

Forecast

The
Outlook and Independent
Announces

A GREAT DEAL of concern has been felt in various quarters at the growing uniformity which the increasing use of machinery is spreading over America. In the leading article of the next issue "Homogeneous America," Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher and mathematician, examines this so-called standardization. We observe that he views the situation with far less alarm than other well known philosophers who have recently visited us.



THE ADMINISTRATION is not the only thing that is bankrupt in Chicago. Due to a general break down of the big liquor rings and the stock market crash, bootleggers, gangsters and assorted racketeers have shifted their attentions from killing each other to looting the citizenry. In "On the Chicago Front" Lloyd Lewis, co-author of *Chicago: The History of its Reputation*, describes a state of affairs in that city which, we note fulfills the prophecy of F. P. Dunne, Jr. in a recent article in the Outlook and Independent, that the collapse of the market would lead to an increase in crimes of violence.



THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Education Association will meet in Atlantic City the last week in February. To it will come public school superintendents from all over the country. In "Our Teachers: Managers of Our Biggest Business" Edgar Wallace Knight surveys the men who control "the annual expenditure of nearly three billions of public funds." Dr. Knight is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent.



NOT ONLY did Mr. Coffey's employer refrain from prosecuting him for his first thefts, he even established him in business with his son in another city. Honesty prevailed for a while, but the appearance of a new sweetheart soon led to renewed thieving. The third instalment of "Thief's Progress" describes the chain of events which led the author to prison.



The Movies



By CREIGHTON PEET




"The Rogue Song"

GRAND OPERA—or at any rate moderately grand opera, comes to the screen in Metro's *The Rogue Song*, in which Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera sings magnificently and resoundingly. Mr. Tibbett is not the usual opera star—he is young and handsome, and his voice has a warmth and glow which almost but not quite compensate for the driveling story about a bold gypsy leader who falls in love with a proud and beautiful princess (Catherine Dale Owen).

Since *The Rogue Song* more nearly approaches opera than anything else, let us compare it to the average offering at the Metropolitan. In both cases the story is perfect tripe. In both cases the lyrics are quite silly (and if you doubt this read a few librettos and see for yourself). In both cases you have Mr. Tibbett's stunning voice and an excellently trained male chorus. As to the ballet numbers, the Albertina Rasch girls in *The Rogue Song* are enchanting and vastly superior to the usual exhibition at the Metropolitan. Compared to regular opera this has a good deal of freedom and movement, but compared to the old time film it is pretty stodgy and artificial. Part of this is due to the Technicolor visions of many painted studio sets resembling so many pretty picture postcards. Faintly comic relief is furnished by Laurel and Hardy.

The music by Franz Lehar and Herbert Stothart is pleasant and tuneful but hardly worthy of Tibbett's voice. It should be noted that this film does not end in a clinch. The gypsy and the princess decide they belong to different worlds and that not even movie love can unite them.

For once, it does not develop that the gypsy leader is the long-lost son of a neighboring king, or that, after all, the beautiful princess is a commoner. It's grand to see love get a sock in the eye once in a while.




A Submarine and a Dirigible

Men Without Women and *The*

Lost Zeppelin are so similar in plot and situation that they may be considered together. In one case we have a submarine crew trapped at the bottom of the sea and in the other a dirigible crew stranded near the South Pole.

The Lost Zeppelin (Tiffany) might have been a swell movie but for a rather incoherent continuity and the fact that none of the sets, dangers or actors are very convincing. Just before leaving for the Pole the commander (Conway Tearle) finds that his wife (Virginia Valli) loves one of his officers, furnishing the necessary emotional by-play. One rather silly episode shows the explorers leaving their nice cozy Zeppelin, walking off into a blinding snow storm, and promptly freezing to death.

Men Without Women (Fox) is vastly superior to this snowy picture, and after a rather weak opening it turns out to be first-rate and rather breathless excitement. There have been films of submarine disasters before, but this is, I promise you, the most thrilling of them all, without ever being gruesome or morbid. You may not think that men trapped in a stifling steel shell under ninety feet of water talk just this way—but who knows—perhaps they do? Director John Ford has done handsomely by *Men Without Women*—which, incidentally, has no connection whatever with the Hemingway stories.



"New York Nights"

Norma Talmadge has finally made a talking picture, and while her voice is very satisfactory indeed her movie is just another one of those backstage things about a drunken song-writer (Gilbert Roland) and his poor

neglected wife who are separated by a lecherous, diamond-shedding producer. Why Miss Talmadge, who has so much power and glory in her home town allowed herself to be burdened with a backstage story I cannot understand. Perhaps there is a law in California that every movie actor must appear in at least one backstage film.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro singing in a mild operetta.
Disraeli: George Arliss carries on the old play—a distinguished film.
The Laughing Lady: Grown-up comedy—Ruth Chatterton retrieves a divorced husband, Clive Brook.
The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier smiles and laughs and sings and the ladies love it.
Seven Days' Leave: Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper.
The Taming of the Shrew: Doug and Mary romping about in Shakespeare's comedy.
The Virginian: Gary Cooper as a straight-shootin' hombre—a fine performance.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck; *No, No, Nanette*; *Sally*, and *Rio Rita*: Photographic reproductions of old Broadway musical shows.
Their Own Desire: Norma Shearer and the divorce problem—tedious stuff.
The Locked Door: Lurid, implausible melodrama.
Show of Shows: A quantity of canned vaudeville acts, most of them pretty bad.

Norman Bel Geddes

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ONE evening three years ago Norman Bel Geddes, famous for his stage designs, was walking down New York's Fifth Avenue when he suddenly came to the conclusion that the shop windows were so ugly that something ought to be done about it. The very next day he wrote to the owner of one of the larger stores and presented a plan for improving the windows. Geddes' offer was accepted, and thus his modernistic window sets became the first in New York.

As soon as it was learned that Geddes' interest was no longer monopolized by the theatre, leading manufacturers got after him to submit modern designs to be applied to their products, and that, in brief, explains why during the past three years Geddes has been devoting himself almost exclusively to designing such frankly utilitarian objects as weighing scales, furniture, automobiles, factories, roof-gardens, office interiors and restaurants.

"An artist never strays from his natural path," says Geddes, "so long as he is earnestly attempting to create beauty, whether in a painting, a poem, a setting for a drama, the building of a factory, or the manufacture of a chair."

His comparatively sudden plunge into industrial design is typical of Geddes, who has achieved success in many branches of artistic endeavor and then abandoned each success in order to experiment in new fields. Born in Adrian, Michigan, in 1893, Geddes entered the Cleveland Art School when he was seventeen. He studied there for three months, spent another few months at the Chicago Art Institute, decided that he could do better working by himself and thereupon gave up art schools for good.

After several years of hard work he found himself enjoying success as a portrait painter of such celebrities as Schumann Heink, Caruso and Brand Whitlock, when he suddenly decided that advertising art might be more interesting. He soon became art director of a Detroit advertising agency and, later, manager of the largest advertising illustration house west of New York.

By this time, however, he had become fascinated by the theatre, and had even gone so far as to write a play. His curiosity about what went on behind the scenes soon made him a pest back-stage of a certain Detroit theatre. While carrying on private experiments in lighting effects one day, he caused a short circuit, a lot of trouble and his own un-

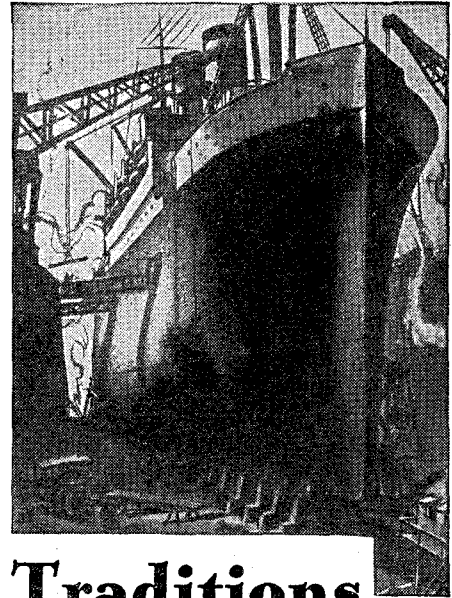
ceremonious eviction from the premises.

Learning that his play was being seriously considered by a Los Angeles theatre, Geddes packed up and went to California. His play was never produced, but he began to design sets for other productions there, and his designs were an instantaneous and sensational success. A few years later and he was in New York, recognized as one of the leaders in the little group of artists who were revolutionizing the art of stage design. It was Geddes whom Max Reinhardt chose to design the American production of *The Miracle*. Then, at the height of his success as one of the world's masters of stage decors, Geddes again began to look for new realms to conquer, and so turned to industrial design.

"There is no reason in the world" he declares fervently "why a weighing scale, a metal bed or an automobile shouldn't be a lovely thing to look upon, without sacrificing any of its usefulness. The trouble in the past has been that manufacturers and inventors have made their designs with attention almost exclusively riveted to the work the product was to perform. Decorative touches might be added afterwards, but the thing was never originally designed to be both useful and beautiful at the same time."

The fever for stage designing has not yet been entirely eliminated from Geddes' blood, as witness his sets for the radical production of *Hamlet* at Skowhegan, Maine, last summer, and his more recent sets for *Fifty Million Frenchmen*. But the great passion of his life now is industrial design. His studio, a plain brown front house in the Murray Hill section of Manhattan, is a beehive of industry. Here, working under his orders, are some forty assistants, technical experts, draftsmen, engineers and model makers.

A short, chunky man with light, tousled hair, grey eyes and a restless manner, Geddes is a modern Leonardo who designs anything from a chair to a factory. Numerous objects of his design, such as scales and furniture, are now being featured by leading manufacturers. He is designer of a group of factory buildings now being erected at Toledo, Ohio, and his genius for architectural design is recognized in his recent appointment as one of the two advisory members of the Architectural Commission for the Chicago World's Fair of 1933.



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