

SEP 8 1931

MCGALL'S

October
1931

Ten
Cents



Beginning

THE TRAIL DRIVER *by Zane Grey*

Dorothy Black — Sarah Addington — Juliet W. Tompkins — Vivien Bretherton
Douglas Stapleton — Dorothy Dunbar Bromley — Lois Montross

What Fathers Expect of Their Daughters

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MUSIC

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

The Community Concerts

NEW YORK heard over six hundred concerts during the past season, and the number is likely to be even larger this coming fall and winter. Moreover, this total does not include the countless minor events of a musical nature, but refers only to the regularly announced and advertised programs given in the recognized auditoriums, such as Carnegie and Town Hall, for which tickets were sold (or, at least, offered for sale) at the box-office.

Meanwhile a great many smaller cities throughout the country have found it increasingly difficult to hear any concerts at all. Their problem is chiefly a financial one. Under the traditional plan of concert giving in America, it has become almost impossible for all but the larger music centers to assemble an audience of sufficient size to pay the fee of any performing musician.

Behind this lies a curious application of the law of supply and demand. The concert performers that most people want to hear have, by that very fact, become such expensive luxuries that only an unusually large audience will return the necessary investment to a local manager or group of guarantors, with the possibility that an adequate hall of the required size is not even available. On the other hand, the many estimable artists who would be well worth hearing, and who are more than willing to perform for comparatively modest fees, cannot draw enough patronage at the box-office to pay even this small sum, so that in either case someone is bound to be a loser.

Yet in every community of over ten thousand people there is a sufficiently large group of real music-lovers, forming the nucleus for a permanent concert audience, honestly anxious to hear the best singers and instrumentalists, regardless of their box-office reputations; and too often in the past this loyal group has not only done all the work of making local concerts possible, but has made good the almost inevitable deficits as well.

[Turn to page 139]

IN THE PULPIT

Skyscrapers And Cathedrals

BY J. GRESHAM MACHEN

Reviewed by REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON



J. Gresham Machen

DR. MACHEN is the President of the new Westminster Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, which split off from the Princeton Seminary as a result of the great debate in the Presbyterian Church provoked by "the Fosdick Case." His book some years ago, *Christianity and Liberalism*, inspired a symposium of discussion in the "British Weekly" of London, as did the book which followed it, *What is Faith?*—by far his best book—and more recently his great volume on *The Virgin Birth*. An outstanding conservative scholar



J. Knowles Hare

Tilly Losch and Fred Astaire dance in "The Bandwagon"

and thinker, whatever he writes is read all over the Christian world. In the sermon here reviewed, addressed to the graduating class of the Seminary, he looks out upon "a drab and empty age," forgetful of God and the slave of greed and passion, its towering architecture a symbol of its spiritual bankruptcy.

"About one week ago," said Dr. Machen, "I stood on the one hundred and second story of the Empire State Building in New York City. From there I looked down upon a scene like nothing else upon the earth. I watched the ele-

evated trains, which seemed from that distance to be like caterpillars crawling along the rails; I listened to the ceaseless roar of the city ascending from a vast area to that great height. It is a strange city, created on Manhattan Island within the last five or ten years—gigantic, bizarre, magnificently ugly. It seemed like some weird, tortured imagination of things in another world; I came down from that building greatly impressed.

"There came to my mind the memory of other buildings that I had contemplated in the course of my life. I thought of an English cathedral, rising from the infinite green of some quiet cathedral close, above the ancient trees. I thought of the west façade of a Continental cathedral, produced at a time when Gothic architecture was not what it is today, imitative and cold and dead, but a living expression of the human soul; when every carving in every [Turn to page 118]

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

The Almost Perfect Revue

FIRST of all, what is a perfect revue? But before we consider that it may be necessary to decide whether any Broadway song-and-dance show is the proper concern of a dramatic critic. In these instances he is not dealing with the question of construction, fidelity to life, and a reasonably philosophic interpretation of existence.

Yet I am of the opinion that there is a true importance in our lighter forms of entertainment. Unconsciously, perhaps, they mirror the public taste even more closely than serious drama. Once you know the sort of jokes a man prefers, you have a pretty fair slant on his general disposition and character.

The same rule holds good for a nation. The differences between communities lie largely in the things that appeal to them as funny. It is much easier for an American and a Chinese to sit together and cry than it is for them to combine in hearty laughter. Tragedy obliterates boundaries. But, save in the case of Charlie Chaplin, whose appeal seems universal, the comedians must stick to their clime. [Turn to page 63]

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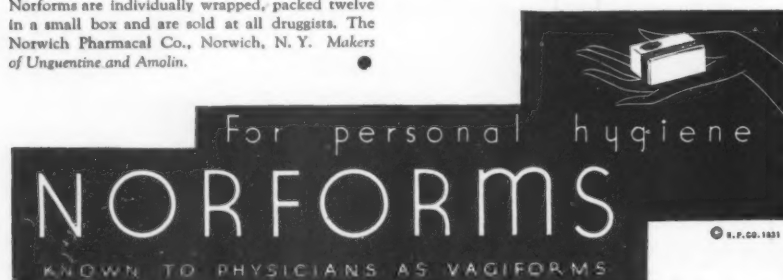
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ALL VERY BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 116]

She limped back to bed, went to sleep muttering, "I want one can of boric acid, one bottle of Wood's Sham-poo—" and in the middle of the night, she sat erect suddenly, shrieking in her nightmare, "But that's an outrage! A perfect outrage!"

She did not tell Dal immediately. She intended to, but he got his speech in first.

"Listen, Kathie, I'm all set with Sprockett now—for a while anyway. But even if I weren't—even if I were back on my little old forty a week—It's this, darling. I want to lash you to the mast. I wasn't ready to fall in love—I didn't want to, I fought against it. But I'm afraid somebody else will get you. I think about you all the time, sweet. I'm simply hooked. So I want you to come to New York with me and live in a little dinky two-by-four—"

"Marry you?" asked Kathie.

"Yes, darling. All very legal."

"All right," said Kathie promptly.

"That would suit me fine."

Later, she said, "What about Cordy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, don't you kind of hate not marrying her?"

"Do you hate not marrying Stuffy?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, certainly not I don't hate not marrying Cordy. Cordy's a grand girl, but I don't want any business woman for a wife of mine. I'll do the business end of this family, if you please."

"Now I can't tell him," she thought. But she had to; deceiving Dal simply was not in her.

He was not angry or humiliated. He gaped incredulously, then said, "Why, you little mutt. Why—why, Kathie, that was *genius*. Gee whiz, did I pick a smart girl for a wife or didn't I? But, darling, I didn't dream you had such a mammoth brain."

(Poor Cordy, she was thinking. No mammoth brain.)

Her father stated pompously that they'd have to wait a year, because she was such a child, but her mother said, "No, you don't, darling—not if you're sure."

Kip said, "Gee whiz, what do you want to get married for?"

Charles wrote down from Cambridge: "Does she know that Yale men always beat their wives?"

Celeste said, "Well, well, it's all very beautiful. Those two young things against the wolves of Wall Street, or whatever it is. . . . I'll bet they have a baby the first year."

"I'll bet so, too," said Kathie complacently. "We're going to have four."

THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 23]

obscure corner, never, perhaps, to be seen by human eye, was an act of worship of Almighty God. As I revived these memories, certain thoughts came into my mind. The modern builders, I thought, can uplift the body, they uplifted my body in express elevators twelve hundred feet in record time. But whereas the modern builders, in an age of unbelief, can uplift the body, the ancient builders, in an age of faith, could uplift the soul. In the presence of a medieval cathedral, centuries a-building, one is uplifted to a height far greater than the Empire State Building; uplifted not by some rebellious tower of Babel seeking to reach unto heaven by human pride, but on the wings of faith into the presence of God.

"I am no medievalist. I rejoice in the marvelous widening of our knowledge of this mysterious universe; I delight in the technical achievements of our day. This is God's world and neither its good things nor its wonders should be despised by those upon whom they have been bestowed. Moreover, I cherish within my soul a vague yet glorious hope of a time when

material achievements, instead of making man the victim of his machines, may be used for the expression of some wondrous thought. There may come a time when God will send to the world the fire of genius, which He has taken from it in our time; a time when He will send something far greater—a humble heart finding in His worship the highest use of all knowledge and power.

"There will come a time when men will wonder at their obsession with these material things, when they will see that their inventions are in themselves as valueless as the ugly little bits of metal type in a printer's composing room, and that their true value will be found only when they become the means of expressing some glorious poem. Even today, amid all the noise and shouting and power of machinery, there are hearts hungry for bread that is bread indeed, hearts thirsting for the living water. The things in which the world is now interested are the things that are seen; but the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal."

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 22]

tons of submitted literature. At times, they have done so, and all they have got for their pains is trouble. Years ago a small-town Shakespeare sent to the Chaplin Studio an idea for a comedy about the Great War. The manuscript was returned with the announcement that it had been considered and found unsuitable. Later, Charlie Chaplin produced *Shoulder Arms*, and was embroiled in an embarrassing plagiarism suit. So the movie people have an excellent excuse for their refusal to give proper attention to the stories hurled at them from all points of the compass. They prefer to pay enormous sums for published novels and produced plays, just as they prefer to engage actors and actresses whose ability has been proved.

From all of which it will be gathered that the unknown artist (literary or dramatic) should keep out of Hollywood, until such time as he has gained a reputation somewhere else. Just at present those who are clever song-writers or nimble and decorative chorus girls may find employment; for musical films are coming back, as evidenced by the emphatic success of *The Smiling Lieutenant*, the highly spiced collaboration of Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch, and of the boisterous entertainment provided by Eddie Cantor in *Palmy Days*. But song-writers need not apply unless they already have a few hits to their credit, and the only chorus girls who will receive consideration are those who bear diplomas from some reputable institution.