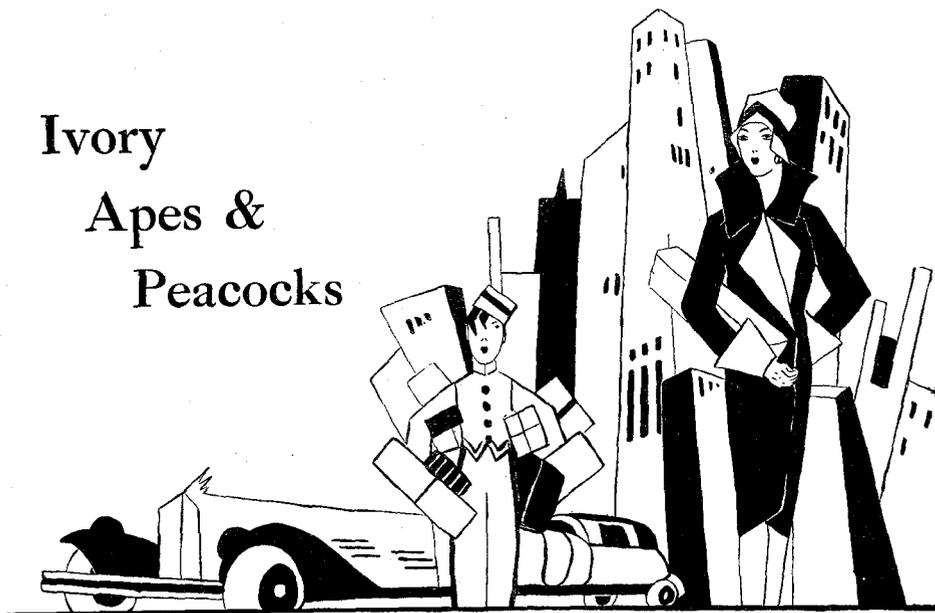


Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE acquaintance of most of us with modernistic furniture and house furnishings has been limited to a glimpse in a shop window or the pages of a magazine of a few bizarre pieces which looked like nothing so much as the relics of an explosion in a trigonometry factory. We may rather

have liked the things, at that, but we couldn't quite see them among the overstuffed furniture and inherited Victorianisms of our own homes. And probably we have indulged in a hearty laugh at their eccentricity, and passed on.

It is conceivable that in another decade or two we will get just as hearty a laugh out of some of the pieces which now grace our bed and dining and living rooms. Many of them—not all, of course—are clumsy and dreary and over-ornamented. And very, very badly designed. And the best of the modernistic stuff, for all its use of curious materials, its angularity, and its lack of politeness to tradition, is restful, quiet, and pleasant to live with. And—what is most important of all—suited exactly to the purpose for which it is to be used. Which is a good deal more than can be said for many of the old Period pieces, as any man knows who has sat on, eaten from, or slept in them.

For some time we have been planning this modernistic outburst in our department, but we have felt that we should wait until we could talk of something

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

found something not too startling.

A modern treatment throughout of bedroom, living-room, and dining-room is being shown in three model rooms at Macy's. This furniture has been reproduced from originals made by one of the best modern French designers. It is new, and any new thing is difficult at first to accept; but it is so pleasing, so sensible, and so unobtrusive that we believe few people would find it unsuitable.

To describe it to you is not so easy. The bedroom first. Everything here is low, making the room look much larger than it really is. The headboard and footboard of the bed curve up from underneath, each a perfectly plain, unornamented piece of glossy maple, much lighter in color than the old-fashioned bird's-eye maple. At either side of the bed is a semicircular table of the same wood with two drawers, one on each side, and below a sort of cupboard without doors for books and what not. The dressing-table has no legs and the top is but a few inches from the floor—a plain piece of maple which curves up at each side. In the curve are three drawers in

which you would not think freakish, which would not make you think first of all of its eccentricity. Ourselves, we do like some of the more startling pieces and arrangements. But it is true that you cannot introduce them all by themselves into the usual American interior. And so we waited until we

a quarter-circle. In the middle is a tall mirror, only the lower half of which has a frame. There is an upholstered "bath-tub chair," and a bureau or chest of drawers over which hangs a mirror, the lower half of which has a frame of what might be aluminum. None of the furniture has any moldings or beadings or ornamentation, but depends on the wood itself and the finish and the sweep of its clean lines for its beauty.

In the living-room the furniture—desk, bookcase, sofa, stand—are of palisander, a kind of rosewood, inlaid with ivory. The fireplace is low and wide, of brown brick and brown marble, over the full width of which is a mirror that goes to the ceiling. There is no restlessness, no waste motion, in this room. Everything does what it is intended to do quietly and efficiently. The lighting is done by lamps concealed in wall columns of translucent glass. The colors are all shades of brown.

Do we make you see these rooms at all? Probably not. You cannot describe this new furniture in terms of the old. Here are no Windsor chairs, no four-poster beds, nor anything resembling them. We have no vocabulary for these things yet. But it will not be long before we have one. Modernist furnishings have come to stay. Beauty, simplicity, and adaptability to use—these three things are the criteria by which we select our furniture, and only the most hidebound conservatism can prevent us from seeing that the best of modernist furnishings combines them all. And variety. There is more variety than there ever was before. And some of it is very bizarre. We have seen—and admired—pieces that looked like a geometer's nightmare. We shall describe some of them from time to time. For we believe that you will admire them too.

MUCH the same reason that held us back from writing about modernistic furnishings has kept us from touching on automobiles. We have been waiting for the Automobile Show. When that event takes place, we shall report it for you, and thereafter shall continue to report the progress of the motor world in the last issue each month.

There will be nothing technical about our reports. We don't know enough. We don't understand the gasoline engine, and we don't want to. It is enough if it runs smoothly. We believe that you are like us in that respect. We don't know much about automobiles, but we know what we like, and we shall report them for you in that way. W. R. B.

Just As You Say

Our Apologies to Concord

IN your issue of December 7, on page 430, in the article of Milburn Kusterer entitled "Colonel Lindbergh Sells Aviation," you printed a picture by *Wide World* showing the Spirit of St. Louis in front of our hangar at the Concord airport with the title line "At the Concord, N. H., airport, where fog caused Lindbergh's only late arrival."

Inasmuch as fog is probably the airman's most disliked enemy, it is mighty poor advertising for our airport to have your magazine broadcasting that fog at Concord caused Lindbergh's only late arrival, particularly when that statement is as far from the truth as anything could be.

The fact is that Colonel Lindbergh sought refuge from the fog which blanketed the whole New England coast on Saturday afternoon, July 23, by coming to our airport, which is well out of the fog belt, and, instead of landing at Portland, Maine, where he was scheduled to go, he spent the night in Concord, going to Portland on Sunday, which was "his only late arrival," returning to Concord on Monday, the 25th, for his regularly scheduled visit.

After seeing large black headlines in Boston and other New England papers shouting "Lindbergh Lost!!" and then later "Lindbergh Safe at Concord, N. H.," it was rather a shock to us to see by your magazine that fog at our airport caused him to be late here, the only place in his long trip.

As this error in your magazine is likely to discourage pilots from coming to our field through fear of fog, I feel sure that you will give this correction as much prominence as the erroneous statement received.

HORTON L. CHANDLER.

Concord, New Hampshire.

What the Women Want

IHAVE been reading the queries which you address to women in *The Outlook* of November 16, and feel moved to try to answer a few of them. Personally, I never supposed that the achievement of woman suffrage would bring about the millennium, or indeed make any very great change in the conduct of political affairs, certainly not for some years. I believed in it because I felt that women deserved, as much as men, a say in the making of the laws under which they have to live and in the choice of public officials. Women appeared to me, on the whole, about as good as men, and probably no better. Human beings are very much alike, whichever sex they may belong to. I thought, therefore, that women citizens would probably take about as much interest in politics as men citizens do—perhaps a little less for the present, because customs and traditions are still rather against their activity in this line. All this seems to me to have turned out about as I expected.

There are still some vigorous and intelligent organizations of women of a political nature, such as the League of Women Voters; but most thinking women believe that in active politics we should not group together as women, separate from men, but should rather ally ourselves with the regular parties and other organizations made up of citizens of both sexes. This is very important.

In the party organizations a few women

have already become, rather prominent and useful. Most women elected to office in this country, however, with a few notable exceptions, have not done very well. They have generally been selected for extraordinary reasons, chiefly because they have been the wives of certain men. This is a poor qualification for office holding. I should imagine, then, that women are now interested in much the same things as men voters, that they want much the same things, and that, like men, they are somewhat discouraged with our present political machinery. I hope, however, that they, or at least some few of them, will stick to political activity. There is a small leisure class of educated women who ought to be very useful in doing unremunerative and greatly needed work in this field.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE
Dean of Barnard College.

New York City.

Bill Adams and Mr. Abbott Agree

IDON'T like cats either. And today I like them less than ever I did. I've been pestered with them of late. There has been a big yellow cat, a fat beast with yellow-green eyes, and there has been a shiny silver brute with a long tail that drags on the ground, and there has been a huge tabby tiger. They have all belonged to people not far from me. But in California a cat that doesn't belong can get along very well, what with catching gophers and mocking-birds, meadow larks, and quail. It is partly because they kill the birds that I abhor cats as I do. Mocking-birds sing here all night long through spring and early summer. Meadow larks are singing now, on Thanksgiving afternoon.

A week or so ago the people who owned the tabby beast moved away, and either by chance or design left their cat behind. It took to prowling about my garden. Little green birds are feeding all day on the cosmos seed in my garden. One day I found a little green bird's feathers. So I went to town and bought a can of sardines, and with the sardines I caught the cat. I had meant to have killed it. But I'm not one who kills without compunction. I like to be merciful. Life is doubtless precious even to a cat, eh? So I put the brute in a sack and drove it out five miles into the country where there are many acres of alfalfa and vast numbers of gophers. Any tolerably agile cat can make an easy living where gophers are plentiful, and gophers, though they too may love life, do a great deal of damage to the farmer's crops. I turned the tiger out of the sack. He twitched his long tail and looked about him with eyes like the eyes of a devil: wise eyes, thoughtful, not at all puzzled. I came home. Next morning the tiger was in my cosmos again.

I went to town and bought another can of sardines. And this time I drove tiger across the river bridge two miles from home and took him well along the other bank of the wide stream. Had I been less given to mercy I should have been saved much trouble. But merciful I be, and once again I gave the beast its freedom on a wide alfalfa field.

A mile or so after I had released the cat I was stopped by a traffic officer. I supposed that he had seen me freeing the cat and was curious to know what I was up to. Perhaps the alfalfa field belonged to him, I thought, and he either had cats enough already or liked them no better

than do I. But, though in a way his stopping me had very much to do with the cat, in another way it had nothing at all to do with it. Or so I might have thought at the moment. I had failed to notice, and so had not stopped for, a boulevard stop sign.

I told the traffic officer all about it, and the traffic officer said: "Tell it to the judge. I dunno whether he likes cats or not."

I paid the judge five dollars.

That tabby beast has not come back from the other side of the river. I have a feeling that he could do so did he want to. But I think that he is sitting, slit-eyed, grinning, in that green field.

None but a guileless, unsuspecting, easily hoodwinked human would ever take up with a cat. They're not honest. The devil's in all of them.

That five dollars would have paid a dog license for two years. The cat knew it. And with the sort of dog that I had been thinking of there would have been no cat to bother me. I'm going to the barn to sharpen my ax; then to town for a can of sardines.

BILL ADAMS.

Modesto, California.

An Answer to the Ex-Feminist

IAM sorry for the "Ex-Feminist." She chose the wrong college, and thereby missed an experience of priceless value.

As I look back on my college days through the vista of many years, two things stand out with vividness and clearness still undimmed.

These things are the beauty of the environment of my loved university and the atmosphere of inspiration and culture for which we were indebted in a large measure to the Faculty.

The President was a gentleman of the old school whose presence was a benediction. His ideals made all unfairness shrink to cover and all worth-while aspirations seek the light. He was as scholarly as he was cultured and political economy under him became an open book even to a woman.

By our Professor of History dry facts were vitalized and his students were given such a wide outlook upon life that provincialism became no longer possible.

Latin means to me the man who taught it. He was a man of unflinching integrity and steadfast purpose, a man "who never sold the truth to serve the hour." His character permeated his teaching.

I received in college a love of the best in literature that has brought more pleasure into my intellectual life than any other influence. Until then I had never realized the wealth of wisdom and noble thought within my reach, nor had I ever learned the satisfaction that comes from one's own effort to interpret and express. The words of my literature professor in criticism of some of my work, "Nothing but your best will do," was an education in itself, and in its lasting influence worth the outlay of a college career.

I had no experience with women teachers in college. There were a few in my high school who left their mark upon all who came in contact with them.

All honor to the many colleges where one may find "wisdom and beauty, fine minds with a vision of truth"! All honor to those who give lifelong inspiration to plastic minds and live on in lives made nobler by their memory.

ALICE M. GARLAND.

Chevy Chase, Maryland.