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Life



JANUARY
15 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



TO 1935
It was a good old 1934 that re-
stored the privilege of enjoying
good, pure liquor of dependable
merit. At the turn of the year
Continental dedicates all the
resources at its command to the
production of such outstanding qual-
ity brands as RITTENHOUSE Square
Straight Rye Whisky and DIXIE BELLE
Distilled Dry Gin. May they bring you
added joy and pleasure throughout 1935.
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

RITTENHOUSE
Square
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
100 PROOF



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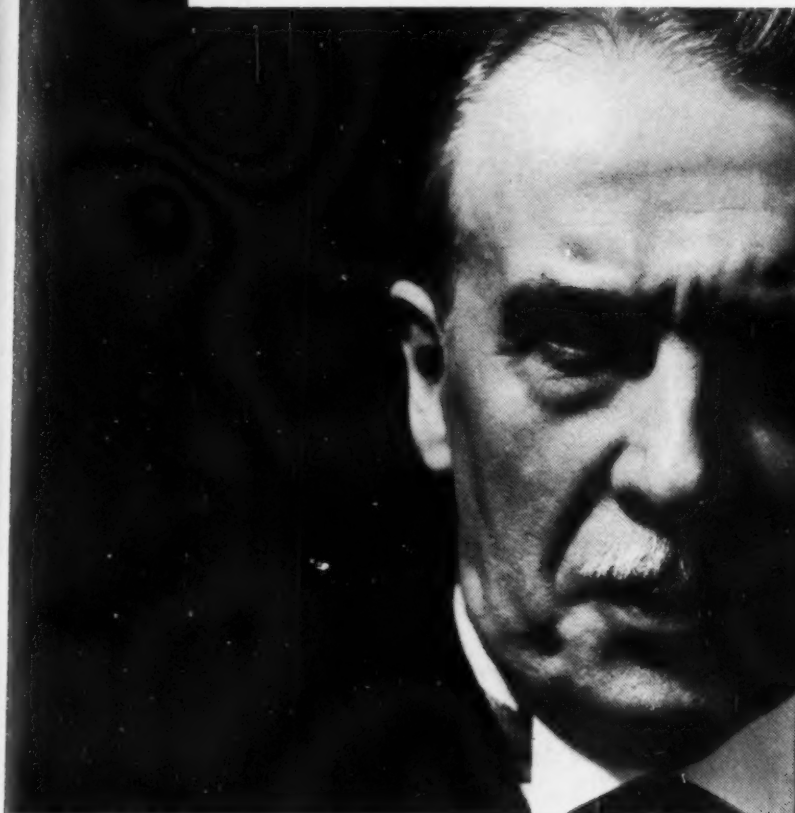
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Insured for a Million but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT..

When this man's company took out a cool one million dollars worth of insurance on him he was sound—through and through. And his *teeth* were sound, too.

Today, he's a Dental Cripple. And he can blame only his own carelessness, his own deliberate neglect.

He knew that our modern menus of soft and savory foods, our modern habits of hurried eating, rob our gums of work and health. He knew that recurring "tinge of pink" on his tooth brush was the warning signal of ailing gums. But when his dentist advised "Ipana and massage" he nodded, and then he forgot.

Eighteen months later he discovered "pink tooth brush" is often the tragic forerunner of gingivitis or Vincent's disease, and that it does threaten the *soundest teeth*.

Follow modern dental science. Keep your gums firm and healthy. Clean your teeth with Ipana. And each time rub a little extra Ipana into your inactive gums. The ziratol in Ipana speeds sluggish circulation, aids in hardening the gums.

It will pay you to clean your teeth and massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. Your teeth will be whiter, your gums firmer—and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- From a work on dental health
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- By a director of a dental clinic
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- From a dental authority
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

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

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



680336

**IF THE
TELEPHONE
WERE
NOT THERE**



MANY times each day you reach for the telephone on your desk at the office or in its familiar spot at home. It is an old and trusted friend. You scarcely give a thought to what it means to a busy day.

Yet suppose the telephone were not there! Suppose—for a week—or a month—you could not call anybody by telephone and nobody could call you! The whole machinery of business and the home would be thrown out of gear.

America needs quick, reliable telephone service to get things done in the brisk, crisp American manner. And it enjoys the best service in the world.

Greater progress has been made in this country because of the Bell System's one policy, one system and universal service.



Bell Telephone System

Life

JANUARY : 1935

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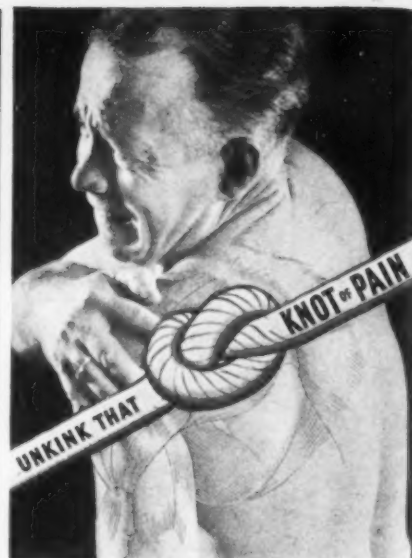
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WITH SOOTHING ABSORBINE JR.

YOU can take the word of athletes—men who *have* to get quick relief from bumps, bruises, or pain-knotted muscles. *The way to make that throbbing torture disappear is to rub on Absorbine Jr.*

No matter whether that ache comes from an accident, over-exercise or "the weather"—no matter whether it's in the muscles of your arm, your shoulder, your neck, your back or your legs—just massage the throbbing tissues with good old Absorbine Jr., and you can *feel* the delicious warmth sink in and the pain come OUT!

It makes you feel so good, you want to tell the world about it. Is there a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your home now? There certainly ought to be. You can get it from any druggist—\$1.25—it takes so little to give relief that the cost per application is almost too small to figure. Or write for a free sample, addressing W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

HER OWN CAR

"DARLING, now that you have a birthday present coming, how would you like a car of your own?"

"Oh, Fred, that would be wonderful!"

"Uh—what kind do you think you'd like?"

"Well, I decided a long time ago that if I ever had one of my own it would be a green Henderson sedan with—"

"A Henderson! Why a Henderson? Why not a Spartan Eight, like mine?"

"I don't like yours, Fred. The upholstery—"

"What do you care about upholstery? What you want is an easy-driving car with good brakes and a powerful motor. You know as well as I do that the Spartan is about the best mechanical job on the market for the price."

"But Betty Davis says her Henderson—"

"Never mind Betty; she isn't buying this car."

"Well, the Spartan may be better but—"

"Of course it's better. And why do you want a sedan? I should think a coupe would suit you better. It's not so big and would be cheaper to run."

"I thought it would be nice to be able to drive five or six of the Bridge Club girls around on Wednesdays."

"Do you mean to say you'd buy a huge, gas-eating white elephant just to please a lot of Bridge Club girls? They've all got cars of their own."

"All right, Fred, dear; let's not argue. I guess I'd like a green coupe, with—"

"Don't you think gray would be better? It wouldn't show up all the dust."

"But—"

"You take my word for it: what you want is a gray Spartan coupe with steel artillery wheels, twin ignition and carburetion, syncro-mesh transmission and thermostatic radiator control."

"What kind of upholstery has it?"

"I don't know, but don't worry about that. Main thing is, it's a good reliable car."

"But Betty Davis says her Henderson has gone 54,000 miles without—"

"For heaven's sake, forget Betty Davis and her Henderson! Why do you always have to listen to what other people tell you? Can't you make up your own mind for a change?"

"All right, Fred; if I get a car, it will be a gray Spartan coupe. But Fred—"

"What?"

"If you don't mind, I think I'd rather have a fur coat."

—G. S.

Vivacious little Toby Wing, Paramount feature player, and S. J. Perelman, famous humorist now writing for Paramount, both vote for the Hawaiian "Here's How" made with one-third of a glass of DOLE Pineapple Juice, a dash of cider and seltzer and ice.



"Here's How!" says Wing to Perelman

All over the country they are taking up the new Hawaiian "Here's How" based on one-third DOLE Pineapple Juice to each long tall glass, seltzer water, ice, plus the infinite variety of other fruits and fruit juices added to your own taste. Pure, unsweetened DOLE Pineapple Juice, vacuum-packed, makes the perfect "Here's How." Order a dozen cans from your grocer today.



"I'm warning you, Gertrude, if we drop in at ESSEX HOUSE you'll enjoy the rooms, the food and the service so much that we'll never get on to Miami."

ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South, New York City



IN 1752 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DISCOVERED ELECTRICITY
WILLIAM JAMESON FOUNDED IRELAND'S OLDEST DISTILLERY

NOW (182 YEARS LATER) *William Jameson, Ireland's Oldest Whiskey* comes to America just in time to "fill the gap" in the rapidly dwindling stocks of fully aged American Whiskies. Every drop of this choice *Trish Whiskey* is a FULL 10 YEARS OLD

OLDEN as the gorse in bloom . . . with all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers stored in its mellow flavour", that's *William Jameson Irish Whiskey*.

William Jameson is straight, unblended, matured to perfection in sherry casks under the lock and seal of the Irish Free State. From those casks comes a whiskey with unsurpassed smoothness and bouquet, a *flavour different from any whiskey you've ever tasted*—and finer, too, you'll agree.

Ireland prides in sending you her oldest and finest whiskey—*William Jameson*. Every drop of *William Jameson*—remember the *William*—sent over to America is a FULL TEN YEARS OLD. And with it comes a salutation particularly appropriate wherever this grand old drink is enjoyed:—"Slainte"!

Available at the better Clubs, Hotels, Stores and Restaurants.

William Jameson
IRELAND'S *Oldest* WHISKEY

William Jameson makes a marvelous Irish "Old Fashioned"—pleasingly different in flavor—smooth and mellow. This fine old Irish Whiskey will delight those who appreciate the finer things of life.



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.



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

Theatre—Movies—Books—Radio—Records

+ +

(For more lengthy reviews see pages 24, 30 and 36)

THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

● **Abbey Theatre Players.** The company doesn't touch the level of the original Abbey troupe, nor even of the one that came next in line, but it has some acting talent none the less, and, what with its presentation of the plays of Yeats, Synge and O'Casey, may be commended to your attention. *Golden, W. 45tb.*

● **All Rights Reserved,** by Irving Kaye Davis. It probably won't be any longer on view when this reaches your eye, which won't be anybody's loss, except the author's, actors' and producer's. Fugitive residence: *Ritz, W. 48tb.*

● **Anything Goes,** by Cole Porter, et al. A superior musical show, swift and witty, with Porter in excellent lyric trim. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

● **Between Two Worlds,** by Elmer Rice. At the final curtain, the Communist hero takes the hand of a colored wench in his and addresses her as Comrade. Whether it was the old Southern blood of the critics or merely the fact that it was a very bad play that caused their resentment, I leave to those of you who have scrutinized the exhibit. *Belasco, W. 44tb.*

● **Brittle Heaven,** by Vincent York and Frederick Pohl, based on a tome by Josephine Pollitt. A minor exhibit dealing with the love-life of Emily Dickinson, with the dialogue strutting about the stage on stilts. *Vanderbilt, 48tb.*

● **Conversation Piece,** by Noël Coward. A feeble so-called romantic comedy with so-called music, prettily staged and participated in by the bubbly Yvonne Printemps. *44th St. Theatre.*

● **Dark Victory,** by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Bloch. A *tour de force* in dramatic kleptomania, embracing everything from Michael Arlen's green hat to Noël Coward's piano. A bouillabaisse Broadwaywise ladled out by Tallulah Bankhead and Earle Larimore, who still fastens the middle button of his coat every time he gets up from a chair. *Plymouth, W. 45tb.*

● **Dodsworth,** by Sidney Howard and Sinclair Lewis. First-rate dramatization of the Lewis novel, with the original company still up to its standard. *Shubert, W. 44tb.*

● **D'Oyly Carte Opera Co.** Gilbert and Sullivan done considerably better than we have had them in recent seasons. The troupe isn't all it might be, but then, for that matter, what is? *Martin Beck, W. 45tb.*

● **First Legion,** by Emmet Lavery. A treatise on the Society of Jesus that has been highly endorsed by the church. Dramatic criticism, that somewhat more atheistic contemplation of theatrical aesthetics, fails to follow suit. *Biltmore, W. 47tb.*

● **Geraniums in My Window,** by Vera Caspary and Samuel Ornitz. Phui! *Longacre, W. 48tb.*

● **Jayhawker,** by Sinclair and Lloyd Lewis. Although as a piece of dramatic writing it ranks the red, there is some intermittent juicy Civil War humor in it that draws the yellow. When the two boys learn playwriting, I'll be their first customer. *Cort, W. 48tb.*

● **Judgment Day,** by Elmer Rice. Mr. Rice has denounced the critics as a bunch of sots for their failure to appreciate the lush merits of this one, and as a bunch of senile idiots for their equal failure to appreciate the even lusher merits of his *Between Two Worlds*. At the risk of being included by him as both a sot and a senile idiot, I say it's *épinards*. *Fulton, W. 46tb.*

● **L'Aiglon,** by Rostand although nobody would suspect it after hearing what Clemence Dane has done to it. Eva Le Gallienne essays the rôle of the Eaglet, once occupied by Sarah Bernhardt, and performs it all over the lot without, unfortunately, acting it. *Broadhurst, W. 44tb.*

● **Ladies' Money,** by George Abbott. A 1910 sex and homicide melodrama played in a cross-section of a New York brownstone front. It has the air of grandma galumphing about in running pants. *Barrymore, W. 47tb.*

● **Life Begins at 8:40.** I've posted a big reward of one dollar in Republican money for the detection and apprehension of the man who doesn't like it, but no one seems to be able to find him. An amusing revue, with Bert Lahr as the star joey. *Winter Garden, B'way and 50tb.*

● **Merrily We Roll Along,** by G. S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. A very fair Broadway show posturing as a contribution to dramatic art. The authors, talented fellows in other directions, aren't up to their serious dramatic ambitions. Kaufman's staging is, as usual, excellent. *Music Box, W. 45tb.*

● **Personal Appearance,** by Lawrence Riley. A dandy performance by Gladys George carries on its shoulders a minor wisecracking farce about the moving pictures. *Henry Miller, W. 43rd.*

● **Sailor, Beware!,** by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Still making them laugh over the sexual adventures of a naval Casanova with a

Canal Zone vestal. But a second company is presently on deck. *Lyceum, W. 45tb.*

● **Say When.** A musical show of the Mae West school, with some highly jocose wheezes. The first act is much better than the second, which slides off abruptly. But on the whole an amusing show. Harry Richman, the Jewish Maurice Chevalier, is the star and is ably assisted by a zany named Hope. *Imperial, W. 45tb.*

● **Small Miracle,** by Norman Krasna. Hollywood pattern No. 20 of *Grand Hotel*. This one is laid in the lounge of a theatre. Much the same old wham happens in it. *48th St. Theatre.*

● **The Children's Hour,** by Lillian Hellman. See it! A worthy contribution to American drama. A more detailed review on page 26. *Elliot, W. 59tb.*

● **The Distaff Side,** by John Van Druten. A sentimental comedy far beneath Van Druten's talents, with Sybil Thorndike giving a very good performance in the chief rôle. It really gets the red so far as your critical professor's taste and judgment go, but he allows it the yellow in deference to your possibly different predilection in such matters. *Booth, W. 45tb.*

● **The Farmer Takes a Wife,** by Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly. The descriptive adjective is "pleasant," which is usually a synonym for "It's all right, but—" Therefore: a pleasant little history of the early days of the Erie Canal, but—. *46th St. Theatre.*

● **The Great Waltz.** A \$300,000 production with a \$200 book by Moss Hart, but with some Strauss music partly to make up for the other \$299,800. *Center Theatre, 49th and Sixth Avenue.*

● **Tobacco Road,** by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. After a year's run, there's little more to be said about it, except to warn you that if polite drawing-room stuff is your dish, this appraisal of Georgia crackerdom will cause you to howl. The howl, however, will do you good. *Forrest, W. 49tb.*

● **Within the Gates,** by Sean O'Casey. The outstanding dramatic event of the year. A play that brings back faith in the theatre. *National, W. 41st.*

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MOVIES

By Don Herold

[*Indicates Not Suitable for Children]

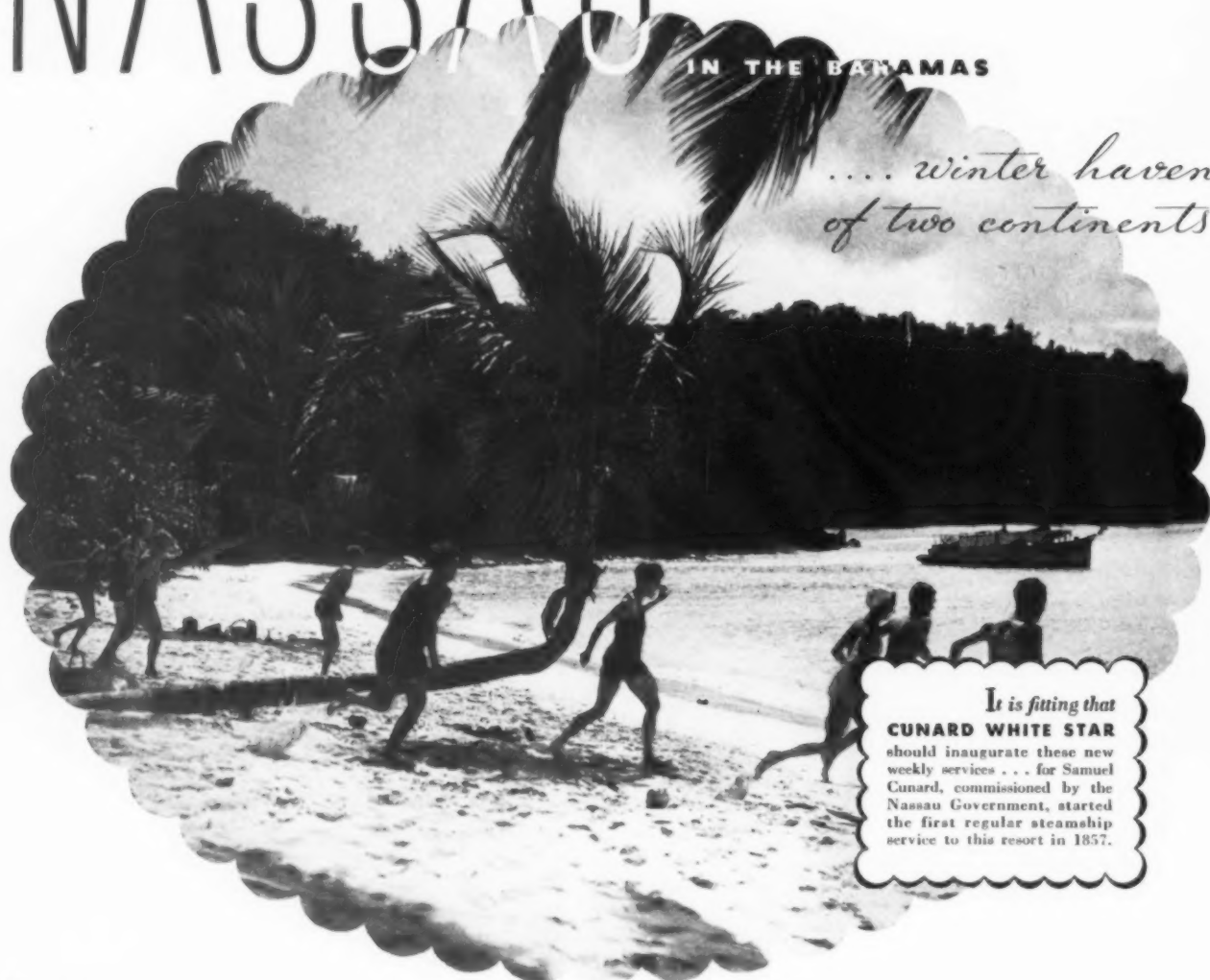
● **Evelyn Prentice.*** We might give this a fleck of our green confetti if William Powell and Myrna Loy hadn't been so much more joyous in *The Thin Man*, and that's what they get for setting high standards. This is just naturally a heavier type of picture, worse luck. A fair enough movie of the busy-daddy variety.

● **Kansas City Princess.*** Concerning two manicurists who, strangely, are interested in money. A wild picture, but pretty enjoyable if it catches you
(Continued on page 44)

NASSAU

IN THE BAHAMAS

*.... winter haven
of two continents*



It is fitting that
CUNARD WHITE STAR
should inaugurate these new
weekly services . . . for Samuel
Cunard, commissioned by the
Nassau Government, started
the first regular steamship
service to this resort in 1857.

When you catch your first glimpse of Nassau you will want to frame it as a water color. And as each day unfolds you will discover that the famous winter playland has a spirit as colorful as the oleander flowers blooming ceaselessly in its tropic gardens. You feel it when you step into your well appointed, typically English hotel . . . as you laze on Paradise or Emerald Beach . . . really enjoy tennis and golf . . . ride along bridle paths where orchids can be picked like daisies . . . or go fishing for fighting Amber Jack. Visitors from all over the world will join you at night club dances . . . or stroll with you to native villages to hear the "goonbay's" barbaric rhythm.

The designation of such a fine ship as the Carinthia to the new Nassau service is an especially happy one . . . for her graciousness offers a perfect counterpart to Nassau's charm.

*Follow the trend
to Nassau this winter*

CARINTHIA

**FAMOUS CUNARD WHITE STAR WORLD CRUISER
SAILS EVERY SATURDAY THRU THE SEASON**

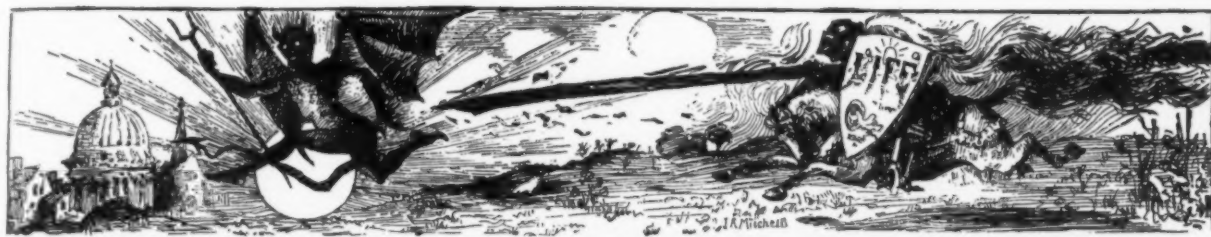
ANY week you decide to go, from January 26 until April 13, there's a glorious holiday waiting . . . en route to and in Nassau! The new Cunard White Star schedule of sailings is especially convenient. For vacationists whose time is limited special 6-day cruises have been arranged . . . permitting a daylight day and evening ashore in Nassau. The Carinthia is your hotel, rates are only \$70 up.

You may want to stay longer . . . in which case the weekly service fits admirably into

your vacation plans. The Carinthia will leave New York every Saturday at 6 P. M., arriving Tuesday A. M. Rates, one way, are as low as \$65; round-trip fares, with stop-over privileges, returning by a later sailing of the Carinthia, are as low as \$85.

No passports are required and the port tax is only 50c. For further information and literature see Your Local Agent or Cunard White Star Ltd., 25 Broadway, or Nassau Development Board, 330 W. 42nd Street, New York.

CUNARD WHITE STAR LIMITED



January, 1935

Fifty-Third Year

+ + SOME OF THE PEOPLE + +

OUR COUNTRY

Plethora Item

GOVERNOR Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky has used up half a mile of blue ribbon conferring colonelcy commissions.

Chrysanthemums

ASPECTATOR at the annual chrysanthemum show of the Department of Agriculture in Washington reports that all of the special blooms labeled "Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt" were over six feet in height. Next door to one of the tallest was one titled "Washington Monument". "Mrs. Roosevelt" topped it by several inches.

Caviar and Onions

SEVERAL highly significant matters of state have been cleared up for us recently by a friend who is a frequenter of the White

House. It seems that the President always eats with gusto until the dessert is served. He ignores that. Diet, probably. He likes cheese with his coffee, and loves caviar and onions. Various kinds of game, particularly ducks and quail, are favorites, and many gifts of birds and venison come to him. The Secret Service boys, though, won't let him eat anything they're not sure of.

The President smokes Camels and lights them from little varicolored flower pots, each a cactus of matches. Of late, though, the debris after Cabinet meetings has included various paper match books with a picture of President Roosevelt on one side and "United Behind The President" on the other.

Mrs. Roosevelt smokes Camels, too, but only a couple a day and really doesn't care much about smoking. It's probably more her husband's choice than anything that decides her selection of brands. Assorted boxes of Luckies, Old Golds, Chesterfields and Camels

are always passed around by a servant after lunch, making everything democratic and unprejudiced.

Explanation

THE Post-Graduate Medical Assembly of North America has warned that stock crashes cause the return of stomach ulcers.

Specialist

FEDERAL Emergency Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins says he expects to be known as "The Greatest Privy Builder In History". Through his CWA he constructed thousands throughout the rural districts last year.

Decade of Progress

SINCE 1918 the U. S. Department of Agriculture has spent \$1,520,531 in a stubborn effort to uncover a cheap and easy method of kill-



"I stand alone and unafraid."

ing the Japanese beetle grub. No money was spared; the best minds of the department's research staff were pointed at the enemy.

Most popular discovery for killing the grubs was the expensive and cumbersome injection of live steam into the ground. Next favorite, carbon-disulphide, also expensive.

Last month the researchers gulped and blushed. One of them discovered that ground-up mothballs, mixed with the soil, was the most effective treatment.

+ +

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Anti-Speed Item

AMERICANS are still buying a thousand dollars' worth of buggy whips every day.

Rackette

TO prove that there are blemishes upon the face of every industry:

A lady from Connecticut recently took her sick dog to a pet hospital and was advised to have him X-rayed at once. The X-ray plate revealed a safety pin, big as life, apparently lodged in the center of the dog's stomach. The pet hospital advised an immediate and expensive operation. The lady, suspicious, took her Wudgi Gudgi to another veterinarian whom she knew. This man examined the print and discovered that it had been faked—the safety pin had been posed in mid-air two inches outside the dog's fifth rib. He gave the dog a shot of bicarbonate of soda. Next day the grateful mutt was out chasing Fords again.

The next story deals with a lady in New Jersey who knew very well that only male canaries sing. She paid a fancy price for one of these feathered Tibbetts and brought him home. Two days after she got him, he sat down in the bottom of his cage and laid an egg.

Sheetz Sweets

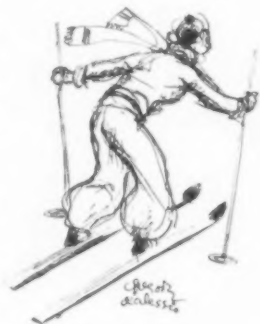
FORTY years ago Elie Sheetz, business failure and fifty, pawned his watch to buy 100 pounds

of sugar to mix his own brand of molasses taffy on his wife's kitchen stove. He died two years ago, easily a millionaire, leaving behind Martha Washington Candies, Inc., biggest of the sweets chains, with its 250 retail stores, 15,000 agencies.

The Sheetz home is still preserved at 507 12th Street N.W., in Washington, D. C. It has 45 mirrors in it. Next door is the original Martha Washington shop with 20 more mirrors in it, including three of those billowing affairs which make you look twice as lean or three times as wide. He picked them up when Washington's first freak museum folded years ago.

Mr. Sheetz was passionately fond of music. On one of his many trips abroad he picked up a gargantuan German music box with carved wooden figures which silently played carved wooden instruments as the box played. Mr. Sheetz kept the music box in the front of his store on a platform. Daily he invited his friends to play with him in accompaniment to the music box, himself playing the flute while they performed on drums, violins, anything. Business went on in the store as usual during these performances, though at times it became difficult to hear a customer's order.

Mrs. Sheetz was fond of music, too. When she died 11 years before her mate, Mr. Sheetz, early each morning, rain or shine, went to the cemetery where she was buried and played her favorite church music on his flute. Likewise, he never closed the store at night without holding a musical service in front of her picture, which still hangs in a prominent position in the front of the shop. He kept up these morning and evening performances until he joined her.



The store is still the museum Mr. Sheetz made it, with his flair for picking up antiques and curious objects. The upper parts of the walls are lined with pictures of the presidents, all of whom Elie Sheetz knew personally from McKinley on down. In the front, now used as display space, are the two tables used by the original Swiss Bell Ringers in their tour of the country. One wall holds the marble faced clock under which John Quincy Adams

dropped dead. In the rear is President Grant's desk. A chair of Lincoln's is there, also a door and knocker from the house of Francis Scott Key. There is a safe filled with rare old violins, including one of Ole Bull's and another presented by Senator "Fiddling Bob" Taylor of Tennessee, who spent long hours in the shop playing to the accompaniment of Mr. Sheetz' flute.

Mr. Sheetz had one child, a son, Jet. One of Martha Washington's most famous candies, a butter cream, is named after him.

President Harding bought all his candy from the shop, spending a lot of time fooling around, chewing the rag with Mr. Sheetz, listening to his music. The shop still supplies the White House with all its candy for teas and parties. They make a special small-size bonbon known as the White House Bonbon.

Everyone in Washington knows the old shop with its red brick front, neat white window. Two blocks away is another museum. It is a theater where a man was shot just at the close of the Civil War.

Item

THERE are five companies in the United States manufacturing leather neckties. Firemen and policemen buy them.

Item

CHAMPAGNE consumption in Germany last year was almost double that of the year before.

+ +

TRAVEL

Rails

FRRIENDS smiled tolerantly when we reported what an old-time steam engineer had told us. That this head-on stream-lining of trains was all nonsense. Said he, on a long passenger or freight train, it's the side pressure of cross winds which cuts your speed and power down; sometimes 25 to 40 per cent. Therefore, last month it was with one of those smug little straightenings of the vest that we read the findings of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railroad committee.

The M-K-T runs almost due north and south. The western rails on each track were found to be considerably



"Aloha!"

more worn than the eastern. Prevailing eastern winds are responsible, was the committee's terse report.

Depression Item

THE largest number of yachts in the history of American yachting is now registered with the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection. The number increased more than one per cent between June, 1933, and June, 1934. Now totals 3,776 yachts. Chief increase was in motor yachts, 99 more than last year, or 4,236 tons additional. But there were also eight new steam and eight new sailing yachts registered. It is statistical evidence of this sort which must liquefy the spine of the Grand Old Party.

+ +

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Phrenetic

WHEN *Variety*, that frenzied weekly of the theatrical world, prints an intelligible headline it's news. Spasmodically, however, its desk editors outdo even themselves, viz.:

Cincy Nerfs For
"Gay Divorcee"
Wham, 18 G's

Translated it means that Cincinnati liked the movie "Gay Divorcee" so well that the picture grossed \$18,000 the first week it was shown.

Want Ad

FROM a single issue of a Minneapolis newspaper these sanguine advertisements were reverently clipped. The flag be yours, Mr. Rush, to hold on high.

FORMER college student desires position in office, excellent references will be furnished. Good filer & some accounting experience. Call HY 5004. Ask for G. Rush.

EXPERIENCED, ambitious young man desires position as a filer. Can give excellent references. Call HYland 5004. Ask for Gilbert.

YOUNG, ambitious clothing salesman wishes position. I can furnish excellent references. Just call HY 5004. Ask for Gilbert Rush.

EXPERIENCED filer and wrapper desires position. Can furnish wonderful references. Please call HYland 5004. Ask for Gilbert.

YOUNG gentleman wishes position as singer in high class nite club or hotel. Former winner of city and state declamation contests. Call Hyland 5004. Ask for Gilbert.

Guns and Motherhood

THERE has been much talk, particularly from Senator Thomas D. Schall, concerning the freedom of the Press. Somehow it all whisks over our head, confetti on a windy day. So long as we can continue to discover two such consecutive items as these in the same issue of a newspaper (*World-Telegram*, Nov. 12), what matter freedom?

LONDON—Workers in the Vickers Works at Crayford observed two minutes of silence yesterday in commemoration of Armistice Day. Then they returned to their benches and resumed turning out machine guns, rifles and poisonous gas projectors.

MARTINS FERRY, OHIO—Nurses in the city hospital here today asked Clark Gable to furnish a room in the maternity ward in a new division now under construction. The chairman of the nurses' committee said Gable's name would "add romance to the life of student nurses."

+ +

ENTERTAINMENT

Radio Ratio

IF you'd like to sponsor a radio program you can have the NBC national hookup for \$360.80 a minute, quoted at the quarter-hour rate. The Columbia chain is available on the same basis at \$410.80 a minute. If you take a full hour your rate comes down to \$15,775, or only \$262.91 a minute.

You don't have to take the whole national hookup, either. The stations are divided into groups and there's a flat rate for each group. Columbia's Northwestern Group is a nice little buy at \$472 a quarter hour. That gives you Lincoln, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Waterloo and Yankton. Or you can have NBC's basic network, 22 cities from New York to Omaha, for \$2,100 a quarter hour. Depends upon what you want to spend.

Day rates are dirt cheap. An hour from 9 to 10 p.m. costs \$15,775 at Columbia, but you can get 9 to 10 a.m. for only \$7,906. Any hour from midnight to 8 a.m. can be had at NBC for one-third the evening rates.

Sponsors are di-



vided into two camps. One claims you have to spot your program in the evening—preferably right between two sock programs. The other says the time doesn't make any difference—if you have a good enough program they'll listen to it whenever you put it on. We say they won't. We say we wouldn't get up and tune in at 5 a.m. for any program. Not even to hear Herbert Hoover play the zither.

+ +

GREAT MINDS

"I LOST all my personal fortune of almost \$1,000,000 in Insull stock on a 'tip' from Samuel Insull himself, but he is a great business man and a friend."

—Fred H. Scheel.

+ +

"I think I can discern between good beer and bad beer."

—F. H. LaGuardia.

+ +

"Soldiers are the biggest chumps in the world."

—Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler.

+ +

"I am sure the rulers of the world have better than ordinary vision."

—William Randolph Hearst.

+ +

"Some truths might be worth observing."

—Herbert Hoover.

+ +

"I would use planes to make love to Japan."

—Eddie Rickenbacker.

+ +

"Both men and women are necessary, but the man should dominate."

—Jean Harlow.

+ +

"Of course the aspiring actor or actress must have intelligence."

—Cecil B. De Mille.

+ +

"There would be no continuation of gangdom if local laws were completely enforced."

—Patrick J. Hurley.

CINEMA FRANÇAIS

By Frances Warfield

THE three pretty young things left the movie theatre placarded "All-French Talking Picture," and sought pastry and tea nearby.

"Wasn't it *grand* to hear real French that way? I could follow it so easily, too, couldn't you?"

"Of course I could."

"I'm going to every French movie that comes along after this. It's much better for you than taking lessons or reading, because all the actors have such good accents."

"Mmmm. I think I'll have a sandwich. Let's see; a nut bread, cream cheese and jelly sandwich. It was awfully simple French, though. Honestly, I think they must simplify the conversation on purpose in the films they send to this country."

"Oh, I don't know. I noticed quite a lot of idioms. How about you, Hester? Did you get all of it?"

"Most of it, I guess. I couldn't make out what that moron was doing around all the time, though—after they got married and all. Was he supposed to be her lover?"

"Why, silly—*he* was her husband!"

"The moron? Oh, he was not, Pat. He was her brother. Don't you remember, toward the first, when he came to call on the lover and told him he was from the country and had ambitions to go on the stage and began singing in that ghastly voice?"

"You're crazy, Anne. He was her husband and she hadn't seen him for a long time and had been cutting up with the other man—the one who owned the florist shop, you know."

"But I thought she married the florist shop man."

"Oh, *no*, Hester. You missed the point entirely. The florist shop man was her lover."

"But, Anne. That man way back in the beginning was her lover. He heard her making a date with someone else over the phone and then, don't you know, he broke up all those vases."

"Was *that* why he was breaking the vases?"

"Of course. I thought he was the husband myself, at first, but he was only in the first part of the picture, so he couldn't have been."

"Well, anyhow, he was only a minor

character. The point is that the moron was her brother, who came to Paris to go on the stage, so she took him to live with her and her lover because the lover was rich and could support them both. He had a big, prosperous florist shop, you know."

"Yes, but he seemed so sort of hen-pecked all the time. And the moron never did anything, just hung around. I didn't think he was her brother. I thought she was in his power, or something."

"Oh, I don't believe you two understood the picture at all. I think the moron was her husband, and he arrived in Paris unexpectedly and there was nothing for it but to introduce her lover as her friend."

"She *couldn't* do that. He would have suspected her."

"But, don't you see, that's why they made him out such a *moron*!"

"Well, if he was her husband, why did she send him out to the bar, that time in the night-club, to make a date for her with that other man she'd been flirting with? The one she ran off with in the end."

"She was getting bored with the florist and wanted a new man, silly."

"But, my dear—she wouldn't send her husband to make a date for her with a new man. You can't do *that*."

"Of course you can't, Pat."

"Oh, my word! Don't you know this was a *French* movie? Honestly, don't you two know a single *thing* about the French?"

+ +

IN Italy, apparently, military service begins as soon as you are able to walk and ends as soon as you aren't.



"Nonsense! I don't mind eating backwards."

THE GREATER DEPRESSION

By Parke Cummings

COMPARED to the Depression of 1951-57, the Great Depression of 1929-33 was just a drop in the bucket. In the matter of the depressions, though, there was this difference: Whereas practically everybody had a different theory as to the cause or causes of the first depression, there was no doubt whatsoever as to what brought on the major one.

The writers ran out of ideas. All the writers of every sort and description ran out of ideas. So far as the records show, the first one to suffer from this malady was a man named Benny West. He wrote popular songs. Suddenly, one day, West found that he didn't have an idea in his head, not even a vestige. Hitherto this had never deterred a songwriter. It deterred him, however. Somehow or other he sensed that this was different. When, a day or so later, he told a rival songwriter of his plight, West's suspicions were confirmed. His rival had also run out of ideas. Within two months there was

not a popular song in the country.

In the meantime the blight had descended on other classes of writers. Mystery stories had been enjoying a greater vogue than ever. Stories recently had been written called *Murder in the Shower Bath*, *Murder in the Squash Court*, *The Murders in the Hollow Tree Trunk*, *Murder in the 5:18 Bus from East Orange to Montclair*, *Murder in the Stratosphere Balloon*. Suddenly the entire output of murder mysteries ceased. The writers simultaneously had run out of new locales in which to dispense with their victims.

By now, as one can easily apprehend, this dearth of ideas began to have far-reaching consequences. The shortage of songs put the theatre and movies out of business. It affected musicians by the thousands, including seventy-nine arrangers, each of whom was accustomed to make a different special arrangement for any given song. What it did to the big broadcasting companies can well be left to your imagination.

Radio practically collapsed overnight, and with it, perforce, radio advertising.

THE demise of mystery stories, besides being a contributory factor to radio's demise, wrecked the magazines. By this time, writers of all other types of magazine stories and articles had also succumbed to the blight. So had illustrators and cartoonists who could still draw but couldn't get or purchase ideas. This meant that the magazines were forced to print nothing but advertising matter. Although several of them had for some years come within a small fraction of this, they could not bring themselves to go the whole hog.

In justice to the writers who penned advertising copy, it should be said they were the last to run dry. For a few weeks they still succeeded in finding new poisons in rival cigarettes. Of course it must be pointed out that for a while their ranks were considerably swelled by de-ideated writers in other branches who swarmed into copywriting. But finally they too collapsed, veterans and tyros together.

This alone, of course, was enough to kill the newspapers, but to make the



"Oh, there you are, Mother! We've been chasing all over hell after you!"

roul complete, those standbys of the press, the editorial writer and the columnist, collapsed too. By 1951 everything possible had been said about lynching, heredity, Japan, prize-fighting, Aquacracy (a prevalent political creed which held that water should be the sole monetary unit), short skirts, and the younger generation. Things had come to such a pass that even the people who wrote letters to editors and free contributions for columnists had also run out of ideas.

And, naturally, hard upon the collapse of shouted matter and printed matter followed the collapse of business. Period radio cabinet factories closed. So did automatic station control factories. So did paper mills. Printing presses were stilled. The resulting unemployment and lack of wages affected the automobile industry, the banks, agriculture, the clothing industry. It would be monotonous in the extreme to recount the thousands of ways in which these various slumps interacted. It would be superfluous too, because the demise of advertising alone would have done the trick. People had long since learned that you can't sell a thing unless you advertise it.

AS year followed year the country's plight became more and more pitiful. Without their morning paper and their evening Amos 'n' Andy people took to sulking, then moaning, then committing suicide. They starved by the millions. Even those who had money forgot to buy food because nobody told them to. Those things called natural instincts, steadily on the decline since the dawn of the Twentieth Century, had died out entirely somewhere in the early Forties. Even a few of the more highly developed dogs had refused to eat food that wasn't nationally advertised.

Then, when the end appeared to be in sight, a bright man from a



"Who knows? This may open up vast possibilities."

foreign country sailed over here and took command of the situation. Marshaling a handful of henchmen, he managed to get half a dozen strategically-located radio stations in working order. Over these he broadcast a national recovery program. A week later the first bit of written matter in five years appeared. It was a pamphlet, written in pencil by a man in Stamford, Connecticut, attacking the national recovery program. That was the beginning.

Two months later Benny West, turning off Broadway into Forty-Seventh Street, encountered Morrie Strauss. "Jeez, Morrie," said Benny, "I've got an idea for a song that will lay 'em in the aisles." In June of that year *Way of All Flesh*, *That's How I Feel*

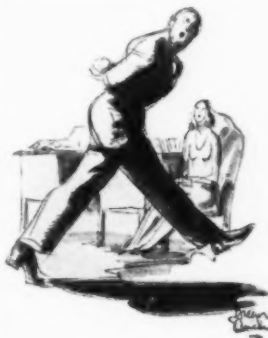
About You (inspired by Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, soon to be adapted to the movies) appeared and sold one million seven hundred thousand copies. In August a book entitled *Murder in the Pinwheel Factory* appeared. Things were swell again.

Apartment Mules

BELOW, the buses screech and rattle, While taxis furiously battle To beat the lights. Yet none of these Is any pestilence of fleas Compared to that procession of Brisk mules residing just above.

They whip about like high-heeled mice, Their canter captious, yet precise, Now here, now there, in nervous leaps, Until my system gets the creeps, Wondering how the prey below Endures my mules when on the go.

—Margaret Fishback.



MY DEAR, HOWEVER DID YOU
THINK UP THIS DELICIOUS SALAD?

By Ogden Nash

THIS is a very sad ballad,
Because it's about the way too many people make a salad.
Generally they start with bananas,
And they might just as well use gila monsters or iguanas.
Pineapples are another popular ingredient,
Although there is one school that holds preserved pears or peaches
more expedient,
And you occasionally meet your fate
In the form of a prune or a date.
Rarely you may chance to discover a soggy piece of tomato looking
very forlorn and Cinderella-ry,
But for the most part you are confronted by apples and celery,
And it's not a bit of use at this point to turn pale or break out in
a cold perspiration,
Because all this is only the foundation,
And the further we go into the subject the quicker you will grow
prematurely old along with me,
Because the worst is yet to be,
Because if you think the foundation sounds unenticing,
Just wait until we get to the dressing, or rather, the icing.
There are various methods of covering up the body, and to some, marsh-
mallows are the pall supreme,
And others prefer whipped cream,
And then they deck the grave with ground up peanuts and maraschinos
And you get the effect of a funeral like Valentino's,
And about the only thing that in this kind of salad is never seen
Is any kind of green.
And oil and vinegar and salt and pepper are at a minimum,
But there is a maximum of sugar and syrup and ginger and nutmeg and
cinnamum,
And my thoughts about this kind of salad are just as unutterable
As parsnips are unutterable.
And indeed I am surprised that the perpetrators haven't got around to
putting buttered parsnips in these salmagundis,
And the salad course nowadays seems to be a month of sundaes.



WAREHOUSE VICTIM TALKS

By Don Herold

THERE is a species of kidnapping going on in this country about which not nearly enough fuss is being made.

I have just paid several hundred dollars ransom money to a warehouse company who seized my household furniture a couple of years ago and kept it in a dark room, and I deem it my duty to speak up. It is time some victim talked. It is time somebody had some courage pertaining to these furniture vandals.

I know the risk I am taking. These fellows are organized and they'll probably get me. I know that any morning now I am apt to wake up and find the legs busted off of our dining room table, as a lesson to me.

I'm not sure how that warehouse company in Los Angeles got our furniture in the first place. That was our mistake. We wanted to move back to New York, and I don't know why we didn't just come, with a toothbrush and a panty-waist apiece, and abandon our stuff in the rented house we had out there. But our intentions got out, and a warehouse seized our furniture and started to demand monthly plush money. Like fools, we paid and paid.

We've always been a family two years ahead of its furniture. We leave a place, store our furniture, rent a furnished place for two years, then get a sentimental yearning for our "own things", send for them, and then repeat this process all over again in a few months.

To get down to exact figures, I've just paid \$750 to warehouses and railroads to get our goods from California, and all that came that I really, honestly wanted was a set of Abe Martin Almanacs which I could have had sent by parcel post for 60 cents.

And now, although the movies paid absolutely no attention to me while I was in Los Angeles, I am almost dead sure to get such an attractive offer from some picture company that it will be necessary for us to go right back out

there, and *that* will give the warehouse people another crack at me. And then in two years, we will have to pay more ransom. Over and over.

Why did we ever buy furniture in the first place? Why didn't I just rent an empty room at some warehouse in perpetuity and put a bronze plate on the door and go ahead and pay dough to the warehouse company forever without risking any furniture?

IT'S when you go to get your stuff out, that the pain comes. In the first place, you don't get it back until you lay a certified check on the line. And then you take it as is, or what's left of it, *and like it*. And if you have any squawks, your attention is called to a clause in the contract that you signed, which places all blame and responsibility on you. You examine your papers carefully at this point for the first time and find that you signed a document which really meant that *if your furniture scratched the warehouse*, you should be liable up to any sum the warehouse company cared to name. On the other hand, if the warehouse or railroad company injured your goods, they should not be liable to exceed more than one-half cent per hundred pounds. A broken \$50 25-pound mir-

ror, then, would get you about a quarter of a cent.

And if your piano comes through all smashed to bits, the warehouse people call your attention to the line on the warehouse receipt which reads "1 piano, scratched," which absolves them from all blame.

I think I'll turn down that big Hollywood offer and be a furniture ruiner. I'm going to get a job with a warehouse, and break legs off of other people's Martha Washington sewing tables.

+

IF DEATH OCCURS

(Dedicated to a long trail of insurance men who have been brooding for years on the unalterable fact that I am going to die.)

Each morn I find a plan submitted
By which the grave will be outwitted,
"If death occurs."

Ten thousand is the face amount,
And years of stillness will not count,
"If death occurs."

My heirs will always hold me dear
Even when I'm no longer here,
"If death occurs."

Ye men of death, who sell me short,
Full armed against my weak retort,
If ever, in a lonely spot,
I meet you, gentlemen, blame me not
If death occurs!

—E. B. W.



"I say, old man, can't we give you a lift?"

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

By S. J. Perelman

V—The End of the Trail

THE most beautiful scenario writer in the world!

My heart gave a great leap as Maurice Spaniel, potent head of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, held out the ornate silver cup to me. Instantly the hush which had attended Mr. Spaniel's speech of presentation gave way to echoing shouts and applause, mingled with the hisses of disappointed candidates. Cheek by jowl with the surgeons who threw themselves at my feet begging me to bequeath my brain to Johns Hopkins, envious writers already conspired to dethrone me. In a corner W. Somerset Maugham was distributing handbills claiming that I had swayed the judges with gifts of Hershey bars and marzipan. In another corner Thomas Mann and Clarence Budington Kelland feverishly hatched plots to mar my face with vitriol. Ivan Bunin, in a third corner, his face distorted with envy, was hastily tearing up the Nobel Prize and writing a trilogy in which I was painted

as half-man and half-devil. Lincal descendants of Balzac, Dostoevsky, Zola and Kate Douglas Wiggin passionately exhorted the crowd to burn me in effigy. It needed the pen of a Hogarth to describe the scene, and sure enough, Rockwell Kent on the sidelines was rendering the occasion immortal for Simon & Schuster.

Fortunately I was too flushed with elation to heed those who would pull me from my pedestal. Blushing furiously and uttering little squeals of "No! No!" I was hoisted to the shoulders of my jubilant fellow-scenarists and carried through the throng. Slaving beauties of stage and screen caught at me as I passed, attempting to snatch buttons, pieces of shoe-lace, my tie—anything as a souvenir. Outside on Sunset Boulevard a group of admirers numbering in their midst Joseph Schenck, Balaban & Katz, Samson Raphaelson, and Samson Agonistes had unhitched the horse from my barouche and seized the shafts. As I appeared they gave

vent to little cries of joy and quickly harnessing me, they piled in and we set off like the wind. Passersby, seeing the unusual spectacle, laughed good-humoredly and drew a little closer to each other for protection. "College boys," I could hear them saying tolerantly.

SEVERAL hours later, deliciously tired, I recounted the details of my triumph to Mamma, nor did I neglect to tell her how I had issued completely nude from a huge pie on the banquet table. Smiling quietly, she took my head between her hands. It had become separated from my shoulders during the excitement of the evening. A serious look came over her face as she deftly attached it to its former vantage point.

"Don't you think you owe your fans a duty, Bubbles?" she urged, combing out the bits of coal-tar which had become snarled in my copper curls. "Every boy wants to know how he too can become a beautiful scenario writer. Why can't you reveal the beauty secrets which turned you from a shambles into the acknowledged leader of the cinematic beau monde?"

"You're right, Monica," I said decisively, crushing out my cigarette in the hollow of my hand, "and I'm going to do it right *now*."

First, of course, there is the problem of your skin. The ordinary scenario-writer's skin is too large for his body; consequently, bits of dermis are always getting caught on desk corners, projecting nails, and fences of ball parks. I daresay we are all familiar with that unlovely sight, a scenario-writer's desk fluttering with bits of loose skin. Begob, it looks terrible—I wouldn't wish it on a dog. So what I do after I come back from a hard day at the studio is to take a good astringent cream and rub it into the desk until about eight o'clock. This opens whatever pores you and the desk have. Then I drink until I fall down in a stupor and hit my head on the radiator. This brings up the people who live under me—funny little folk in red hats and pointed shoes—and they help me off to bed. I have been doing this eleven years, knock wood, and nobody the wiser, not even me.

NOW what to do with your face when you awake in the morning? Here is a problem indeed,

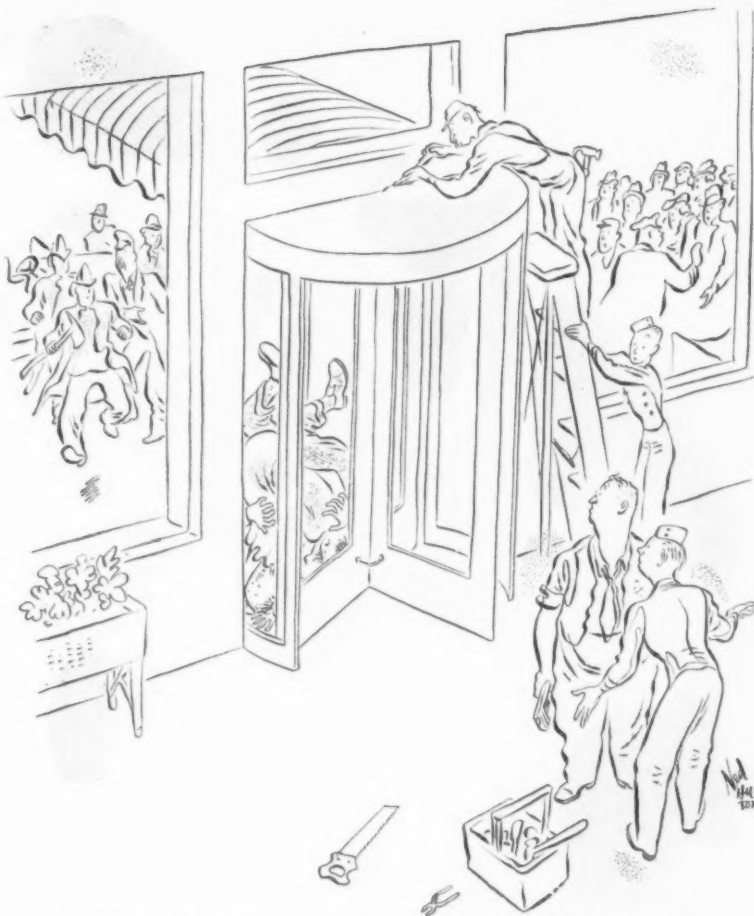


"Emery raises all his own cat-gut."

but I usually follow a very simple routine. First, the face must be combed thoroughly. A stiff wire brush will remove the strands of typewriter ribbon and spots of ink, but should be used sparingly about the ears. At this point I am ready for my milk bath. The huge black bath-tub containing thirty gallons of steaming Grade A is my most cherished possession. Lolling back in it my mind becomes a beehive of ideas. Several efficient secretaries, who work for nothing merely to be near me, take down acid comments, pithy saws, charming vignettes, and biting sarcasms; these byproducts are relayed to a corps of typists to be bound and shipped to a firm of Eastern publishers, who, in turn, bind and ship them back. Meanwhile I busy myself making toy boats of letters from feminine admirers and send them sailing away on a puff of fragrant Turkish. If a letter from some pathetic little seamstress or love-starved housewife should happen to intrigue me, I have Hawkins send her a photograph of myself.

AND so the day slides by and I am alone, save for the sea and the sky and the oft-remembered fragrance of your hair, you dear readers of LIFE you. At eventide the familiar lines of Percy B. Schabelitz come back to me in all their haunting poignancy "Perchance to drift and dream, to dream and drift, and drifting dream, and dreaming drift—who knows?" Suddenly I awake with a start and realize that I have lain in my milk bath since morning, musing like the ink-stained wretch I am. Remorsefully I adjust my tippet and rush off clippety-cloppety to my waiting tipper-tapper at the studio. But laggard scribe though I be, I must halt my impetuous dash to yon fusty cubicle to retail to your delighted ears one devastating suggestion made to your correspondent by a little old lady not a million miles away from the Algonquin Hotel.

She it was, who, on the occasion of suggesting titles for that ponderous tome "While Perelman Burns" now in its seventy-fifth thousand, looked up from her cribbage board and was heard to utter the cryptic caption of "Mosses from an Old Nance."



"He said it was an old custom to carry the bride over the threshold."

Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You

THE average American woman spends an eighth of her time in beautifying herself, her wealthy sister spends a sixth of her time so, and the actress a fourth of her time.

Ninety-five per cent of the farmers of Georgia still use kerosene lamps for home illumination.

The policemen of Detroit are permitted to chew tobacco on duty—but not gum.

The Massachusetts Department of Mental Diseases reports that children of small families show more tendency to steal, while children of large families show more tendency to lie.

Senators get free haircuts at the Capitol—but the Representatives have to pay.

The quaint custom of towel-flapping by boxers' seconds is dying out in England as it has in America.

If a New York policeman memorized the rules and regulations of his position at the rate of two a day, it would take him two years to master all of them.

The native drink that charmed Charles Dickens most on his American tour was the mint julep.

President Taft travelled 114,000 miles in four years of office.

There are 22,109 telephones in India.

—W. E. Farbstain.





YOU BET

By Wm. H. Martin

AS was my weekly college custom, I gathered together an armful of soiled clothes one Friday and headed for the Chinese laundry across the street. The bell above the door announced my entrance, and, as I tossed my bundle on the counter, an agonizing pain in my right side doubled me over on the floor in a faint.

The next thing I remembered was being lifted into an ambulance by a policeman and a man in a white coat. The crowd was gaping. "What's happened?" I asked, bewildered and afraid. "Keep quiet," a voice replied. I was rushed to the hospital and operated on for acute appendicitis. However, in due time I was released and, remembering my laundry, I essayed to get it. Too, I wanted to thank those Chinamen for calling a policeman.

"Hello!" I called, walking in the door of the tiny shop. A head popped from behind the curtain which shut out the view of the living quarters in the rear. "O—AA—O!" someone piped. Another head popped out, then another. "O—AA—O!" repeated one of the three. They stared, six eyes against my two. "Hello!" I said again. They just stared. Finally the man who usually gave out the packages stepped forward from behind the three. I smiled in recognition.

"I haven't the ticket," I half apologized, and prepared myself for his usual little game of no tickee, no launly. To my amazement he went to the rear of the shop and, without hesitation, returned with a package which he placed before me.

"Thank you very much!" I said. "And thanks to whoever called the policeman the other night." He turned away without answering. "How much?" I called after him. He turned. "You come back, no pay," he said simply. "No pay," echoed the others.

It seemed to be unani-

mous, and I felt flattered. Certainly they couldn't have done more for Confucius under the same circumstances. I laid two dollars on the counter. "Here," I said, indicating the money. "No pay," came the chorus. One of them moved closer. "You bet," he said, "you win shirts free." "I bet?" I questioned. The first speaker turned and faced me. "You bet," he explained slowly, "you come back, get shirts, no pay. You no come back, you no get shirts."

"See here," I said, trying to be calm, "let's get this thing straight. You bet me I die, no come back, you get shirts. I come back, I get shirts, no pay?" He nodded his head vigorously at my wonderful understanding. The three starers

nodded, too. I picked up my laundry, and the two dollars.

"HOW did you know," I asked a little defiantly, "that I would like that bet?" "You no come back," he replied calmly, "you no like. You come back, you like. You like?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, putting the package under my arm. Then I recalled their greeting. "But what does OO—AA—OO mean?" He looked at me as if I hadn't spoken. I repeated the phrase slowly. The one with the chop sticks turned to me. "OO—AA—OO," he said, eyes blinking slowly, "all same bad luck here."

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We know a lawyer who is so anxious to live up to the reputation of his profession that he wouldn't think of defending a man if he thought he was innocent.



"Is my mother in there?"



"What's yours, gents?"

NEEDLES AND PINS

By George Stanley

THOSE newspaper stories about people who swallow needles and pins and lose track of them until they reappear, twenty or thirty years later out of remote portions of their anatomies, worry me. The latest dispatch concerns a woman in New Orleans who got stuck with a needle thirty-three years ago and just discovered that it had been in her left side all the time. The doctor who removed the roving little instrument said it was travelling toward her heart at the rate of an inch every twenty-four hours. That's the kind of thing I mean.

A good many years ago I was a fool for amateur magic and one of my favorite tricks (which I saw performed on the stage) was to put a needle in one side of my mouth and a piece of thread in the other and try to thread the needle with my mouth closed. I practiced this stunt for several years without any success until, in the Spring of 1917, I swallowed the needle. I felt no bad after effects until the Fall of

1926, when I began to be bothered by a sharp pain in my left shoulder. A doctor took an X-ray which disclosed the needle I had swallowed nine years before.

"Is there any chance," I asked him, "of that needle working its way into my heart?"

The doctor laughed reassuringly. "No," he said, "but it might work around toward the back of your neck and stab you in the base of the brain. That, of course, would kill you deader than a haddock."

At the present time the needle (which I call Pip because it has only one "i") is taking short trips around the left shoulder but I never can tell when it's going to get tired of shuttling back and forth between my clavicle and collar bone and strike out for new territory. Every now and then it pokes its point out and picks at my shirt but a gentle tap with a tack hammer usually causes it to scurry back again, out of sight, for six or eight weeks.

There are other metallic items, somewhat less dangerous, that worry me, too. Paper clips, for instance. As I recall it, I swallowed four of them in a chain about ten years ago and where they are now I can only guess. I found one in a vest pocket the other day but it seems unlikely that it would have detached itself from the other three. However, if I take a small magnet and wave it slowly over my right leg I can feel a dull pain that may or may not be due to paper clips struggling against magnetism. If it isn't from paper clips it may be caused by half a dozen tacks I once ate thinking they were those comical rubber ones we used to put in our mouths to scare our parents.

STRANGELY enough, I find that my wife is often troubled by the same peculiar fear. One night shortly after our marriage she said, "Tiddles, I have a confession to make."

"Okay, Snuggles," I said fondly. "Shoot."

"Well," she began, "when I was a little girl I used to—"

"Go on," I said tenderly.

"I used to—" she continued.

"Don't be afraid to tell me," I encouraged her.

"If you'll pipe down for a second I will tell you," she said. . . . "When I was a little girl I used to swallow pins."

"Clothes pins?" I asked gently.

"No," she answered. "Straight pins."

"Well," I said soothingly, "what of it? I've done practically the same thing myself. It's nothing to cry about."

"It is too," she sobbed. "One of them is commuting right now between my right knee and my hip and it hurts."

"Well, well," I said consolingly, "I never thought I'd be lucky enough to find a woman with the same unusual interest I have."

"I don't know how many I swallowed," Snuggles went on, "but I think I still have most of them."

So, you see? Those newspaper stories have me on pins and needles—and off them, too.

Resolution

ONE New Year's resolution firm This year I am renewing— The things that I have always done, I swear I'll keep on doing.

—W. E. Fabstein.

THE MENACE OF AMATEURISM

By Paul Gallico

IN general, college football played to smaller crowds this season than in any of the worst years of the depression. There is only one significant answer to this. Amateurism is rearing its ugly head. Certain old-fashioned colleges still persist in playing students on their football teams. Unless something is done to segregate these gallant but usually inept sportsmen who are prostituting the grand old game by playing for nothing and, because they like it, who struggle to maintain their scholastic standing and who practice their plays whenever time permits, the game will see dire days.

There are two immediate remedies—make them all amateurs, or all semi-professionals. A third possibility is to classify schools into two leagues; an amateur league that will stay within its boundaries, and a semi-professional league that will likewise play football where it belongs. But this would be only a make-shift. By far the most sensible notion seems to be to set a standard fee of sixty dollars per month for all capable football players who give their time and energy to building up prestige for the colleges, and vast sums for the athletic treasuries. There is only one serious drawback to this scheme. It would do away with another of the last of the great American hypocrisies.

When a student at a major university becomes the art editor, or the managing editor, or the business manager of a student publication such as the humor magazine or the daily paper, he shares definitely in the profits of this venture. He draws either a straight salary for his work, as in the University of California, or, at the end of the season, the profits are distributed and shared as at Columbia University. The young editors involved are not considered professionals, but a football player who takes money is a scandal, and most of the big universities employing able football talent cover it up by calling it a scholarship.

Most of the talk about professionalism at American colleges is ridiculous. About the most a boy can get for playing football at the high pressure schools is sixty dollars a month and room and board. It is pretty hard to make a professional out of a boy for fifteen dol-

lars a week. However, it is contrary to democratic principles that some should get it and others shouldn't. If ALL of the boys who made the "A" squad automatically fell heir to a standard fee for their services, amateurism would no longer endanger one of the great commercial industries of the country.

AS a result of the persistence of this evil amateur spirit, coupled with the greed of universities, or the necessities of paying for bonds or mortgages on stadiums, or gymnasiums, amateur teams are scheduled to play the semi-pro teams—semi-pro in the sense of meagre scholarships for the ball players. The GOOD football players who are mostly youngsters in reduced circumstances who could not pay their way through college, go where they can sustain themselves by their football. The semi-pro teams play the amateur teams and murder them. The

customers wouldn't go to see a professional middleweight with two hundred fights under his belt fight an amateur lightweight of a year's experience. It is poor sport and no spectacle. A game between an amateur football team and a high pressure football squad is the same thing. As long as football is good, clean, hard, or entertaining, nobody cares if the star halfback is getting twenty dollars a week and a soft job. But it is pretty tiresome to see a gang of kids annihilated by an older, heavier, more skilled and more practiced team.

Curiously, one of the best features of American college life has come out of semi-professionalized football. Because of the ambition of colleges, or opulent alumni for the kudos of a winning football team, thousands of boys who would otherwise be driving trucks, rustling packages, or waiting behind counters are given a chance to go to college and at least be exposed to books. It doesn't always take. Some of them like Joe Savoldi become wrestlers, and others coaches. But the chance is there. They can work their way through



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*"Nothing but
 sunshine and
 flowers, sun-
 shine and flow-
 ers! Let's go
 North!"*
 +

Life



Barber

four years of school by rendering legitimate service on the football squad, services for which the college is repaid a thousandfold. Halfbacks like Harold Grayson at Stanford, Nicksick at Pittsburgh, Howells at Alabama are literally worth hundreds of thousands of dollars as drawing cards. If, let us say, Grayson were to receive sixty dollars a month from his school, he would be grossly underpaid. And so would the rest. None of them could be called true professionals.

By means of scholarships, a youngster can go to the fine Universities of Pittsburgh, Temple, Rice, Louisiana State, Purdue, Southern California, St. Mary's, George Washington, and a hundred others that are willing to trade a four-year education, coupled with bare sustenance, for a blocking back, a punter, or a lanky kid with swivel hips and a change of pace.

But the prudishness and hypocrisy connected with this has drawn a sharp line between institutions. There are as many where a boy CAN'T earn his way by playing football, where the team is recruited from the student body, where the time for practice is limited, but where the mortgages on the stadia are just as heavy, calling for the scheduling of heavy money games, and where the hapless amateurs are sacrificed each Saturday to take their weekly beating from a semi-pro team, and the beatings are personal and physical. High pressure, big gate football calls for high scores, hard play, and, above all, victory. The two leagues don't belong together.

There was never more active proselyting and building up of financially successful football teams as there is today—under cover. Certain prominent southern colleges have football tryouts each fall for fifty or sixty kids. Those that make the grade are retained and their enrollment sustained at the bur-sar's office. Those who don't are told, "Sorry, but the scholarship budget is exhausted. We can't do anything for you."

OTHER large universities maintain prep-school farms where promising youngsters are placed for preliminary training. Others still have elaborate alumni scouting systems through the prep schools, and alumni budgets for the maintenance of boys at college so that the school need not share the danger of being besmirched

by professionalism. Boys wander in squads of three and four looking for schools where they can earn their way. In one year, schools like Rice in Texas, Temple in Philadelphia, and Louisiana State in Mr. Long's Utopia, turn up with unbeaten football teams. How do they do it?

AND is there anything wrong about it? Certainly not, except that it is hypocritical. I never heard of a single college boy who got rich by playing football for his school, and a lot of them come out of it with permanent injuries and less than they went in with.

Pay them all, and pay them decently. Make it possible for every boy who has the stuff of which football players are made to win himself a berth and an education. Or, if we are afraid that this would lead to competitive bidding, cheating on the wage scale, and a football race, comparative to the armament struggle, at least keep the amateur out

of it and make him play in his own league. If he isn't bright enough on his own score to see that his school is using him shamelessly, the community owes him the protection.

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BEAUTY AT BREAKFAST

THE styles for morning wear, I find, Are evidently all designed To broaden and accentuate The size of ladies over-weight. The negligee with dangling sleeves Hangs like a sack, and why one leaves A bed to don a bathrobe I Cannot conceive; I also sigh To think how any Amazon Appears with bright pajamas on; No slimming lines are to be had For plumper ladies. I am glad That fashion is, by afternoons, Quite done with robes and pantaloons!

—Jane Sayre.



"Has the Madam ever been a Mrs. Nelson P. Quate?"



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE MM. Brewer and Bloch have put everything into *Dark Victory* but what is often referred to, in our wittier circles, as the kitchen stove, and even that is just off-stage in their third act. If there is anything else, whether in showshop drama or current literature, that they have omitted, I can't think of it at the moment. I list a number of the items, which will give you an idea of the whole. No. 1, the young woman who has only six months to live and decides to have a hot time of it while she lasts. No. 2, the Long Island riding, cocktail-swigging set. No. 3, a paraphrase of the Lady Chatterley-gamekeeper didoes. No. 4, a soupçon of Michael Arlen's *Iris March*. No. 5, the Noël Coward fashionable employment of the word *bitch*. No. 6, the gay, flip, worldly young woman who, immediately after she gets married to her heart's desire, settles sweetly down like a glass of five-cent ginger-ale and begins ordering bulbs to plant in the garden and keeping household accounts. No. 7, the serious young doctor who can't understand how people can go in for cocktails and bridge. No. 8, the mad piano-pounding business from Coward's *The Vortex*. No. 9, the kindly and solicitous old housekeeper who looks out for her bachelor charge like a mother. No. 10, the nurse who silently bears an unrequited yen for the young doctor. No. 11, the scene from *The Outsider* in which the medico sympathetically examines the heroine's symptoms. No. 12, allusions to the beautiful green hills of Vermont from *Quincy Adams Sawyer*. No. 13, the melodramatic smashing of a window-pane. No. 14, the noble heroine who chokes back her grief and with brave resignation dispatches the hero to go forth in answer to the call of duty.

There is, I take it, little need to extend the catalogue; the above samples will sufficiently indicate the stale nature of the chowder. Nor do the authors display any greater departure from familiar

routine in the instance of character treatment. Take a single example: the young surgeon alluded to. Here we get simply the stock figure out of plays without number: the professional man whose importance, distinction and dignity are indicated in his haughty aversion to the pleasures and gaieties of other folk, and whose substantial masculinity and general superiority to the run of the people about him are emphasized by his steadfast disinclination ever under any circumstances to wear evening clothes. That three-quarters of the eminent physicians and surgeons one knows—especially those who, like the figure in the MM. Brewer's and Bloch's exhibit, are called to more or less fashionable practise—not only are hounds for bridge but like nothing better than to embellish themselves with boiled shirts, and are anything but anchorites when it comes to the girls, is a phenomenon that seems to have eluded the over-theatricalized appreciation of the authors. And the same, in other realistic directions, with other of their characters. Their play, in short, is so much greasepaint.

THERE come moments in every critic's life, I suppose, when he wonders about himself. And such a skeptical moment has come again to this particular professor, now that he has read the gaudy tributes to the acting art of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who has the leading rôle in the play under discussion. What is more, the aforesaid skepticism as to his own critical sense and ability is doubly increased now that he has also read the even gaudier tributes to the great histrionic genius of Miss Eva Le Gallienne, who opened in the next block just a few nights before in the leading rôle of Ros-

tand's *L'Aiglon*. If these two actresses are the remarkable artists that the great majority of my respected and sapient colleagues insist they are, it must be that the thirty-odd years I have spent praising acting in various quarters of the globe have sadly left me a rank critical amateur. Well, maybe I am—there are a whole lot of things in this world that I know little of and, of those I do know, I am not always too sure—but that these two particular ladies of the stage have mastered more than a merest surface scratching of their craft I should, in my doubt, like some real actress like Elisabeth Bergner or Margaret Anglin or Sybil Thorndike to persuade me. Even if I may know nothing of acting, *they* do; and it would be good for my future critical self-esteem and certainty if they would in this situation relieve my incredulity.

JAYHAWKER, the Civil War cartoon by the MM. Sinclair and Lloyd Lewis, is, as everyone including myself agrees, a bad play but it is one of those bad plays that peculiarly interests and entertains one in spite of its infirmity. There have been others recently like it in this respect, for example, Harry Wagstaff Gribble's *Revolt*, Albert Bein's *Little Ol' Boy*, and *Man Bites Dog* (I can't recall who wrote that one and, if you think I'm going to stop the flow of this eloquence long enough to dig into a mess of reference books looking it up, you're crazy). Sometimes a bad play whose theme or incidental materials are fresh and bouncy is considerably more entertaining than a good one fashioned from stuff more or less familiar. (Here I am always lifting a snooty nose at playwrights who peddle platitudes and am myself peddling this worse critical



one.) Such a play is the Messrs. Lewis'. Their apparent unacquaintance with the dramaturgical art, of course, not only grieves the critically judicious but will undoubtedly also grieve, and even more seriously, the box-office, for the public when it goes to the theatre to see a play oddly enough wants to see a play. But if one cares to remit one's prejudice in the dramatic direction—remitting it with a vengeance in what the authors fondly believe to be a third act—and if one centers the attention on dramatic vaudeville, a very fair amount of diversion may be had. With all their faults as playwrights, this Nobel Prize novelist and this author of two excellent volumes of Americana are full of lively, juicy and intelligent humors. And that is something a lot of thrice-competent playwrights might envy.

WHILE we are leaving off our critical cap and gown and going around, not without a degree of rational comfort, in our shirt-sleeves, let us also point to the merits of something we should otherwise sniff at—in this instance a musical exhibit called *Say When*. Mr. George Jean Nathan, that pundit, might very properly instruct you in a sober analysis of its shortcomings, of which in sooth—as he would undoubtedly say, the old Elizabethan—it has many, among them the man in the wrong bedroom, the joke about the brassière being a hammock for midgets, the inquiry as to whether the acrobats on the French picture-postcard are friends of the card's possessor, and the further inquiry as to where the vaudeville actor keeps his clean shirt. But Georgie Bright Eyes, the aforesaid august Mr. George Jean Nathan's spirit control, confesses nevertheless that he had a good time at it. (Charity begins, apparently, at music shows.) There are in the dingus enough fresher wheezes, enough droll bits of business, enough behind-wriggling on the part of the ladies of the ensemble, and enough general easy, unforced good nature to make up for the other blemishes and to let a man pass an evening without altogether losing self-respect for himself. Harry Richman—it just occurs to me that I forgot to say Fred Stone is the star of *Jayhawker* until Walter C. Kelly comes on in the second act—has a principal rôle in the proceedings, which he divides with his straw hat, the bluest shirt in existence, some resplendently



"If you don't mind, I'd rather go on the loose."

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glistening bear-grease, and Mr. Bob Hope, a funny fellow.

BACK in our sedate critical regimentals and world-impressive frown, we approach *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, by the MM. Elser and Connelly, and pronounce upon it the critically ambiguous verdict—already recorded in the Stop & Go list—of "pleasant". The harshest criticism could say no less about it, nor the most genial legitimately more. It is only fair to note, however, that the more genial has said a lot more. It has visited upon the play, which gives us a picture of Erie Canal folk back in the eighteenth-fifties, such a wealth of laudatory blooms that the stranger in town would be drawn to it under the impression that it was a dramatic nugget of rare richness. I allow myself the contrary opinion that, while it is surely an agreeable little evening with some strainless humor and with a set of refreshing enough charac-

ter types, it is at best dawdling drama, periodically lacking in a vigor that seems strangely to elude it. The overpraise that has been heaped upon it is nevertheless understandable to the psychoanalyst of local play-reviewing. It avoids the shoddy of Broadway, both in a thematic and a dialogic direction, and hence, though it achieves no especial distinction of its own in its particular field, is eulogized simply for being what the run of Broadway plays are not. But that, while perhaps fair enough play-reviewing, is hardly dramatic criticism.

BRITTLE HEAVEN, by the MM. York and Pohl, is a treatise on the hypothetical love of the poetess, Emily Dickinson, for the husband of the young woman who, as Helen Hunt Jackson, was to write "Ramona". It is an often self-consciously lit'ry composition, with the characters talking as precisely as school-marms and ivy orators and with the figures of the



"You'll have to stay out of the kitchen, George, if I'm to get anything done."

two literary ladies in question giving out less an impression of Emily Dickinson and Helen Hunt than of their secretaries.

AND so, with the printer howling for final copy and with space—in this case, alas—all too short, we have room for only brief comment on two exhibits that deserve—and will subsequently duly get—extended notice. One is Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*, which, up to within fifteen minutes of its final curtain, is as sound and worthy a play as the American stage has seen in some time and which, despite even those last fifteen minutes, is a very considerable credit to the American drama. Dealing with female abnormality and admirably acted by a company notable for the

presence of Katherine Emery and Florence McGee in particular, it brings to the theatre adult playwriting of a high order. It is tragedy uncorrupted by the cheap and showy box-office fireworks of Broadway, and it provides a renewed faith in a stage that lately has stood in bad need of it. As for the second exhibit, a musical show called *Anything Goes*, with tunes and lyrics by Cole Porter and with a troupe including Victor Moore and William Gaxton as its star comiques, suffice it for the moment to record that it is a most jolly and melodious entertainment, chock full of humorous electricity, and that it will pleasure the megrims right out of you.

(For other comments, see "Stop & Go" service, on page 5)

BANG!

MR. SAUNDERS shuddered apprehensively. That fellow up on the stage had a revolver. He was pointing it directly at his enemy, and talking wildly. There was practically no doubt at all that he intended to shoot. Not that the villain, with all the frightful things he had done for two and a half acts, didn't richly deserve being shot, but Mr. Saunders nevertheless fervidly hoped he wouldn't be.

He hated sudden noises. And, like most people, he hated them worse when he knew that they were about to occur at some entirely indefinite instant. It would be much better, so far as he were concerned, if the fellow were to whip a revolver out, and fire without warning. It was this suspense that got him. Mr. Saunders wished he hadn't splurged himself to seats in the third row of the orchestra. That shot would be deafening. Up in the balcony it mightn't be so bad. In the second balcony perhaps not bad at all.

Here it was going to be awful, and no two ways about it. If he could only know just when that damned revolver was going to go off. There was no use hoping for that; he couldn't. You never knew. The authors always fixed it so the gun went off at the most illogical instant. They seemed to take a fiendish delight in it. Authors, decided Mr. Saunders, must have been frightened in their youth. Perhaps they became authors to get even.

That fellow was talking louder now, and the villain was whimpering. It would come at any second. Perhaps he could devise some system to prevent him from starting when it happened. He might start counting. He might select a number for the shot—eight, say. No, suppose the fellow fired at some other number. The only thing to do was to steel his nerves and resolve firmly not to jump, no matter when it happened. He must show an iron will. It was perfectly possible to—"Bang!" went the revolver.

Mr. Saunders jumped. "Damn it!" he said under his breath. "Damn it!"

—P. C.

We may never see the lion lying down with the lamb but we have witnessed H. L. Mencken writing for Hearst and Macfadden.

FOX HUNTING ANAEMIA

By Marge

THE other day I read in the paper that a Massachusetts fox has terrorized the entire Groton Hunt. He lies across paths, frightening the wits out of members as they come galloping through the woods, and beats up the hounds when they bring him to earth.

This news saddened but didn't surprise me. With hunting what it is these days, I knew it was only a matter of time before some smart fox realized that all he had to do to get the upper hand was show a little spunk.

Frankly, our hounds are a pack of sissies grown soft from high living. Gone are the days when the care of hounds consisted of tossing a dead horse into the kennels once a week. The modern kennel is equipped with diet kitchens, ultra violet lamps, hot and cold showers and sanitary drinking fountains. Our plumber called this p.m. to fix a leaky faucet, and bragged about the piping system he'd just finished installing in a nearby "dog box." "A shower in every apartment," he told us proudly. "Them dogs get a bath every day; and they've never had a flea." Shades of John Peel! What can you expect of a hound without fleas?

As for the club members, it's small wonder they're stricken by the sight of a fox. Most of the poor souls have never seen one except in sporting prints. A well-trained member doesn't dare look around for foxes; he's too busy keeping his eyes glued to the tail of the Master's horse.

The hunting field is no spot for Rugged Individualists. People not in the know picture hunting as a sport where red-faced lads in pink coats rush madly around yelling "Tally ho!" and

"Yoicks!" and generally behaving like a bunch of Elks at a clam bake. Nothing, alas, could be farther from the truth. The average hunt meet these days has about as much gay abandon as a W. C. T. U. convention.

Loud conversation is met with a cry of "Silence!" from the Master. Cigarette smoking is squelched in many a club. And even the taking of a slight snifter now and then to keep the nerve up is frowned upon in the best circles.

And Lord help the man who tries riding his own line. If you see someone dashing off into forbidden territory, it's practically certain to be a farmer. Farmers are refreshingly independent. I was out hunting last Thursday and a great hue and cry arose because a gent on a big grey plow horse dashed out across a planted field. "Ware wheat!" shouted the Master, his face turning purple. "Hell! It's my own wheat, ain't it?" replied the gent on the grey, and kept right on going.

I REALIZE that in order to keep a hunt field under control, some supervision is absolutely necessary. The worst disaster in recent years in this part of the country took place

one Thanksgiving day when the Master fell at the first fence and had to be hauled off to the hospital. A hundred and fifty people in a complete fog ran wild over the countryside, and the carnage was something awful. No foxes were killed, but chickens died, cows were mangled, hounds were crushed. But, my word, what fun we all had!

THE fact remains, however, that hunting will never be really good so long as our fields resemble either a funeral procession or mobs storming the Bastille. If we are ever to put the fear of God back into foxes, we've simply got to weed out all mentally soggy club members. The way it is now, anybody with a horse in the barn and a Currier and Ives in the parlor thinks he's a hunting man. Eliminate the birds with weak heads and delayed reflexes, and we can speed up the tempo of things without laying waste to the land.

Fox hunting in America is dying of pernicious anaemia. The affair at Groton proves beyond doubt that red blood is needed and plenty of it. We must cease manicuring our hounds; let them feel the mud between their toes. And let every man with iron in his veins sally forth with a horse between his knees and a firm grip on his topper so that future generations may read on Grandpa's epitaph: "He faced a fox without flinching."



"Run for your lives, boys—the British are coming!"



No New Menace

WE said two years ago in these pages that Huey Long was a menace and were laughed at for our pains. At the time he seemed in decline. The Senate was investigating him, he had lost an election at home and soon after he was about to be hooted out of public life because of the wash-room incident. Today Huey Long is dictator of Louisiana and a candidate for the Presidency in 1936. This is time for another laugh but we should suggest that you omit it.

At a time of Fascist triumphs over the world, Huey Long is an ideal demagog. Hitler in Germany operated as a National Socialist, accepting the backing and control of the big industrialists and luring the masses with promises to curb big business. Hitler's program included such items as confiscation of unearned incomes, nationalization of trusts, profit-sharing in large concerns, the death penalty for usurers and profiteers. Huey Long speaks of sharing wealth, of soaking the rich, of a moratorium on debts for the benefit of the poor. You will look long and hard in Germany today without finding the socialistic features of the Nazi platform. We predict an equally futile search if Huey Long captures federal power.

WE are great people for a laugh, we Americans, and Huey Long is almost too perfect for us. When he leads his college band and kisses the girls on the street, we are amused at the ridiculousness of the man. When he sits in the speaker's chair in the Louisiana legislature and rules his minions like a feudal lord, we shake our heads in bewilderment and smile at the very preposterousness of it. The Louisianians must be simple people not to see through a fellow like that. The Germans would never be stupid enough to accept Hitler and his nonsense.

We say this and we say it with all solemnity: the progress of Huey Long, his philosophy, his political maneuvering, his fantastic oratory and his actual day by day activities are so comparable to those of Adolph Hitler before he came to power that they will frighten any American who cares to examine into the history of German Nazism. We should like to point out further that ridicule never killed a fly. Behind the tomfoolery, Huey Long has a purpose. While we chuckle at his absurdity, he captures power. He is an amus-

ing fellow, but if you live in Louisiana he might ruin you. If he strikes you as amusing, a concentration camp would probably slay you. —K. S. C.

ONE of the strangest things in the world, come to think of it, is the mingled feeling of scorn, contempt and pity that we have for the sucker who's feeding nickels into a slot machine while we're waiting to play it.

We have noticed a distinct backward tendency lately on the part of Jackson, Mich., and Ripon, Wis., to claim the birthplace of the Republican party.

Whatever else congress does, it gives Will Rogers the distinction of having the highest-paid stooge in the world.

The only way some politicians can get in the public eye is by getting in the public's hair.



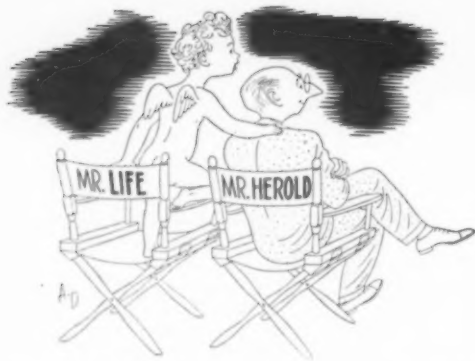
Gummed



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GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked * not suitable for children)

ALMOST as important as having no more war in this world is the matter of having a lot more of Fred Astaire's dancing in this world, so I shall, this morning, first discuss two great propaganda pictures, *The First World War* and *The Gay Divorcee*.

The First World War, with its pessimistic title, is one picture that should be made compulsory throughout the universe. It is a pageant of the pompous monkeyshines that get nations into war, and it is a realistic album of old and new glimpses of war's horrors on sea and land. This film should be made a prominent feature of the enlistment campaign in the next world war. It would discourage millions.

Incidentally, have you ever stopped to think that Mr. Laurence Stallings (who is behind this film) is one of the most important men in the world today? He, alone of all the major literary figures, keeps harping on the absurdity and awfulness of war. He started it in *The Big Parade*, and has kept at it ever since. And inasmuch as war overwhelms all other human problems, even depressions, even cancer, even droughts, even Huey Long, this just about puts Mr. Stallings on top of the pile.

It was Germany who was the most circusy in its preparations. The German war lords dressed like Zulu chiefs. Their soldiers goosestepped with super magnificence. As a nation, they ate blood and iron. The picture does not say this; it shows it without saying. Perhaps one rule that should be made international now is that all soldiers, including the higher-ups, should have their hair cropped like criminals and should be dressed like prisoners or street cleaners in drab 98-cent uniforms, and that there should be no military bands. Then war would seem more what it is—a job of carrying out the slop—rather than the glorious business that it is painted. After the sinkings and the stinkings in this film, there are glimpses of new troops as-

sembling by the million, and of new goosestepping, and of the humorless Mr. Hitler looking hatefully on the world around him, and of Mussolini with his clownish posturing.

Instinctively I feel, after seeing this show, that if there were no Germany there would be no new world war. They are such a fine, capable race in so many ways . . . but do they lack all sense of humor? Or do we all? Did you see the news-reels of our own American Legion strutting at Miami? Should the entire human race abstain from procreation for one generation?

And now to the blither side.

The Gay Divorcee

THE GAY DIVORCEE is a propaganda film for more Fred Astaire dancing.

If I had the choice of choosing between death for what some pudgy U. S. senator might consider our proper national righteousness and of dying for what Fred Astaire might consider an

important new dance step, I'd take a million deaths in the latter cause.

The Gay Divorcee is, as a whole, pure delight, and when the lithe, jaunty Mr. Astaire has the floor, it becomes thrillingly pleasant. His inventive footwork, his nimbleness of ankle and cerebellum, and his sense of humor expressed in dance, song and acting, are something for mankind to be proud of in one of its representatives. I imagine he is a type on which the gods dote.

The movie is an elaborate derivation from the musical comedy of the same name in which Mr. Astaire starred. Several new songs are introduced, including *The Continental* which involves a dance with kisses in the clinches—oh, coryza, here you come!

Ginger Rogers, no great shakes as an actress, puts a song over surprisingly well, wears a dress captivatingly, and serves adequately as an Astaire dancing partner, though I'll confess I didn't watch her carefully when Mr. Astaire was around. The plot is of love at first



"Poor thing; his subscription to *Fortune* squeezed him right out of his study."

THE GERM

NOBODY KNOWS

Does a Mysterious Filtrable Virus Cause Common Cold?



MEN fly from coast to coast in sixteen hours, talk across the ocean without wires, search the sky from stratosphere balloons ten miles above the earth—but the common cold remains a riddle as yet unsolved by science.

Talented bacteriologists and scholarly doctors still debate the causes of the common cold, deplore their inexact knowledge concerning prevention and cure.

This much is certain: 1. Wet feet, weariness, and drafts are not primary causes but merely predisposing factors which reduce the resistant forces of the



body. 2. All authorities agree that a cold is an infection resulting from *some* disease-producing germ lodging in the tissues of the throat or nose.

But *which* germ? Controversy rages. The question splits highest authorities into two groups. One believes that colds are caused by several different species

of bacteria: pneumococci, streptococci, B. influenzae and M. catarrhalis, all of which are visible under the microscope.

The other group, in a series of brilliant experiments since 1914, believes it has isolated the *particular* organism of the common cold.

The nasal secretions of persons with colds are passed through a porcelain filter fine enough to retain all known bacteria. This filtered secretion, presumably free of bacteria, produces colds



when dropped into the nostrils of healthy volunteer subjects! From this experiment, oft repeated, the conclusion is that the cause of common cold is a filtrable virus so infinitely tiny that it is beyond the limit of visibility in the most powerful microscopes now constructed.

The cause of a cold may be the germ nobody knows, but whatever knowledge of this subject is available anywhere in the world is systematically collected in the research laboratory of the Lambert Pharmacal Company.

There literally thousands of research papers are studied, digested, cross-filed. There able bacteriologists are constantly engaged in testing antiseptics, in comparing results in the destruction



of specific organisms, irritation to tissues, influence on body fluids.

In Paris at *l'Institut Pasteur*, in Wiesbaden at the *Laboratorium Fresenius*, in many of the clinics and laboratories of the great American universities, you



might meet a Lambert staff bacteriologist discussing important research in the field. This is the *keeping-up-with-science*, the technical skill, the scrupulous care, which go into the bottle of Listerine Antiseptic which you buy at your neighborhood drug store, in Boston, Buenos Aires, Berlin, or Bombay.

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic with the pleasant taste

sight, and the goings on which go on when the young lady discovers (or so she thinks) that her lover is a professional correspondent in divorce cases and has apparently been assigned to her apartment in a seaside hotel.

Kid Millions

THROUGH *Kid Millions*, Eddie Cantor strains, ogles and grimaces, against a background of the most beautiful chorus in pictures. It seems a little absurd that anybody should achieve distinction for picking pretty girls, but Mr. Ziegfeld did and Samuel Goldwyn is rapidly doing so; anybody ought to be able to do it; all you have to do is pick pretty girls.

That's about all I can say for *Kid Millions*. The mounting is luxurious, but it has Eddie Cantor, who is just a bundle of annoying self-assurance as far as I am concerned. Nobody with any humor in him would be so hell-bent for comic effects. Yet millions "love" Eddie, perhaps because he uses a sledgehammer with which to make his humorous touches. I may like him in his old age when he wears down. Example of Cantor comedy: "Are you alone, Eddie?" "No." "No?" "Well, you're

here." It is of such stuff that million dollar pictures and billion dollar radio programs are made.

Evelyn Prentice*

PICTURES made by William Powell and Myrna Loy will suffer for some time by comparison with *The Thin Man*. There was a combination of fluffy banter and well-lubricated melodrama in that which doesn't grow on trees. *Evelyn Prentice* seems pretty serious and a bit drab after *The Thin Man*, whereas it certainly would be accepted as more than all right on its lonely own.

Evelyn Prentice is another "busy daddy" picture. Father is a great lawyer, so absorbed in saving innocent people from the electric chair that mamma and baby catch only fleeting glances of him as he briefcases through life. He even goes to Boston and places. On one of these trips he is more or less seduced by an attractive and grateful woman he has saved from prison. About the same time Mrs. Prentice strays into an innocent dalliance with a poet, poacher and blackmailer, and there are letters, threats and a murder. I was about 60 feet ahead of this film in many spots,

which speaks rather poorly for it. And I resented the heartthrobs which were planted in my bosom with a shoehorn via the "little child" process.

There's Always Tomorrow

CLUMSY writing, heavy-handed direction by Edward Sloman, and over-zealous acting spoil what ought to have been a dandy picture in *There's Always Tomorrow* (silly name for this particular film). It is the best kind of story in the world, concerning a simple and natural little crisis in family life; it presents a plausible but unusual situation; it has unflinching Frank Morgan; it fails. A father of a big family is practically a forgotten man in his own household; he fixes the furnace and feeds the family kitty; they always get the car and they have their life without him; he is just a man they pass in the hall. (I am about to cry. That is what I am coming to. But I'll be damned if I fix the furnace. An oil burner for me.)

Well, one night the kids, while out in their car, catch their dad leaving the house of another woman. Then they try to start the car and it stalls. The "other woman" asks them in out of the snow, recognizes them, and unwinds her life story. She has long loved a man who is regarded as just a piece of handy furniture in his own home. It is a gulp to the youngsters. A great diagram for a fine film, but everybody except Mr. Morgan works so hard that it is all spoiled.

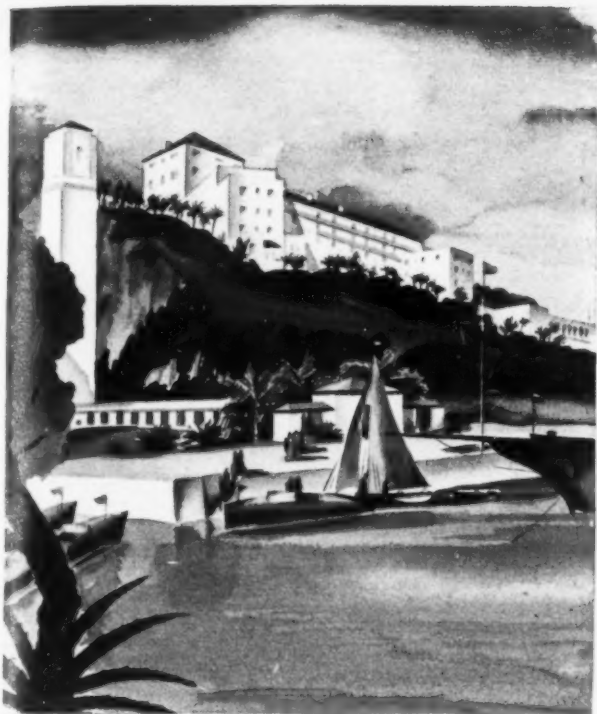
The White Parade

I HAVE never been a trained nurse, but I have had my tonsils out three or four times and have had two babies (practically personally) in hospitals, so I have had a good chance to observe nurses and to learn to respect them deeply, and I was therefore greatly interested in *The White Parade*, and I consider it an exceptionally good picture. Nurses are worth a picture of their own. Now let's have one about glass blowers, whistle tuners, cistern diggers, Roxy ushers, chiropodists, and other professional classes.

The White Parade carries Loretta Young and a number of other girls through the long training course from probation to graduation, and mixes in two parts of romance and a dash of tragedy, plus a good helping of comedy. It rings true and it rings human, and it won't hurt the world to know of some of the discipline and hard work behind nursing and of some of the ideals on which the profession is built. The comedy and romance hinge on Miss



"Well, I got rid of all my parking tickets!"



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Above soft music at The Castle Harbour, you hear the swishing of tall palms, the roar of surf, and the murmur of gay conversation. Two New York millionaires compare notes on today's golf scores and yesterday's

deep-sea fishing. A handsome scion of a famous English family, made brave by the Bermuda moon, says things to his lovely companion that will make news for New York and London society columns. And on all sides, white-gloved waiters take orders for Seagram's ~ ~ For here, where men have a taste for good living and means to enjoy it, the fact that Seagram's makes two types of fine bottled-in-bond whiskey is well known. Of their American whiskies, Seagram's "Ancient Bottle" Rye and Seagram's Bourbon are the orders of the day. They are distilled in Canada by American experts—full-bodied, full strength, 100 proof. Mellow as Time, every drop has aged at least five years ~ ~ For those who prefer Canadian whiskey, Seagram's offers V. O. and "83"—bottled-in-bond whiskies of superb flavor and character ~ ~ All come to you from the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies.

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Young's pretensions of a love affair with a rotogravure polo player (John Boles) whose picture she has torn from a Sunday paper. The tragedy hangs on her momentary carelessness with a key to the narcotic room.

Kansas City Princess*

I THINK I liked this picture better than I shoulda. As a rule, when a film starts out to be a romp, I plant my little heels in the gravel and refuse to budge. But *Kansas City Princess* goes deliberately roughhouse from the start, and I go along willingly. It is skilfully knockdown and dragout. It has a barrel of such monkeys as Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Robert Armstrong and Hugh Herbert, and deals with the adventures of two Kansas City manicurists who set out in life with three goals (money, jack and dough).

Flirtation Walk

IF there are three kinds of music I like, they are Hawaiian music, marchin' music, and Dick Powell's singing, and *Flirtation Walk* is jammed with all three. This musical is fortunate in its choice of locales: Hawaii and West Point. The U. S. Army (which I suppose we have to have) helped the producers in both places. In Hawaii, Dick Powell, a buck private, is (he thinks) high-hatted by a General's daughter and a lieutenant, and he makes up his mind to chin himself up to their level by going to West Point. Which he does. Not, however, until we have been given a lot of dances by a beachful of Honolulu. Then follow fine shots of indoor and outdoor life at West Point. Ruby comes there as the Supt.'s daughter, and Dick writes the academy show, and that makes a musical of it.

Ruby Keeler may not be the best actress in the world, but I wouldn't care; there is nobody who is fresher or more appealing, acting or no acting, than she. Dick Powell has something of this same non-factory flavor, and Pat O'Brien helps any picture.

International Merry-Go-Round

A GREAT deal of ingenuity is spent (or wasted) in Hollywood in trying to think up new places in which to do the *Grand Hotel* thing. (I'm working on a picture, all of the action of which takes place on the back of a postcard.) The producers of *International Merry-Go-Round* have been original and placed all their action on board a ship (which is only about the 25th time that this has been done). They have, all in all, however, rounded up many capable people and a few good

tune-and-tootsy numbers and some melodrama and even the Boswell sisters, and have concocted a fairly pleasant evening away from stacked dishes and other home cares. (A lot of it, alas, you could get—and have had—on your own radio.)

My chief impression is that Nancy Carroll isn't being used nearly enough as a big star in big pictures. The gal proves in this film that she is much too good to be in the "where has she been?" class.

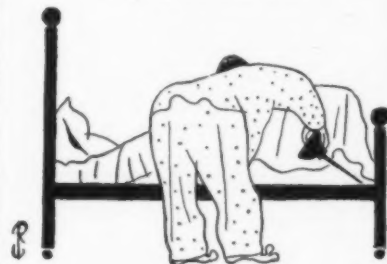
Gene Raymond in his high collar is a suave Raffles, and Jack Benny is there for Jack Benny fans (of which I am one, except on the radio; why is it that radio is where talented people get the most money for doing their worst work?). The best thing in *Int. M.-G.-R.* is that adagio dance in which the men are dressed so that they don't photograph. Only the flying bodies of the girls are visible. All my life I've been trying to figure how to get rid of male adagio dancers, and I guess here's the answer.

We Live Again

MOST Russian things rub me the wrong way. I think Russians think harder than is practical, moon too much, moan too much, are too crazy about tragedy and go too far out of their way to dig it up. And I think Russian dancers feel too good. So a movie with a Russian background is licked with me before it starts. I found *We Live Again*, which is based on Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, decidedly dull in spite of the presence therein of the often lovely (now somewhat thinner) Anna Sten.

There is, in *We Live Again*, entirely too much stomping and chanting, and straining for Russian atmosphere by Mr. Mamoulian, the director. Again we have the lovers chasing each other through California Russian shrubbery, and finally up a tree where they bill and coo. (Fredric March is the other tree climber.) The narrative strains for sadness ("Your condition has become obvious") in the Russian manner, until the very end.

(For other comments, see "Stop & Go," on pages 5 and 44)



There are three different Martinis *—be sure you try all three*

Many people order a Martini as they would a glass of water, absent-mindedly. This is what lawyers call a Tort—and what we call failing to get the most out of life. Many choke down Drys when they would really enjoy Regulars. Many merely tolerate Regulars when Mediums are their dish. There are *three kinds* of Martinis!

Ourselves, we have a fine open-mindedness about *which* Martini. We simply want you to like Martinis as much as possible. So we suggest you line up all three kinds some quiet evening, take a taste of each—and see which you really

prefer. As you know, they are made this way (starting with 2 parts gin): *Regular Martini*: 1 part "Italy," Vermouth. *Medium Martini*: ½ part "Italy," ½ part "Dry" Vermouth. *Dry Martini*: 1 part "Dry" Vermouth.

You probably use Martini & Rossi Vermouth yourself because it has been the standard for generations. But it is best to specify it if your Martini-testing takes place in a restaurant. Vermouths differ like everything else and poor vermouth has spoiled rivers of drinks. Of course, there is no substitute for Martini & Rossi!



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CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



AT the risk of annoying you with the subject, I should like to say a final word about John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt) which seems to have assumed the importance of a battle cry. You are pro-O'Hara or anti-O'Hara and you will get a punch on the nose in either case. Among the disputants is Sinclair Lewis, who has gone in for reviewing in a broad way and, from the examples I have seen, turns out to be a critic of so little discernment that even the *New York Times* would hesitate to use him. In the course of reviewing a book for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, he remarked that "Mr. Halper belongs in the category of such fine American writers as John O'Hara, etc. . ." Later in Lewis Gannett's column in the same paper, he listed Mr. O'Hara's book as one he had read with pleasure.

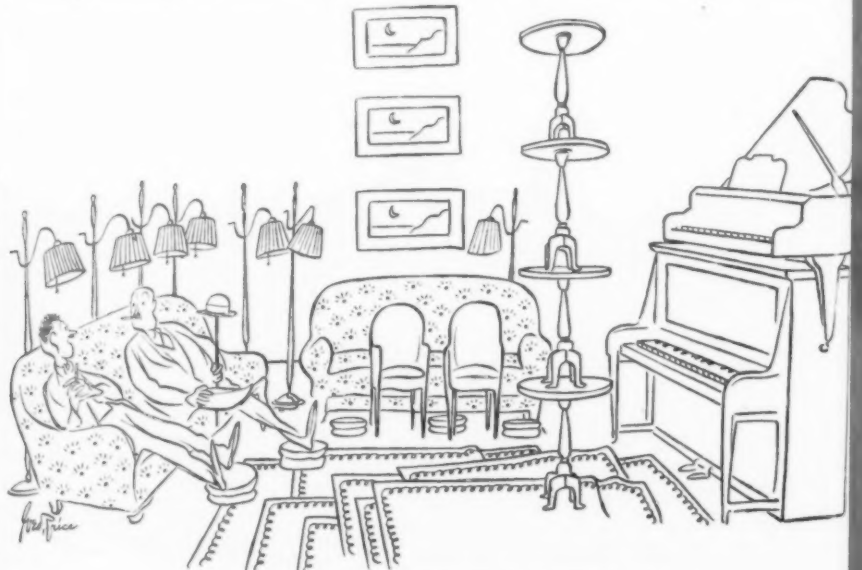
What followed is difficult to determine. Either Mr. Lewis had not read the O'Hara work at all or he is easily swayed in his opinions. In a second review—this time of Henry Seidel Canby's *The Age of Confidence* (Farrar & Rinehart) in the *Saturday Review*, which is edited by Dr. Canby—he spent three-quarters of his space in lambasting Mr. O'Hara. Since Dr. Canby was writing about the 1890's and Mr. O'Hara about the 1930's, there was basis for a comparison but there was the coincidence that Dr. Canby several weeks previously had been writing in

derogation of Mr. O'Hara. From praise of O'Hara by Lewis, we had slashing criticism of O'Hara by Lewis. It seemed almost as if Mr. Lewis was trying to get in good with teacher.

The matter is not serious and there is no indication that the Nobel Prize winner is so fearful of his future that he is keeping his editorial lines intact to the rear, but there is a possibility that he is becoming old and crotchety as Mr. Mencken has become old and vicious. When the author of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, which revealed the hollowness of American life, waxes tearful over the sweetness of existence in Wilmington, Del., in the Nineties, there is ground for apprehension. We should not like to feel that an American satirist is one who at the age of fifty becomes a deacon. Mr. Lewis has his country estate in Vermont and his suburban home in Bronxville and his reputed income of \$100,000 a year and there is some danger that he may feel the virtues of the established order of life.

In Dr. Canby's childhood, things were well set. The people who belonged, belonged; the others were barbarians. If his book has any meaning at all, it is to set forth the superior quality of such a life. In his attack on O'Hara, Lewis practically gives the royal accolade to this point of view.

This may be excellent for a landholder but it is deadly for a novelist, and it is a serious matter for American literature. If he really feels that way, we shall have no further *Arrowsmiths*



"My wife is a great admirer of Gertrude Stein."

and *Babbitts* but a juvenile of the type of Eugene O'Neill's play, *Ab, Wilderness!* The point is that there is a difference between recreating the past in terms of the past and nostalgia for a departed day. Mr. O'Neill writes of his youth from the superior plane of maturity; when Tolstoy deals with the Napoleonic era, he is part of the Napoleonic era. If Sinclair Lewis forsakes the present to dilate upon the joys of boyhood in Sauk Center, Minn., we shall know that collapse is nearer than we had hoped.

RETURNING to the O'Hara problem, we find that Ernest Hemingway is as violently pro-O'Hara as Sinclair Lewis is, after several false starts, anti-O'Hara. But in the case of Mr. Hemingway you must always look closely in the background. Mr. Hemingway is a man of extremes and you are likely to find him acclaiming Private Peet as the greatest of war writers because Heywood Broun, for example, has held to the contrary. Mr. Broun once referred lightly to Mr. Hemingway's preoccupation with bull fighting and death as being a childish endeavor not fitting an artist of the Hemingway stripe. Mr. Hemingway replied by asking why Mr. Broun never had his pants pressed. Like the old six-gun men and politicians of the West, Mr. Hemingway is for his friends and to hell with his enemies. As a critic, he is in the class of Mr. Lewis, which is to say in the class of Herschell Brickell, which is to say awful. He cries for objectivity in art and is as prejudiced, virulent and downrightly unfair as any spear-bearer in the profession. The virtue of his polemics is that he cuts out the hearts of his enemies in full view of the audience and simultaneously reveals just what injured union of his own is responsible for his rage. Invariably it will be found that Mr. Hemingway is writing to avenge an injury. For one so adept at insult, he is strangely unable to withstand attack. Mr. O'Hara is entitled to accept Mr. Hemingway's words on his book as a tribute from a fine artist, but he must be prepared to discover that the great man was using him simply as a dead cat to belabor a horse.

AS for Mr. Mencken, his case may only be regarded as pathetic. Either he was an awful fool in his better days or he is an awful fool now. After an extraordinary career in which he annihilated the hypocrisy of American life and morals and ruined the intellectual prestige of the fantastic individuals who were masquerading as

our academic leaders, he has repudiated all that and joined the company of the bluenoses. For years he fought the literary Pecksniffs on behalf of Dreiser, Cabell and many another who has not become so famous. The young writers of the country accepted him as their champion and he bashed every gray head which raised itself to utter a word of protest. Except for his prose style, which retains something of its former glow, his words might now be taken for those of Nicholas Murray Butler. Where once he was willing to go to the stake along with any new talent, he is now on the side of the Epworth League. Any young writer of a rebellious nature or of an experimental trend, and particularly any writer of the left wing, is regarded by Mencken as simply a disappointed scribbler who has been unable to make *Cosmopolitan*. This is the typical cheap statement to be expected of a Broadway columnist but not from a Mencken.

In all, the old age of our great men begins to frighten us. They will not always have John O'Hara to fight over but it is evident that they are going to point out the moral decay of the present and compare it with the beauties of 1900 or 1910. From what I can recall of 1910, it was a terrible year. I suspect that was true of all the good old days.

(For briefer notes, see page 44)

+

MATURE CONSIDERATION

AMONG my souvenirs; ah, me,
A hundredweight of fond debris.
Where did I get this faded leaf?
Why did I steal this handkerchief?

Why was this photo perpetrated?
I'm almost sure I never dated
The owner of this ex-gardenia.
Who sent this postal from Armenia?

Who lost this hat? Who dropped this
rose?
I must have been, to judge from
those—

The bits of junk I set such store on,
A Casanova . . . or a moron!

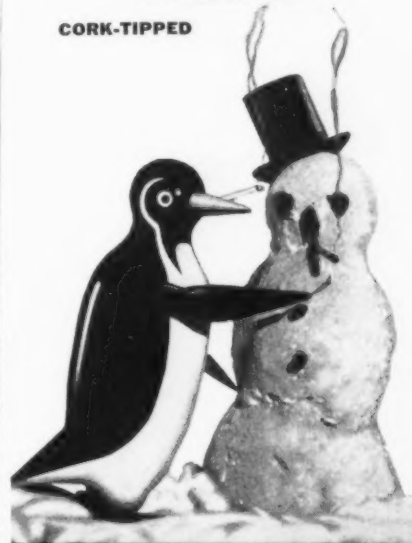
—John R. Swain.



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QUEERESPONDENCE

By Gurney Williams

QUERY: Is there any record of a guest using a host's bathroom for any purpose whatsoever and NOT weighing him or herself on the scales before leaving?—Edward P. Simmonds, Overbrook, Phila., Pa.

Dear Mr. Simmonds: To answer your question in a word, No. To answer it in 211 words:

People step on bathroom scales absent-mindedly and whenever possible (it's like stepping on ants), and from the host's point of view this sometimes proves to be a nuisance. I am thinking particularly of a Philadelphian named Henry Cooper, who took great pride in his bathroom fixtures (he even had his initials on the water faucets: "H" on one and "C" on the other) and it irked him when guests jumped up and down on the scales. Most of his visitors didn't give a hoot what they weighed; Mr. Cooper proved that by adjusting the scales so they registered only 85 pounds no matter who stepped on them. Over a period of six weeks he didn't hear a complaint.

Trick devices such as electrifying the scales and camouflaging them with a partly stuffed dog (to shock and scare the weightees) proved useless. Mr. Cooper shocked himself every morning regularly and he never got used to the dog, which had very mad glass eyes and an ugly leer. He finally gave up and

decided—as we all do—that there is as much chance of preventing guests from weighing themselves as there is of discouraging them from peeking into the so-called medicine cabinet and smiling quietly at the customary magpie nest.

Query: Has anyone ever written a letter after sending a telegram containing the words "letter follows"?—Miss Bernadette Stack, Utica, N. Y.

Dear Miss Stack: Not to my knowledge. The "letter follows" device was conceived for the sole purpose of postponing the act and I have no record of anyone who has failed to take advantage of it. Several accidental variations have occurred, however, most notable of which was the telegram sent last summer to Miss Virginia Fry of Tacoma, Wash., by a friend at the Century of Progress. It read: SENDING PEDI-GREED PERSIAN CAT BY EXPRESS STOP LETTER FOLLOWS. The cat arrived safely but Virginia waited in vain for the promised letter. It developed that the telegram should have read LITTER FOLLOWS, an event that took place almost before the cat had got her bearings.

QUERY: Has anyone read an insurance policy from beginning to end and learned what it was all



"You understand, of course, that wisecracks are absolutely forbidden in this department."

about?—Mrs. E. F. Bourne, Orange, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Bourne: No one, except the addle-brained lawyers who devised them, knows what the fiendishly verbose clauses of an insurance policy contain. Most insurance salesmen say they can explain the obscure phrases but this cannot be confirmed because nobody has ever listened to a salesman for more than four minutes without losing track of the monologue and several pieces of his mind. It is at this point, too, that the victim usually signs the application blank in order to terminate the hocus-pocus.

A man named Colin Miller of New York is making a commendable effort to persuade insurance companies to simplify their obfuscating puzzles, a project motivated by such an unfortunate experience that Mr. Miller will not easily be dissuaded from his campaign. For years he faithfully paid premiums on a fire insurance policy covering his home; paid without having any luck until a guest left a burning cigarette one night in the davenport. By dawn the following morning, fire and firemen had demolished his house and Mr. Miller rushed joyfully down to the bank, scrambled through his safe deposit box and sent the insurance people what turned out to be a bond for some company that folded in December, 1929. Mr. Miller recalled, then, that in January, 1930, unable to distinguish between the two papers, he had torn up the insurance policy instead of the bond. He had a fine time trying to collect his fire insurance.

Somebody, by the way, ought to do something about all the junk they print in apartment house leases, on railroad tickets, and on the inside covers of bank books.

QUERY: Has your department any record of a bar bill being settled so that each drinker has paid his correct share?—Jeff Peters, Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Mr. Peters: This is virtually impossible because there is usually some big-hearted Herbert in every crowd whose generosity knows no bounds after several drinks and who refuses to divide the check, waving aside all tendered currency with such phrases as "You caught the taxi, Malcolm," or "Your money is no good here, J. R."

If this is not the case, all the male members of the party contribute equal

amounts and let a designated stakeholder try to figure it all out. Generally speaking, this costs the stakeholder two dollars extra.

In a scientific attempt to prove that this behavior is not always necessary, three assistants and myself left the office at five o'clock one afternoon last week and proceeded directly to the men's bar at the Waldorf with the avowed intention of having four "Dutch treat" cocktails each, no more and no less. Each man was to pay his correct share, no more and no less. Absolutely.

Assistants A, B and C ordered Martini, Manhattan and Bacardi cocktails respectively, and I decided on Old Fashions. After the second cocktail Assistant B

waved to a couple of old classmates (the kind who would rather take a trip to the punch bowl than one to the Rose Bowl) and they joined the party. After the third round Assistant C (who hadn't eaten any lunch) eased out of the picture, and Assistant A somehow contacted two Detroit automobile men and introduced them all around. You can appreciate what difficulties now began to beset us. The party constantly increased in size and holiday spirit, and our experiment perforce collapsed. It was after eight o'clock before we finished our cocktails (eight, or perhaps it was nine rounds) and I don't recall who settled the check. All I know is, I left a ten-dollar bill on the table and went home and slept like a top:—I woke up spinning.

Your cue, then, is to stop worrying about this. Just don't make too many new year revolutions.

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Questions sent to this department should be addressed to Queerespondence, care of LIFE. Five dollar checks for those used will be duly mailed.

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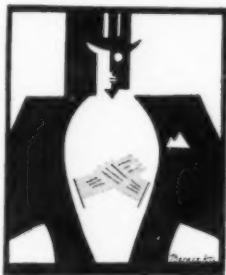
TRIOLET OF PRACTICALLY ABANDONED HOPE

WHEN girls, who are otherwise swell,

Quench cigarette stubs in their salads
One wonders why old Adam fell!
When girls, who are otherwise swell,
Do that, any amour will jell—

No suitor pens passionate ballads
When girls, who are otherwise swell,
Quench cigarette stubs in their salads.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



"WE DIDN'T SEND FOR THE EXTERMINATOR!"



DON'T BLAME the new maid for confusing the dinner-guest with the man who routs roaches! Who wouldn't be dazed by the murky fumes of that mucky pipe?

Any pipe grows unhappy with neglect and brutal tobacco. But a well-cleaned pipe and a mild, fragrant tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh—well, that's a happier story! Sir Walter is a kindly blend of cool Kentucky Burleys. Well-aged; slow-burning; delightful to tongue and nose, Sir Walter's raised pipe-smoking to the head of the table. Try a tin; it may be the tobacco you've long hoped for.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. O-51



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

ARE YOU SURE?

TIME: 10 MINUTES. GRADE 2 POINTS FOR EACH QUESTION.

PERFECT SCORE: 100

- The East wing of the White House is used for:
bowling alley executive offices formal receptions swimming tank
- Hongkong is:
British colony sound of an automobile horn Chinese secret organization capital of South China
- A linotype operator often fills in space with:
jaro cmfwuy etoine srblllu etaoin sballamar
- If you wished to wear correct head-gear with a dinner jacket you would select:
beret opera hat derby silk hat tricorne
- The word "gratis" is pronounced:
graytiss gratt-tiss grott-tiss
- Lewis Carroll is to Earl Carroll as Carl Van Vechten is to:
Tony Sarg Carole Lombard John Golden Christmas carols
- Dillinger was bumped off after attending a showing of:
Dames The Cat's Paw Manhattan Melodrama Disraeli 1934 Chevrolet
- If "Betty" Jones married "Dick" Brown, her initials would be:
B.V.D. B.D.B. E.R.B. E.J.B. B.J.B.
- Five of the following were not identified with America's cup:
Winnie Mae Endeavour Corsair Yankee Bremen Monitor Rainbow Merrimac
- The city lying most directly north of the Panama Canal is:
Seattle Washington, D. C. Chicago Dubuque Salt Lake City
- One of the following is not a famous golf course:
Wykagil St. Andrews Pebble Beach Olympia Fields Tampico
- Vermouth is to a Martini as.....
- The most important essential oil produced in this country is:
banana peppermint hair sewing machine petroleum
- One of the following holds the transcontinental air transport record:
Eddie Peabody Col. Roscoe Turner Captain Eddie Rickenbacker Mrs. Roosevelt
- Mickey Mouse is to Walt Disney as Little Nemo was to:
Claire Briggs Winsor McCay George McManus F. Opper
- Scotch should be mixed with:
Rinso Soda Certo Pluto Chemise
- Picasso is:
South American nut ice cream a painter musical term
- An underworld word for currency is:
iron men parsnips lettuce cartwheels
- "Alma mater" is pronounced:
alma mott-ter alma may-ter alma matt-ter
- If you wanted to climb Mt. Tamalpais you would go to:
Arizona California Eastern Syria Black Hills
- Scripps-Howard is to Scripps-Booth as McGraw-Hill is to:
Kingsford-Smith Pope-Hartford Waldorf-Astoria Campbell-Ewald
- is to a Sidecar:
Bacardi Cointreau policeman sherry wheels
- A phalanger is:
wastrel web-footed animal part of flying buttress solid mass of soldiers
- The original Alice In Wonderland's name was:
Alice Roosevelt Alice Hargreaves Alice Woodruff Alice Ben Bolt
- "You Press The Button, We Do The Rest" is identified with:
Otis elevators Acme doorbells Eastman Kodak Co. Thor Washers
- One of the following buildings is the shortest of the group:
Chrysler Empire State Lincoln Chanin R.C.A. Woolworth Irving Trust
- Tegucigalpa is:
Chilean native drink capital of Honduras ancient Aztec temple Harlem dance
- P.M.G. Farley might issue a stamp picturing:
Black Forest Everglades Lake Louise Thomas Mooney
- Gorgonzola is:
famous French author cheese stone spout

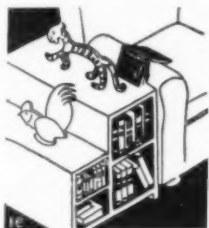


"I don't want to brag, gentlemen, but this is what I call a bunch of keys!"

29. Tripe is:
any movie
portion of a cow's stomach
a calf's brain
lower half of cow's liver

30. One of these is not associated with P. K. Wrigley:
Catalina Island *Doublemint*
Pepsin *baseball* *billboards*

31. O. O. McIntyre was born in:
Waukegan
Woonsocket
Galapagos
Galipolis



32. A genuine cameo is made by:
etching with acid
molding and baking
casting *carving*

33. A bonanza is:
sure hit
profitable speculation
African tribe
breed of cats

34. "Pigs Is Pigs" was written by:
Mark Twain
Booth Tarkington
Will Rogers
Ellis Parker Butler
Irvin S. Cobb

35. One of the following is not a chess man:
pawn *rook* *knight*
knave *queen* *bishop*

36. If you stood at the North Pole and looked in any direction you would be looking:
North *South* *Southeast*
East *Puzzled* *Southwest*

37. Owen D. Young is:
President of General Motors
Chairman of Board of G. E.
President of Edison Company
President of Westinghouse

38. French Roast is a:
peculiar cut from the neck of a lamb
rolled flank roast
meat loaf
Parisian audience's disapproval

39. One of these is not a Gilbert and Sullivan opera:
The Mikado
Pirates of Penzance
The Cavaliers
H.M.S. Pinafore *Iolanthe*

40. A tuba is a:
local swelling *peanut*
musical instrument
tropical fish
measure of toothpaste

41. A mouse has toes
two *three* *four* *five* *none*

42. The principal function of an automobile battery is:
charging *discharging*
running radio *ignition*
going dry

43. A satrap is:
used by a trapper
portion of a harness
petty ruler
Persian pipe
seat for a trapeze
artist

44. The Republicans and the 1934 elections are like Napoleon and:
Oshkosh *Antietam*
Waterloo *Manila Bay*
Schiaparelli

45. Ex-President Hoover was married by:
Justice of the Peace
Jimmy Walker
Catholic priest
Judge Lindsay

46. If you were having your portrait painted you would select:
Gatti-Casazza
Wayman Adams
Marriner Eccles
Pierre DuPont

47. A man purchasing a lacy present for his wife would ask for:
cassock *enigma* *parasang*
robe de nuit *grenadine*

48. Rexford Guy Tugwell is:
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture
Undersecretary of Agriculture
A.A.A. Administrator

49. No. 1 U. S. Highway starts in:
San Francisco *Bangor, Me.*
Chicago *New York*
Washington, D. C.

50. The name of Gertrude Stein's latest play is:
Three Saints in Four Acts
Three Acts in Four Saints
Four Saints in Three Acts
Four Saints No Errors

+

Number of correct answers.....
 Multiply by two for score.....

(Answers on page 47)

Another *Are You Sure?* will appear in the February issue of LIFE.

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Double room with twin beds and private bath \$5.00

SPECIAL
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GUARANTEED SHAVING.

And the cost is less than
TWO CENTS A WEEK!

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MAIL COUPON TODAY (or post-card)—and smile in your mirror right while you're shaving!

CERTAINLY!

To PATRICIA, President
The Shav-Easy Foundation
67 Boston Post Road
Old Saybrook, Connecticut

CERTAINLY, Patricia, you may tell me (by mail only) how to secure a FREE MEMBERSHIP in the SHAV-EASY FOUNDATION, and enjoy super-shaves at less than two cents a week.

NAME _____
(Very plainly, please!)

ADDRESS _____

L.1.35

+ THE COLLEGE PARADE +

BLUNDER OVER TEXACO

ANNOUNCER: . . . and Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief!

(Applause and laughter, loudest of which comes from Wynn himself.)

The Chief: Oh, Graham, the program's going to be different tonight!

(Graham knows better. His script tells him where to laugh.)

Graham: Well, how are things down on the farm, Chief? Any new pets?

Chief: Oh, Graham, something terrible has happened down on the farm! (Everybody starts laughing.)

Graham: Why, Chief, what's wrong? (Ha, Ha, Ha.)

Chief: Oh, we lost four baby kangaroos. One of the mamas had a hole in her pocket!

(The building shakes with laughter.)

Graham: Well, Chief, what's the opera tonight?

Chief: Oh, Graham, you'll love this! Tonight we're going to have a Chinese opera. The title is "She Done Him Wrong."

Graham: (Ha, Ha, Ha.) But, Chief, that's been done.

Chief: Yes, Graham, but I'm going to do it wrong! The hero, Graham, is a Chinese schoolboy named Wong. He is so dumb, Graham, that when the teacher asks, "If I take 25 from 37 what's the difference?" (He, He, He, this is so silly.) He replies, "That's what I want to know. Who cares?"

(The men in the audience start rolling up their breeches so as not to sop them in the tears of laughter now flooding the floor.)

Graham: Go on, Chief! (Ha, Ha, Ha.)

Chief: When the curtain rises, Graham, we see Wong asking his father for an encyclopedia, and his father replies, "What! An encyclopedia! You can walk to school like I did!"

(Half the people listening turn off their radios. That leaves two.)

Graham: Oh, Chief (Ha, Ha, Ha) I can't stand it.

Chief: The heroine is his schoolday sweetheart, Graham, and her name is Dunn. She is awfully fat, you know. In fact, she's so fat that when she's sitting she's only two inches shorter than when she stands up! Play that, boys!

(Almost all the band plays. The saxophone section, however, is taking opium.)

Chief: In the second act, Graham,

the hero and the heroine are mattress salesmen for the Chinese army.

Graham: Mattress salesmen, Chief? (Ha, Ha, Ha.)

Chief: Yes, Graham, undercover agents!

(Russia withdraws all recognition agreements.)

They are standing with their General, Graham, when a messenger comes up and says, "General, the enemy is as thick as peas. What shall we do?" And the General answers (He, He, He) . . .

Graham: (Ha) What does the General say, Chief? (Ha, Ha.)

Chief: He answers, "Shell them, you idiot!!"

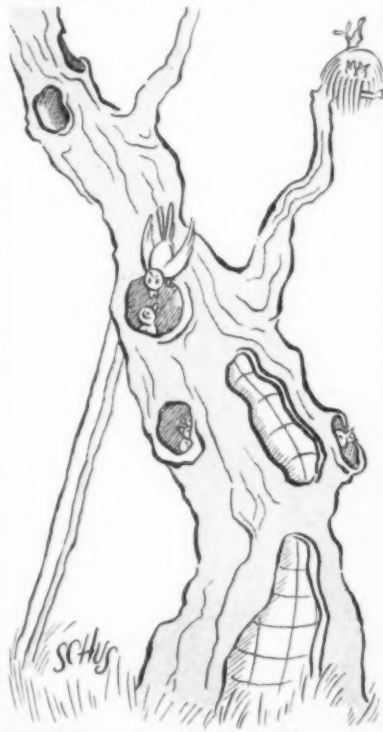
(Half the seats are by now vacant, what with so many rolling in the aisles.)

Graham: Is there a third act, Chief? (Ha, Ha, Ha.)

Chief: Oh, yes, Graham. In the third act the hero, Wong, and the heroine are taken prisoners along with many others. The general of the enemy army wants to shoot all spies, but he doesn't know which is which. One of the soldiers knows who the hero and heroine are, tho, and so he says that he'll point out the spies.

Graham: Does he, Chief? (Ha, Ha.)

Chief: Yes, Graham. He goes up to the prisoners and starts to look them over. So-o-o-o-o-o.



"We'll have to move—we've been condemned by the tenement commission!"

OF NEW YORK

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER

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NEW YORK

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and

GAIETY

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HOTEL

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NEAR ALL RAILROAD TERMINALS, SMART SHOPS, THEATRES AND RADIO CITY

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER

(This is the climactic touch. Oh, how the people howl! One man starts beating his wife over the head with an umbrella.)

Finally he recognizes them. And that's where the opera gets its title, Graham.

Graham: How's that, Chief? (Ha, Ha, Ha.)

Chief: Well, when the soldier recognizes them he points them out to his General and says, "She Dunn. Him Wong!"

(Graham dies.)

(The show is over.)

—California Pelican.



Faculty Minds at Work

"AFTER observing the members of the Faculty of this College, I no longer wonder as to the whereabouts of the models for the gargoyles on the College buildings."—Prof. J. Charles Rathburn, Civil Engineering, C. C. N. Y.



"The President is tampering with economic laws, which is the same thing as tampering with T.N.T."—Prof. E. A. Kincaid, Economics, Univ. of Va.



"Fourier's influence on Albert Brisbane probably accounts for his son Arthur being such a damned fool."—Prof. Helbing, Economics, Univ. of Ill.



"Ants have discovered the perfect social life—for an ant."—Miss Doris Lorden, Sociology, Wheaton College, Mass.



"Even lawyers are supposed to know a little law."—Judge George Pell, Pell's Law School, Raleigh, N. C.



"An engineer is a man who does for one dollar what any fool can do for two."—Prof. James Cannon, Engineering, Univ. of Mich.



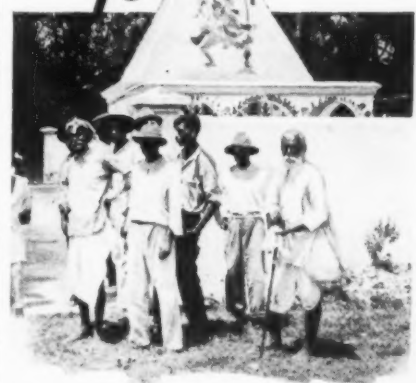
Editor's note: We are advised by Dr. Havilah Babcock, Director of Extension Division, University of South Carolina, that he did not make the statement attributed to him in this column in the December issue.



[Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable contributions to this department. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]

OF NEW YORK

SEE
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Hindus



practising their strange religion in fantastic temples . . .

Weird rites and ceremonies . . . centuries-old customs . . . actually see them as they are practised today in picturesque "Coolie Town" on the island of Trinidad.

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Enjoy all the delights of happy cruise life aboardship . . . with noted Furness service and delicious meals . . . dancing, deck sports, good times . . . aboard the popular "Nerissa" or "Fort St. George". Ship your hotel.

PAY only \$150 for 22 or 25 days . . . as little as \$6 a day!

An amazingly low rate that covers all necessary expenses. You'll look far to find so much real true enjoyment at such low cost!

For further information apply Furness West Indies Line, 34 Whitehall St. (Where Broadway Begins), 565 Fifth Ave., New York or your local travel agent

FURNESS

Cruises to the "LITTLE"

WEST INDIES

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

(Continued from page 5)

right. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Robert Armstrong, Hugh Herbert and associate rowdies. Not to be confused with *Little Women*.

Kid Millions. Eddie Cantor's painfully laborious comedy against a background of golden Goldwyn girls. Dull musical comedy doings in a handsome mounting. Ethel Merman and Warren Hymer vitalize it somewhat.

Lady by Choice. May Robson does Apple Annie all over again with variations, which doesn't make me mad. As gin hound or grand old lady, she is adorable . . . and brimful of talent. And I like the fire in Carole Lombard, as a fan dancer who adopts the old lady as a Mother's Day publicity stunt, and learns to love her.

Loyalties. Jew and Gentile of the upper strata in conflict at a house party. The Galsworthian tragedy ably handled by a distinguished English cast headed by Basil Rathbone and Miles Mander. A missing wallet, an accusation, racial antipathies, and the roll, roll, roll of the thing into typical Galsworthy disaster.

Madame DuBarry.* There was a lot of Hollywood in old Versailles; I guess that's why Hollywood keeps doing DuBarry. This time, Dolores del Rio is a glamorous DuBarry—maybe a little more Mexican than French, but, withal, lovely. Reginald Owen is a good Louis. Sumptuous production which will make you want to brush up on French history, but you won't.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. (A far cry from DuBarry.) I didn't have to see this to know I would like it—with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields in the cast. Oh, it is a picture, a sweet, pathetic, humorous, moving moving picture. And in it, Pauline Lord arrives with a bang as a major screen star.

St. Louis Kid.* Hollywood originality reaches new peak; girl socks Cagney. And Cagney butts milk-trust gunmen instead of hitting with his fist. Nevertheless, a diverting picture, if you happen to be a Cagney fan.

Student Tour. Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante circle the globe with a bunch of Hollywood collegians. Good music by Nacio Herb Brown, but it's your money, and I warn you there is a coach who says, "Go out there and fight!"

The Firebird.* Well oiled, smooth-running murder mystery, with grown-up acting by Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill and C. Aubrey Smith, but insist on seeing it from the beginning or not at all. Luscious photography by Ernest Haller. Weak preaching at end.

The First World War. Almost compulsory. An intelligent scrap book of the greatest of all scraps. Goes back to the silly parading and pouter-pigeoning which led up to the war,

and does not spare your stomach when it comes to the war itself—as it well shouldn't. Synthesized and edited by war's greatest scoffer, Laurence Stallings. Perhaps the most important picture of the year.

The Gay Divorcee. Hoofing elevated to a high art by Fred Astaire. Tap dancing as intellectual as a Rachmaninoff gazootza. Thoroughly delightful musical movie, beautifully staged and photographed, with Ginger Rogers who is shocked to mistake Mr. Astaire for the hired correspondent in the divorce she wants so she can marry Mr. Astaire.

The White Parade. No, nurses are not made in heaven. But here's how they are made, like Cadillacs, Packards and Lincolns. A fine picture of the long mill through which they pass from probation to graduation. Loretta Young excellent as one of them who loves her work and gets into a little trouble pretending that a roto polo player is her sweetheart.

There's Always Tomorrow. My favorite type of picture—a little family-life story—murdered by rowdy direction and by agonizing over-acting by everybody except Frank Morgan. Father neglected at home finds other woman with sense enough to know what to do when his children learn of it.

We Live Again. A long drawn out, yawny version of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, in the boring Russian manner, with the frequently fascinating Anna Sten and bounding Fredric March, and a fatiguing Russian background.

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BOOKS

By Kyle Crichton

A Guide to Modern Politics, by G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole (*Knopf*). In all history there has been nothing so pitiful as a Socialist who talks of change but wants no change. The Coles belong to this group and their work begins to assume an air of fake plausibility reminiscent of the reading matter in a broker's office.

Cannibal Cousins, by John H. Craigie (*Minton, Balch*). Typical overbearingness by the military—this time the American marines in Haiti. It seems they are a people given to strange customs, even not American customs.

Castaway, by James Gould Cozzens (*Random House*). A classic example of the lengths to which a first-rate writer will go to get a work published which even his family must know to be awful. It follows the same general line as the horrible thing—was it *Swiss Family Manbatan?*—by Christopher Morley of several years ago.

Editor's Choice, by Alfred Dashiell (*Putnam*). The editor of *Scribner's*

selects his list of best stories and includes several of my own favorites, particularly *Disinherited*, by Jo Pagano, the best of all depression stories. A fine selection all around.

Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). If I were not interested in deeper things, I might suggest that this is one of the hot sex books of history. Mr. Wells tells just what personal ingredients went to the makeup of his novels. Very interesting in other respects to us profounder students who still remember the early Wells.

Fire on the Andes, by Carleton Beals (*Lippincott*). Writing in his usual style of a fire in a pin-wheel factory, Mr. Beals does with Peru what he has done with Mexico, getting the feeling of the country as few are ever able to do and filling the book with things a reader wants to know.

Off with Their Heads, by Peggy Bacon (*McBride*). Most marvelously insulting caricatures and words to match about many of the great men and phonies (the words may be used simultaneously in most cases) of our time. There is one of a man named Hugh Johnson, who seems to have been somebody in his day. He will sue, unless he is a sissy.

Roman Spring, by Mrs. Winthrop Chanler (*Atlantic Press*). With all tenderness, I may say that reminiscences about the dear folk of Ward McAllister's day do not stir me. It shocks me to find how unimportant important people can soon become.

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, by Franz Werfel (*Viking*). The heroic moment of Armenian history told with all its heartbreak and bravery. The character of Gabriel Bagradian belongs among the superb figures of literature. Highly recommended.

The World Outside, by Hans Fallada (*Simon and Schuster*). The author of *Little Man, What Now?* renders the story of another unbelievable goof. The writing is so warm and simple and friendly that one is apt to forget the original shortcomings.

You Can't Sleep Here, by Edward Newhouse (*Macaulay*). With more care and completeness this might have been the big depression story. Extraordinary stuff about the Hoovervilles, told with lots of bite and humor.

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RADIO COMICS

(All Schedules P. M., E. S. T.)

Alexander Woollcott. The Town Crier airs choice gossip, book raves, and dragged-in references to breakfast food, all with nice humor and pleasing vocabulary: (9:00, Sun., CBS, *Cream of Wheat*)

Block & Sully. A veteran vaudeville team provides several amusing minutes. (9:30, Mon., CBS., *Ex-Lax*)

Burns & Allen. They're good enough to inspire a great many poor imitations, at any rate. (9:30, Wed., CBS, *White Owl*)

Ed Wynn. The Fire Chief gets his laughs by dressing up college humor gogony, which ought to put him in the red but he is funny. (9:30, Tues., NBC, *Texas*)

Fred Allen. One of the funniest. The program isn't much to watch, though (if you ever get a chance), because of the monkey-on-a-stick antics of the announcer. (9:00, Wed., NBC, *Ipana-Sal Hepatica*)

George Givot. The Grik ambassador is funny to some people but every time he says "You cu-u-u-ute keed!" I see red. (10:30, Tues., CBS)

Jack Benny. Smooth, easy-going fun. (7:00, Sun., NBC, *Jell-O*)

Joe Penner. Penner says the phrase "Anybody wanna buy a duck?" has been worth a million to him but he's still in the red here. (7:30, Sun., NBC, *Baker's Broadcast*)

Phil Baker. Stooges Beetle & Bottle trade laughs with the boss but it adds up little more than fair. (9:30, Fri., NBC, *Armour*)

Rudy Vallée. Many of radio's present comedians got into the big money by guest-starring on this pleasing variety program. (8:00, Thurs., NBC, *Fleischmann's Yeast*)

Will Rogers. Rambling comments on the day's news, punctuated with enough good humor to keep it green. (9:30, Sun., CBS, *Golf*)

—G. W.

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RECORDS

The Decca Co., American branch, has burst on the scene with a flock of 35c discs. With a potent talent list, they offer everything from best-selling Bing Crosby down to **The Glow Worm** with Actual Canary Birds Singing. The list is padded by numerous pressings not too up-to-date. However, highly recommendable are these: Ethel Waters' **Miss Otis Regrets**; Dorsey Bros.' **St. Louis Blues**; **Emaline**, by Art Tatum, **Rose Room** and **Mood Indigo**, by Jimmy Lunceford's band; **Way Down Yonder in New Orleans**, by Red McKenzie and the Spirits of Rhythm; Crosby's **Someday Sweetheart**; Johnny Mercer's **Lord I Give You My Children**.

Delta Serenade is Duke Ellington's last for *Victor*. His newest for *Brunswick* is **Saddest Tale**. Duke Ellington can do no wrong.

The Object of My Affections by Jimmy Grier, vocal by Pinky Tomlin. The creators of this hit-song do well by it on *Brunswick*.

Isle of Capri. Bids fair to repeat its tremendous Continental success here in the States, as we say. Ray Noble again. A nice waltz, **Grinzing**, on the other side. Also you should have **I'll Follow My Secret Heart**. (*Victor*)

You're the Top. Cole Porter clicks again, with trick lyrics and a capable Whiteman interpretation. From the new show *Anything Goes*. (*Victor*)

—J. A. T.



"PRETTY SWANK

. . . A Park Avenue Apartment by the day!"

■ If it weren't such an outrageous extravagance, wouldn't *you* like to maintain a New York apartment in crisp readiness for your visits here?

Most assuredly you would. So you'll share these people's elation at discovering a Park Lane apartment may be "maintained" *by the day*.

And *what* an apartment! A living-room large enough to expand in . . . airy bedroom, dressing-room . . . and serving pantry equipped with refrigeration, which is a *help* in entertaining.

One of our butlers will welcome you with an attentive inquiry of your needs. And our maids and valets *do* seem to understand your wants. How to pack, tend to laundry and pressing, without bothering you for instructions.

Your business conference may keep you late. But still you'll dress, and be at one of New York's smart gathering places without hurry-scurry. For the Park Lane is not only fashionably situated on Park Avenue, but *conveniently* situated!

All in all, your Park Lane stay will be a gratifying experience. So gratifying that you'll be wiring for reservations on your very next trip to New York.

Two Room Apartments . . . from \$10 the day. Or at special monthly rates. Also 2 to 6 room apartments, with pantries, furnished or unfurnished, at special yearly rates.

Commendatore Gelardi, *Managing Director*.

NEW YORK'S HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE. · 48TH TO 49TH · NEW YORK

MONOGRAM NOVELTIES DELUXE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

AFTER many years of experience with moderate priced gifts, we have found our hand-crafted Monogram Novelties, either in sterling silver or 14 Kt. gold, the most practicable, personal, and satisfactory articles we have ever sold.

Key Chain—Circle monogram. A very popular gift deluxe. Hand crafted and strongly built for durability. All our Key Chains carry a registered number for identification. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$15.00.

The Key Top applied to your key immediately identifies that key you use most often. In ordering, send key or proper blank and we will apply top. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$15.00.

Tie Clip—A very popular article made of one piece. Lettering pierced as in Money Clip—very strong and durable. Sterling silver, \$4.50. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$15.00.

Monogram Ring—A distinctive personal ring for the boy or man. Raised lettering, sturdily built and rich in appearance. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$15.00.

Monogram Belt Buckle—Only one of many designs but new and personal—matches Money Clip and Key Chain. Raised or pierced monogram. Sterling silver, \$8.00. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$30.00. Belt extra, \$2.00

Owing to a material increase in the cost of gold, the above prices of 14 Kt. gold articles are necessarily higher than prices previously quoted.

All illustrations two-thirds actual size. When ordering circle monogram, please mention position of last letter, either in center or on end. Send money order or check with your order. We prepay postage. All orders promptly filled.

Because of their great popularity we have sold our hand-crafted Monogram Novelties in practically every state in the Union.

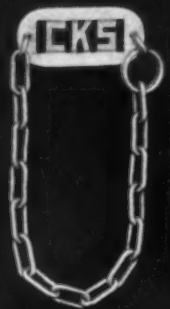
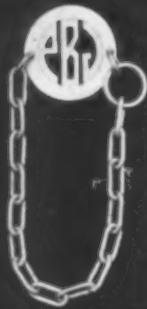
The Jewelry Craftsmen
Boydert-Minuth Company
Keyworth Bldg. 29 E. Madison St. Chicago, Ills.

Key Chain—Oval monogram. Only another design, otherwise the same as the circle Key Chain. These articles meet with instant approval both as personal and business gifts. Sterling silver, \$4.50. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$15.00.

Money Clip—A beautiful personal accessory. By a special method we are able to produce a Money Clip which will retain its spring tension indefinitely. This is a very important feature. Sterling silver, \$5.00. 14 Kt. green or yellow gold, \$22.50.

Place Card Holders—Very new and attractive. A distinctive final touch to a well appointed table. Sterling silver, \$10.00 the half dozen—\$20.00 per dozen.

Bag Identification Tags—Another charming accessory. The tag is sterling silver, black suede strap and silver plated buckle. Raised monogram, \$4.00. Pierced monogram, \$3.75.



SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Showing many new designs both in the articles and Monograms—illustrated actual size. You will find many items that will please you and your friends. It is now possible for you to secure complete matched sets in our Monogram Novelties. For example, the Key Chain, Key, Money Clip, Tie Clip and Belt Buckle in the same general design and all with the same style Monogram.

If you have any articles in gold or silver which you would like to have monogrammed, either pierced or superimposed, send them to us and we will quickly quote you a price.

Just to get better acquainted, if you will send us your key that is used the most we will pierce the top with your initials same style as key top illustrated above for only one dollar.

Are You Sure?

(Questions on page 40)

1. Formal receptions ✓
2. British colony
3. Etaoin
4. Opera hat
5. Gray-tiss
6. John Golden ✓
7. Manhattan Melodrama ✓
8. E. J. B.
9. Winnie Mae, Corsair, Bremen, Monitor, Merrimac
10. Washington, D. C.
11. Tampico
12. Cointreau
13. Web-footed animal
14. Alice Hargreaves
15. Eastman Kodak Company
16. Irving Trust
17. Capital of Honduras
18. Everglades
19. Cheese
20. Peppermint
21. Capt. Rickenbacker
22. Winsor McCay ✓
23. Soda
24. A painter
25. Lettuce
26. Alma may-ter
27. California ✓
28. Pope-Hartford
29. Portion of cow's stomach
30. Pepsin
31. Galipolis (Ohio)
32. Carving ✓
33. Profitable speculation
34. Ellis Parker Butler
35. Knave ✓
36. South ✓
37. Chairman of Board of G. E.
38. Meat loaf ✓
39. The Cavaliers
40. Musical instrument
41. Four on each foot
42. Ignition ✓
43. Petty ruler
44. Waterloo ✓
45. Catholic priest
46. Wayman Adams ✓
47. Robe de nuit
48. Undersecretary of Agric.
49. Bangor, Maine
50. Four Saints in Three Acts

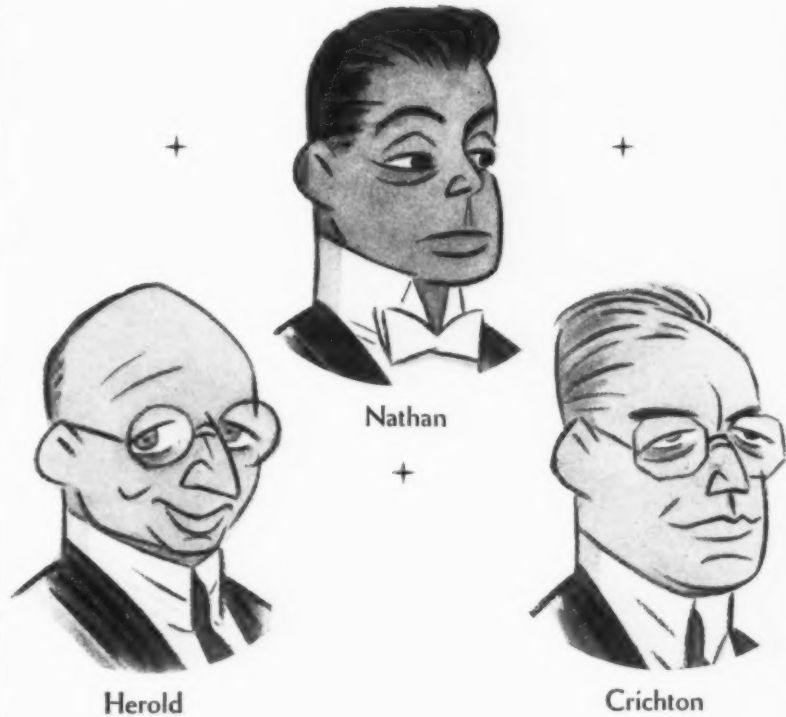
+

SYMPTOM OF PROGRESS

[From the *New York American*]

Robert L. ("Believe It or Not") Ripley will broadcast through station WMCA of the ABS network at 6 o'clock tonight as guest star in a special program arranged as a tribute to the *New York American*, which, tomorrow, enlarges its colored comic section to 20 full pages.

L i f e



IN the matter of reviews, LIFE takes satisfaction each month in presenting this refreshingly opinionated, widely followed trio of critics.

For 52 years LIFE has rather felt it a national duty to offer the best and most stimulating in criticism. You may not always agree with these three—George Jean Nathan, Kyle Crichton and Don Herold—but it's fun to read their opinions.

L i f e

CONSTIPATED?

you must read this

IF you're constipated, what are you doing about it?

Are you taking a purgative that goes through you like dynamite? Does your laxative upset you? Does it give you actual pain—upsetting your digestion—leaving you weak after you take it?

If you are taking rough measures, you may be sorry.

**DON'T PUNISH YOURSELF
WITH NASTY, VIOLENT PURGATIVES!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO!**

You can get real relief without pain—without stomach disturbance.

And the way to do it is to take gentle, effective *Ex-Lax*, the laxative that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax does its work gently but surely—without pain, without upsetting you, without leaving you weak. *Ex-Lax* will not form a habit. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Don't fool around with the wrong laxative any more. *Ex-Lax* is the right relief for constipation.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes. Send coupon below for free sample.

Look for the exact spelling—**E-X-L-A-X**. Don't experiment with substitutes!

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W 15 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....



SUCH IS LIFE

WE expect indignant letters, challenging ones, maybe even an okay or two on the *Are You Sure?* department (page 40) being inaugurated in this issue. There are questions for those who hobble and those who toddle, and, in case of dispute, we refer you in most cases to Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary. No prizes, but our sincerest admiration for anyone who clicks 100.

More contributions are submitted from California than from any other state. . . . The "Appendectomy-in-the-Galapagos" Robinsons have a pet honey bear named "Nosegay Wetmore". . . . When you see a sweat-shirted figure in LIFE's elevator five minutes before deadline, it's Paul Gallico. . . . Charles Hanson Towne keeps only two books in his bathroom: duplicate copies of *W'e*, by Col. Chas. Lindbergh. . . . Don Herold was experimenting with ventilation filters years before air-conditioning became a reality. Reason: hay fever.

Gregor Duncan's crayon sketch of cover artist Ned Hilton is a fairly faithful portrait (below). It lacks, however, the ancient bedroom slippers and tweed trousers he always wears when working; and the perennial cigarette (Camel—for a lift).

A lady in Brooklyn stoutly maintains that: An insurance company representative called on a neighboring family whose library, built up and cherished for three generations, had been damaged by fire. "Many of them were firsts," wailed the insured, "and very difficult to replace." "Yeah," snapped the insurance man, "but you'd read 'em all, hadn't-cha?"

Sid Perelman winds up his Hollywood reports in this issue but is still out on the Coast writing dialogue you'll be hearing soon at your favorite picture house.

. . . Our new head type, for those who are interested in such things, is Stellar Bold. . . . We mailed a check to a contributor the other day and received by return mail a postcard bearing the simple notation: "Proverbs 13:12; Job 10:12," which sent us scurrying for our Bible.

"Fun with a Phone Book" is the name of a game we just heard about. To be the life of the party you must memorize four names in the phone book—any book—on pages 18, 27, 36, and 45. Pay attention now. You ask somebody to think of a number—any number in the book. Tell him to add two zeros and subtract the original number. Then tell him to add the resultant digits (this will always give him 18 or 27 or 36 or 45) and turn to that page in the book. In the left-hand column of that page he is to count down the same number of names as the number of the page. You then calmly tell him the name listed at that point in the book.

To make for accuracy you must peek a little, since it will be necessary to see if he's looking at a left-hand page (for Nos. 18 or 36), or a right-hand page (for Nos. 27 or 45). Also, you must notice how far down he counts (18 or 36 for the left-hand columns; 27 or 45 for the right).

Example: Say the number is 3-5740. Adding two zeros makes it 3574000, subtracting the original number makes it 3538260. Adding the digits gives you 27. In the Manhattan book, the 27th name in the left column of page 27 is James Allen. Get it?

Thumbnail Recommendations. For cocktails: The Barclay . . . Weylin . . . Park Lane . . . Ritz . . . Men's Bar at the Waldorf. . . . Eating and dancing: The Casino Town Club, 9 W. 52nd . . . Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center. . . . Eating: Fan and Bill's . . . Mary's, E. 51st . . . Barbetta's, W. 46th . . . Jack & Charlie's, W. 52nd. —The Editors.



Ned Hilton

Drawn from
Life—
by
Gregor
Duncan