only one Veritable Bénédictine—D. O. M. Bottled now, as for 400 years, at Fécamp, France.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N.Y.
Sole U. S. Agents — Established 1877

TO Enjoy

NEW YORK

Live at this Famous

WOMEN'S CLUBHOUSE

NEW YORK isn't half so fascinating if you don't know people, or don't have lots of things to do! That's why, whether it's for a short trip or to map out a career, women like to live at this smart, metropolitan clubhouse, right in the center of things, where they can identify themselves with many absorbing interests and meet other women like themselves.

And a comfortable, colorful room with private bath . . . will add to the pleasure of your stay.

OPEN TO NON-MEMBER WOMEN

Single room with bath, \$2.50 to \$4.00

Double room with bath, \$4 and \$5

Special weekly rates

Send for illustrated booklet L.F.-12

A.W.A. Clubhouse

353 West 57th Street, New York City

BRIDGE PARTIES
CONCERTS
FACILITIES FOR ENTERTAINING
2 GYMS
POOL
RESTAURANTS AND CAFETERIA
ROOF GARDENS AND SOLARIUM
LIBRARY
LAUNDRY

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

(Continued from page 17)

utes' rest when a revolver shot rang out in the hall and my secretary burst in.

"It's Baby LeRoy—with a gun!" she gasped. "He's—he's out to get you!"

"We're ready for him," I said quietly. "Here, Hawkins, take this fowling-piece. You, Squire Trelawney, by the stockade, and watch out for an ambush. Now, Doctor Livesey, let him in." A moment later LeRoy swaggered in, his eyes bloodshot and a smoking .44 in his hand. It was easy to see that he had been drinking.

"Well, LeRoy?" I asked curtly. His answer was a volley of fearful oaths.

"Put up that weapon, LeRoy," I said calmly, "or I promise you on my honor as Magistrate of the Crown that your worthless body will swing from Execution Dock at the next assizes!" Slowly the color drained from his bloated face, and great hulking brute that he was—over two years of age at the time—he backed away fingering his forelock.

"No harm meant, matey," he stammered, "an old seadog wot's been battered by wind and wave, blow me down! I was with Flint in the Dry Tortugas—aye, and with Sir Henry Morgan at the taking of Panama."

"You'll do well to stay away from spirits, my man," I told him, "and as for chewing tobacco—"

"Belay there!" he screamed, his face purpling. "Blast you for an interfering swab! Why, shiver me timbers, I—" With a choked gasp he spun about suddenly, clutching at his throat, then fell to the floor.

"Apoplexy," I said shortly. "Another scoundrel the less. But now, unless I am very much mistaken, our troubles are only beginning." And sure enough, from outside the stockade a blood-curdling yell rent the air as Shirley Temple, Bobby Coogan, Baby Peggy and their whole crew of ruffians opened fire on us with their one-pounder. Powder and ball flew thick, I can tell you, and the cries of the wounded were fearful in the extreme. We had just given up hope when I felt someone shaking me vigorously and a voice saying in my ear, "Wake up, sleepyhead, do you want to be late for school?" I sat up and rubbed my eyes with my fat little knuckles as I saw Mummy's laughing lineaments. What do you think? *It had all been a DREAM!*

(Are you a sleepy-time gal, an office wife, an ink-stained wretch? Read what happens when all these meet in the person of Dolores del Schultz, in the next installment of Mr. Perelman's torpid serial!)



"There y'are—I told you I was six foot!"



IN 1752 *when George Washington was a young surveyor, William Jameson founded Ireland's First Distillery*

NOW (182 YEARS LATER) Ireland's First Whiskey comes to America guaranteed, by a \$100,000 BOND, that every drop is made from only the finest barley malt and home grown grains, and is, at the time of bottling, a

FULL 10 YEARS OLD



William Jameson comes to America just in time to fill the gap that Prohibition made in America's supply of fine, old, naturally-aged whiskeys. It makes a marvelous "Old Fashioned", different in flavor. Try it for a new thrill in taste and smoothness.

OLDER than the U.S.A., William Jameson's Famous Marrowbone Lane Distillery sends you today the same fine whiskey that has been the pride of the Emerald Isle for 182 years.

Every drop of this fine old whiskey is matured to perfection in sherry casks under the lock and seal of the Irish Free State. Every drop has that unsurpassed smoothness, that fragrant bouquet, *that entirely different and finer flavour found only in William Jameson Irish Whiskey.* Be sure you get the original Jameson—William Jameson. Remember—it's not 5, not 7, but a full 10 years old. Sure, it's Ireland's first whiskey—and its finest! Available at the better Clubs, Hotels and Stores.

William Jameson
IRELAND'S *First* WHISKEY

Distributed in America by a house with a Century old reputation for quality and fair dealing.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
Quality Since 1833

SOLE IMPORTERS

NEW YORK, N. Y.



"No Plus Ultra"

"White Label"

Delightfully
different
Scotch . . .

DEWAR'S*

SCOTCH WHISKY

● Everybody admits the Dewar flavor is different. Most people agree it's better. Taste it! Straight or in highballs, you'll like it better

*Pronounced "Dooer's" *because it's Smoother!*

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., 230 Park Ave., New York . . . 1 N. LaSalle St., Chicago . . . 111 Sutter St., San Francisco
This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

• • Share at Christmas • •

THE SALVATION ARMY every day of the year and every twenty-four hours of each day is serving those who need its help, without any question of race, color or creed. The sole test is NEED.

Last year 652,918 Christmas Dinners were given to those who could not provide their own. Toys were given to gladden the hearts of 309,913 children.

We want our family, like all other families, to share in the festive rejoicings which mark the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace with its accompanying message, "Good Will Towards Men." WILL YOU HELP?

* Send your gifts to
COMMISSIONER EDWARD J. PARKER
 National Secretary of THE SALVATION ARMY
 120 West Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

* Or, if you prefer, to the local Salvation Army Center. Gifts may be designated for any specific purpose or district.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1934

(Continued from page 23)

much better he was than the prizefighter who married his mother by brawling with his wife on the streets of Newport.

Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor Dick then took unto herself as a bodyguard, a pugilist named Charles Trader Horn who had been engaged as spar-boy to aid her husband in his rehearsals, and this rich and romantic episode of life among the Four Hundred was brought to a rather unhappy conclusion in Hollywood where Signor Fiermonte accidentally exposed his chin to a right hand swing from a pugilistic awful named Lester Kennedy, and was counted out examining the weave of the canvas.

Late in September and early in October of this great, waning year a Detroit newspaper, in the throes of pennant winning and World Series hysteria, discovered that the local Galahad, a lanky pitcher hailing from Eldorado, Ark., had a sweetheart back home named Edna Skinner, and promptly imported the homespun wooing bag and baggage to the big city, paid Miss Skinner one hundred and fifty dollars a week to whisper her impressions of her baseball hurling fiance into the ears of the star weep-sister on the sheet, and hang around and pose for what Al Smith terms "Baloney pictures," for the journalistic sport scoop of the year.

To top it off, Maw Rowe, the School-boy's mother, was also wafted to the spot in all sweetness and innocence, when it suddenly developed that Maw wanted no part of that Skinner girl and allowed in a loud voice that rang unfortunately over the transom and down through hotel corridors that none of



"I find I can still beat a woman to a seat."

them Skinners were fitten for her boy. Instead of a sweet and idyllic romance blessed by a loving white-haired mother, the newspaper had imported a fine old family row that waged relentlessly for two weeks or more, badgered the poor Schoolboy to distraction and unquestionably contributed to his failure in the sixth game which cost the Tigers the Series. American journalism had played its part.

IN midsummer in Chicago, a prominent heavyweight pugilist named King Levinsky begged a scribbler to report in his newspaper that he was sick unto death of the ministrations of his manager-sister Lena, more affectionately known as Leaping Lena Levinsky because in a minor tantrum the lady pursued him one afternoon to the corner of Argyll and Sheridan Streets and spit in his eye.

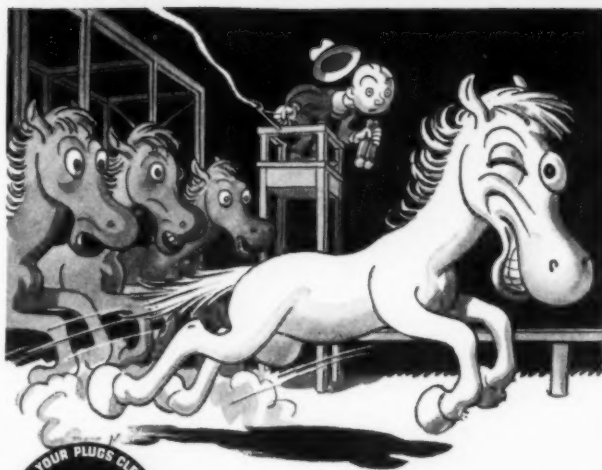
"I want you should write," dictated Mr. Levinsky, "that I am sick of Lena. Last week she followed me to the corner of Argyll and Sheridan and spitted in my eye. Right out on Argyll and Sheridan. And she cursed me. Right on Argyll and Sheridan." This item was duly published. One month later, Mr. Levinsky married a fan dancer from the World's Fair with Lena as bridesmaid. Three weeks later Lena spitted in the fan dancer's eye. Right out on Argyll and Sheridan.

In 1934, a new slogan was born: "Is Brooklyn Still in the National League?" which will pursue William Terry, manager of the Giants as long as he lives. It was Terry who made that careless flippancy at the beginning of the season. When the Giants were sliding down the chute and losing the National League pennant it was Brooklyn that gave them the final boot by beating them in the last two games.

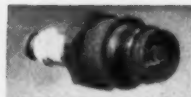
In 1934 two sportsmen, T. O. M. Sopwith and Harold Vanderbilt, sailed the final race of the challenge for the America's Cup the entire distance each with a protest flag flying at his mast head, like little boys running a footrace, and yelling "Teacher, he's cheating!"

In 1934, the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association twice gave Ellsworth Vines the heave-o from the press Marquee at Forest Hills during the Men's National Singles Championship because he didn't have a ticket.

In 1934 the University of Pittsburgh ballyhooed a football game with the University of Southern California into a 50,000 crowd and a hundred thousand dollar gate by harping on the point that the California football players were the pampered pets of the movie queens.



LOOK FOR
THE "PLUG-
IN-THE-TUB"



Before Cleaning

After a few thousand miles, Oxide Coating, soot and carbon coat spark plug insulators—wasting gas and impairing performance.



After Cleaning

The new AC Method removes all Oxide Coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new—saving gas, restoring performance.

QUICK STARTING

with CLEANED SPARK PLUGS

REMOVE OXIDE COATING WITH THE AC SPARK PLUG CLEANER—AND YOUR MOTOR STARTS INSTANTLY

... ONLY 5¢ A PLUG

No spark plug can escape Oxide Coating—the chief cause of hard starting, loss of speed and power, poor gas mileage. But a thorough cleaning—by a Registered AC Cleaning Station—is a "sure-fire" remedy. Replace badly worn plugs with new ACs.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, Flint, Michigan, St. Catharines, Ontario
Plugs for Canadian market made at St. Catharines, Ont.



Traditional

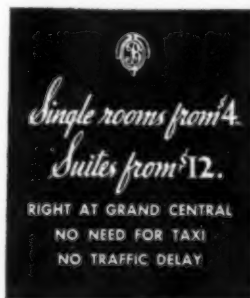
... a setting of quiet beauty and friendly charm ... effortless comfort safeguarded by unfailing interest and alert service ... a cuisine reflecting the master touch in all details ... dignity and convenience of address ...

These Biltmore characteristics enhance the esteem of a discriminating clientele year after year.

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Go by the route preferred since 1853. Cross to England in your favorite liner... sail any Friday from Southampton for Capetown in a great steamer or motor ship of the Union-Castle fleet. Special through fares.

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★
THE NAME IS
NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH VERMOUTH



Remember the name and look out for substitutions... for Noilly Prat is the original dry French Vermouth... the Vermouth so good that 90% of all French Vermouth exported from France is Noilly Prat!

A *Schenley* IMPORTATION

Send 25c for Schenley's Wine Book
Schenley Import Corporation, Room 567
18 West 40th Street, New York
Sole Agents in U. S. A.



WHY I DO NOT BUY A CAR

(Continued from page 22)

with a bicycle tire he was fixing for the grocery boy, who stood on one foot near the door and examined the name plate on your gas-buggy.

Finally, when all seemed black despair, the tire tinkerer would stealthily whirl about, rush to your automobile, give the crank a swift turn and, lo and behold, the engine would start and run without pause. The laconic garage man, who betrayed in certain characteristics the fact that he had once been the town's foremost blacksmith or plumber, thereafter would accept anywhere from two to ten dollars from you and you were on your way. This, my friends, was motoring as it was done when Walter Chrysler was in engineering school and the ace naphtha barges were the Loziers and the Thomas Flyers. Sad to relate, it is no more. Gone are the fond Saturday mornings when I could collect a can of grease, a bicycle wrench and a bunch of old rags and have a happy three or four hours in the side yard with my E M F.

THERE is another objection I find to motoring in the modern version: the thrill of uncertainty and high adventure is gone. No longer can the be-goggled engineer of an elaborate car, which had so many gadgets on the instrument board as to give it a resemblance to the conning tower of a submarine, start gaily from New York City for New Haven, Conn., of a fine fall morning and find himself mysteriously in Towaco, New Jersey, at five in the afternoon. Today the average motorist is like a shuttle in a grooved path. All he can do is sit and drive. Other people will tell him where to stop, turn and back up. He can't even back up very far, for the traffic will not permit it, which reminds me of the thrill I experienced in 1912 when I backed all the way from Montclair into Hoboken because for some reason peculiar to the car's mechanism it refused absolutely to proceed in the conventional direction.

In the fine old days, when I started out in the morning with my first Ford, the news went far and wide that Allen



"Oh, Look! The Milky Way." *Kaufmann*

was again abroad in the land and the rustics drove in their flocks and herds. Not only dogs, cats and Leghorns came, saw and were conquered by my tin juggernaut, but occasionally I found it possible to knock down fences, go through show windows and tear up yards of curb and a fireplug or two, egged on by the hoarse bravos of an admiring throng.

I will never forget the morning I drove through a red school house just before recess and provided diversion for the bored youngsters who clapped and cheered as I took with me parts of a blackboard and a cylinder stove which really were not needed at that time, it being in the Spring solstice, just before plowing and the long vacation.

Again there comes to me the scent of pansy and mignonette as I go back in memory to the morning when my Moon car vaulted a ditch, climbed over a wire fence and collected several bushels of forced vegetables which were growing under hot frames. Although I had difficulty avoiding the windmill, while I was getting out on the road again through a break in the culvert bridge, the Allen table profited for several days thereafter. The flavor of those ripe radishes is with me yet. It sent me out again and again on such matutinal excursions, when human life in the vicinity was very much at stake and it was a sorry morning when I could not scoot through the Connecticut landscape in my model T and come back with a dead woodchuck and a quart of strawberries before breakfast.

SO, you see, that is just how the situation shapes up. Motoring is no longer an art. I have no doubt it is hot stuff for most people, but the Allen nature requires a recreational activity embellished with thinner upholstery and a few more breakable parts. It is the way of all pioneers. Mr. Baldwin no longer is seen at the throttle of his locomotive and I am told it is rare to find the surviving Wright brother at the joystick of a plane. I know how they feel and I feel with them—deeply, you may be sure.

• •

One way to reduce motor accidents is to build cars so they can't go any faster than the average driver thinks.

•

We've been bothered for years by a superiority complex. It belongs to our brother-in-law.

•

Simile: As frustrated as a bow-legged wrestler trying to apply a scissors hold.

Viva Cuba!

But please, please
Señor, mix that wonderful
BACARDI Cocktail

just like this:

1 jigger of Bacardi
Juice of half green lime
1 bar-spoonful granu-
lated sugar
Shake well in
cracked ice



Schenley Im-
port Corp., Sole
Agent in the
United States
for Compañia
Ron Bacardi,
S. A.

FOR THIS IS THE CUBAN WAY, the way that will give you the greatest delight. So please, PLEASE Señor, do as we do in Cuba, and follow closely this recipe that has made the Bacardi Cocktail the smartest cocktail in the world. Viva!

In all the world there is nothing else like Bacardi—a flavor, a delightful mellowness that no one has ever been able to copy, for the secrets of distilling Bacardi have been the property of a single family for over 70 years. Remember, every drop of genuine Bacardi has been fully aged in the wood—the youngest drop is always 4 years old at least!

BACARDI

A *Schenley* IMPORTATION

Avoid Substitutes—See the Bottle



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**Hollywood Goes for New Hawaiian
"Here's How" in a Big Way!**

"Here's How" always starts with one-third Hawaiian Pineapple Juice as a base. Miss Wray's favorite is made like this: Fill a tall glass one-third full of DOLE Pineapple Juice, then add three jiggers of grape juice, half a lime, cracked ice, and fill with seltzer water ... To be amply prepared for the Holiday season order a dozen cans of DOLE Pineapple Juice now from your grocer!

Fay Wray, star of the Universal picture, "Cheating Cheaters," tries a Hawaiian "Here's How" made by Alan Mowbray featured in the Lowell Sherman Universal picture, "Night Life of the Gods."

"Of course she'll be happy—the finest start any marriage could have is a honeymoon at ESSEX HOUSE in New York."

ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South, New York City

CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 36)

overly harsh with two of them—*The Unpossessed*, by Tess Slesinger and *Appointment in Samarra*, by John O'Hara. With Miss Slesinger I am afraid I was downright insulting when what I really meant to say was that I didn't think her book was as funny as others felt it to be and in truth never was able to finish it. When first mentioning the matter I seemed a bit annoyed that Miss Slesinger was alive and among us and I ask her now, in absolute, to join hands and gallop about the tree in all good fellowship. The addition to my remarks on Mr. O'Hara consists in saying that his book turns out to be the most readable of the year. My words on his lack of motivation and interpretation will have to stand.

The retreat from Moscow went on at such a rate during the year that one more season will find us all back in our caves. The most pathetic of books was Henry Seidel Canby's longing for the Delaware of 1890. The Delaware of 1890 would, however, have been sheer hell for the Stark Young of 1860 in Mississippi and I am sure that the Mississippi of 1860 would have seemed mere camping out for the Sussex gentlemen of 1820. Neither Mr. Canby nor Mr. Young seems to have accepted seriously the suggestion of Mr. Longfellow that the dead past must look after their own burials.

Several of the labor novels were decidedly on the good side, despite the opinion of Mr. Mencken who, it is rumored, is about to assume the Chair of Retrogression at Johns Hopkins. The writing in Albert Halper's *The Foundry* often made me grit my teeth but when he once got into it the thing began to move with the old fascination and ponderous strength of Dreiser. *The Shadow Before* by William Rollins was good and *The Land of Plenty* by Robert Cantwell contained the best writing of the year. It was a bit muddled in its conclusions and the scene in



the darkened factory was too drawn out but Cantwell's handling of the characters and his faculty for developing them through their words and actions rather than through their eccentricities was an achievement.

AS I have pointed out before the travel books were excellent with Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return* far in the lead. It was satisfying precisely because it had a point of view and was not content to accept things at face value. One may contrast Adamic's analysis of the situation in the Balkans with the childish nonsense of Knickerbocker, the over-rated journalist.

But it is never good sense to antagonize a newspaperman and I hasten to add that Stanley Walker has done a lively job in *City Editor*, one of the first cold-blooded attempts to take the fake heroics out of the business. Even then, however, he seems to prove that with all their pretense of cynicism, reporters remain the most naïve humans ever created. Perhaps it is this concatenation of defects which makes them the curious, eager persons they must be. . . . Or maybe it is just me carried away by the Yuletide spirit.

(For briefer mention, see next page)

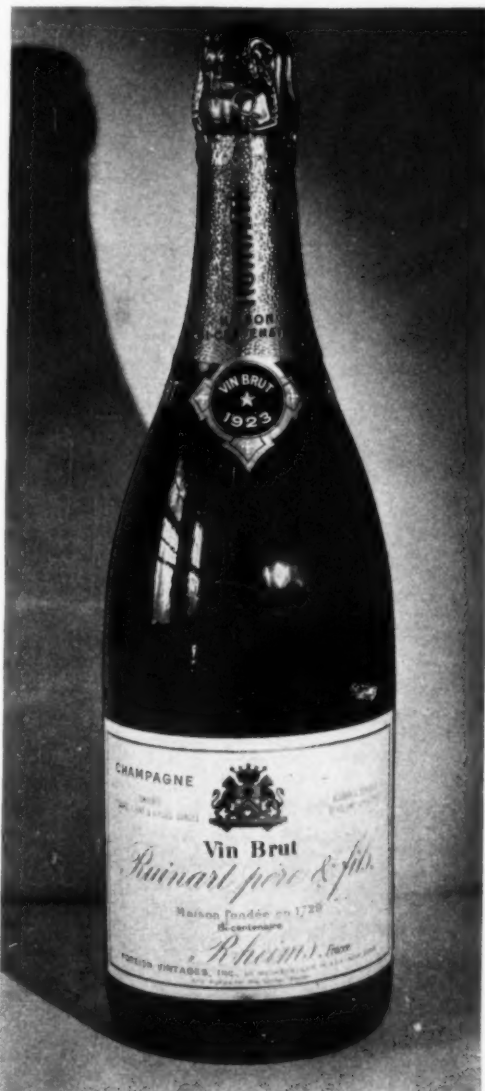
Life's Fresh Air Fund

Acknowledgments

Previously acknowledged.....	\$16,838.37
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LIFE also acknowledges with many thanks receipt of a box of toys and books at both camps from Rachel Coffin, of the Toy Shop, in Washington, D. C., and clothing at the Boys' Camp from Miss C. G. Burkham, of New York City and Mrs. R. S. Madden, of Washington, D. C., and, at the Girls' Camp, clothing and books from Miss Florence Rankin, of Hartford, Conn., books from Miss Margaret Stein, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Margaret Steel, of Hempstead, N. Y., and a wagon from Connery Brothers, of Georgetown, Conn.

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\$1.50 a year. Add 60 cents for Canada
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Two One-Year Subscriptions . . . \$2.50

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

(Continued from page 8)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street. I give this the yellow spot because it could be so much better than it pretends. Norma Shearer is a restrained Elizabeth Barrett, but suggests no depth of anything. Fredric March makes Robert Browning somewhat babbittian, and Charles Laughton is just a hissable rascal instead of a father who could have kept a family torn between esteem and hate for many years. Try again, everybody.

The Case of the Howling Dog. I saw the last half of this first and it seemed an exceptionally well knit and convincing mystery movie, but I might not like it at all if I saw it from the start and understood it. Warren William, Mary Astor and Helen Trenholme.

The Count of Monte Cristo. Enjoyable vicarious revenge. The fun of finding a fortune and using it to get even with three old enemies. A rousing, romantic melodrama, with Robert Donat as a dashing Dantes and Elissa Landi as a charming Mercedes.

The Last Gentleman.* The cultivated capers of George Arliss, as a rich, grouchy and eccentric grandfather having the time of his life teasing a set of expectant relatives.

The Lost Lady.* Barbara Stanwyck perhaps overdressing for a lady who doesn't care a rap for men, after one of them has fooled her, and I seem to be alone in liking it, but neither Mrs. Herold nor the next day's newspaper critics can make me change the green lantern in the Old North Church.

The Merry Widow. Don't go reminding me of any others, but I think at the moment that this is the best picture I've ever seen . . . buoyant, deft, lovely, and brilliantly humorous. The Franz Lehár music is kept, but otherwise it's nothing like the old play. Ernst Lubitsch's delicate direction. Chevalier in another "Say yes . . . or when" rôle, and Jeanette MacDonald who eventually says "yes."

Wagon Wheels. Annual return of *The Covered Wagon*, which is all right with me, even if neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor dark of night nor North American Indians can muss pretty Gail Patrick's ritzy coiffure the whole way to Oregon.

Wake Up and Dream. A feeble attempt at another show business musical along the stale old lines. Russ Columbo singing songs three words at a time in the Crosby manner.

BOOKS

By Kyle Crichton

America's Hour of Decision, by Glenn Frank. Pathetic confusion of mind from a man who doesn't want to take sides and can't bear the implications of plain facts. Utterly useless except for the sweet sound of the futile words.

City Editor, by Stanley Walker. Mr. Walker seeks to debunk journalism by showing the facts about the profession and succeeds in showing how romantic the boys all consider themselves to be. Lots of good stories.

Death Wears a Purple Shirt, by R. C. Woodthorpe. The best mystery of the month, centering about a possible British Nazi party. Extreme and far-fetched but very getting.

Father Goose, by Gene Fowler. The life of Mack Sennett and funny in spots but in general a sloppy hack job by a man who should forget that he is a Broadway legend and begin to write as he can write.

Forty-Two Years in the White House, by Ike Hoover. Various Presidents in their suspenders and not too charming. Ike is the quarterback who stands between Calvin Coolidge and the goal posts. If Ike stops him, he is on our All-America team of all time.

The Age of Confidence, by Henry Seidel Canby. The law has been repealed in New York which required me to read this but duty, etc. Very thin gruel about life in Wilmington, Del., in the 90's. Useless thoughts about the past by gentlemen who were not thinking this way five years ago.

The Executioner Waits, by Josephine Herbst. The Wendel family and particularly Vicky and Rosamund living the typical middle class life from the war down to the present. The texture is rich and the picture is complete. A fine novel.

The Death and Birth of David Markand, by Waldo Frank. A serious, profound and, to me, excessively mystical recounting of the death of our civilization and the birth of the new, seen through the eyes of a man who might typify any of us. Heavy going but worth the effort.

The Man with Bated Breath, by Joseph Baker Carr. The worst mystery of the month.

The Proud and the Meek, by Jules Romains. The third volume of *Men of Good Will*, which is doing for present-day Paris what Proust did for the decaying aristocracy. A tremendous work not to be missed.

RADIO COMICS

[Consult your newspaper for schedules]

Amos 'n' Andy. Even if I didn't like them they'd still be good. (NBC)

Burns & Allen. They're in Hollywood making another picture but "Gracie's Adventures" continue on the air.* (CBS)

Easy Aces. For listeners who like continued stories. (CBS)

Eddie Cantor. "One of the nation's favorite comedians." No wonder the average I. Q. is low. (NBC)

Ed Wynn. The material is old but Wynn's presentation of it keeps him out of the red. (NBC)

Fred Allen. Probably the best of the lot, with a style of humor that doesn't need doping to make it funny. (NBC)

Gene and Glenn. Another good daily program for them as likes serials. (NBC)

George Givot. Continues to putter along with his Greek dialect, which somehow doesn't take hold. (CBS)

Jack Benny. Never lacks a sponsor, and why should he? (NBC)

Joe Penner. There are a lot of people who like this type of humor but I am not one of them—among others. (NBC)

Phil Baker. Plays the accordion nicely but his stooges are responsible for most of the laughs. (NBC)

Rudy Vallée. His guest star system provides good comedy, as a rule.* (NBC)

Stoopnagle & Budd. They haven't given us very much lately but what they give is good. (CBS)

Will Rogers. The kind of humor that never fails, from a man who knows how to put it over. (CBS)

—G. W.

*Commercial announcements need overhauling.

RECORDS

Dwight Fiske has pressed four more sides of his own brand of piano-dialogue. You'd better hear them for yourself, and don't take Grandma along.

It Happens to the Best of Friends, by Benny Goodman and his Music Hall orchestra. One of the best bands in America. (Columbia)

Serenade to a Lonely Widow and **Let's Pretend There's a Moon.** Two exc. chunes done in the left-wing fashion by wild man "Fats" Waller, who is plenty good on piano and vocal. (Victor)

Solitude, by Duke Ellington and his band. Back on Brunswick labels, the great Duke continues his amazing output of original tunes.

Strange and Lost In a Fog. Two swell tunes astonishingly well done by Rudy Vallée and orchestra. He cancels some of the effect, however, on a corny tune called **Hachacha.** (Victor)

Ten Yards to Go. Evidently we can't get by a football season without this cheesy type of number. This one by Don Bestor and his Dull Ensemble. (Brunswick)

The Continental, a great dance tune from the film *The Gay Divorcee*, played by 65th-floor-of-the-RCA-building Jolly Coburn's orchestra. (Victor)

When the New Moon Shines on the New Mown Hay, by dreary Jan ("Lombardo") Garber. Right off the cob. Phooey. (Victor)

Why Am I Blue? Exceedingly adroit job by Hal Kemp, with Skinny Ennis singing. Listen to the intro. (Brunswick)

—J. A. T.

Going to the Movies

(Continued from page 34)

intellectuality that Elizabeth Barrett must have had. Miss Shearer seems, rather, just a good looking girl and Hollywood wife and mother, getting her picture taken from attractive angles.

Fredric March bounds into the story with the backslapping vim and cheerio vigor of a successfully syndicated daily newspaper poet, instead of approaching the rôle with the warm, gentle charm and quiet humor which I prefer to think that Robert Browning must have had. I shouldn't have been at all surprised to have seen Mr. March's Mr. Browning take out a pad and ask for Miss Barrett's order for a set of books on the installment plan.

Charles Laughton (in my opinion one of our really great screen actors) here is so melodramatically villainous that he completely lacks authority. Such a father as he depicts would have scattered his family years ago; he gives no hint of any virtues between which and his tyranny his children might have felt themselves torn.

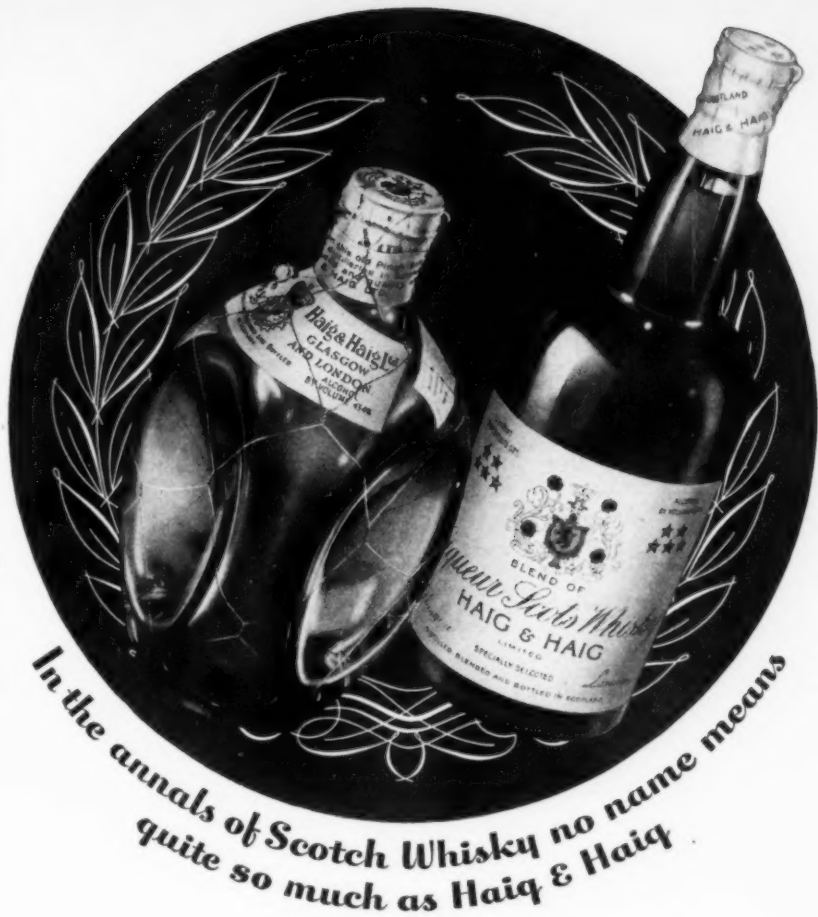
The "comedy relief" in this supposedly great film is awful. There is one man who stutters, a girl who lisps, and a servant who gets laughs (usually at the wrong time) by walking as if she had wheels under her hoop skirt.

Judge Priest

I REGARD Will Rogers and Kin Hubbard as the two best all-American humorists of my time. Kin was perhaps better than Will because he



"Have you any means of identification, Mr. Durante?"



Haig & Haig

SCOTS WHISKY

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD.

230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK . . . NORTH LASALLE STREET, CHICAGO . . . 511 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of March 3, 1933, of LIFE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1934. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Magazine, Inc., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Editor, George T. Eggleston, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (2) That the owner is: Life Magazine, Inc., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Fred. G. Francis, 60 East 42 St., New York, Clair Maxwell, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Henry A. Richter, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., George T. Eggleston, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Edward T. Haas, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Joseph A. McDonough, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., William M. Bristol, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Henry P. Bristol, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Mary L. Bristol, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., Lee H. Bristol, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y., William M. Bristol, Jr., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him, Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1934. (Seal) James Duke Stock, Notary Public, New York County No. 445; New York Register No. 5-8-263. My commission expires March 30, 1935.

LATEST PARKER GAME

"Make-a-Million"



**"MY WORD!
what a
DEVASTATING
BEAR!"**

His opponents have just killed a \$50,000 trick with the Bear Card; but Mr. Decides can't keep back a chuckle, for he will play his Bull card and double the winnings.

SMARTEST AND NEWEST OF GAMES

Quickly and easily learned. Not only the new "best seller" but a game of surprises, exciting play and quick climaxes.



75c

Newport Edition—
gilt edge, \$1.00

In addition to MAKE-A-MILLION, now the vogue and great game of the year, the fashionable English board game "SORRY" is very prominent. For men and boys no board game equals the famous battle game CAMELOT (and Grand Camelot for four players).

PEGITY, PING-PONG, ROOK, PIT, TOURING, Van Loon's WIDE WORLD, and (for children) Winnie The Pooh.

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had sense enough not to overproduce. He realized that no humorist should write more than two paragraphs a day, and that even then he would produce some chaff. (The fact is, no real humorist should write *any* paragraphs a day.) And Kin was under no obligations to any string of polo ponies; when I knew him his stable consisted of a ten-year-old Franklin.

Will Rogers has enough ripe, round, sound wisdom to make the human race ashamed of itself (which is perhaps a humorist's prime function), and I reverence him. I say this, thoroughly conscious of his large output of drivel, and deeply sickened by his back-slapping, his mighty-fine-fellowing, his terrible Sunday newspaper articles, his exaggerated hemming and hawing and ain't-ing, his systematic boosting of aviation... and most of his movies.

This is all in place here, because it leads up to Will in his latest picture, *Judge Priest*. Most of Will's pictures have been in the department of his overproduction, but I believe *Judge Priest* is worthy of him at his best. *Judge Priest* drags groaningly at times and takes a good half hour to get wound up, but it has tastes and flavors that make it well worth while.

Little Friend

THERE is some exquisite agony to be had at *Little Friend* by anybody with a drop of parental blood in his veins, or even with a vestige of parental instinct in his make-up. I can conceive of even a hardshelled bachelor wilting under it, and I hope a lot of them do. The poignancy of the film is due largely to the remarkable acting of England's foremost child star, Nova Pilbeam, who is, I believe, 14, but who seems to be smaller and younger than that, yet of the ages in acting ability.

Peck's Bad Boy

THE film, *Peck's Bad Boy*, might as well be called *Pilgrim's Progress*, for all the resemblance it bears to the *Peck's Bad Boy* I used to know. The original was a prank-playing brat who should have been harnessed in an electric chair, whereas the current version is a clean-nosed little angel in comparison.

Though this picture might be considered a natural for children, I say no on it for youngsters. When Jackie Searl told Jackie Cooper he was an adopted orphan, I was glad I didn't have my 8-year-old along. Too much childish suffering, as in the case of *Little Friend*.

(For shorter mention see page 8)

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Lexington Ave. at 49th Street
in the new, smart center of New York



Make this the merriest Christmas and New Year you ever enjoyed! Celebrate in New York, the world's capital of Gaiety. Broadway is ablaze with lights! The theatres are crowded with pleasure seekers. Shops are filled with gifts. And the beautiful Casino Montclair at the Hotel Montclair will be the gayest place in town . . . with captivating dance music, unusual entertainment, and a special midnight supper.

Of course to make your holiday completely successful, LIVE as well as DANCE in the new smart center of New York at the Hotel Montclair.

The Montclair is modern, attractive, comfortable. It is convenient to all railroad terminals, to the fashionable shops, to the theatres and to Radio City. And the service is in the finest traditions of the Continent.



**300 OUTSIDE ROOMS with
BATH, SHOWER, RADIO**

Single from **\$2.50**
Double from **\$3.50**

RESERVATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED

• THE •
COLLEGE PARADE

VOICE on Phone—"John Smith is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you."

Professor—"All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice—"This is my roommate."
—*M.I.T. Voo Doo.*

Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—*Western Reserve Red Cat.*

BABY BORN AT SEA
TO WOMAN HERE
—*New York American.*

What will they think of next?
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

He—"May I have some stationery?"
Clerk (haughtily)—"Are you a guest of the house?"

He—"Heck, no. I'm paying twenty dollars a day."

—*Annapolis Log.*

Faculty Minds at Work

"WHEN you come right down to it, perhaps there are other things in life besides sex."—*Prof. Sears, Psychology, Univ. of Illinois.*

"There isn't a single professor on this faculty who hasn't at some time cheated on an examination."—*Prof. Babcock, English, Univ. of South Carolina.*

"A fraternity grows through the loving of the brothers."—*Prof. Fred McKinney, Psychology, Univ. of Missouri.*

"Never write a love letter after one o'clock at night."—*Prof. Brooks Forehand, English, Univ. of Alabama.*

"Mr. Roosevelt doesn't know anything about economics."—*Prof. H. E. Peters, Economics, College of Charleston, S. C.*

"For pure, unadulterated lying there is nothing like a graveyard full of tombstones."—*Prof. F. Blanchard, English, U. C. L. A.*



PREPARE
TO BE

Pampered

■ The smart way to visit New York . . . even for a day . . . is to take your own apartment in this distinguished residence hotel. The Park Lane now makes available to you even for short visits a number of its charmingly appointed suites.

And prepare to be pampered! To you, dear lady, will be assigned your personal maid to give you thoughtful attention . . . draw your bath . . . adjust your blankets to the weather . . . pack for you. Your husband will enjoy the care of a continentally-trained valet.

You will find, too, that the Park Lane's location is especially fortunate. For it combines the restful quiet of Park Avenue's residential section with convenience to shops, theatres, and business centers.

Two-room suites . . . living-room, bedroom, serving pantry, and foyer. From \$10 the day, or at special monthly rates.

Year-round town houses. Apartments of 2 to 6 rooms. Furnished or unfurnished. Substantial savings on yearly leases.

NEW YORK'S HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE • 48TH TO 49TH • NEW YORK

Are you disappointed in the laxative you're taking?

IS IT so bitter that you shudder at the thought of taking it?

Does it upset you—give you stomach pains—leave you weak?

Do you have to keep on increasing the dose because it loses its effectiveness after a while?

IF SO, HERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW!

It's entirely unnecessary to take violent, painful laxatives! There is a pleasant, painless and effective way of relieving constipation. That's the Ex-Lax way!

Ex-Lax works gently and surely—without pain or discomfort. It doesn't upset you. It doesn't leave you weak!

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate!

Don't be disappointed any more. Try Ex-Lax just once. Then you'll know you've found the right laxative for you.

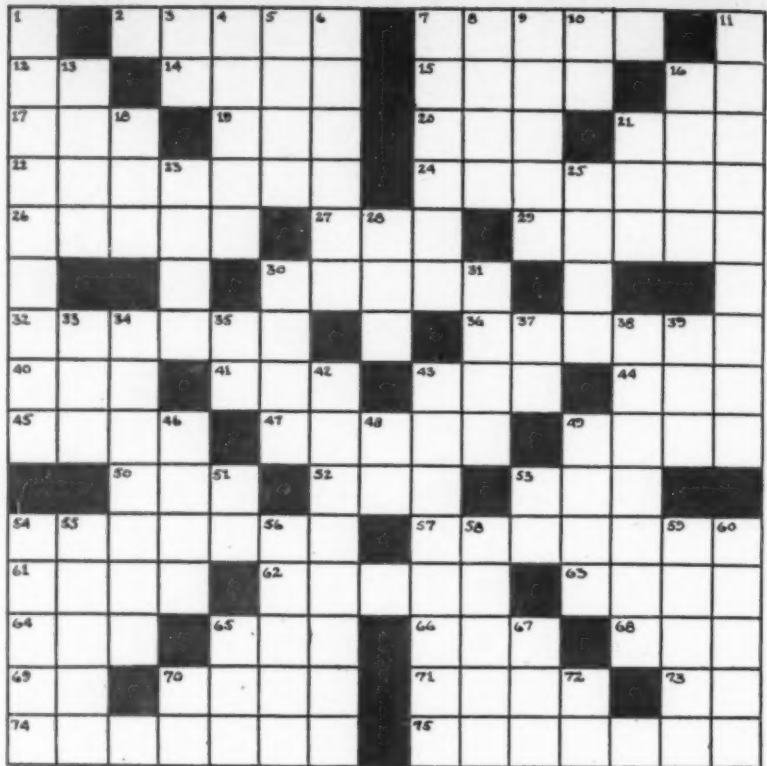
At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

Be sure to look for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Don't experiment with imitations!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



HORIZONTAL

2. Christmas music.
7. Going against this is unpleasant.
12. The usual reservation.
14. One of the great sea powers.
15. Something to bring a tear.
16. This ought to cure you.
17. And this is rather clever.
19. A heavy weight.
20. A morning meal.
21. Something used to weed out.
22. Things to annoy you.
24. Strictly personal.
26. These help brighten things up.
27. Barely manage.
29. A star with a big following.
30. Out of the way.
32. Given to making dirty digs.
36. To excavate lower.
40. Something for both of us.
41. Stepped on for hurrying.
43. A hole in the ground.
44. Kidding in England.
45. Objectives.
47. Where stock marketers get caught.
49. These will carry you away.
50. Space in time.
52. Often used for chops.
53. Something to work for.
54. American ice-cream, perfect in France.
57. Stews.
61. Assist.
62. Mount.
63. A hold-up.
64. A seed carrier.
65. Work with.
66. Born to it.
68. How to get a suit.
69. A great note-writer.
70. For urgent use with horses.
71. Markers.
73. A big national light house (abv.)
74. Takes a rest.
75. Spilled over.

VERTICAL

1. Kissing would come under this.
3. Where one is.
4. These stand on ceremony.
5. This is caught by inhaling.
6. These get the picture.
7. Felt.
8. An after part.
9. Prank.
10. The ultimate in appeal.
11. Remarks in season.

13. A back biter.
16. Fond of.
18. A sweet potato.
21. A kind of actor.
23. Cast forth.
25. Taken for a decision.
28. Subject of relative importance.
30. Lamentable.
31. Revise.
33. The home variety is most satisfactory.
34. What the doctor did.
35. This is that is.
37. A foreign conjunction.
38. Things said with the highest intention.
39. This one always listens in.
42. This gives you the breaks.
43. The first to change after Christmas.
46. It's hard to get this kind of a job.
48. A big cow.
49. The soldier's home.
51. Knocking the middle out of the NRA.
53. Tea time.
54. A news-bearer.
55. Something to call a home.
56. The point in question.
58. Just about perfect.
59. When a woman looks at this she sees red.
60. Fastness.
65. Part of life's ups and downs.
67. Completely selfish.
70. As a consequence.
72. An abbreviation for spelling.

NOVEMBER SOLUTION

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