

Life



MARCH

FIFTEEN CENTS

IN CANADA TWENTY CENTS

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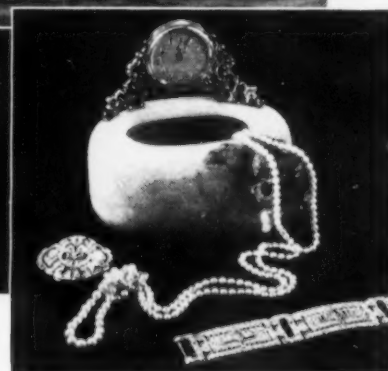
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BOTTLED FROM THE BARREL

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A Fortune FOR PLAYTHINGS



Yet she uses this **25¢** Tooth Paste

Do you realize why? Results, that's all!

IT is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



**METROPOLITAN
GRAND OPERA**
direct from its N. Y. Stage
Broadcast by
LISTERINE
announced by
Geraldine Farrar
Every Saturday. All NBC Stations.
See your newspaper for time

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

Theatre—Movies—Books—Radio—Records

+ +

(For more lengthy reviews see pages 30, 34 and 40)

THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. Molnár-esque comedy dealing with the old pet E. S. Willard-Henry Miller plot of the elderly leading man who wins the beautiful cutie away from the juvenile. Some of the dialogue is amusing. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

Anything Goes!, by Cole Porter, Russell Crouse, et al. A show to divert almost anybody. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Porter's tunes and lyrics, and a lot more all for the price of one admission. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

Battleship Gertie, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. *She Loves Me Not* laid on a man-o'-war, but without any of *She Loves Me Not's* humor. All in all, a disastrous farcical attempt. *Lyceum, W. 45th.*

Creeping Fire, by Marie Baumer. Ham melodrama, magnificently sour. *Vanderbilt, W. 48th.*

Fly Away Home, by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. A crudely written comedy about a father who returns to the old roof and finds that his children have become Elinor Glyn and Maxwell Bodenheims in respect to sexual philosophy—and about what he does to straighten them out. Some comical lines faintly enliven the session. *48th St. Theatre.*

Laburnum Grove, by J. B. Priestley. Rather tenuous for a two-hour stretch, but it contains some decidedly droll humor. A very fair evening's investment. *Booth, W. 45th.*

Life Begins at 8:40, by Ira Gershwin, E. Y. Harburg, et al. The show that killed all the old jokes at the Messrs. Shuberts' expense. If their next revue is as good, they'll probably be pursued by autograph fiends. *Winter Garden, B'way at 50th.*

Little Shot, by Percival Wilde. Junk.

Living Dangerously, by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory. Antique (and deceased) triangle drama, including the mildewed trial scene, which vainly sought to conceal its hoary age by laying itself in a medical setting and dressing up its performers as doctors. *Morosco, W. 45th.*

Merrily We Roll Along, by G. S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. A playwright who, the authors confidentially assure us, has high ideals (which are otherwise undiscernible) abandons them and ends up a pitiable hack with a magnificent country house and a million dollars in the bank. All this is offered by the authors as very

tragic. Good acting, good staging and good settings have fooled many customers into believing it fine drama. *Music Box, W. 45th.*

Music Hath Charms, by Rudolf Friml, Rowland Leigh, et al. The Messrs. Shubert are also responsible for this corpse, so maybe the autograph fiends will have to hold off for a while. *Majestic, W. 44th.*

Ode to Liberty, by Michel Duran and Sidney Howard. Ina Claire, usually a good picker of plays, tripped badly on this one. What's more, to do it, she turned down *Rain from Heaven*. *Little, W. 44th.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. It is only fair to Mr. Brock Pemberton to inform you that I am one of the very few who do not consider this fairly amusing lampoon of the movies the top in comedy art. There are laughs in it, but it is, critically, pretty obvious box-office stuff. *Henry Miller, W. 43rd.*

Point Valaine, by Noël Coward. Admirably staged and admirably acted (it gets the green in these directions), but as drama it amounts to little more than a travesty of a Somerset Maugham tropical sex theme. The able presenting company contains Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Osgood Perkins. *Barrymore, W. 47th.*

Post Road, by W. D. Steele and Norma Mitchell. Machine-made comedy-melodrama in which an old lady outwits a gang of expert kidnapers by making them believe a toy doll is the baby they've snatched. Some kidnapers! *Musque, W. 45th.*

Rain from Heaven, by S. N. Behrman. The best dramatic comedy in town. It marks a still further advance in the Behrman craft. And it is beautifully played by Jane Cowl and John Halliday. *Golden, W. 45th.*

Revenge with Music, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. When I saw it, it was a fetching show and deserved the green ribbon. If it hasn't fallen off, as rumor cruelly insists, it will doubtless entertain you. *New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. The best drama in town and a credit to American playwrighting. This Hellman girl is worth watching. *Maxine Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Farmer Takes a Wife, by F. B. Elser and Marc Connelly. Commendable attempt to fashion drama out of the early Eric Canal folk. Successful pictorially if not always dramatically. It is rather slow going. *46th St. Theatre.*

The Great Waltz, by Moss Hart with music by the Strauss duo. The mouse labored and brought forth a papier-mâché mountain. A \$300,000 production on a lot of revolving and sliding platforms that remains lifeless save when a little Strauss music manages to trickle through. *Center, 6th Ave. at 49th.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. A relic of the very early Charles Frohman era. Or maybe it is the Wallack. As rococo in the present-day theatre as a house manager in an Inverness and top hat. *Empire, B'way at 40th.*

The Petrified Forest, by Robert E. Sherwood. If you are one to be satisfied with a plain melodrama, it will serve. But if you are one who is looking for a symbolical-philosophical melodrama, it will leave much to be desired. Leslie Howard is an adroit leading man, and Peggy Conklin and Humphrey Bogart do good jobs, too. *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*

Thumbs Up, by Ballard Macdonald, Earle Crooker, et al. Bobby Clark is in it. If that isn't enough for you, greedy dog, there are also some first-rate dancers, some diverting skits and some entertaining musical numbers. *St. James, W. 44th.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. Even though the presenting troupe is now an inferior one, the play retains much of its original kick. *Forrest, W. 49th.*

MOVIES

By Don Herold

(Pictures marked * not suitable for children)

Ann of Green Gables. I want you to see this lovely and talented youngster, Ann Shirley, but I think you had better wait until they get her out of pigtail pictures.

Bright Eyes. A palpably synthetic plot (you can almost hear the conferences) about Shirley, the pet of the airport. But Shirley Temple still remains the most unpoisonable of the child actors.

Clive of India. An impressive and important panoramic study of Robert Clive's construction of a British Empire in India, with Ronald Colman in a sterling, grown-up performance as the ambitious Clive. Some tremendous battle scenes.

David Copperfield. A double go for this charming, though perhaps long-winded picture, one of the major productions of the year, and as honest and full of real Dickensian flavor as it is long. And what a cast, from little Freddie Bartholomew to Frank Lawton!

Forsaking All Others.* Suffers with galloping sophistication, but is a more than ordinarily amusing comedy about folks who don't come to their own weddings. Butterworth, Crawford, Gable and Montgomery.

(Continued on page 46)

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"Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



In 1885, fifty years ago, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was formed.

There were few telephones then and service was slow, uncertain and limited to separate communities.

Today, from your own Bell telephone, you can talk with 17,000,000 other telephones in this country and most of those in foreign lands.

This year marks also the Twentieth Anniversary of the opening of the first transcontinental line, from New York to San Francisco, and the Eighth Anniversary of the opening of transatlantic service.

Further improvements will come through Bell System research, manufacturing and unified operation.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Life

Established 1883

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"Here's one I picked up at Roosevelt Field."

WHEN A SMELLER NEEDS A FRIEND!



THE hound's nose was keen and alert. The hunter's pipe was strong and neglected. So the rabbit trotted safely back to his home and missus.

A few pipe cleaners and a tin of mild, fragrant tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh would have put a happier ending to the hunt. Sir Walter's an extremely gentle tobacco, a blend of Kentucky Burleys fragrant as the woods in spring and mild as a May morning. Well-aged, slow-burning, it has become a national favorite in mighty short order. Try a tin. You'll find it kept fresh in heavy gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. O-53



FREE BOOKLET

tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

ER
o!

Squirrel rifles cracked in the Kentucky forests to spread Crab Orchard's reputation for good living



OVER at the hotel in Crab Orchard, young marksmen from the surrounding country used to find a ready market for squirrels, if they were plump and tender.

For "quality folk" from Louisville, down through the Cumberland valley, and up beyond Cincinnati journeyed to that quiet little town, to "take the waters" of its famous limestone spring, and enjoy the old-fashioned southern eatables and drinkables of its picturesque hotel.

Among the gentry who gathered there were naturally some excellent judges of Bourbon. And those critical gentlemen went away not only with pleasant memories of luscious squirrel pie, or 'possum roasted with sweet po-

tatoes, but also of a marvelously mellow local whiskey, named for the town where it was made.

Gradually the reputation of Crab Orchard Whiskey spread throughout the Blue Grass country — as tales of its goodness, or perhaps a jug for juleps,

were carried home. But for almost sixty years, Crab Orchard remained a local favorite.

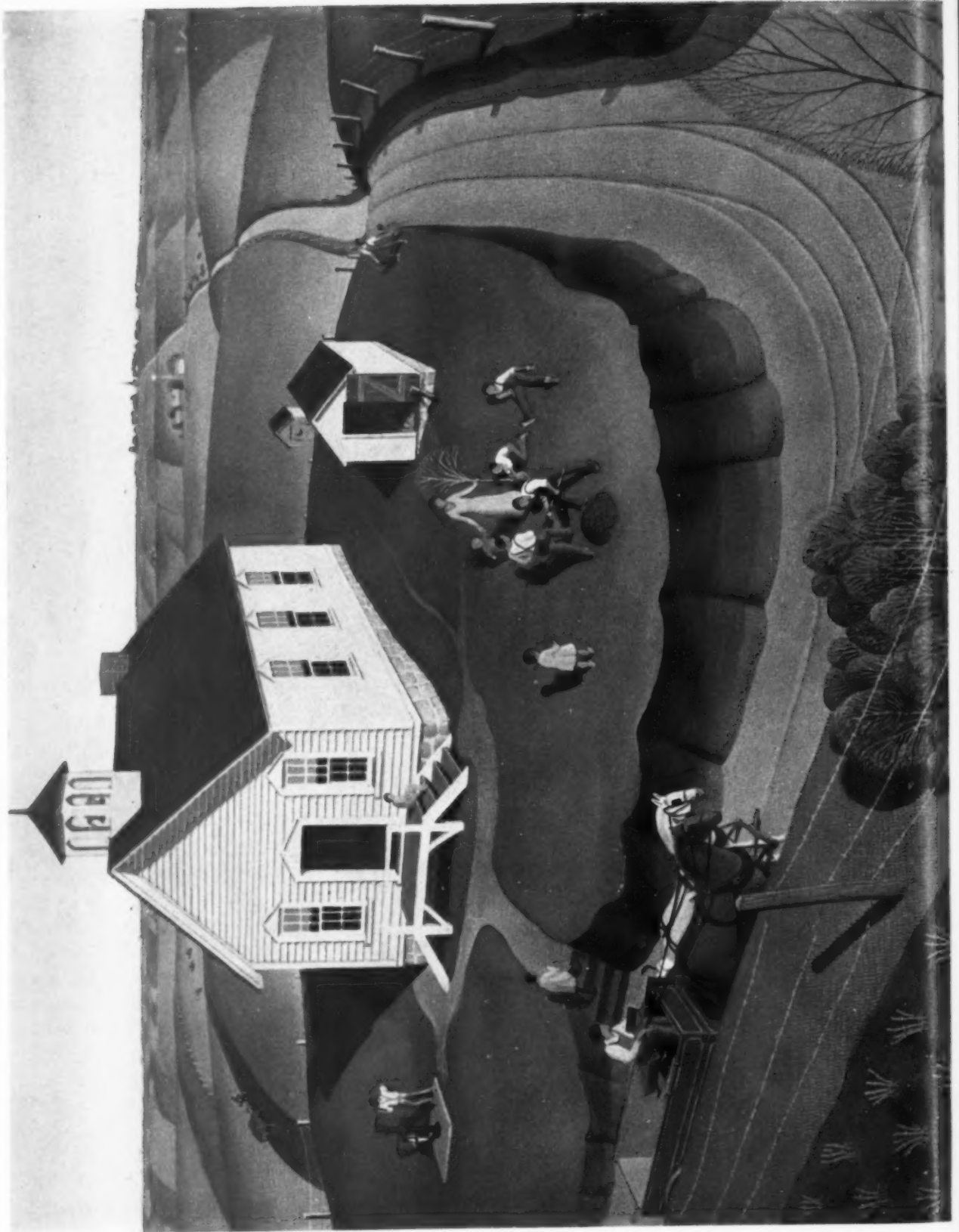
Then came the confused days after prohibition. People wanted something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—smooth and pleasing to taste—and they wanted a low price.

And because that was exactly what Crab Orchard offered, it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey*. Anywhere from Broadway to the Golden Gate, you'll find it the popular favorite today.

Made in old Kentucky
Straight as a string
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a popular price

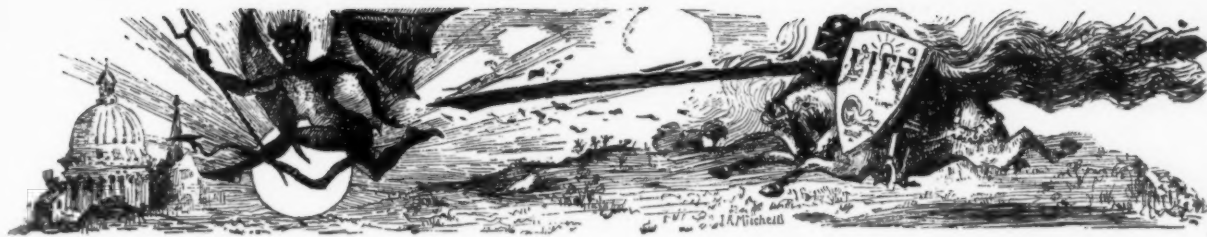
Crab Orchard

This Emblem
Protects You



+ THE
AMERICAN
SCENE
Number One
+ "Arbor Day"
by
Grant Wood
[see page 52]
+

From the collection
of Edwin Hewitt—
Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

FOURTEEN of the known seventy-five Great Auk's eggs are owned in the United States.

Item

LOUISVILLE, Ky. has 10 distilleries, 16 rectifying plants, one race track and 400 churches.

Item

AMERICANS purchase on the average of two thousand pairs of dice a week.

The Climate Ideal

THERE'S no such thing as an ideal climate in this country, according to climate experts. Places like Miami, Los Angeles and Santa Fe are all splendid places for tired people, football games and pageants, but they stifle thought.

Our best all-year climate, dreadful though it may seem, is that of New York and Boston, simply because the human animal requires a winter at least as cold as 40 degrees average to work at highest efficiency.

On the other hand, we are informed that it is foolish to remain in Boston or New York during the three hottest months for the very same reason; to keep alert you must go to Concord, with a mean of 68 degrees, or better yet, Seattle, with a 63 degree average, which is just exactly right. It has a 40 degree winter average, too. Colder weather than 38, we are warned, causes the human organism to slump in efficiency. Zero weather may not hurt you, but it does put sand in your bearings.

But lest you pack up your Ipana and move to Seattle, we must tell you that this fine city lacks frequent storms which insufficient variety in weather causes people to lose their appetites. It makes them enjoy life but they don't

want to do anything. San Francisco may be disposed of with a shriek, having a still more equable climate.

Therefore, the conclusion is that you may live on the Atlantic coast or even along the Great Lakes so long as you skip away for the winter to Little Rock (averaging 41), to Aiken, Portland (Oregon), Nashville, Seattle or Norfolk. In the spring you may drop in at home and prepare to post off for Portland (Maine), Helena, Santa Fe, Block Island, Seattle or Cheyenne.

Such a program is practically guaranteed to keep you fit as a string and ravenous for work, if you can get any.

Senate Legs

LIFE for the Senate pages is a series of gastronomic gripes. Last year they struck for a 30-minute lunch period in place of their 20-minute gulp—and lost. This year the Lame Duck Law, which ended the traditional early December convening of Congress in election years, also put an end to the annual Christmas dinner given for the boys by every Vice-President since Marshall.

There are 21 pages in the Senate, ranging in age from 12 to 16. Each day Congress is in session they receive \$4.00, and no boy can serve more than

PLANACEAS

- "\$200 a month at 60" Townsend
- "Every man a king" Huey Long
- "EPIC" Upton Sinclair

TO balance the budget is not the intent
Of Sinclair, Townsend and Long.
A penny that's saved is a dollar that's spent
With Sinclair, Townsend and Long.
So print paper money and clutch at the straws.
To reason this season is treason because
We now have a three-headed Santa Claus:
Sinclair, Townsend and Long!

"Get something for nothing! You needn't produce!"
Say Sinclair, Townsend and Long.
"The eagle will lay golden eggs—like the goose!"
Say Sinclair, Townsend and Long.
"There's plenty of cash in the National Till.
So step to the counter and pocket your fill.
Your grandchildren's children will settle the bill!"
Say Sinclair, Townsend and Long.

The world is so full of a number of plans
Like Sinclair's, Townsend's and Long's.
And each of the plans has an army of fans,
Like Sinclair, Townsend and Long.
So fall into line with a full dinner pail,
And sing as you swing over hill, over dale:
"For God and for country—and also for kale
With Sinclair, Townsend and Long!"

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



"You girls can change, now—he's unconscious."

two sessions (four years). The older pages kick at having to wear the sissy, blue serge, knickerbocker suits, black stockings, white shirts and blue neckties of tradition.

The boys can go to school in the morning or at night for \$15.00 a month if they want to, but they must report promptly at 9:30 a.m. daily to start the "sob run." The sob run is the irksome duty of carrying bills and resolutions between the Capitol and the Senators' offices and committee rooms. If a boy reports late he is given "a night," which means that he must stay in the Senate until the very last toga has been removed and everyone else gone home.

When a Senator snaps his fingers the pages jump. It may be only a package of cigarettes or a glass of fizz water for the Vice-President; then again it may be a full course dinner to be served at a Senator's desk.

New pages are initiated by being sent on errands for "bill stretchers" and "telephone rings."

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Endurance Driver

SHORTLY after the holidays a gentleman appeared in St. Louis and organized an endurance drive, with himself handcuffed to the wheel, in order to test and advertise a certain brand of gasoline and oil. Vis-

iting a number of the local merchants in quick succession, he promoted the necessary car, the gas, oil, food, lodging and accessories, and in addition sold advertising space all over the machine.

Then the drive was actually started, and as far as anyone knows it is still going on; nothing has been heard since of car, driver or handcuffs. The Better Business Bureau advises you to be on the lookout for "a short, heavy set, red-faced man with neck considerably down on his shoulders, with irregular, protruding teeth, who talks fast." He must, he certainly must.

Efficiency

THE Eastern Traffic Manager of a western railroad recently went to Palm Beach for a chance to unlace and make sand pies. When it came time to return to Manhattan, he wired his New York office for a Pullman reservation from Palm Beach. That started the wheels turning.

The Eastern Traffic office of his road called the Eastern Passenger office; the Passenger office called the Florida East Coast Railway office to make the reservation; the Florida East Coast Railway office in New York wired the main office in Florida for the Pullman space; the Florida office wired back to the New York office accepting the reservation; the New York office of the F. E. C. then called the Eastern Passenger office of the executive's road, which in

turn called the Traffic office, which wired the executive in Palm Beach informing him that the berth was reserved. Upon receipt of this wire, the shogun wired back to his office telling them to buy the Pullman ticket, whereupon his office phoned the Eastern Passenger office, which sent a messenger to the New York office of the Florida East Coast Railway and bought the ticket. The ticket was then mailed to the gentleman in Palm Beach.

The Palm Beach office of the Florida East Coast road is still mumbling about the whole thing.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Item

WHEN the seven hundred and fifty members of the first year class at Chicago University were tested for intelligence, it was found that the ten best minds were men.

Thistle-Sifter

THAT theoretical She who used to sell sea shells by the seashore has added sherry and sandshoes to her inventory. It's Exercise Eight in the City College of New York's list of speech-corrective exercises: "She sells sea shells, sherry and sandshoes."

That isn't all She does, though, according to C.C.N.Y.'s Speech department. For instance, "She sees a shot-silk sash-shop, full of Surah silk sashes, where the sun shines on shop signs," and "She says she will sew a sheet," which is followed by "Should such a shapely sash such shabby stitches show?" She also sifts thistles. "She is a thistle-sifter," states C.C.N.Y., "and she has a sieve of sifted thistles, and a sieve of unsifted thistles, because she is a thistle-sifter."

Further on we come to the DeWitt Consonant Couplets. Exercise One ("Me, mar, mow, madam; Germs, my man, Old Adam had 'em") doesn't make much sense but it's an easy start toward such mouthings as "Do, dew, gnu, new; food and feud and coo and cue" and "The Duke paid the money due the Jew before the dew was off the grass on Tuesday, and the Jew having duly acknowledged it, said adieu to the Duke forever." Try your Oxford accent on those.

Another stopper, when you try to

read it fast, is this simple list of words: "Mangle, monger, singer, finger; hanger, hanker, thinker, linger." They all remind us of the old-fashioned tongue-twisters with which we used to amuse ourselves, never dreaming we might be correcting our speech. "Rubber buggy bumpers" was one; "The black bug's blood" was the other.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Hauptmann Dogs

LONG after the last souvenir ladder has been sold and the last traces of press pundits scoured from the Union Hotel, Flemington will be tenderly remembered for its mongrel dogs—dogs glorified by press, movies and radio in every country in the world.

The most important of all was Nellie, a short-haired, wistful-eyed act of God, discovered on the steps of a rooming house by Travis Fulton, of the New York *American*, several weeks before the trial. Invited in, she spent the first few nights in the bed opposite Fulton; then his room-mate arrived.

One week before the trial commenced, the Union Hotel went big town by moving its three pool tables

into a corner of the room and setting up an extra bar. Nellie had spent a great many leisure hours in this room, so a large sign was immediately erected designating it as "Nellie's Tap Room."

It was as a direct result of this that Nellie leaped into overnight fame. News writers from all over the United States mentioned her in their stories; her name was broadcast over the radio a dozen times that first week; Paramount, Pathe and Hearst newsreels all photographed her; hundreds of flash-light bulbs caught her; the New York Anti-Vivisection Society announced that it would give Nellie a medal for "super-devotion" at a ceremony to take place in the Hotel Astor sometime in April.

The direct effect of all this publicity was to start all the visitors in town feeding Nellie, so that by the close of the trial she was being offered eight and ten full meals a day. Her favorite dining place was the dining room of the Hotel Union.

Nellie spent the majority of her time in Flemington roaming between the courthouse and the tap room, wearing the red coat presented her by Helen Nolan of the *American*. On the average of three times weekly Nellie crashed the courthouse, once even getting in-

side the courtroom for two minutes before being dragged out by the scruff of the neck. Her mornings were spent trotting round and round the courthouse, turning "the saddest eyes since Niobe" in search of her adopted master inside.

With a population of 3,000 people and 100 stray dogs, Flemington was the undisputed dog center of the county. Throughout the trial, a majority of the dogs gathered daily in front of Nellie's Tap Room in the not too futile hopes of having bones and scraps tossed to them.

Nellie is now living comfortably with her master in New York. She receives fan mail from almost everywhere and a young lady on Staten Island has even offered her a mate. Mr. Fulton has quietly declined the offer. He believes that Nellie will remain forever what she is—a grass widow.

ENTERTAINMENT

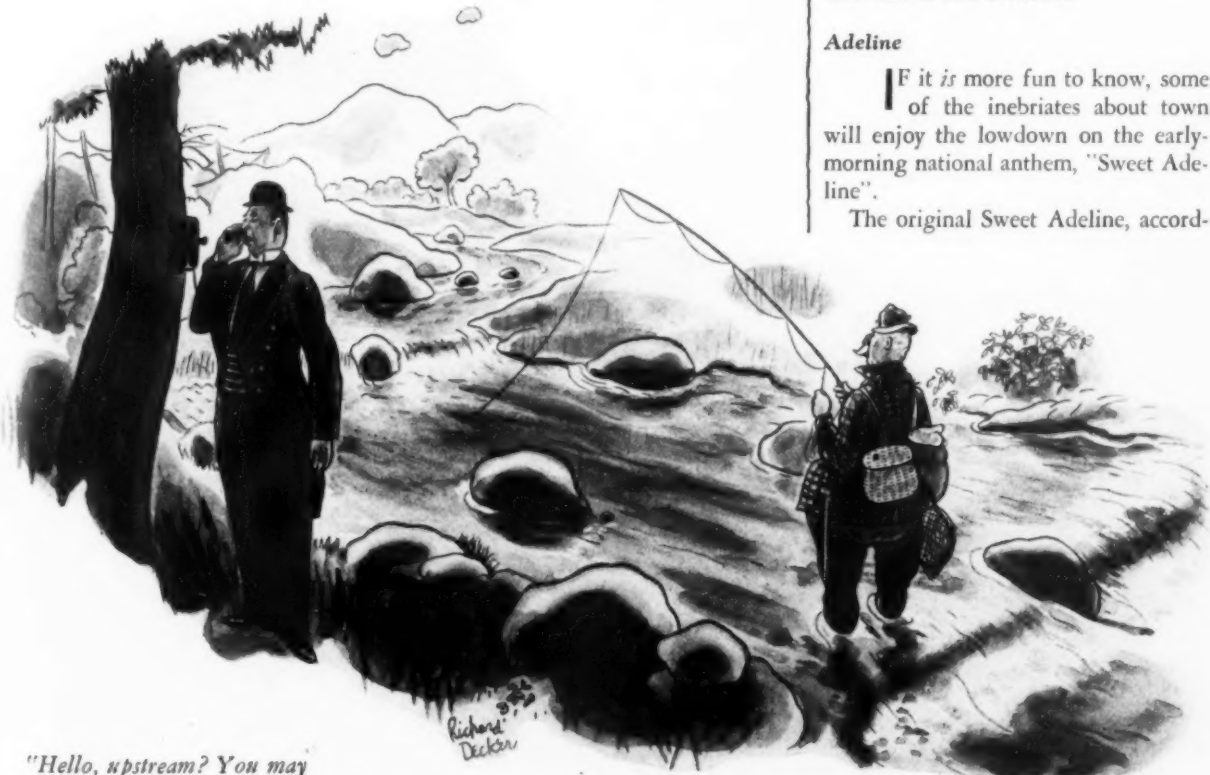
Hunch

A FELLOW on Broadway has a new idea, reports *Variety*. He's going to take one of those cabaret-theatres, rip out the tables, put in chairs and turn it into a theatre.

Adeline

IF it is more fun to know, some of the inebriates about town will enjoy the lowdown on the early-morning national anthem, "Sweet Adeline".

The original Sweet Adeline, accord-



"Hello, upstream? You may release the trout now."



"Oh, you'll look a lot better when I take off the clay!"

ing to a conscientious motion picture publicity man, lives in the Bronx. She is not Adeline and doesn't put herself out to be sweet, at least to talkie publicity men. Her name is Emma Tolen—Miss Emma Tolen. Back in 1900 her job was stimulating sales at Macy's music counter by banging out the latest tunes on a noisy upright. She took a personal interest in the struggles of the songwriting team Armstrong and Gerard, and rendered their melodies with enough gusto and frequency to have a noticeable effect on the team's total sales. Armstrong and Gerard were grateful. They wrote *Sweet Adeline* and dedicated it to Miss Tolen. "Sweet Emma" wouldn't fit the music, hence "Sweet Adeline".

Miss Tolen will have nothing to do with the fame that is rightly hers. When they wanted her to help advertise the picture *Sweet Adeline*, she asked that

they kindly keep her name out of it. As the publicity man put it, she wouldn't play ball.

Hilarious

ONE of our sleuths has turned up with evidence of what happens when the movies go in for fun on a colossal scale. It's a wire from a Hollywood publicity man, telling how things were going during the shooting of Rudy Vallée's coming picture, *Sweet Music*:

BRITTON ORCHESTRA ENGAGED IN SELTZER BOTTLES BATTLE SQUIRTING FIZZ INTO EACH OTHERS FACES AND THEN THROWING BUCKETS OF WATER STOP ALL THAT WITHOUT MISSING BEAT STOP SCENE RUINED DOZEN DRESS SUITS BUT CERTAIN BRING DOWN HOUSE IN THEATRES STOP BAND EX-

PECTS WRECK ONE HUNDRED FIFTY VIOLINS AND BASS CELLOS IN ADDITION RUINING FIVE DOZEN DRESS SHIRTS STOP STUDIO HAS PROVIDED FIFTY ADDITIONAL BREAKAWAY VIOLINS IN ORDER MAKE SURE THERE WILL BE NO LACK OF FIDDLES TO PLACE IN HANDS OF THESE MUSICAL MANIACS STOP.

GREAT MINDS

"I HAVE no intention of leaving a head on that mountain that in the course of five hundred to five thousand years will be without a nose."

—Gutzon Borglum.

"We down in Louisiana don't give a damn what the government does."

—Senator Huev P. Long.

"I am constantly sticking my nose out and getting it clouted."

—Rev. Fr. Charles E. Coughlin.

"I believe in disarmament when nations are willing to disarm."

—William Randolph Hearst.

"I'm distrustful of those countries that spend their time singing loudly."

—Fannie Hurst.

"The country needs the Republican Party."

—Herbert Hoover.

"The present trend in pictures is setting a rather high mark."

—Will H. Hays.

"If you can take the actor out of motion pictures, pictures will be better."

—Frank Capra.

"Women cannot wear hoopskirts in the days of crowded subways."

—F. H. La Guardia.

"We believe there is a definite place on the screen for Shakespearean plays."

—Jack L. Warner.

LITTLE RED BOOK

NOW you don't have to figure out what to do all through 1935. The New York Telephone Company has done it for you, through the Little Red Book, sent free of charge to all subscribers who have paid their bills (125 extra calls last month).

This piece of intensive literature is little, but the things it tells you! And the questions it asks!

There is a suggestion for practically every day in the year, and those days that have no suggestions are sure to be filled with activity trying to do the things it suggests on other days. The Little Red Book refers, of course, to the Big Red Book, technically known as The Classified Telephone Directory—that formidable tome you use to hold the door open, or rip apart for returning aviators, or throw at cats or drunks outside your window.

Except for a lot of dull statistics at the beginning and end, like "Distances in the City of New York," "Key to Street Numbers in Manhattan" and "Weather Records of 1934," the material in the Little Red Book can be divided into three important categories: Questions, Statements and Commands.

THE questions alone are food for thought enough to supply a whole unemployed year. As early as January 17 comes the dark suggestion: "Having furnace trouble?" You shudder and thank your stars you live in an apartment. But only a month later the Little Red Book asks "Furniture getting shabby? Look under 'Upholsterers'." Well, that has been tried many times, and all anybody ever found under an upholsterer was that same gray clotted dust that hangs under the furniture itself.

"Need a nurse?" for March 30 is pretty easy, but April 23 (Shakespeare's birthday, of all days) creates a journalistic panic with "Typewriter getting balky?" That's putting it mildly, Little Red Book. Pegasus himself never acted up more outrageously. And why must the middle of May be ruined by "Getting bald?" Yes, sure, certainly; but what are you going to do about it? A heavy massage with the Big Red Book won't help. People have tried that too.

"Who doesn't like a singing bird?" is the poser for July 18. Don't start an-

swering that one. It would take too long.

Nature scores again on July 29 with "Ants in your pantry?" You frightened us at first. Here's a counterquestion for you, Little Red Book: "Bats in your belfry?"

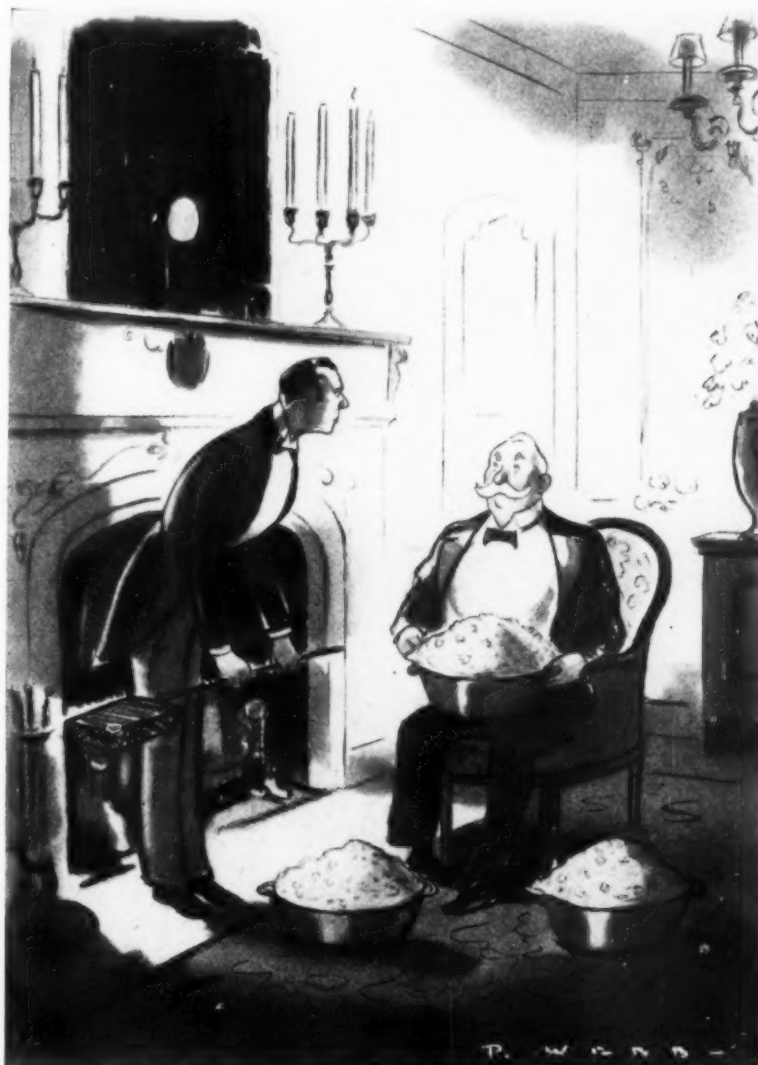
The Simple Declaratives are worse than the Interrogatives, because you can't even think up an answer. January offers "Insulation keeps houses warm" and "Pictures live forever." Let's not argue about either of those. But here are two in the merry month of May that are going to cause a lot of trouble: "Living rooms need color" and "Good pictures need good frames." Congress has been deadlocked on less than that.

July also encourages debate with

"Cheese is a health food" and "More shelves increase closet space." All right, Little Red Book, have it your own way, although we knew somebody who got good and sick eating cheese, and suppose you filled the whole closet with shelves an inch apart?

September is entirely practical when it offers "Clean carpets last longer" and "Good tires make safe driving," but December starts another argument with "Your writing paper represents you." Better not open that one till Christmas.

IT'S the Categorical Imperatives, however, that really *make* the Little Red Book. You simply can't follow all the orders, but it would be a lark to try. However, "Send your Valentine by telephone" seems just a bit thick, and will any red-blooded human being stand idly by and telephone both



"I hate the stuff, Gherkins, but I like to hear it pop."



"I don't know why you brought me here . . . I'm not clever or anything."

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THE BEDTIME SMOKE

Christmas and New Year's greetings, as commanded by the scarlet little dictator? What would become of the shiny card business, or the Post Office Department?

"Sleep soundly" is all right if you can do it, and so are "Shoo Fly!," "Protect your property," "Enjoy your vacation trip" and the courteously mild "Better brush up on your dancing." But "Brighten that corner with a Mirror" would never do for us, no matter what Billy Sunday said in that rag-time hymn of his. We like our corners dark, and we have our reasons. No, Little Red Book, you went too far that time. Pride can't be pushed beyond a certain point. There is a limit to even the most co-operative disposition, isn't there? Are we telephone subscribers or are we mice? Well, just to be agreeable, *what* corner?

—SIGMUND SPAETH

+

LIFE LINES

A BILL has been introduced in the Colorado legislature making it mandatory for all candidates for the State senate and house to take an intelligence test before their names appear on the ballot. Somebody is always trying to destroy representative government.

+

Junior will never learn the value of money from the daily newspapers. Reading the current headlines makes him think that a billion dollars is chicken feed.

+

What the Spud cigarette people should run in one of their ads is a picture of a wife's greeting when her husband brings home an unexpected guest.

+

Funny how, with all the numbers in the world to choose from, the sweepstakes selector always sticks his hand in the bag and pulls out a janitor.

+

A fan magazine says that John Barrymore has created scores of roles in his time. That's what we'd call a prolific record.

+

The chances are, Japan's battleships will be built a whole lot stronger than the toys they send over here.

+

And those at ringside seats at wrestling matches know that the bigger they are the harder they fall on you.

MR. HIBBLE, in lounging robe and slippers, sat frowning on the edge of his bed. He remembered now that he had smoked the last one of a pack of cigarettes on his way home from the theatre and had forgotten to buy more. It wasn't worth the trouble to dress again and go out for some at this late hour just for a few puffs before going to sleep. Besides, he thought, there must be some cigarettes somewhere about the house, and, being hungry, he decided to attend to the more immediately important business of eating.

"How about a snack, Lucy?" he said to his wife, who was already in bed.

"No, thanks, Ernest," she answered with a yawn, "I'm sleepy. Don't stay up too late."

After some crackers and jam and an

apple Mr. Hibble wanted a smoke. He went into the living room and lifted the lid of a cigarette box on one of the end-tables. It was empty. Worried, he hastily examined the other two cigarette boxes. They too, except for some tobacco crumbs, were empty. And the ash trays had been cleaned; there weren't even any cigarette butts.

"Dammit, Lucy," exclaimed Mr. Hibble petulantly, "there aren't any cigarettes again! What are all these fancy boxes for?"

His wife answered irritably from the bedroom; she had just reached that delicious in-between state that precedes sleep. "This is a fine time to ask me stupid questions! I can't *always* remember your silly cigarettes, especially when I don't even smoke."



"Abercrombie and Fitch are wondering about their little bill."

"So that's it! *You* don't smoke. Wait'll you ask me to get you a jar of cold cream or something. Just wait!"

"Please, Ernest, stop turning things upside down and go to bed. I'm *so* tired."

But Mr. Hibble wasn't listening; he was thinking ahead. He would be without a smoke the next morning and unless he smoked immediately after breakfast his first cigarette always gave him a terrific dizzy spell. He went to his closet and looked through all the pockets of all his clothes. He went frantically through all the drawers of every piece of furniture that had a drawer but they yielded nothing.

Quite miserable by now, he stood in the middle of the living room and looked around it. The nice, shiny briar which his sister had given him for Christmas caught his eye. He picked it up and thoughtfully turned it around in his fingers. He sniffed at the tobacco in the humidor. It smelled pretty good. Mr. Hibble was not a pipe smoker and the little experience he had had with pipes had been very unpleasant but he decided to try again. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad this time.

He slumped into an easy chair with an early edition of a morning news-

paper and began to smoke the pipe.

SOME time later, in the middle of a news item, Mr. Hibble lowered his paper. Something had made him aware of the pipe. For one thing, his lower jaw was very tired. He wondered whether you were supposed to inhale a pipe. He *had* been inhaling and his throat felt raw and his tongue was beginning to tingle. Well, it was like anything else; you had to get used to it.

Suddenly, without warning, the pipe gurgled and Mr. Hibble made a wry face. He took the pipe out of his mouth, held it at arm's length and looked at it sourly. He felt betrayed. But he should have known that this would happen.

He put down the pipe, went into the bathroom and violently shook some astringent mouth wash into a glass of cold water. He rinsed his mouth and gargled loudly but it made him feel worse. The lining of his mouth and throat seemed to dissolve under the action of the astringent. He slammed the medicine-chest door and strode out of the bathroom.

"Dammit all," he muttered to himself, "I've got to have a cigarette!"

The elevator boy! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Sam would be

glad to get him a pack. Only the other day Mr. Hibble had given him a half-dollar for no reason at all.

He walked quickly out to the foyer, but just as he opened the door, Lucy called to him. She had been awakened by the unpleasant noise of her husband's gargling and since then, in a growing temper, had been listening to his movements, eager to catch him at some mischief.

"Ernest!" she called. "What's going on out there? Why all that terrible racket?"

The door squeaked as Mr. Hibble closed it.

"I was just going to ask Sam to get me a pack of cigarettes," he said guiltily.

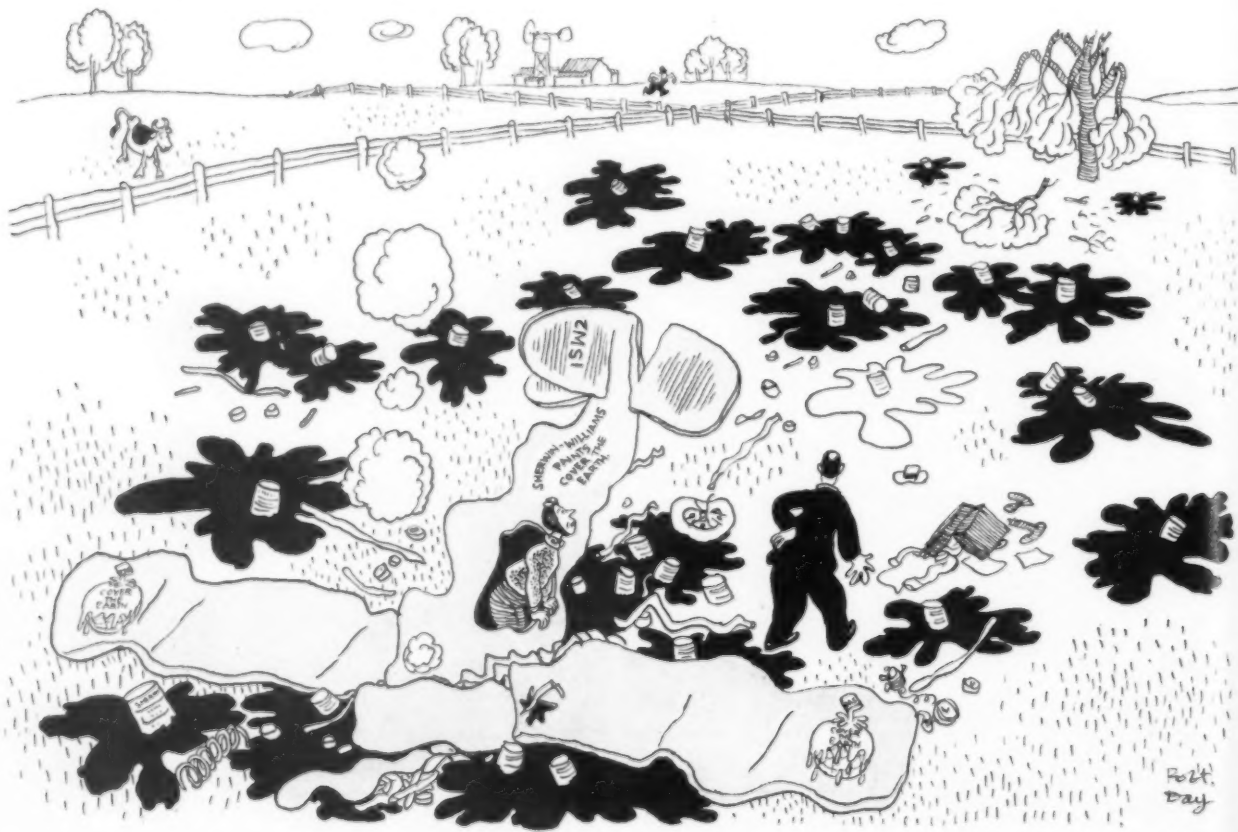
"What? At this time of night? Haven't you any will-power at all?"

Mr. Hibble went resignedly into the bedroom and kissed his wife's cheek. Then he opened the window a few inches, took a deep breath of crisp air, coughed, and went to bed.

—HENRY ANTON

+

A chemist has developed a perfume costing \$200 an ounce which changes its odor three times a day. What this country needs is a good five scent perfume.



RECREATION

"I've been looking forward to this," said Chase, tying his sneakers. "You know I haven't played squash for almost two months. I sure miss the exercise."

"You've put on a little weight," remarked Grayson.

Chase nodded. "If I go a week without exercise, I start to gain. I'm lost without it. Which court is ours?"

"Number six," said Grayson.

"Good. That's the best court. It's slower, and that suits my game. You know I really haven't got anything but a soft game. If my drop shots are working, I'm not so bad, but if they aren't, I'm a pushover. I'll probably be terrible."

"I've got a ball," said Grayson. They went up to the court and began to rally. Chase, out of practise, flubbed the ball.

"You'll have to be patient," he remarked. "I sure have lost the old touch completely. Can't put the ball within a mile of where I want it. My game depends entirely on accuracy, not speed. When I'm inaccurate, I'm helpless."

They rallied for five minutes, and then started playing. Grayson quickly won the first game.

"Well," said Chase, "I can't keep on being as terrible as that. I'm bound to get my eye pretty soon. But it certainly is amazing how a lay-off affects you. You'd never think I was a class A player to see me now." In the second game he improved slightly in accuracy, and then got winded. He was unable even to try for the last few points. "Boy!" he stammered, "Am I in terrible condition! And to think last year I could go five games without resting. You remember the time I beat Thorbon? I had his tongue hanging out!"

They played two more games, both of which Grayson won with little difficulty. "I'm sorry," apologized Chase as they were dressing, "couldn't even make it interesting for you, but I guess I'll get the old touch back pretty soon. I certainly wish I could get my corner shots going the way I had them against Reynolds last winter. Remember how I had him running the wrong way all the time in that match?"

They went down to the lobby, and Chase headed for the bar. "Let's have a drink," he suggested. "It's early."

"Sorry," said Grayson, "I've got to go up-town." —PARKE CUMMINGS



"Don't bother moving—it's a portable fireplace."

FOOTNOTES

GENTLEMEN, I protest!

Gentlemen, I request
That you who write fat books do not
engage

In sprinkling figures here and there
Throughout the text. I tear my hair,
I'm in despair

At hunting footnotes,
Those lousy (1) footnotes,
Those footnotes at the bottom of the
page.

It is bad enough to run
Headlong into number one
And find your train of thought
abruptly switched,
But when you hit two, three, and four

(1.) *Pedicularious*. One of the two most popular adjectives of the past decade, the other being "Swell". Often the complete stock of some conversationalists.

And five and six and ten, a score,
And even more,
Derailing footnotes,
Train wrecking footnotes,
The engine, diner, pullmans—all are
ditched.

So, gentlemen, whose task
Is writing books, I ask
That when you build your tomes so
vast and sage (2),
You put the whole thing in the text.
Then readers need not be perplexed
And irked and vexed
With tricky footnotes,
Elusive footnotes,
Dull footnotes at the bottom of the
page! —DAL DEVENING

(2.) *Noun*. An aromatic herb. *Adjective*—wise. For example, a sage tea is a social function held in honor of the reigning expounder of the newest brand of popular economics.

OH, PLEASE DON'T GET UP!

THERE is one form of life to which I unconditionally surrender,
Which is the feminine gender.
Like lightning and thunder, women are awe-inspiring phenomena,
And they have a custom which many men might well adopt, which is to gird themselves
in devices that reduce or at least repress their abdomena,
And they have a traditional rite which is handed down from mother to daughter,
Which is that they always have to wash their face with cold cream instead of water.
Also, I think there must be some great difference in the way men and women are built,
Because women walk around all day wearing shoes that a man would break his neck the
first step he took in them because where a man's shoe has a heel a woman's shoe has a stilt,
So I often wonder who started this rumor about women being the clinging vine and man
the mighty oak or elm,
And I have an idea that the phrase "weaker sex" was coined by some woman to disarm
some man she was preparing to overwhelm,
Because certainly a man shod like a woman would just have to sit down all day, and yet
my land!

Women not only don't have to sit, but prefer to stand,
Because their pleasure in standing up is exquisite,
As everybody knows who has ever watched a woman pay a call or a visit,
Because at first they will sit in a chair,
And their heart may be in the highlands, but it certainly isn't there,
And their conversation is unsponaneous,
And their topics are trifling and miscellaneous,
But finally, after an uncomfortable while,
Their faces brighten with the well-I-must-be-running-along-now smile,
And they get to their feet and the front door,
And the Mississippi surges over the levee with a roar,
Because the proportions of feminine social chitchat are constant always;
One part of sitting down in the sitting room to four parts standing up saying goodbye in
foyers and hallways,
Which is why I think that when it comes to physical prowess,
Why woman is a wow, or should I say a wowess?

—OGDEN NASH



"I guess I'm just lucky"

Life



OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES

COMIC STRIP ADVERTISING



TWENTY years ago, accredited comic strips were known as "funnies." "Bringing Up Father," "Mutt and Jeff," "Happy Hooligan," "Foxy Grandpa," "The Katzenjammer Kids" and a host of others were built pretty much on the same formula: a series, or strip, of slapstick panels in which two or more citizens went through dialogue (contained in "balloons" over their heads) leading up to the daily gag, the effect of which usually caused one of the parties to pass out of the picture with a "Pow!", "Clank!" or "Plop!" It was very comical stuff.

Comic strips have undergone a tremendous metamorphosis during the last two decades and are now more correctly called continuity strips, but in this essay "comic strip technique" in advertising means a series of related drawings in which two or more characters discuss the merits or demerits of Somebody's Something—in the former case, a cigarette or cereal; in the latter, Leo's B.O. or Alice's halitosis. Their discussion is lettered in balloons over their heads.

If you want to start an argument, just walk into almost any advertising agency and ask the nearest executive if he knows who was the first to use the comic strip technique in advertising. This will be the signal for associate admen Jones, Brown, Smith and Johnson to assemble and there will be smoke and wrangling thereabouts for some time.

Adman Jones, for instance, will assert that the first comic strip ad appeared in 1847, and he shows you a reproduction of it in a recent issue of *Printers' Ink*, contributed by a Columbia University professor. The drawing depicts a group of Chillicothe, Ohio, taxpayers extolling the virtues of a local dry goods emporium. "This is the cheapest store," muses one gent in a printed balloon, "and they keep the best goods. What a crowd! Well, I'm just in time."

This ad doesn't qualify, however, because it wasn't supposed to be comic and it wasn't a strip. Also out of this treatise, then, are other single picture comic ads which enjoyed an early popularity and are widely used today—Peter Arno, O. Soglow, Don Herold, Fontaine Fox and others do them. They may be comic and they may contain balloons but they aren't strips.

Adman Brown will cite the case of Yellow Kid chewing gum which was named after "The Yellow Kid" by Outcault, a popular strip in 1901. There was no direct sales tie-up between the comic strip and the gum but the strip served to keep the name Yellow Kid in mind when newspaper readers shopped for chewing gum. (Outcault later did "Buster Brown and Tige" which was revived not long ago to advertise Buster Brown shoes.)

Adman Smith will state that the Colgate company pioneered in 1912 with a series of comic strip ads for Cashmere Bouquet. Apparently, though, the campaign didn't make much of a

dent; nobody recalls the details clearly.

Adman Johnson will probably bring about an armistice in the present argument by convincing you that the real birthday of the modern Gargantuan and complex industry was in 1920, when Liggett & Myers persuaded the late Clare Briggs to draw a series of panels based on his famous "Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?" and containing a couple of Piedmont-praising smokers. It seems strange that 19 years passed before advertisers appreciated the value of the comic strip, as demonstrated by "The Yellow Kid," but such seems to have been the case.

After the Briggs-Piedmont cartoons appeared in the advertising sections of newspapers, however, it didn't take other advertisers long to realize that here was something—maybe good, maybe undignified, but something novel, anyway—and the reading public was soon confronted with, and at first bewildered by, other ads of the same general type as Piedmont's.

UNTIL eight years ago, *Tide* reports, strip ads followed the formula; then, in 1927, variations began. Lever Bros. (who had even used a comic strip ad for Rinso drawn by a six-year-old Seattle girl) ran photo-



"Two Old Fashions."

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*If you seek matchless safety,
strength and freedom from
trouble or annoyance, Double
Eagles were built for you*

NOT MEASURED IN PRICE ALONE

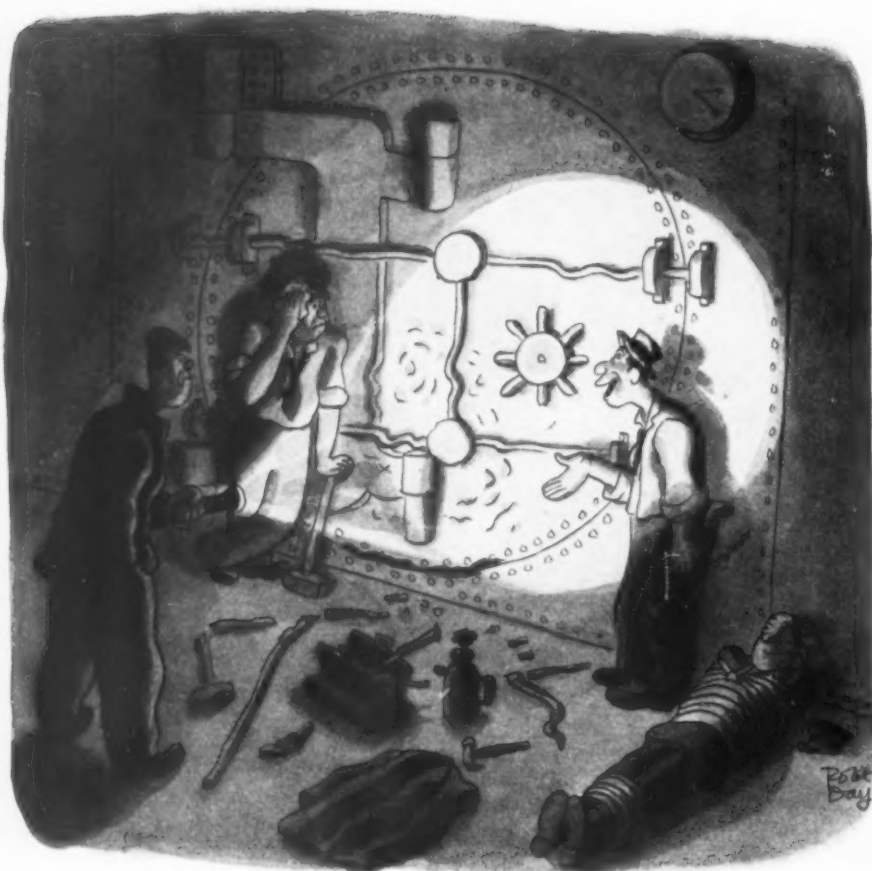
There is a serene security, a superlative sense of protection, about riding on Double Eagles such as no other tire can give.

That is because no other tire has ever been built with the deliberate disregard of costs, the lavish excellence of materials, which lifts the manufacture of this Tire of Tires above

ordinary commercial standards and approaches the realm of art.

Not everyone needs or can afford a tire built so extravagantly fine. But those prudent people who do not measure safety or peace of mind by price alone find in the Double Eagle a value both desirable and sound.





"Well, what do you say we make it some night next week?"

graphs of real people in strip form. The fad took hold and went through many contortions (pen and ink bodies with photographic heads, etc.) which led up to Socony-Vacuum's 1933 campaign: photographs of popular movie stars enthusing over Mobiloil. All the intervening and more or less digressive campaigns retained the comic strip panels and balloons.

The tremendous power of strip advertising is easily understood. Drake University's Dr. George Gallup four years ago surveyed the newspaper reading habits of 2,150,000 persons and found that (1) accredited comics as a whole rated third place in interest, and that (2) the best comic in the paper was the best read feature next to news pictures.

Years of comic strip reading, therefore, have conditioned the reader for comic strip ads: He finds it almost impossible to leave any balloon unread, he is influenced by emotional reactions called up by the characters and situa-

tions, and he is intrigued by the physical form of the strip. Furthermore, as *Advertising & Selling* pointed out in 1931, the balloons, carrying words apparently spoken by the characters in the drawings, tend to give the copy an atmosphere of veracity which stilted advertising copy does not itself possess.

IN 1931 the real boom, as we see it today, began when Publisher William Randolph Hearst opened up to advertisers the pages of his *Comic Weekly*, the biggest exploiter of comic strip ads and their most widely circulated medium. This was probably the first time that the accredited comic strips and their slightly illegitimate offspring had been put into a relation to each other, and the benefit to advertisers was obvious. The *Comic Weekly* page rate, however, was high (\$17,500.00) and there was very little pushing and shoving among space buyers.

General Foods broke the ice in the

Comic Weekly. In May, 1931, the first Grape-Nuts strip appeared; it was called "Suburban Joe" and it was funny. Campaigns for Jell-O and Postum soon followed—and then the landslide slid. Cereal, cigarette, floor polish, tooth paste and golf ball makers got into the scramble. "From a vogue," *Tide* magazine observed, "it became an accepted method." But the method underwent inevitable changes; today most ad strips have dispensed with humor and have retained only the strip technique.

It is impossible here to do more than skim the surface of the sea of current strips but you're familiar with such names as Bon Ami, Ingram, Colgate, Ovaltine, Puffed Wheat, Lifebuoy, Quaker Oats, Wrigley, Wheaties, Listerine, Ex-Lax, Ralston, Vicks, Postum, Chase & Sanborn, Ivory, Lux and half a hundred others which have appeared in strip form during the past three years.

The present Camel cigarette series is representative of the trend, the adventure type made popular by "Buck Rogers" and other credited strip thrillers. The Camel idea is unique in that the strips are drawn from true experiences and involve the type of real people (auto racers, deep sea divers, explorers, sportsmen) who frequently get shaken up or scared but who come through with flying colors and in high spirits, thanks to Camel inhalations.

PROBABLY the most prolific of strip ad producers is Tom Johnstone, formerly Comic Editor of the defunct New York *World*. At his beck and call are nearly a hundred artists who can draw any kind of a strip: fashion, comic, adventure or illustrative. Among successful current strips Johnstone has produced are "Mr. & Mrs. Goof" (Chase and Sanborn coffee), "They All Love Nurse!" (Ivory soap), "The Adventures of Peggy Lux" (Lux), and "Mr. Coffee-Nerves" (Postum).

Johnstone may get from \$100.00 to \$1,200.00 from one advertiser for the same type of drawing, depending on whether the campaign is localized or national. A score of copy writers, layout experts, artists, account executives and other admen may contribute ideas for one strip. The general rule is to "make the strip look 'busy'" and the result is occasionally pretty hard for the artist to take, but he draws what they tell him to or else. Sometimes the idea is so gen-

eral that the artist has no idea what his strip is to advertise; he merely leaves the last panel blank, and the strip may be used for any of half a dozen products. Usually, the drawing is unsigned.

In some cases, the rough draft of an idea is prepared by an agency and turned over to a "name" artist (Wallace Morgan, C. A. Voight) whose technique is familiar to periodical readers and who therefore gives the advertisement that much more attention value. Prices for these drawings are breath-taking, as are space rates in the larger media. Rates for the new tabloid size *Comic Weekly*, for example, are \$10,000.00 a page, \$12,000.00 for the

back cover, \$22,000.00 for the center spread—for one Sunday insertion. You have to sell a lot of Crackly-Wacklies to get that back.

Standard Brands (Fleischmann's yeast, Chase & Sanborn coffee, Royal gelatin) say they can check the effectiveness of a particular strip ad within three days from the time it first appears. Their rapid delivery truck system, which is said to be faster than the U. S. mail, is responsible; the delivery truck drivers can find out almost immediately whether or not the public is asking for the advertised product.

Because of the similarity in construction between the strip ads and the regu-

lar comics newspaper readers have mailed to editors heated letters in which they have mentioned chicanery, deceit, fraud and intellectual mayhem. In most instances the editors have paid no attention, being dominated by the business office (even such independent papers as the *Kansas City Star*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the Scripps-Howard chain have accepted the new source of revenue), but editors are justified in balking when accredited strips are turned into advertising media.

Last year both Shell and Lux made a tie-up with the perennial "Mutt and Jeff"—a project that was soon squelched by the combined yowls of editors and

readers. The readers rightly resented having their favorite characters discuss gasoline and soap commercially, and the editors felt that a comic section costing a tremendous amount of money not only should retain reader interest but remain the unsullied property of the paper that paid for it.

The annual appropriation by a large newspaper for accredited comics can reach a staggering amount. The *Chicago Daily News*, for example, will this week start an eight-page comic section at a cost (including additional newsprint, ink and transportation) of \$165,000.00 a year. \$3,200.00 a week for comics alone!

What do admen think of comic strip ads when the client isn't around? One prominent art director recently said, "Well, they're effective, but I think they're pretty damned stupid."

P. S. He gets the jobs anyway.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Definition: A tabloid is a small-sized newspaper in which the news stories are funnier than the comic strips.

It's amazing what poor service people will put up with in restaurants in order to appear urbane.



BON MISHAP VOYAGE!

THE other day I was talking to the favorite niece of a recently deceased and very wealthy uncle. "Well, Muriel," I remarked enviously, "I suppose now you'll take a trip around the world?"

"Heavens, no!" she startled me by replying. "I simply dread travel! If I even so much as board a ferryboat, the machinery breaks down. Believe me, I'd rather stay home and be safe!"

An attitude like that is absolutely incomprehensible. In the first place, I can't for the life of me think where Muriel got the idea that staying home is safe; all the insurance companies agree it's the most dangerous thing you can do.

And in the second place, only a person completely lacking in imagination would crave a trip minus mishaps. The motto of the intelligent traveller is: "Anything for an anecdote!" If you hope to hold the Bridge Club spell-bound when you talk about your travels, you've got to have something meatier than mere scenery to discuss.

Knowing this, it's hard to understand why some people deliberately arrange things so that nothing newsworthy will happen. Take my cousin Agnes, for example. Before leaving for the Orient last winter she had a perfectly sound appendix removed, just in case. More fool, she! An appendectomy at home won't even rate her a hearing among her friends, but having her tummy carved in Hong Kong would've made a good story at anybody's tea table.

Aside from the story value, there's nothing better for keeping one on one's toes than getting into jams in foreign places. Maybe it's the Halliburton in me, but I feel that the trouble with travel these days is too much comfort and too little color. Of course, very few of us have intestinal fortitude enough to cross the Gobi on muleback or barge off to Hindustan on a bicycle, but with a little originality it is still possible to make even a carefully conducted tour an adventure.

If you don't have a talent for that sort of thing, you should tie up with somebody who does. An eccentric relative, say, or a pal of the type whose suitcase always comes open when running for trains. A friend of mine told me the other day that she'd never fully realized the possibilities of a trip to Germany till she went last spring accompanied by an aunt with a nervous affliction in the form of loud sniffs. Auntie got into a beautiful jam every time the swastika

went by or somebody mentioned Hitler.

And I know of one wealthy old dowager who goes round the world every year and never has a dull moment. Her travelling companion is an Irish wolf hound that is subject to fits.

I, TOO, have my share of happy memories. There was that Mediterranean cruise with Anne, a fragile little thing with the appetite of an elephant. The sight of a steamer basket always reminds me of Anne, midnight lurching in the upper berth, tossing orange peels and walnut shells on my head. We skidded into Naples on her banana skins.

And I never had a better trip than the time I toured Europe with a girl named Wilma who had an optimistic nature and a defective electric iron. She wrecked the wiring systems in practically every hotel on the continent. We went through Europe accompanied by candlelight and curses. Good old Wilma! She was a gem from start to finish. I can see her now clanking innocently through the Customs at New York, her girdle simply bulging with bottles of Guerlain's Vol de Nuit.

Say what you will, it's not the memories of the scenery that linger most fondly in a returning traveller's mind, but the embarrassing moments, mishaps and disasters. And if you've got any romance in your soul at all you'll welcome them. Anyone can buy a picture post card of the Eiffel Tower or Sloppy Joe's and know as much about it as if they'd been there. But only you could have lost your passport in Paris, or had that attack of ptomaine in Havana.

Oh, would I were going up the gangplank now full of high hopes and "Mothersills"! The Muriels of this world may get their wounds from skidding on the carpet sweeper that somebody left in the front hall, but I prefer to sprain my back in Bermuda and my ankles in the Alps! —MARGE

What every love note writer should know: The difference between correspondent and co-respondent is just one letter.

In the old days, amateurs used to get the hook; since radio, they are more apt to get the hook-up.

Another forgotten man in this country is the other senator from Louisiana.



"Come now, Madam—are you sure this has been worn?"



Lesson in Palmistry..

Drip a drop
Of Old Overholt rye
On your palm
Rub your hands together
And sniff...



A simple test
Of whiskey quality
Long known to experts



The rich bouquet
Of Old Overholt
Will make you think
Of sunny grain fields
Out Dakota way
Of fragrant oak
Charred by coopers
Zesty yeast
And sweet hill water

These are the only ingredients
In Old Overholt rye
They explain its wholesome goodness

They explain also
Why gentlefolk



For a century and a quarter
Have uncorked this regal drink
With pride
For guests of quality

Try a taste!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND



THIS EMBLEM PROTECTS YOU

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SOCIAL SECURITY

THE Townsend Plan for old age pensions is insane, admittedly; but what are we to say about the great minds who would do nothing about unemployment insurance, health benefits or pensions until such a plan forced it upon them? What is to be said for the great business brains who went berserk at the very mention of a dole for the unemployed and are now demanding a dole, as being less costly than made-work?

We now have a collection of social security plans, most of them being excellent locks for a stable after the horse has gone. Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, with his usual lack of astuteness, writes that we are to have our choice between the Wagner-Lewis Bill, sponsored by President Roosevelt, and the rival plans of Huey Long and Dr. Townsend. Happily, the choice happens to be broader than that. There are other plans, including the Lundeen Bill, which has wide support throughout the country, and which has the virtue of supplying help where it is most needed without placing the burden for it almost entirely upon those who are most likely to need it themselves a bit later on.

THE Wagner-Lewis Bill may as well be analyzed rigorously, first as last. If it is like the furtive attempts which we originally had for curing the depression and which we had in even greater degree for helping the helpless, it will do more harm than good. It has several obvious defects. In the first place, it does nothing for those already unemployed. Beyond that it passes the buck to the states, who have never been known to do anything uniformly sensible. If Wisconsin has a good plan, there will be other states with plans so pal-

pably inadequate that the most any recipient can expect from their favors is starvation at a slower pace. The government is to set aside the sum of \$125,000,000 as its share of old age pensions, which is hardly more than an organizing fund if the benefits to the aged are to be anything but a sham. In essence, the entire burden of the social benefit projects falls upon the working classes. They supply half of it from their earn-

ings and their employers supply the rest. The added costs to employers must of necessity go into higher prices, which will in turn be paid by the masses.

We have no recommendations. We say only this: The relief problem was botched because America refused to face it. The depression was allowed to bring the country almost to ruin before American officialdom could bring itself to acknowledge its presence. If we are going to have a program of social security, let us have one that means something and that will mean something twenty years from now. If we don't we'll get the Townsend Plan, no matter how outrageous it may sound now. —K. S. C.

+

If some one doesn't start refitting the Leviathan soon, we don't see how all the stowaways are ever going to get home for Easter.



Ol' Rockin' Chair

LIFE'S GAME SUPPLEMENT

VOL. I NO. I

"A Paper to Make You Think."

MARCH, 1935

ARE YOU SURE?

(Don Herold, movie critic, scored 70 on this)

- The "Buckeye State" is:
Texas Missouri Ohio Iowa Kansas
- An ichthyologist is a:
stamp collector fish scientist
cheese taster three-wheeled cyclist
cattle brander foot doctor
- Tin Pan Alley is famous for:
kitchenware popular songs ash cans
junk shops noise five-and-ten stores
- The New Deal FCA stands for:
Federal Credit Association
Farm Credit Administration
Farm Collaboration Administration
Federated Crooners Alliance
- "Temerity" is to "timidity" as Mus-
solini is to:
Hitler Caspar Milquetoast
Major Hoople Popeye Max Baer
- The words "neutral spirits" on a
liquor bottle refer to:
coloring matter alcohol
non-partisan ghosts flavoring
specific gravity weight of the cork
- U. S. S. R. stands for:
United States of Soviet Republics
United States of Soviet Russia
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
- One of these is not a state capital:
Sacramento Pierre Carson City
Dover Mobile Olympia
- The word "bouquet" is pro-
nounced:
bow-ket bow-kay boo-kay
boo-ket boo-kway flars
- One of these is a hardy perennial:
Peggy Hopkins Joyce dandelion
orchid delphinium pansy
mother-in-law joke nasturtium
- Nellie Tayloe Ross is:
burlesque queen head of Hull House
Director U.S. Mint trotting mare
Governor of Wyoming English aviatrix
- Four of these are not in the Presi-
dent's Cabinet:

- Carter Glass Jos. A. Cboate, Jr.*
Donald Richberg Henry Morgenthau
Rexford Guy Tugwell Harold Ickes
- One of these plays had an all-
negro cast:
"Tobacco Road" "Chocolate Soldier"
"Green Pastures" "Men In White"
"Abie's Irish Rose" "Emperor Jones"
 - "Douglas" is the name of two of
these:
fast new transport plane
Captain of S.S. Manhattan
wrinkle remover opponent of Lincoln
mentholated chewing tobacco
 - One who delights in inflicting pain
on others is:
masochist pragmatist radio comic
egotist sadist hedonist
 - A pint is to a quart as a demi-tasse
is to a:
demi-john demi-god Democrat
cup of coffee demi-quaver
 - Two of these mean the same:
port stern starboard larboard
belay avast mizzen scram
 - If you climbed into a plane in
New York at 11 p.m. and arrived in
San Francisco at 6 p.m. the next day
the elapsed time would be.....hours:
19 22 24 25 27 29 31
 - Four of these were not national
champions in their respective fields in
1934:
Max Baer Helen Wills
Glenna Collett Vare N. Y. Rangers
Enzo Fiermonte Bill Cummings
Frank J. Marshall Lawson Little, Jr.
 - The tall fur hat worn by a drum
major is called:
tippet antimacassar shako bonnet
bolero cute guimpe
 - "Behind the eight ball" means
full speed ahead deceased
happy-go-lucky attitude dazed
in a difficult position courageous
 - "Four score and seven years ago—"
is from:
Declaration of Independence
Daniel Webster's last speech

Lincoln's Gettysburg address
Aimee McPherson's Memoirs

- The Federal Income Tax is collect-
ed by the Department of:
Streets War Internal Revenue
Customs the Interior Justice
- The word "flaccid" is pronounced:
flass-sid flak-sid flatch-sid flak-kid
- The second smallest state in the
Union is:
Vermont Texas matrimony
Delaware Connecticut New Jersey
- Grant Wood is:
boat racer speed skater artist
Texas cattle king movie actor
- The initial letter of one of these
words is the second letter in the middle
name of Clarence Kelland:
banjo unique corporation
fiction author dope
- "Addison Sims of Seattle" was
originally used in connection with:
soap mouthwash memory course
toothpaste motor car piano lessons
- The Orinoco river is in:
Mesopotamia Indo-China
South America Transvaal
Siberia Sahara Desert
- Three of the following words are
misspelled:
accommodate reccommend promissory
ecstasy tranquillity harass
idiosyncrasy liquefy picnicing
- Howard Scott has been identified
with:
Hall-Mills case Scottsboro case
Technocracy aviation dog racing
Senate munitions investigation
- The present King of England is:
George III. George IV. George V.
Louis XIV. George II. Henry VIII.
- The age of trees is determined by:
bark number of branches
concentric rings teeth
bloodhounds height width
- The island of Cuba is in the:
Philippines West Indies East Indies
Malay Archipelago doldrums
(Continued on page 28)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

A PANAMA PACIFIC CRUISE TO THE WINNER

(Conditions on page 28)

HORIZONTAL

1. Often for a poet.
4. To the point.
9. The nearest thing to boils.
14. A regular little devil.
17. The first on the boat.
18. The first count.
19. This is eaten after breakfast.
21. Procure.
22. A job on your hands.
24. One of the second degrees.
25. Tubby.
27. Bower.
28. Important number in the Big Ten.
30. Famous writer of notes.
32. Period.
34. Cries.
35. A Christmas tree.
36. Born that way.
38. Swarm with.
39. Take a chance.
40. You'll get stung by this.
42. A common half-way measure. (abbr.)
43. If you're this, you're willing.
44. Represents the smallest saving.
46. The bird with the big bill. (abbr.)
47. Always under foot but convenient.
48. Bridges.
50. Fly-swatter.
51. A definite designation.
52. A big shiner.
54. Sad songs.
56. Food restrictions.
57. These stop the music.
59. Big excitement.
61. Troubled.
63. This will keep you scratching.
64. An intimate personal object.
65. Kept for reasons of affection.
67. Is past.
68. Indicating the belongings.
70. A spearer.
71. Fowl work in the nest.
72. A dirty look.
74. Stickers.
76. Good pointers in dancing.
78. Sickness contracted from water.
79. Only now and then.
81. Cut down.
82. Lower your standing.
84. Give out.
87. No go.
89. An early flower.
90. The secrets of home cooking.
91. A reel.
94. A big rush.
96. Caused by breakers.
98. A current power.
99. This is kept quiet.
100. These give but don't forget.
102. This spreads around the news.
105. Doesn't make much difference.
106. Four-fifths of Edgar.
107. A slangy reputation.
109. A kind of city barn.
110. American Yodelers Society.
111. So long.
112. Now on the mend.
113. Assert.
114. A former night club wrecker.
115. Most unusual.
118. Nose in.
119. A familiarity with medicine. (slang)
120. A shelled edible.
121. Responsible for docking people.
123. Distant.
127. Shows.
129. A sweet idea.
132. Usually well cowed.

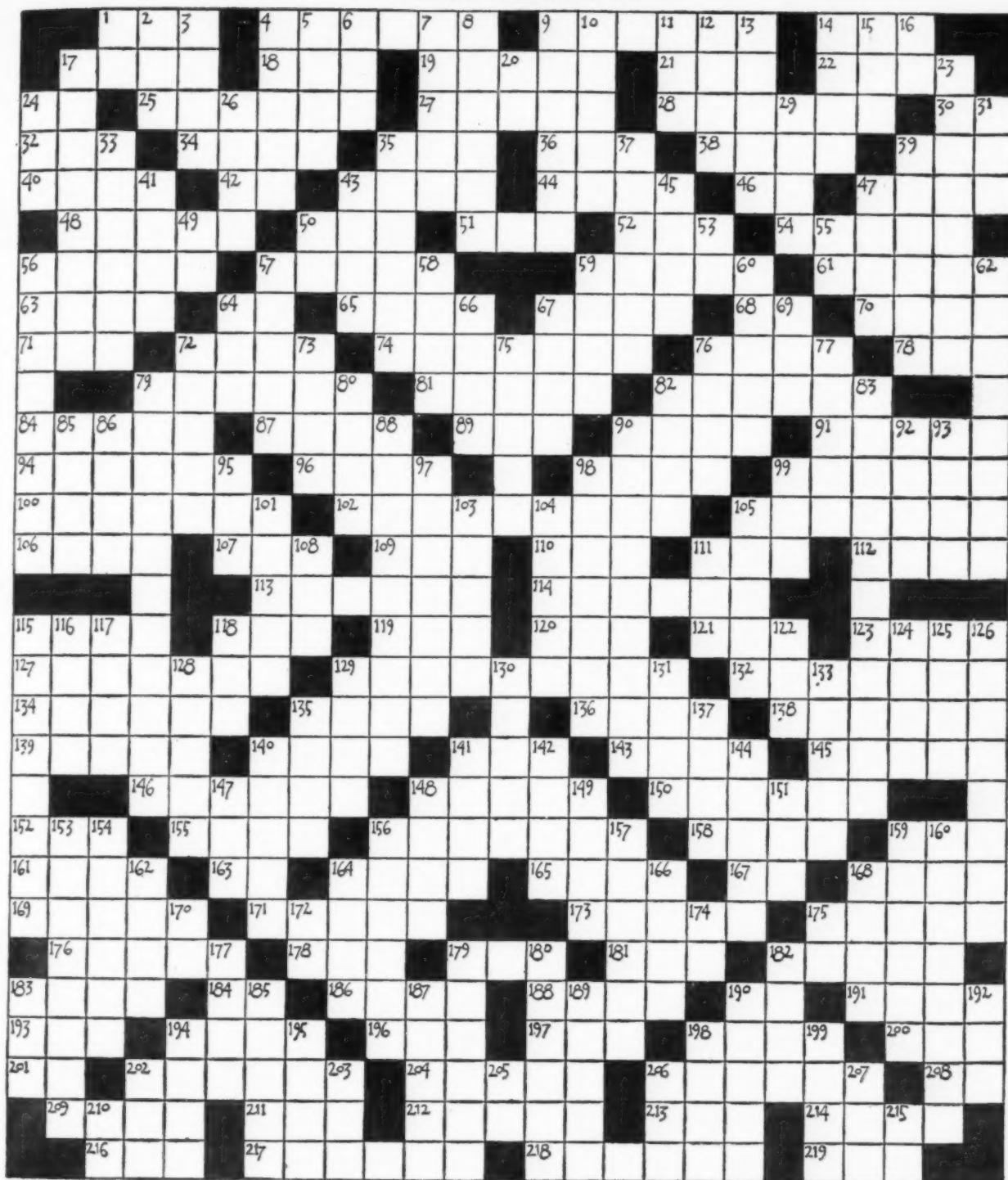
134. A guide.
135. Studies.
136. It's all sewed up.
138. Becoming face wrinkles.
139. The musical grind.
140. This over there.
141. Something for a sick cat.
143. Twosomes.
145. The brilliance of the French.
146. Something to do with a line.
148. Shove off.
150. These are in at the clean-up.
152. Not doing well.
155. This is billed by the hundred.
156. This can't be mistaken.
158. The time is on its hands.
159. This is going to spoil it.
161. M.
163. Direction.
164. Beseech.
165. Slight quarrel.
167. Basic length. (abbr.)
168. The greatest attraction ever.
169. Yields to pressure.
171. Countrified.
173. Strenuous fun.
175. Sweaters.
176. Trials.
178. A drunk.
179. Word for a joiner.
181. A light carrier.
182. Small bundle of leaves.
183. Cutely smart.
184. Fatherly.
186. A constant annoyance.
188. This is looking bad.
190. Sign of the firm in business. (abbr.)
191. Piece of pie.
193. Roman art.
194. Wits.
196. Kept a seat.
197. Cut it out.
198. Up in the world.
200. A personality.
201. The king's personal reference.
202. It's a howl.
204. A water-wave.
206. Split-up.
208. A has-been.
209. Almost rotten.
211. A kind of protection.
212. Came in for a raise.
213. Went to many a queen's head.
214. They see the world.
216. I wonder what's become of Sally's?
217. A powerful driver.
218. Gallic humor.
219. Gives you a pain in the eye.

VERTICAL

1. This is choice.
2. Representing.
3. What Noah's animals came in.
4. You're never sure with this.
5. Hick hotels.
6. Keep out of this if you can.
7. Your right at stake.
8. A little tower.
9. Bracket.
10. A crowd.
11. A matter of getting old.
12. Break down from the heat.
13. Good for a ride any day.
14. Any one of a number of things.
15. Of special interest to women.
16. Footnote.
17. A clinging vine.
20. Pay attention here.
23. The old oil.

24. Cat-talk.
26. On the uppers.
29. First requisite for a sentence.
31. Color.
33. On the face of things.
35. To weight up.
37. Follows.
39. A long argument.
41. Usually followed.
43. Air intake.
45. Every worm will.
47. Fat.
49. No Soap.
50. You must be this.
53. Uh-uh.
55. Standard weight.
56. A follower.
57. Big coral chains.
58. This gets you up.
59. Hay, grain and oats.
60. Let out with profit.
62. Usually found before the pupils.
64. Contacted.
66. A sharp stick.
67. Extorted.
69. A formal charge.
72. My lord.
73. Bad things to fall into.
75. Your best suit.
76. True camper's paradise.
77. Hot place for the witches.
79. At the bottom.
80. A very rude man.
82. At the bottom of every hill.
85. Coin collector.
85. This is on the skids.
86. Past the singing stage.
88. This started something.
90. Committed to.
92. Measure for measure.
93. A crop.
95. You'll go wrong with this.
97. Wine bottles.
98. Trips.
99. The last act.
101. A scorcher does it.
103. Put up.
104. Ladies' rooms.
105. A refined sap.
108. Thickness.
111. Made for chance gain.
115. Taking off.
116. State.
117. Often gets lost at weddings.
118. A cent of interest.
122. Lighter than air.
124. No more room.
125. Within the bounds.
126. Stocks up again.
128. A likeness to a cone.
129. To go up.
130. Out of place.
131. Good and tight.
133. A nasal quality.
135. Small talk.
137. Frame of mind.
140. A prevailing course.
141. Decidedly.
142. Literary socials.
144. The race is not always to this.
147. Never gross.
148. Very true.
149. Speakers.
151. Corrosive action.
153. Always hangs out some place.
154. Romeo and Juliet and others.
156. Wooden holders.
157. Try to keep it on your lap!
159. Public spirits.
160. Common levels.
162. Usual rendezvous for fliers.
164. This helps keep things up.
166. Hard work.
168. Travel accounts.
170. Sign of a street.
172. You and me.
174. Not left. (abbr.)
175. 3.1416 plus.
177. Found near the mast head.
179. Dress.
180. Lower.

PUZZLE NUMBER ONE



- 182. This is fond of horse-play.
- 183. Handle crudely.
- 185. Light and easy.
- 187. The devil you say.
- 189. The lower regions.
- 190. A printer's insert.
- 192. Put up a fight.
- 194. The time.
- 195. What good children should be.
- 198. Don't go by this, if broke.
- 199. A notorious rough Diamond.
- 202. A puzzle man's last resort.
- 203. Small barrel.
- 205. Get this over with.
- 206. On the level.
- 207. That's the point.
- 210. Found in the usual condition.
- 215. Beside.

Pointers on the Puzzle

FOR the benefit of readers who may never have tried to solve one of LIFE's crossword puzzles it might be helpful to explain that the definitions differ from those found with the ordinary puzzle. They may seem difficult at first but they're a lot more entertaining.

For instance, the definition for No. 28 across in the above puzzle is, "Important number in the Big Ten." Let's

track that down. The most famous Big Ten is that of the colleges comprising the Middlewestern Football Conference. What's an important number in football? Eleven. So the "important number in the Big Ten" is eleven.

Another example—No. 216 across: "I wonder what's become of Sally's?" What Sally has been most publicized during the past year? Sally Rand. What is she famous for? Her fan dance. The answer to 216, then, is "fan."

There's a head start for you.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 25)

35. "Zenith" is a mythical city made famous by:

Susan Glaspell Phil Stong
Sinclair Lewis Leo Tolstoy
Norman Thomas Amos 'n' Andy

36. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was written by:

Kaibarine Cornell Robert Sherwood
Rudolph Bezier Noel Coward
Ben Hecht Sheila Barrett

37. The 1936 Olympic games will be held in:

France Australia Germany Bronx
Austria Italy California

38. The word "stymied" in golf means:
badly inebriated in a sand trap
behind another ball up a creek

39. The syndicated column "New York Day By Day" is written by:

Walter Winchell Dorothy Dix
O. O. McIntyre "Bugs" Baer
Arthur Brisbane Westbrook Pegler

40. Four of these names were not iden-

tified with the Lindbergh kidnapping trial:

Gow Wilentz Crippen Breckenridge
Perrone Trenchard Holman Reilly
Carnera Whately Penner

41. Pâté de Foie Gras is:

grouse wings en casserole
French for "Keep off the Grass"
goose livers Italian spinach
beef hearts boiled radishes

42. A "quean" is:

mare female ruler low woman
ulcerated tooth famous Creole dish

43. The founder of Mormonism was:

Wilbur Voliva Brigham Young
Joseph C. Smith Hiram Walker
Bronson Cutting Mathew Woll

44. If a man of 35 marries a girl of 5, he will be, at the age of 60,..... times older than she will:

5 3 4 7 2 6

45. Collier's All-America football team selection is made by:

Damon Runyan Grantland Rice
Howard Jones Walter Camp
Pop Warner guesswork

46. Alabama beat Stanford 29-13 in the Rose Bowl game in:

1927 1929 1932 1934 1935

47. One of the following was voted by Paris Couturiers as the best dressed American woman:

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney
Joan Crawford Sally Rand
Gloria Swanson Doris Duke
Mrs. Harrison Williams

48. A "thesaurus" is:

prehistoric monster head of a river
Greek god of cattle sore finger
dictionary of synonyms salamander

49. Chesapeake dogs are used for:

fox hunting coon hunting
duck hunting lap dogs pit fighting
chasing automobiles racing

50. The earth travels around the sun:

clockwise *sidewise* *counter-clockwise*
otherwise *with the greatest of ease*

+

Number of correct answers.....

Multiply by two for score.....

(Answers on page 49)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

(Puzzle No. 1 on preceding page)

The Prize:

A SIXTEEN-DAY cruise, first class for two persons, from New York to San Francisco on the *Virginia, California* or *Pennsylvania*, 33,000-ton sister ships of the Panama Pacific Line. The prize also includes railroad fare and Pullman section (upper and lower berth) from any point in the United States to New York, and from San Francisco back to the starting point. Ship accommodations include an outside cabin for two and meals. If the winner prefers, the cruise may be reversed, starting at San Francisco and terminating in New York.

Imagine yourself as the winner of this trip. You may plan to go at any time. Perhaps you'd like to take it during your summer vacation. You board a train in your home town and head for New York. . . . In New York you board one of the electric Panama Pacific ships, the largest liners in the service. All are provided with the utmost in comfort and luxury—air-conditioned dining salons, two outdoor swimming pools, pre-release motion pictures and large, perfectly appointed, all outside cabins.

Three days after leaving New York

you reach Havana for twelve hours of sightseeing. . . . Then two days of leisure and sun baths on board, and the ship reaches the Canal . . . you go through the Canal in daylight. . . . A stop is made at Panama, then the trip starts anew, up the coast of Central America, past lower California. . . . Several days later San Diego looms. . . . Next day Los Angeles. . . . Then the Golden Gate and San Francisco. . . . You have covered 5,500 miles on shipboard.

In San Francisco you entrain for your starting point and when you arrive home you'll have enjoyed a glorious three weeks of land and sea travel covering nearly 9,000 miles.

+

The Conditions

BEGINNING with this issue, LIFE will publish three contest crossword puzzles, the second to appear in the April issue, and the third in the May issue.

The prize will be awarded to the person who furnishes the nearest correct set of solutions for the series of three puzzles and who, in the opinion of the judges, writes the cleverest verse, jingle, limerick or essay (all of which will be known hereafter as a literary composition) using only words contained in any or all of the crossword

diagrams. The literary composition must be limited to 50 words, but may be based on any theme or subject.

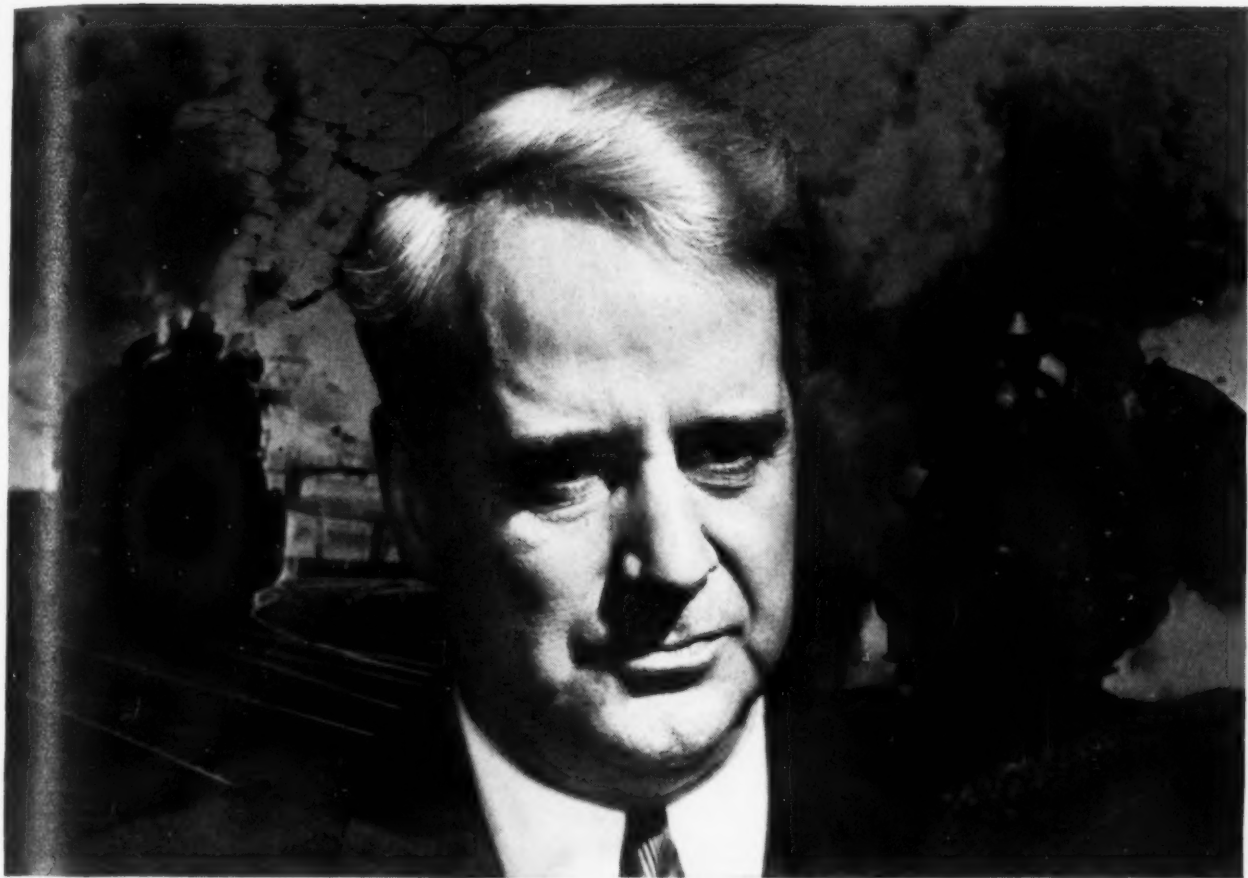
No word is to be used more often than it appears in the puzzles, but may be used less often if desired. For example, if the word "and" appears a total of ten times in the three puzzles, it may be used no more than ten times in the literary composition.

Elaborateness or neatness in submission of entries will not count. Legibility, however, is essential. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each literary composition must be attached to three completed diagrams (March, April and May) or tracings thereof. The contestant's full name and address must be clearly written in one corner of each of the three diagrams and on the literary composition.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full award.

Entries must be addressed to the Crossword Contest Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. and mailed to reach this office not earlier than May 1st and not later than June 15th. The prize will be forwarded to the winner on or about July 1st (in time for a summer vacation) and his or her name will be announced in the August issue of LIFE, on the newsstands about July 20th.

The contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff and their families are barred from competition.



**Bosses 5,000 Miles of Railroad
but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!**

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

Millions ride over his tracks in comfort and security. He guards them every mile of the way with the most modern safety devices. But when he should have heeded his own "stop" signals—a warning from his dentist and his own common sense—he rolled right on through.

When "pink tooth brush" made its threat he ignored it. He banked on his luck and his luck failed. *Today he's a dental cripple*—and he's paying the piper.

Today he knows his dentist was absolutely right — that our soft, modern foods do rob our gums of work — and *health*. Today he knows the consequences of "pink tooth brush"—the dangers that lie in wait for tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—get a tube of Ipana today and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your daily dental routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps to give them back their natural firmness.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush," but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

**Professional
Opinion says:**

- *From a standard text:*
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *A famous authority says:*
"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."
- *Quoting a well-known dental work:*
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

IPANA
Tooth Paste





THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

LET it be recorded at once that Robert E. Sherwood's melodrama, *The Petrified Forest*, seems to be exactly the kind of show that the public and the reviewers are crazy about, and then let it be recorded in a small and doubtless wholly unimportant voice that it still isn't the kind that this particular critical picklepudding has much taste for. It is shrewdly manufactured; it is not without a modicum of theatrical interest even so far as the aforesaid picklepudding is concerned; and it achieves at least part of its author's purpose. But I trust that its author will not refuse to take off his hat to me and bow low when we pass on the boulevards if I write that, once you have nominated it a very smart box-office show, you have said the best about it that you honestly and critically can.

I may be doing the agreeable Mr. Sherwood a gross and rightly resented injustice when I hazard the opinion that he aimed much higher in his own mind than the mere creation of such a good box-office show and that he imagined he was writing something pretty tony in the way of a symbolical-philosophical exhibit, even though it did contain four gangsters, three machine guns and two bottles of whiskey. I hope for his reputation's sake that he didn't, although there is evidence in the manuscript that leads us doubtfully to scratch our heads. This evidence refractorily suggests that Mr. Sherwood pleased himself with the idea that he had some profound cosmic philosophies to unload, along with some pretty fine symbolism, and that his melodrama, down in his secret heart, took second place to them. But despite the fact that the evidence in question has been accepted at its face value by almost all the reviewers, who have enthusiastically elected Mr. Sherwood to a metaphysical niche only a couple of inches below that occupied jointly by Plato and Socrates, I like to believe that Mr. Sherwood was kidding himself very little

and the critical boys a lot, and that much of the stuff they have fallen for he wrote with his tongue in his cheek. If he didn't, may God and the headmaster of the Oswego School For Young Boys have mercy on his future.

MR. SHERWOOD, whatever his deficiencies as a thinker and a dramatist of any bulk, is certainly not a cheapjack. There is a measure of pride in him, and a seeming resolve to try to do something better than the common run of Broadway mishmash. But he is no philosopher, and he himself, let us trust, will be the first to know and to admit it. What he is is a hard-working playwright who thus far has succeeded in producing nothing of any real quality, but who is clearly so eager to and so sincere about his job that it is conceivable that someday, when he grows older and a little more impatient with himself, he may. As of today, he still betrays the youthful wish to intellectualize plays that would be twice as good if he allowed them to pursue their simple emotional and dramatic courses, and he still has not achieved the artist's contempt of mob reaction to his characters. He still relishes the sure-fire, if dramatically corrupting, laugh and he still surrenders to the quick and facile, if internally dubious, effectiveness of situation and character. Thus, in this latest play of his, though he knows as well as you and I do that his young heroine, her fancy thrillingly wrapped round his artist hero, would no more suddenly decide to go out and roll in the grass with a hick lunchroom employee than you and I would suddenly decide

to go out and guzzle a magnum of strawberry pop, he permits her to do that very thing merely to prick his audience. Thus, though he is too experienced to believe for a moment

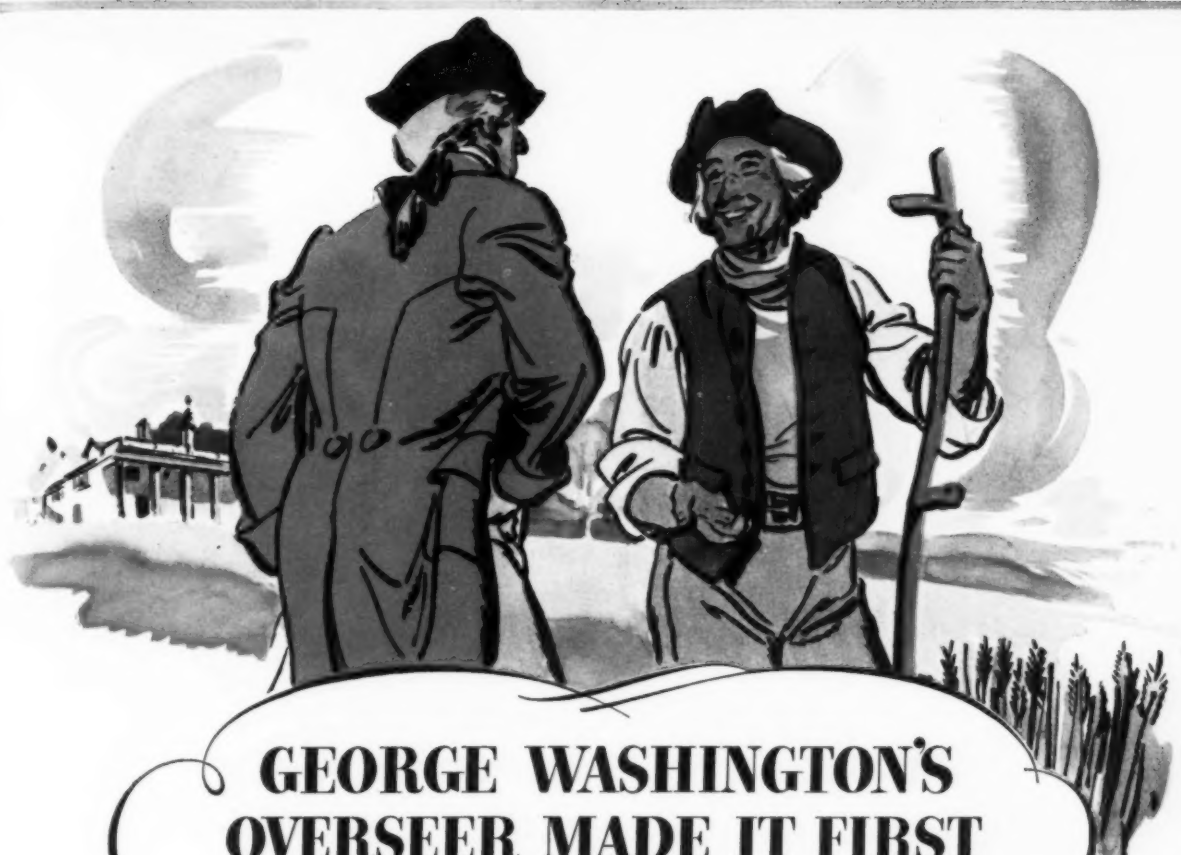
that his rich Middle-Western married woman would propose to a gunman whom she had just laid eyes on that he take her for a roll in the hay, he also permits her to do it in order to get an easy audience laugh. And there are a sufficiently illuminating number of other such thuses. That's not honest dramatic writing, Mr. Sherwood, as you, being an honest fellow personally and something of a good critic too, will agree, even if it does make a wad of money at the ticket-till.

Leslie Howard, Humphrey Bogart, Charles Dow Clark and Miss Peggy Conklin head the presenting company and turn in first-rate performances.

THE *Old Maid*, dramatized by Zoë Akins from the Edith Wharton story, is a tear-jerker that belongs to the drama's yesterdays, that period so wistfully and affectionately recalled by oldsters who lustily cry into their beer at the mere mention of the old Empire Theatre and who spent most of their evenings at Krause's Music Hall. It is as anachronistic as Samuel Shipman. (Incidentally, Sammie again appeared on the modern scene recently with a melodramatic something called *A Lady Detained*, which belonged to a period antedating *The Old Maid*, although it is impolite to the latter to mention it in the same breath.)

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson, makes a play for the good notices of all critics over forty-five with the familiar, but highly acceptable, thesis that very young and beautiful girls are bored to death with young men and go simply nuts over any man who confesses to being at least fifty-three. As a critic in his forty-sixth year (to hear *him* tell it) I duly join the other flattered old boys in adding my own relatively good notice, even if the play is overwritten





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and even in the early days of the nation
this excellent Rye was shipped to England



IN THE DAYS after George Washington finished serving his country, and became once more a Virginia gentleman who made his home and entertained his guests at Mount Vernon, experiments with agriculture occupied much of his time.

He tried many crops on what he called the Dogue Creek Farm, and found its soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

Then his overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, came to him with an idea. Since every gentleman in those days needed a stock of good whiskey, why not set up a distillery at Mount Vernon, and make use of the grain which the land produced?

And so, in due time, guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a whiskey wondrously smooth and memorable.

The owner of Mount Vernon was a shrewd

business man and sought a market for his surplus, selling it not only in the neighboring states, but even in England.

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and here and there rather impudent in its hokum. *Living Dangerously*, an English importation by the MM. Simpson and Gregory, was—to express it with lamentable inelegance—the whiskers on the floor of the drama's barber-shop. In politer words, rubbish.

ANTICIPATING at this juncture a loud editorial snort as to whether there isn't *anything* that the conductor of this department ever indorses without qualifications of one sort or another, the aforesaid conductor permits himself a properly contemptuous and, he hopes, triumphantly superior and devastating smile and points to Mr. S. N. Behrman's *Rain From Heaven*. This *Rain From Heaven* clearly illustrates the difference between what he considers sound and conscientious drama and what, in other directions, he considers pretense or plain ham. In it there is intelligence, sure, easy and unstrained; there is character, sharp, uncompromised and true; there is beautifully literate and restrained dialogue; and there is that infinite charm that lies in the fineness of a complete integrity. Of plot, it contains a minimum, though please do not put this observation down to any of the usual critical plot-snobism on my part. Of action, in the usual sense, it also contains hardly a trace. But what it does contain, this tender-bitter comedy of a prejudice-torn and neurotically fuddled modern world, is some of the best writing that we have had in our later native drama, and some of the most prehensile observation, and a whole lot of that quality of mind that one so regularly misses in our stage's materials. And the play is acted to perfection in its leading rôles by Miss Jane Cowl and John Halliday.

HAVING thus startled the editor's desk out of its senses by heartily praising something, I make bold to prolong its surprise by having a good word to say for J. B. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove*, although some of the old qualifications will here again have to be listened to. What the dexterous and ingratiatingly resilient English literatus has written on this trip is the kind of comedy that needs only a rich Irish brogue and a ten-cent interior set to serve as a likely, if minor, item in the Abbey Theatre Company's repertoire. It is precisely the sort of thing, light, inconsequential, but diverting, that we every now and again get and for some time now have gotten from the Emerald Free State. Its tale is a simple

one: the effect upon his family of a supposedly respectable suburbanite's sudden and casual confession that all these years he has been supplying their needs from the art of counterfeiting. Although the author has found that he is not always able to sustain the story with dramatic life—it sags somewhat heavily in the second act—his humor, his easy literary skill and his amusing sense of character come to his rescue before the evening is over, and the result is a play that provides a pleasant theatrical session. Despite its weaknesses, the exhibit gives one the unaccustomed and very agreeable sensation that its author is a cultivated and what, back in the 1920's, used insistently to be called a "civilized" fellow.

The company is headed by Edmund Gwenn, one of London's most adept comedians, who unfortunately on his visit to America seems to be infected with the common British notion that

our audiences are made up entirely of Indians, cowboys and pork-packers and that it is therefore necessary to forego the more tranquil species of acting that is welcome to the more cultured English and substitute for it a cross between pogo-stick hopping and ballet dancing. On the stage of the Booth, Mr. Gwenn accordingly does everything with his rôle but request the audience to come up on the stage and play duck-on-rock with him. Melville Cooper, in the part of a grafting brother-in-law, proves himself a gala comique, one of the drollest seen hereabouts in several seasons.

HESITATING but briefly in our flight to note that *Fly Away Home*, by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White, is—except for some periodic chuckles—nothing to inspire an extended exercise of the critical art and
(Continued on page 44)



"I guess you'd like to spank me!"

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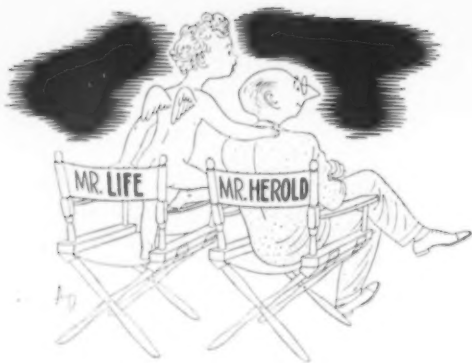
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GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

I WISH they would put identifying sweaters on the villains and heroes in some of these crook plays. In *I Am a Thief*, one of the less important pictures which I saw this past month, there were about eleven of each, and I didn't know, for the life of me, for which side to cheer. Ricardo Cortez seemed to be the captain of the baddies who were after the Karenina diamonds, and you had no idea at all which side Mary Astor was on; she seemed to be a sort of water boy who was carrying water on both shoulders. To complicate matters, they put in a phoney duplicate set of diamonds, which would be about like playing the Army-Navy game with two footballs. The picture itself (most of the action of which takes place on the Paris-Stamboul Express) is far from dull if you don't mind not knowing which is your team, but I really am not much interested in commenting on the picture one way or the other; the point I want to make is that I think that in a lot of these complicated mystery pictures, the players should wear different colored jerseys, so you can tell where to place your sympathy—especially if you have to come in on the second or third quarter of play.

Clive of India

IT is a relief to have a historical picture with real heft. And by that I mean a historical picture with a central character who doesn't seem to be a high school kid in a wig, trying to act immortal.

In *Clive of India*, Ronald Colman (being an adult and intelligent and mentally hefty person, himself, to begin with) gives you the impression, as Clive, of being a man capable of making history. And the picture catches this aura of authenticity from Mr. Colman, and you come out of the theatre well aware that you have been impressed and aglow with the feeling that you may have even improved your mind a little

bit. *Clive of India* achieves the sweep and scope to which it aspires; it is a magnificent and able handling of a big theme; and we can now forgive Mr. Zanuck his *Mighty Barnum*.

Ronald Colman is first shown as a clerk in the office of the East India Company bitten with discontent and itching with big dreams. His great chance comes when the French are about to snuff out the small British army at Trichinopoly and he gets the governor's consent to counter attack with a handful of leftovers at Arcot. With that start, he practically builds an Empire in India for the British. The battle scenes at Plassey, with a horde of genuine elephants as supers, thrill one to the core, and the rain at times is the wettest that Hollywood has ever poured.

Loretta Young is a dignified Lady Clive, but refuses to age a minute in all the years that pass in the film.

David Copperfield

BON bons and boom booms to *David Copperfield*, just about the finest thing that ever came out of the studios, even if it is as long as the Dickens and perhaps, naturally, more like a string of pearls than a modern photodrama. This is that rare thing and miracle, a picture that seems inspired rather than assembled on a production line. It has captured the manner and essence of a masterpiece.

Mr. Hugh Walpole turned in a script which honors its source, George Cukor's direction is likewise reverential, and a magnificent cast seems fired by its contact with an immortal work. This



"I said, never mind—here he is!"

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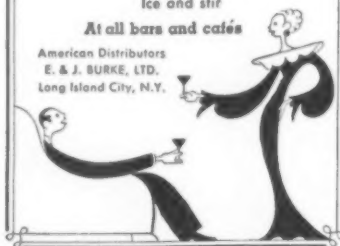


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sounds, I know, like the rave of a county seat weekly over the annual high school play at the town hall, but I'm willing to bust a gallus and risk an outburst of superlatives over *David Copperfield*.

I believe, however, it is too painful in spots for children.

Baboona

THOSE insatiable gadabouts, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, had a happy idea and painted one airplane with zebra stripes and another with giraffe spots and flew over and into the African jungle and came back with the best and most honest collection of animal snaps I have ever seen, with the title of *Baboona*.

Bordertown*

I WISH I had seen this from the start instead of from the middle, and then having to sit through one of those damned cute colored cartoons about the kind little elves who come at night and plaster the house of the kind little old man and woman. By the time I got back to Mr. Muni I didn't know whether, but I believe he is as good as usual in this biographical story of a poor boy in the Los Angeles Mexican quarter who tries to be a lawyer and winds up as the wealthy owner of a fashionable gambling palace in Tiajuana. But Bette Davis almost nabs the picture as

a neurotic wife who wants him so violently she kills her husband. NOT for kiddies.

March of Time

IT is a relief to get away from baby parades and ship launchings in the new type newsreel, *The March of Time*, in which the editors of *Time* handle news with their characteristic tang, some of the shots being actual, some reenacted, all interesting, all intelligent.

The Iron Duke

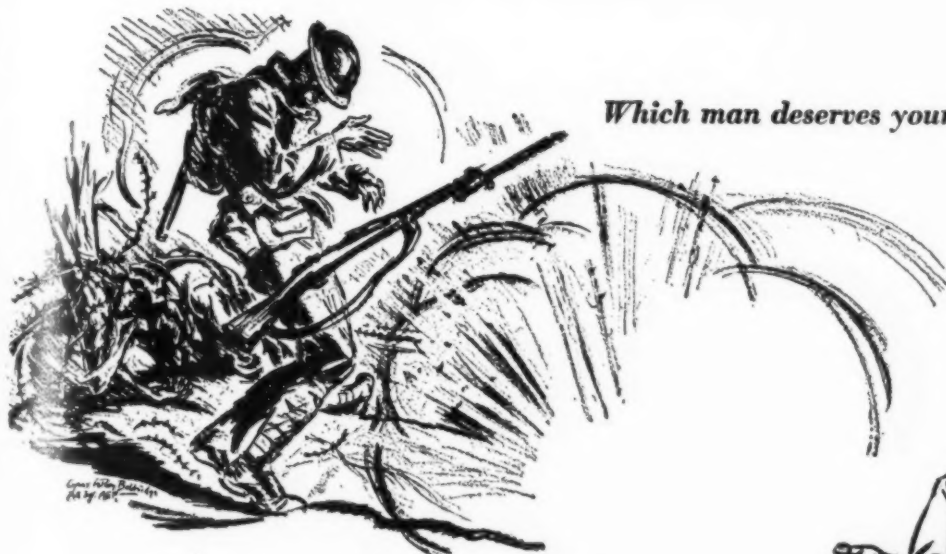
I KNEW it was George Arliss all the time, in *The Iron Duke*. But I didn't mind. They're all Mr. Arliss, but it's a good way to get history — and Mr. Arliss. The Iron Duke (Wellington) seems in this picture to be a great ladies' man rather than a great military strategist, and it weakens the picture greatly to have the object of his digressions a baby-talk woman . . . almost a Betty Boop. Belittles Wellington. And the battle scenes are not much more than picture postcards; no sense of conflict; it is hard to understand why Wellington is so exhausted afterward. The British are naïve in spots.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER is one (and an outstanding one) of those masculine desert



"Okay—we'll sign the lease!"



Which man deserves your tax money?



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WORLD WAR:—Record of constant liberalization. Number of beneficiaries increased more than 100 per cent from 1930 to 1932. Total mobilized in the war, 4,300,000 men. Already—only 16 years after the Peace—over 1,900,000 claims have been filed.

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1. Those wounded in combat.
2. Those suffering from injury or disease incurred, in fact, in line of duty.
3. The dependents of those killed in action and of those who died of wounds, injury or disease incurred, in fact, in line of duty.

If you believe in pension reform based on the three-point plan of the American Veterans Association, here is your opportunity to register your vote. Remember, you pay the taxes that pay the pension bill. Unless you are on the alert and pre-

vent a repetition of the pension rackets of the past, your great, great, grand-children will be paying pensions for the World War in the year 2040. Fill in this coupon today and help to end the pension racket.

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Just pour a little Absorbine Jr. in the palm of your hand, and rub, knead, massage it deep down into those pain-knotted tissues.

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Athletes, trainers and coaches have known and praised Absorbine Jr. for over forty years. Try it and you'll know why! It brings quick relief—whether that pain is caused by over-exercise, sprain or other accident—or just by "the weather."

Why don't you get a bottle today? \$1.25 at all druggists. It's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. If you want to try a sample free—write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

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

pictures of the *Beau Geste* school which come along, fortunately, every few years and leave sand in your teeth for a long time afterwards. There is no fiction with more kick in it than that of brave men on desert outpost duty, contending with slimy Arab meanies, who make all other menaces seem pansy in comparison. (When you're dealing with those babies, bullets come zinging at you from *nowhere*.) *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* is more fun than having your own sand pile.

The heroes, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, do idiotic things in order to bring excitement down on the audience . . . such as trying to rescue Richard Cromwell from the clutches of Mohammed Khan, a job that really calls for about 5,000 men. But if everybody lived as sensibly and cautiously as I do, with my life insurance and umbrellas and overshoes and gargles, there just wouldn't be any movies.

The Little Minister

THE LITTLE MINISTER is quiet and gentle and fine, and I am ashamed to say that I fidgeted. I see so much exciting trash that I have about forgotten how to settle down and take refinement.

But I do still remain entranced by

Katharine Hepburn, perhaps because a once took a few dollars' worth of drawing lessons and toyed with charcoal and think I know an exquisite skull when I see one, or perhaps because I still feel that, while there may be many actresses with higher voltage than Hepburn, there is none in heaven or earth oozing greater spiritual candlepower. The gal gits me here.

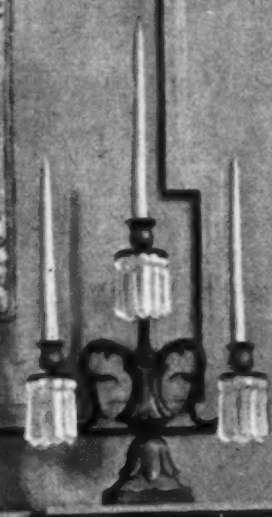
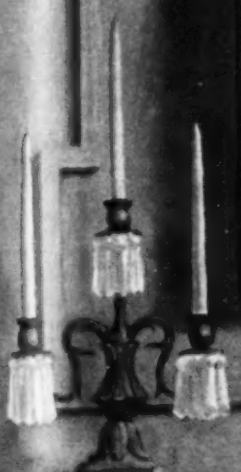
Mystery Woman

WE are never told what is on "the paper," but the international tussle over it is none the less thrilling in *Mystery Woman*. The mystery woman needs it to save her husband from a life sentence to that old dabbil, Devil's Island. John Halliday needs it for some unnamed purpose, and Gilbert Roland is after it because he knows where he can get \$50,000 for it. The thing gets torn in two, and that makes it exactly twice as hard to collect. The three of them play "hide the pieces" on board ship and all over New York. Miss Barrie is a nice wife to have out hunting documents for you, and the picture on the whole is well worth the money, especially if you can catch it at some bargain theatre like the Mayfair, but I don't like Gilbert Roland's collars. (Other comments on pages 2 and 46)



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"I would like to have known my grandfather better"

"I think we would have been great friends—because I seem to like the things he liked.
"I like dogs and horses just as he did. I like the books he used to read. And I like the same old whiskey that was always his favorite—Paul Jones!"

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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



AN anthology is something everybody grabs because it is cheap for the money and nobody ever reads. I can speak in the matter because on-

ly a strict upbringing which inculcated the virtues of honesty and fear of the Huntington (Pa.) State Reform School keeps me from lifting any collection of poems, short stories or gems of wit which a foolish hostess lets lie around. What I do after I get it is another matter. I reread *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and mark carefully Mark Twain's *Leaping Frog*, which for some mysterious reason I have never read, and let the remainder slide.

This is preparatory to saying that I have read a great deal in *The Smart Set Anthology* (Reynal & Hitchcock), which is a collection culled from the old magazine by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin. What I get from the exercise is the conviction that it was a fine magazine and that many of its dis-

coveries have since mildewed. It is a thing of sadness to recall that Thyra Samter Winslow was once a writer of distinction and that Barry Benefield, who has now retired to the catacombs of a publishing house, was a figure of genuine promise. Lilith Benda, who wrote *The End of Ilsa Menteith*, which George Jean Nathan considers the best story ever published in the magazine, has stopped writing entirely. But this is an unfair line of attack because *The Smart Set* published practically everybody who has since made a name in American letters.

Aside from its literary merit, the value of *The Smart Set*, it seemed to me (and I can testify with some feeling because I tried desperately to make it for years), was that it constituted a literary reticule into which a writer could dump his fancies, whether they were fifty words or fifty pages in length or in verse or prose . . . provided always that they were good. We have nothing of that sort now. If you are struck by a conceit which is worth no more than an epigram, you are forced to make it

QUIET, PLEASE!



"Which band?"

alain

carry an article of 5,000 words or to save it until you get three others and fashion them into a three-act play.

Burton Rascoe's introduction to the Anthology convinces me again that he is a superb pamphleteer who could be another Tom Paine if he had any political brains, which I very much doubt. Rascoe has never been properly appreciated. His style has a nutty flavor and it throws off sparks like an emery wheel. Even when he is wrong, he is stimulating and he is never better than when he is thwacking the caboose of a literary pomposity with a nail-studded fence picket. He lauds Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine) who was the first editor of the magazine and praises Mr. Nathan highly and lays out cold the bitter old gentleman from Baltimore whose name escapes me but who was co-editor with Nathan.

Miss Thompson, the story from which the play *Rain* was made, is the best thing in the book and indeed the finest work Somerset Maugham has ever done, not excepting the over-rated *Of Human Bondage*. When one contemplates the distance that gentleman has fallen, one gets positively dizzy, one does.

Desire for punishment

CONSUMED by some perverted need for pain, I resolutely set myself this month to read books which ordinarily would get no nearer the house than the furnace. Not only have I read them but I have labored over them and prayed with them and tried to understand how anybody could ever have published them. If I seem hazy on the details of plot it is because I started at them a month ago and ideas of the sort propounded are not likely to cling to the mind and cause convulsions. The first was *His Majesty's Pajamas* by Gene Markey (Comici-Friede). It has something to do with a monarch who regains his throne or doesn't regain his throne and it has overtones of Thorne Smith and I do not remember ever having read anything worse.

But, no; immediately I must recant. The second one was *Barry Scott, M.D.* by Rhoda Truax (Dutton) and I hasten to apologize to Mr. Markey, who after all was a gay fellow known for his fancy westkits in Chicago in the better days and is now married to one of the Bennett girls and enjoys some popularity in Beverly Hills. *Barry Scott, M.D.* is naturally about a doctor, and I do not remember ever having read anything worse.

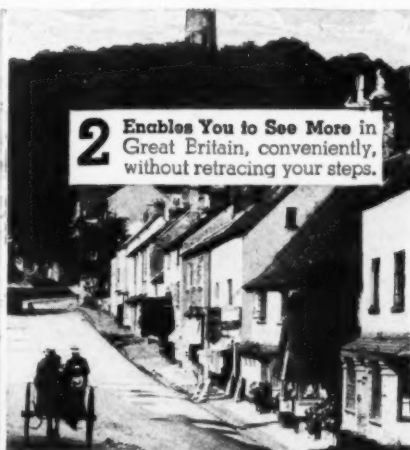
After a lapse of years I tried E. Phil-

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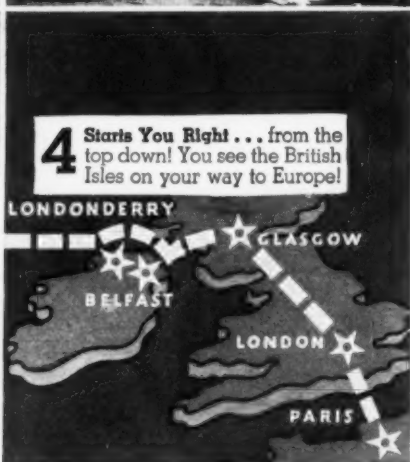
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NEXT SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK: *Transylvania*, *Caledonia* . . . Mar. 2, Mar. 16, Mar. 30, Apr. 13, Apr. 27, May 10*, May 24*. *California*, *Tuscania*, *Cameronia* . . . June 1, June 15†, June 29†, July 19*. *Via Boston. †Slightly higher summer rates.

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lips Oppenheim and succeeded in finishing every word of *The Spy Paramount* (Little, Brown). It wasn't bad and others have praised it extravagantly but it seems to me that the old gentleman is getting by on his past. The story is pleasant enough but there is almost no surprise. He tells you about the death dealing rays in the Alps and then proceeds to show them in action, bringing down the planes. The love affair is mild and the device of making the espionage so above-board and honest that it shames all the old thrillers palled on me about midway through.

Thorne Smith's death last summer was a disaster to many who had come to think of him as Wodehouse's only rival. His last book, *The Glorious Pool* (Doubleday, Doran) is as gaudily raucous and ribald as the ones which went before and for about half the distance it was great stuff. After that it became too much. Wodehouse seems to be the only one who can keep it up endlessly. *The Glorious Pool* brought back life and lust to two old codgers, one male, one female, who had spared no pains to keep sin at a high level in their younger days and were delighted to do a return engagement. Thorne Smith

never amused me as he amused some people but I'm sorry he is gone. In spots there is nothing like him in our great line of letters and I never object to letting fly a few loud bellows from the middle section when the opportunity appears.

It was when I came to Roy Helton's *Sold Out to the Future* (Harper's) that I knew the month was saved for me. I have thought back carefully and I am prepared to say that there has been nothing quite as bad as this in the years 1930-31-32-33-34. If anything beats it up till 1937 it will be because Huey Long has taken over. Mr. Helton's thesis is that we are so concerned about our children and for the generations to come that we are ruining ourselves now. This, says he, is the cause of wars, starvation, depressions, free wheeling, mortgages, flip kids and the scurvy. The gentleman has a germ of an idea and then proceeds to make it skin the cat in such a tortuous manner that paragraph by paragraph it becomes so tangled up and insane that no one could possibly refute him. Mr. Helton is really a genius at economics. By starting with one half truth and



+
"Don't worry;
they'll never
miss it!"
+

Gollphase

piling nine additional ones on it, he produces such a result that you look at it with the same amazement that you might regard a seven-legged chorus girl. You know it is monstrous and untrue but you haven't the heart to expose it. Among other things Mr. Helton is a poet. I mean a real poet. He once wrote a book of poems.

Occasionally a fine book comes from a publisher who is almost unknown, and I came across one in *Call It Sleep* by Henry Roth, published by Robert O. Ballou, New York. This is the young man's first novel and it is a lulu. It is evidently his own life as an emigrant boy and the characters of his father and mother and Aunt Bertha are grand.

(Other comments on page 46)

+

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

"TAX-COLLECTOR" is such an unpopular job in Shrewsbury, Pa., that the Borough was recently forced to advertise for one.

+

The size of the American woman's hand has increased more than a full glove size in the last twenty years.

+

The ping pong players of America are purchasing twenty million ping pong paddles per annum.

+

Samuel Insull's name is not included in the latest edition of the American *Who's Who*.

+

The average person spends twenty-four hours a year in shifting around in his sleep.

+

The word "chiseler"—in its *modern* sense—was in common use as far back as 1808.

+

The word *gag*—to signify a joke—has been in use over a century.

+

A hundred thousand American school children are stammerers.

+

The Duchess of Kent wears her eyebrows unplucked.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

Enjoy the world's coolest shave

MY SHAVES ARE ALWAYS HARSH AND HOT



I SUFFER SUCH AN AWFUL LOT—



GOSH—SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE— BUT WHAT?



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ODDLY enough, some men still believe they must pay for a quick, close shave with a burning, stinging face. But—they *haven't tried Ingram's!*

Ingram's Shaving Cream makes every shave *cool* and *comfortable*. It wilts whiskers quickly, and at the same time soothes and tones the skin. No need for a lotion—your face feels fine without it.

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You bet I want cool shaves! Send a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.

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THE RECOGNIZED WAY TO
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Take the fast, luxurious route. Cross to England in your favorite liner . . . sail any Friday from Southampton for Capetown in one of the great steamers or motor ships of the Union-Castle fleet. Special through fares.

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A New Prize Contest!

See Page 28

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 32)

that *Creeping Fire*, a melodrama by Marie Baumer, would doubtless make even Mr. Louis B. Mayer laugh derisively, we come to the latest offering by Mr. Noël Coward. Its title is *Point Valaine*; it has been staged with a high degree of cunning by Mr. Coward himself; it is acted as only a company containing Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Osgood Perkins and Louis Hayward (a newcomer from England who is a juvenile lead that the audience does not feel like shooting) could act it; and it is a bouquet of super-sexual nonsense presented for all the world as if it were something pretty serious and important in a dramatic direction. What it is is the kind of thing that W. Somerset Maugham might ironically write to order for Hollywood, provided that Hollywood paid him \$100,000 in advance, plus agent's commission, and provided, in addition, that he was just recovering from a prolonged jag and had a slight touch of the flu. The scene is a tropical island. The atmosphere is burdened with the customary white linen suits, rum punches, rain storms, slinky-footed servants, sultry afternoons, passenger boat that brings the gabby young female tourists in the latest Abercrombie and Fitch outfits, comical dowager who complains about her liver, green-screened hotel veranda, and all the other appurtenances of the conventional Pango-Pango drama. The heroine is the daughter of a missionary who, now in her forties, runs the hotel. The hero is a young British aviator who falls in love with her. And the villain is a mysterious brute of a Russian headwaiter at the hotel whose sexual attraction for the heroine is so overpowering that she can't resist him. The big scene is the villain's sudden return, his discovery that the heroine has given herself romantically to the young aviator, his beating the hell out of her, and his subsequent contrite slashing of his



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In the new
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Here is a good place to dine—to dance—to meet friends as well as to stop when coming from out-of-town. The leading Fifth Avenue shops, Radio City and the Broadway theatres are within walking distance. In bad weather, you can use the convenient buses for almost any place you want to go.

The cost of the beautifully appointed, comfortable rooms at the Montclair is indeed moderate for New York.

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wrist and propulsion of himself into the waters below to be devoured by the sharks. Seventy-two cheers for Adolph Zukor!

IT is impossible to believe that Mr. Coward, a fellow of some humor, could have written such stuff with a straight face. Somebody is razing somebody. The villainous, bare-foot Russian made up like a combination Maldonado-Tarzan who crawls like a lecherous ape over window-sills into the heroine's boudoir and makes such grunts as haven't been heard on a stage since Thompson and Dundy's elephants last appeared in the Hippodrome spectacles, the cynical literary gent who prowls around the darkened stage (striking a match so the audience may duly identify him) and who shrinks dramatically against the wall as the villain steals in to surprise the lovers, the heroine who "has never known love" until the young aviator came into her life (the other thing, ugh, was vile, just animal passion)—nobody, and surely not the sophisticated Mr. Coward, could offer whangdoodle like that seriously. What he unquestionably and deliberately set himself to write was a boob hot-pants version of *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*. I have enough respect for his theatrical shrewdness not to believe anything different.

(For other notes, see page 2)

A MATTER OF TASTE

SOME people care just for the things Of which some high-brow neighbor sings, Like Pekingese and Gertrude Stein And caviar and rarest wine. But I like eager dogs that leap And writers who aren't quite so deep; And tho' to some it may sound crude The times my system calls for food And seems for eggs to have a yen I much prefer them from a hen To eating anyway a dozen From Mrs. Sturgeon—or her cousin. I also—in this game of truth— Like whiskey better than vermouth.

—BLANCHE H. GRIFFIN

SYMPTOM OF PROGRESS

[From a menu at Woolworth's]

SHOPPERS' AFTERNOON TEA

Baked flounder, string beans, potatoes, bread and butter.....20 cents



More economical because it goes farther

John Jameson has more body and fuller flavour than most whiskies. This is because it is made only of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat, oats—and nothing else whatever except water and time. Because it is distilled by the traditional pot still method—and distilled perfectly since we have been at it 150 years. Because it is aged a full 7 years in

the wood. And finally because we add to it John Jameson of greater age (this is why U. S. regulations require us to call it a "blend"). In a word, it is the simple, honest *fundamentals* of whiskey.

In addition, it has a *higher proof than many imported whiskies*. So a bottle goes further—lasts longer—is really economical. Will you try a bottle?

JOHN JAMESON

Pure Old Pot Still

IRISH WHISKEY

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"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

I Am a Thief.* A trainload of diamond thieves and pursuing detectives take the Paris-Stamboul Express and the audience for a ride. A lot going on, and all as clear as mud.

It's a Gift. My favorite knicknacrobat, W. C. Fields, in an almost monotonous hour-and-a-half vaudeville act with porch swings, cars that won't start, beach chairs that won't unfold, and similar obstinate gadgets, including a wife who won't shut up.

Mystery Woman.* Mona Barrie, John Halliday and Gilbert Roland fight excitingly over a document on and off ship—a recipe for chocolate layer cake, for all I know.

The County Chairman. That old bird dog, Will Rogers, plays county political fixer and Dan Cupid in a screen version of George Ade's grand old show of linen duster days in Wyoming.

The Gay Bride.* Brittle Carole Lombard (one of my weaknesses) as a chorus girl who takes gangsters for matrimonial rides, one, two, three, until she meets the man she loves.

The Little Minister. Katharine Hepburn divinely ethereal among the dour churchmen of Thrums. A sweet story, sympathetic direction and an excellent cast, but it needs fire engines or something to key it up.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer. A dandy and sandy picture of brave English he-man soldiers trading bullets with crafty Arabs. One of the socks of the year. Franchot Tone ribs Gary Cooper deliciously throughout.

The Night Is Young. That male beauty, Ramon Novarro, and Evelyn Laye in a preposteroperetta with a couple of good Romberg tunes and a plot that is as stale as they come.

The Silver Streak. If you can't get a temporary nervous breakdown at the race of the streamlined train in this, you're not the movie-going type. It took me 20 minutes to un-jitter.

The White Cockatoo.* Expert chills and fevers. Jean Muir about to lose her life and fortune in an oo-o-o-hy forlorn old hotel on the French coast. Blows up at the finish.

BOOKS

By Kyle Crichton

Call It Sleep, by Henry Roth (*Robert O. Ballou*). Something to cheer about. A fine novel by a new writer, with Aunt Bertha taking her place with the great lusty characters of literature.

Heaven Is My Destination, by Thornton Wilder (*Harper's*). Some say this, some say that. I don't think much of it but I don't want to be dogmatic and at least Mr. Wilder has returned to civilization for his themes. In our set, we're putting our hopes on his next one.

His Majesty's Pajamas, by Gene Markey (*Covici-Friede*). Only the fact that the firm publishes the books of John Strachey absolves Covici-Friede for this one. The girls chase His Majesty even when he's sailing around trying to get his crown back. A terrifying example of what Hollywood can do to a writer.

Passing Judgments, by George Jean Nathan. An entertaining collection of Nathan notes that no thorough-going LIFE reader should be without.

Shabby Tiger, by Howard Spring (*Covici-Friede*). Amusing stuff of a picaresque sort about the English girls and boys who go wandering down the cow paths and up the creeks in the jolliest, most care-free manner imaginable. In this country they would spend the night at the station house and be given twelve hours to get out of town.

Sold Out to the Future, by Roy Helton (*Harper's*). It is not correct to say that Mr. Helton's reasoning is faulty; it is so amazingly cock-eyed that he has been awarded the Crichton Award for Lousiness, given only to the worst book published in America since *The Winning of Barbara Worth*.

The American Diplomatic Game, by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown (*Doubleday*). You don't have to accept the stories of how the world has been swayed by the newspaper boys but you can certainly enjoy the scenes in which the great diplomatic boobs go chasing around in their underwear hunting for their socks. Does what Ike Hoover did for the White House.

The Economic Consequences of the New Deal, by Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton (*Harcourt*). Assault with intent to kill by two gentlemen who write with wit and brilliance and devastating effect. They say: "There is nothing the New Deal has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake."

The Smart Set Anthology, edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin (*Reynal & Hitchcock*). The stuff from the old sensation stands up amazingly well with Miss Thompson by Somerset Maugham being the high point and *bis* high point. That was the one they made *Rain* from. Those were the days when you could look at Mr. Mencken without laughing.

We Are Betrayed, by Vardis Fisher (*Doubleday*). Writing away in his own individual way out on his Idaho ranch, Fisher unclothes himself for the world to see. A fascinating, often embarrassing, but always sincere and worthwhile picture of a human soul.

RADIO

[All schedules P.M., E.S.T.]

Alexander Woollcott. This man fascinates you, no matter what he talks about. 7:00, Sun., CBS, *Cream of Wheat*.

Beatrice Lillie. An intelligently humorous program that will never, alas, take the Great American Public by storm. 9:00, Fri., NBC, *Borden*.

Eddie Cantor. 8:00, Sun., CBS, *Pebeco*.

Ed Wynn. It's time he dropped his air operas and got back on the stage where he rates bright green. 9:30, Tues., NBC, *Texas*.

Fred Allen. The amateur-tryout portion of the program doesn't help any but the Town Hall newsreel ("Sees Nothing, Shows All") is still the tops. 9:00, Wed., NBC, *Ipana, Sal Hepatica*.

Jack Benny. An amusing guy with—guess what?—originality! 7:00, Sun., NBC, *Jell-O*.

Joe Penner. What is that awful buzzing in my ears? 7:30, Sun., NBC, *Baker's Broadcast*.

March of Time. Dramatic presentation of the news as developed by the ace of news magazines. 9:00, Fri., CBS, *Remington-Rand*.

Radio Theatre. Broadway stage successes presented, when possible, with original casts. Extremely worthwhile. 2:30 Sun., NBC, *Lux*. —G. W.

RECORDS

Autumn in New York. One of the most ingratiating melodies of the day, written by April-in-Paris Vernon Duke, and scooped by Richard Himber on *Victor*. From the Bwy. show, *Thumbs Up*.

Don't Be Afraid to Tell Your Mother. Patent duplication of **The Object of My Affection** by the same perpetrators: Pinky (Skyrocket) Tomlin and Jimmy Grier's band. (*Brunswick*)

Honeysuckle Rose. Fats Waller's famed composition which has become a jazz classic, set off in masterful finish by the Dorsey Brothers band. Eight choruses on two sides, each one a wow, particularly the piano, trombone and clarinet. You should have it. (*Decca*)

I Don't Want to Be President. Good song from *Calling All Stars*, but it must be a blow to FDR. Hal Kemp does it well on *Brunswick*, with the likeable **Am I To Blame?** coupled; the High Hatters have **That Fellow Manueto** on the other side of their *Victor* platter. All very palatable.

I'm a Specialist. A big phooey on this out-house humor. You can guess what comedian named Sale wrote it. Anson Weeks on *Brunswick*.

Like a Bolt from the Blue. Exc. tune from the Cotton Club Parade, played in the faultless Benny Goodman manner. (*Columbia*)

Square Dance. Would be good if Jerome Kern hadn't written **Let's Begin** for *Roberta*. Hal Kemp. (*Brunswick*)

The Object of My Affection. By the Eddie Bush Biltmore trio. Stale stuff. (*Decca*)

—J. A. T.

FACULTY MINDS

"A LECTURE is the process by which the notes of the professor become the notes of the student, without passing through the minds of either."—*Prof. Rathbun, Law, Stanford Univ.*

+

"Man is the only animal that drinks when not thirsty and makes love at all seasons."—*Prof. Ralph Linton, Anthropology, Univ. of Wis.*

+

"Courtship is that period which lasts from the time a boy starts chasing a girl until the girl catches him."—*Prof. Alfred E. Sweet, History, Washington & Jefferson.*

+

"There are times when it is necessary to tell people to go to hell."—*Prof. H. W. Harris, English, Univ. of Houston.*

+

"Everybody has a chance to become President of the United States. I'll sell mine for a quarter."—*Prof. Lawrence Lee, English, Syracuse Univ.*

+

"There is no thrill in life greater than watching a little amœba, which you yourself have nursed along into maturity, squirm along under the microscope."—*Prof. George A. Baitsell, Biology, Yale.*

+

"The only way to prevent wars is to lock up all women two weeks before a war is declared and force all officers above the rank of major to lead personally their forces into battle."—*Prof. Chas. S. Wyand, Social Science, Penn. State.*

+

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



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Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life...your hair has a chance.



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When you comb and brush your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous... with no trace of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.



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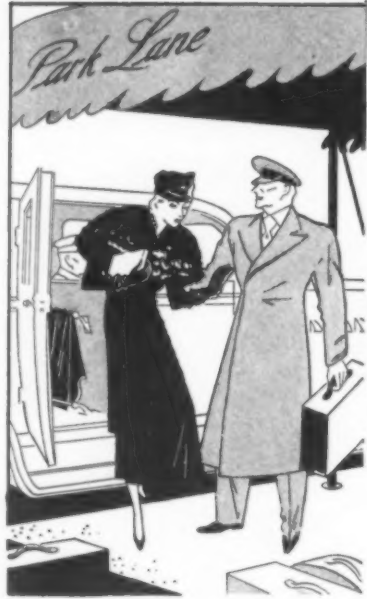
The cause of most dull, lifeless, unattractive hair is usually tight, dry scalp. It needs Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. For Vitalis and massage twice a week invigorates the scalp, quickens the circulation, restores natural nourishing oils — leaves your hair lustrous and easy to comb.

Loose dandruff disappears and with it the threat of falling hair. Your hair is manageable — good-looking, but with no trace of "patent-leather" look.

Start using Vitalis today. Get a bottle from your druggist and begin the Vitalis 60-Second Workout.

ASK YOUR BARBER...
He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis.





FLIGHT NORTH

■ Lolling on a Florida beach any day now, a wave of homesickness will hit you . . . right in the pit of your New York complex.

Visions will parade before your mind's eye. Shows you want to see. Your favorite night clubs. New clothes waiting to be picked at Fifth Avenue shops. A sudden whiff of a New York Spring.

You're off . . . like a race horse . . . to your home at the Park Lane. Maintained, of course, in crisp readiness for your return . . . whether you stay a day or two, or a month or two.

Henry, continentally-trained valet, attends Monsieur. Mary, the maid, gives Madame whole-hearted attention. Unpacking is quickly done. Laundry is spirited away, to reappear spick and span in your wardrobe. Clothes are masterfully pressed . . . and mended, if need be. Evening things are laid out, under your direction.

And meals? Served, if you wish, in your own suite, by a butler whose passionate regard for your cooking preferences reminds you that there are still noble traditions in life.

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

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SHOPPER

(Scene: A Post Office)

LADY: I'd like to see some three-cent stamps, please.

CLERK: How many do you want, madam?

LADY: Oh, I'm just looking. What kind do you have today?

CLERK: The lavender kind, with a picture of George Washington on them, are very nice.

LADY: Ummm . . . a bit conservative. Do you have any Whistler's Mothers?

CLERK: No, we're all out.

LADY: Any Mount Rainiers? (Clerk shakes head.) Oh, piffle. Any Century of Progresses?

CLERK (regretfully): I'm sorry. Haven't had those for ages.

LADY: No Three-hundredth Anniversary of Nicolet's Landing on the Shores of Green Bay? Not even any NRA's? Why do you let your stock get so depleted?

CLERK (hanging his head): Well, madam, right now it's between seasons. Couldn't I interest you in airmail? We have a pretty little number in orange.

LADY: I detest orange. What do you have in twos?

CLERK: Oh, just the same old red kind. You wouldn't care for them.

LADY (turning away): Well, I suppose I'll have to look further. . . .

CLERK (rummaging frantically in all drawers and pigeonholes): You couldn't use a good-looking model in purple with Mount Vernon on it and envelope attached? No? Then I'm afraid the lavender Georges are just everything we have. Now you take Mount Rainier; that's interesting only in vacation-time. And Whistler's Mother was just a flash in the pan.

LADY: I just don't know. . . .

CLERK (inspired, but fearfully casual): Mrs. Van Astergould never buys anything else. She says Washington looks so aristocratic.

LADY (with sudden new interest): Is that so? Well—all right, I'll take that kind.

CLERK (beaming): How many, please?

LADY: Just one.

—LOUISE MANLEY



ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 25 and 28)

1. Ohio
2. Fish scientist
3. Popular songs
4. Farm Credit Administration
5. Caspar Milquetoast
6. Alcohol
7. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
8. Mobile (We thought it was a capital, too)
9. Boo-kay (Now will you learn?)
10. Delphinium
11. Director U.S. Mint
12. Glass, Choate, Richberg, Tugwell (They might as well be)
13. "Green Pastures"
14. Plane, and opponent of Lincoln
15. Sadist (All right, what is a masochist?)
16. Cuppa cawfee
17. Port and larboard
18. 22 (3 hours difference in time)
19. Wills, Rangers, Fiermonte, Vare (Marshall was chess champ)
20. Shako
21. In a difficult position
22. Gettysburg address
23. Internal Revenue
24. Flak-sid (We've never pronounced it correctly, either)
25. Delaware
26. Artist
27. Unique (Budington)
28. Memory course
29. South America (You learned that in sixth grade)
30. Recommend, harass, picnicking (Don't feel too badly about it!)
31. Technocracy (Remember?)
32. George V.
33. Concentric rings
34. West Indies
35. Sinclair Lewis
36. Rudolph Bezier
37. Germany
38. Behind another ball
39. O. O. McIntyre
40. Crippen, Holman, Carnera, Penner (Have you forgotten already?)
41. Goose (geese) livers
42. Low woman
43. Joseph C. Smith
44. Two
45. Grantland Rice
46. 1935 (It's always New Year's Day)
47. Mrs. Harrison Williams
48. Dictionary of synonyms
49. Duck hunting
50. Counter clockwise

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Believe it or not, women were once so timid that they hired little boys to buy their cigarettes for them.



Going Places . . . in Good Company

Whether you're out for an evening or away for an outing, good company is an indispensable part of your pleasure.

When it comes to whisky, you couldn't select a more pleasant companion than Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club"—or any of the other famous Hiram Walker brands.

Wherever you travel, you will find the name Hiram Walker has been favorably known for generations. Hiram Walker bonded whiskies are aged in wood six years, and are bottled in bond under Canadian Government supervision. They include De Luxe

Straight Rye, De Luxe Straight Bourbon, Imperial and "Canadian Club."

Further, Hiram Walker makes three blended whiskies from the same Canadian stocks—King of Clubs, Queen of Clubs and Jack of Clubs—each with a generous base of fully-matured 5½-year-old whisky. And there are also available everywhere, Ten High and Royal Oak, the best straight whiskies under a dollar . . . and Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, the gin that comes from "the heart of the run."

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DEL CAMPO in the GRILL

★

This new sensation of screen and air is conducting and singing at the new Roosevelt Grill. In addition, an intimate floor show and other unique divertissement.

★

Dinner Dancing at 7:00 and
Supper Dancing from 10:30 on.

NO COVER CHARGE AT ANY TIME



QUEERESPONDENCE

QUEERY: After the initial guidance by the deck steward, has any one ever successfully *relocated* his stateroom on a liner?—Rox Reynolds, San Francisco, Cal.

Response: When the Cherbourg-bound S. S. S. Esthonia (christened by a man who stuttered) sailed from New York on November 11th, last year, one of the passengers was a New Yorker named S. Y. McMullen who had been kicked out of the country for walking into a grocery store where the clerks were taking a stock inventory and saying, "Ah—the count of Del Monte, Crisco, etc.!"

McMullen had crossed the Atlantic many times before but, like the rest of us, had never been able to go directly to his stateroom from any other part of the ship without first walking up and down several companionways, traversing the deck twice from stern to stern, and asking from three to five stewards where the hell was 205.

On his last voyage Mr. McMullen tried several plans for correcting this evil but only one of them had any merit. This is it:

One night when it was so foggy that Sally Rand couldn't have seen her fans before her face Mr. McMullen took a ball of his wife's knitting yarn, tied one end to the doorknob of his stateroom and went down to the bar for an eyecloser, unrolling the yarn as he went.

An hour or two later he paid his check and began to wind up the yarn but the trail led him almost immediately

to an adjoining lounge where an old lady was busily knitting a muffler— from wool, she explained, that she had found strung out all over the ship.

Mr. McMullen, disgusted at the failure of his scheme, went back to the bar and ordered rock and rye. The bartender misunderstood him and gave him rotten rye and Mr. McMullen spent the rest of the trip in his stateroom, which suited him perfectly.

QUEERY: Has any one, wishing to get off at the second floor, ever stood at the front of a crowded elevator?—Robert J. Wilcox, Tampa, Fla.

Answer: Never; and in the light of scientific research there is no reason to believe that any one should do so. The elevator experience of this department proves beyond question that any effort to employ common sense in a lift (English) is distinctly ill-timed and tends to create discord and even havoc.

Last year four of our operatives started a search for what we termed a Second-Floor Customer Who Stands in Front of the Car, but failed to find one and eventually came to the conclusion that any one who uses these tactics is a chump.

"We found," stated Operative C, "that all efforts to remain in the front of the car were met with scowls and scuffles from other incoming passengers who became enraged at our interference with their customary rushings to the rear of the car. I soon learned to



"He stole my wife, Your Honor, but Lord knows I don't hold that against him!"

seek refuge in the rear of the car immediately and postpone my battle with other riders until the second floor had been reached. At that time I could push and shove without restraint; the other passengers sniffed and sneered but exhibited no violence. I cannot attempt to explain the psychological reasons."

Operative B appended to his report a list of Elevator Menaces, all of which are no doubt familiar to you but which might be appropriately listed at this time.

(1) Vague individuals who say, "Oh—seven, please!" after the car had passed the 9th floor.

(2) Passengers who add "Out" to floor numbers.

(3) Wags who make cracks about the operator's ups and downs.

(4) Operators themselves who know more about the weather than a man on the street.

QUEERY: Did any one ever pay any attention to the "Rub—Do Not Blot" or "Blot—Do Not Rub" signs on paper towel containers?—Mrs. E. H. Curtiss, San Diego, Cal.

Reply: No. Paper towels are all right and we have nothing against them in their present state of perfection but there was a time when they were no more absorbing than a post office blotter and were regarded as useful as the key to a 98-cent suitcase. People called them Guess Towels because they never knew how many it would take to dry a pair of hands, and, like guest towels, they were rarely used. In fact, if absorb means "take it," then people who bought the old paper towels were certainly absorbed.

Naturally, nobody paid any attention to instructions. One office manager even proved this by putting a sign, "Five Dollars Will Be Paid to Anybody Who Reads This", on his towel containers—and didn't lose a nickel in five years.

In all fairness to the industry it must be admitted that the modern paper towel is far superior to its waterproof predecessor but the boys in the paper towel game might as well give up trying to educate the public. It's like locking the horse after the barn door is stolen, or, as the aged tap dancer with fallen arches put it: "You can't teach old dogs a new trick."

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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 promptly mailed.

—G. W.

Twin Camps Fourteen Miles Apart— In the Heart of the White Mountains



Pine Knoll Camp

For Girls

● One of the oldest and most select camps in New England. Girls love it because it is different; there is more freedom, delightful companions. Features: New tennis courts, fine horses [West Point riding instructor], music, dancing, aquatics, and dramatics under distinguished teachers. Tuition \$275.00 including riding and all expenses. Junior and Senior camps. Write for booklet. Mrs. Frances W. Bucher, Maple Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.



Camp Ossipee

For Boys

● Founded in the White Mountains near Conway, N. H., by Harvard men 32 years ago, and conducted for the past 16 years by a Princeton man in association with other school men, Camp Ossipee is devoted to the highest ideals of character building, in a location unsurpassed for beauty and natural adaptation to all forms of outdoor life. Sailing, riding, tennis, mountain hikes, canoe trips, riflery, and other activities. Ideal life for 85 boys. Enthusiastic clientele. Write John C. Bucher, A.M., Rivemont, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., for booklet.

THIS COLUMN ISN'T FUNNY!

Subject of constipation no joke . . . read how Ex-Lax relieves it pleasantly . . . painlessly . . . thoroughly

If you want humor this magazine is full of it . . . elsewhere.

But this column is devoted to a serious subject . . . constipation and how to relieve it.

Of course, if you're constipated, you want relief. But . . . right at that point comes the big question.

Which laxative should you take?

Should you blast your system with harsh, dynamite laxatives? Lots of people do that . . . but how wrong they are! You can get thorough relief without upsetting yourself, without enduring stomach pain, without feeling weak afterwards. All the things you hate about a laxative just don't exist with Ex-Lax.

**EX-LAX ACTION IS THOROUGH
... BUT GENTLE**

If you want to enjoy pleasant, painless and *thorough* relief just try Ex-Lax once. Notice the blessed absence of stomach pains. Notice how you feel afterwards. Another advantage is that Ex-Lax is not habit-forming . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And how delightful it is to eat a little chocolate tablet instead of swallowing some nasty-tasting medicine.

THEN—THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that words can't describe. But once you try Ex-Lax you'll know what we mean.

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

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SUCH IS LIFE

WITH the reproduction of Grant Wood's "Arbor Day" in this issue, LIFE begins a series of color pages of contemporary America which will include the best work of modern American painters. The first selections have been made possible through the cooperation of the more important New York galleries. A painting by Reginald Marsh has been scheduled for the next issue.

Grant Wood was educated and later became a teacher in just such a little school house he pictures on page 6. He was born on a farm near Anamosa, Iowa, and has successively been a farmer, jeweler, college student, army private, house painter, author, school teacher, lecturer at undertakers' conventions, art student and college professor. Today he lives in Cedar Rapids painting the people and scenes he knows. Wood is one of the few contemporary American artists in whose work exists no trace of French and Italian influence; he paints life as he sees it—with Rotarian heartiness and with a twinkle.

The name of San Francisco's official organist is Uda Waldrop. His sisters are tagged Ada, Eda, Ida and Oda. Excuse us, but we suspect vowel play.

Echoes from the January "Are You Sure?" Wrigley informs us indignantly that Wrigley *does* make a Pepsin gum. . . . A Midwestern zoology professor was frank enough to write that he missed both questions in his field: the number of toes on a mouse and the definition of a phalanger. . . . No orchids to the American Automobile Association for telling our Check-up-on-the-facts Editor that U. S. Highway No. 1 starts at Bangor, Me. It starts at Fort Kent. . . . As for the February "Are You Sure?" a far West volcanic expert says he was mortified by his failure to recognize Popocatepetl as a Mexican volcano. . . . Miss A. E. Kester of Trenton, N. J. challenges our statement that a carbuncle is an anthrax but we can only refer her to Funk & Wagnall's New Standard Unabridged dictionary. . . . And Elsie Jackson of Seattle says that despite Funk & Wagnall's she'll fight anybody who pro-

nounces alma mater "alma mayter."

Mr. F. E. Bredouw of Kansas City has just renewed his subscription two months ahead of time and wants to know if any one else ever renewed a magazine subscription without waiting for a notice, warning, special renewal offer, calendar of coming features, comparison with circulation of other leading publications or picture of a child facing a school door labeled "I am late." The matter has been referred to the Queerresponse department.

A mild rebuke to Don Herold for calling *Transatlantic Merry Go Round* something like *International Merry Go Round*, an error that got by all the editors and proofreaders as well. Incidentally, Don is now Don Herold, Inc., whipping up a direct mail advertising business.

Editor Richard Lauterbach of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern joins us in thinking that Kyle Crichton is one of the outstanding book reviewers of the nation. Readers might like to know that K. S. C., who writes our editorials, is none other than this same Mr. Crichton.

Thumbnail Recommendation. For riotous Broadway atmosphere: The Manhattan Music Hall or the Casino de Paree, the latter featuring a brand new show written by Elsa Maxwell and Lew Brown and staged by Bob Alton who did *Anything Goes!*

—THE EDITORS

Grant Wood

