PROFILES

LADY BOUNTIFUL—I

Mrs. Davies

WHEN Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies accompanied her third and present husband, Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, to the Soviet Union in January, 1937, that portion of the American press which looks upon the Soviet experiment as the hope of the world was distinctly bilious in its comments. To send such a lush specimen of the fruits of American capitalism to the Moscow comrades, the Leftist commentators complained, was a downright affront. Mrs. Davies, a handsome, blue-eyed woman in her early fifties, with an arresting streak of white in her brown hair, did not understand that attitude at all. Though she is one of the ten richest women in the United States, she considers herself a typical American. She has an executive competence which is sometimes almost imperious, but she prides herself on her democratic manner of dealing with all sorts of people. As a hostess, she is gracious and highly experienced, but there is a note of the lavish about her most sincere efforts at simplicity. When she was entertaining a group of American correspondents and Embassy attachés on a yacht cruise in the North Sea, for example, she had a steward appear after dinner each night with a silver tray bearing ten kinds of chewing gum.

Her annual income from the General Foods Corporation, of which she is the largest stockholder, has been around $700,000 in recent years, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. This is only one of her sources of revenue, however. Until the early nineteen-twenties, she had a large investment in tax-exempt bonds—enough to pay her approximately $750,000 a year even at their low rates of interest. Since then she has put a great deal of her money into higher-yield securities. Altogether, her income now is probably close to $2,000,000 a year. In the best American tradition, she was born poor—or at least moderately poor. Her father, the late Charles William Post, founded the family fortune in 1895, when he started peddling his newly invented coffee substitute, Postum. Marjorie, his only child, was then a little girl in gingham dresses and braided pigtails.

AT the time Marjorie was born, in Springfield, Illinois, her father was a go-getting farm-implement salesman. He presently went to Texas because of poor health and made money as a real-estate man while recuperating. Then he promoted a cotton mill, which failed, and his health failed with it. At thirty-seven, almost broke and suffering from a nervous breakdown, he went to Battle Creek to take the cure in a sanitarium and stayed on in the town to become a multimillionaire. Battle Creek was seething with health fads and swarming with sick people and hypochondriacs who were willing to pay for the privilege of talking about how they were feeling. In 1893, strong once more, Post bought a farm outside the city, mostly on credit, converted the farmhouse into a health resort, which he called La Vita Inn, and set himself up as a mental healer. On the side he sold off the surplus farm land as building lots to installment-plan buyers.

He explained his health system in a book, "I Am Well—the Modern Practice. Natural Suggestion, or Scientia Vitae," in which he recommended the thinking of good thoughts, complete relaxation, and a mystic procedure called "going into the silence." At first, he scorned the dietary approach to well-being, by which he made his fortune later. "Go to the table," he wrote, "and eat a fair, reasonable meal without fear, *knowing* and never doubting your power to *make stomach* perform its necessary functions, and in a satisfactory way, so long as it is ruled by the God power." As proof of these powers, he cited the case of one of his patients, a dyspeptic gentleman who had not been able to eat a hearty meal in years without distress. Post worked on this fellow's mind a bit, then asked him what he most longed to eat and gave him a huge helping of it, which the gentleman ate without ill effects. The dish was pork and beans with vinegar, which makes the miracle the more remarkable.

Within a year, however, Post adopted dietary ideas to supplement the God power and began experimenting in the kitchen with brews of grain and sweetened water in the hope of hitting upon a palatable substitute for coffee which would not keep nervous people awake at night. The result was Postum, concocted of bran and other parts of wheat, sweetened with molasses. At first he served it only at his inn, but in 1895 he began manufacturing it in a barn on the farm and peddling it to stores around the countryside with a horse and buggy. Business was so poor that when, a couple of years later, he added Grape-Nuts to his line, his wife had to bake the bread from which he made the new cereal. It was one of the first dry cereals on the market. Post's idea was to sell it as a health food, along with Postum, rather than as an ordinary breakfast food. It was made of whole-wheat flour, malted barley flour, yeast, salt, and water, baked in a long loaf resembling ordinary brown bread, then dried in an oven and crumbled. Post called it Grape-Nuts because the malting of the barley flour turned part of the starch into grape sugar, or dextrose. He made some rather astounding claims for his product. His first label announced that Grape-Nuts was "a Food for Brain and Nerve Centers." "The system," it continued, "will absorb a greater amount of nourishment from One Pound of Grape-Nuts than from Ten Pounds of Meat, Wheat, Oats or Bread. Costs about one cent a meal." Later, when various state chemists began interesting themselves in analyses of the cereal, he modified his claims a trifle, but he went on advertising Grape-Nuts as a brain food. As the business grew he became one of the largest advertisers in the country and filled the newspapers with testimonials to the health-giving qualities of Postum and Grape-Nuts, under such headings as "Incipient Consumption headed off by Grape-Nuts," "Loose Teeth made sound by eating Grape-Nuts," and "Malaria? Postum staves off chills and fever." When *Collier's* published a

critical editorial about all this, he ran newspaper advertisements accusing the magazine of trying to force him to give it more advertising. Robert Collier brought suit for libel and Post had to pay him $50,000.

By 1905, the Postum Cereal Company was a $5,000,000 concern. Post, who inevitably became known as C. W., developed ideas befitting a self-made American. He adopted a paternal attitude toward his employees, built a village (called Postumville) of low-cost houses, which he sold to them on the installment plan, and built them a clubhouse. He fought labor unionism as uneconomic and un-American. He divorced Marjorie's mother, married one of his stenographers, and took up travelling and collecting works of art. In the meantime he began training Marjorie seriously for later life. He sent her East to school and to London for two social seasons, and whenever she was at home, drilled her in such matters as taking inventory and totting up sales and warned her that it is the duty of the rich to disperse a substantial part of their incomes every year. Through sustained effort she has been able to do this, though her income has grown considerably since her father's death in 1914. She has spent money energetically and has given away approximately as much as her father left her.

IN 1905, she married Edward B. Close, a personable young New York lawyer and a descendant of the Brevoorts. The wedding was in Grace Church, with the rector officiating. Post, who was a Congregationalist back in Battle Creek, came to New York to give the bride away and afterward went along with them on their honeymoon to Egypt and Italy. He had established a trust fund for his daughter and gave her an allowance, but her income amounted to less than $50,000 a year. Her husband, though of good family, had little money. He turned shortly from the law to brokerage, thinking it might be a more congenial occupation. Though C. W. liked him and let him handle a good many of the Post investments, the combined income of the Closes was a poor thing compared to that to which Mrs. Close was to become accustomed. They lived in Greenwich, where C. W. had built them a $300,000 home with stables, tennis courts, and gardens. They called the place The Boulders.

Post was never robust and in the last years of his life became increasingly despondent. In 1914, during a long illness, he shot and killed himself. His daughter has always been rather preoccupied with health. She doesn't smoke and drinks only what is necessary for social purposes; she is very careful about balanced diets, goes to bed by eleven o'clock except when kept up by a party, and does gymnastics every morning. She used to go frequently to French Lick and Hot Springs for the cures and at one time explored Christian Science. She is given to dietary fads; some years ago, when prunes were an important part of her diet, she sent her cook to the Hotel Pennsylvania to eat a dish of them and find how the fruit was prepared there. She had heard that the Pennsylvania served the best prunes in town. She keeps her houses faintly scented with a perfumed disinfectant and checks up frequently to see that the heat is kept at the right level. The thought of exchanging germs with strangers in an ordinary Pullman car has always worried her, and before she bought a private car of her own she used to hire one even for short trips. She didn't feel really safe unless it was the same car each time—a car named the Superb, which was usually also assigned for Presidential use. One trip South was practically spoiled for her when President Coolidge suddenly decided to go somewhere and, at the last minute, she had to take another car. She insisted that the substitute car be especially fumigated for her. In 1916, when an infantile-paralysis epidemic broke out in New York and Connecticut, her two daughters, Adelaide and Eleanor Close, were at the Greenwich estate and she was in New York. She sent word to Greenwich that any servant who stepped off the estate during the epidemic was to be promptly discharged. The servants had to stay there for most of the summer. A farm

A REVISED STATUARY
FOR THE CITY OF TOMORROW

"I hope the convention appreciates how much trouble we've gone to."

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on the estate made the place more or less self-sustaining. Everything that had to be brought in was left at the gate and no contact was permitted between servants and tradespeople. Mrs. Close, when visiting the ménage, changed clothes and washed with disinfectant as soon as she arrived. The servants stuck it out and she rewarded them liberally at the expiration of the siege.

She expects unfaltering efficiency and loyalty from her employees and in return grants them rewards which she feels will increase their happiness and well-being. After she built a lodge on Upper Lake St. Regis in the Adirondacks, in the latter years of her marriage to Close, she had movies shipped up from New York as soon as they were released and shown in the main lounge, partly for the entertainment of guests and family but more especially to keep the servants from being bored. When talkies came in, she installed the first sound apparatus to be put in a private house. Attachés of the American Embassy in Moscow learned something of her way of treating servants even before she and the Ambassador arrived. She had sent half a dozen of them over with two Madison Avenue decorators to make ready the Ambassadorial residence, Spasso House. The chargé d'affaires gave a

Christmas party soon after this advance guard arrived, and it did not occur to him to plan anything special for the servants. They were so broken up that the party almost came to a halt while the Embassy wives tried to persuade one of the maids to stop crying and to soothe the feelings of the rest. Mrs. Davies, the servants said, always gave them a Christmas party of their own. When Mrs. Davies bought her private car, she put the porter whom she had always engaged on the Superb, a man called Mackay, on her payroll. A few years ago she sold the car, but Mackay still gets his check every month and waits in Harlem to serve her in case he is needed again.

SO thoroughly did Marjorie Post acquire her father's instinct for accumulating wealth that she inherited much more of his fortune than he actually provided for in his will. After making various minor bequests, including trust funds of $1,364,290 each for the two Close daughters, about $250,000 for Close, and varying amounts for other relatives and old associates, he divided the rest of his $33,000,000 estate more or less equally between his daughter and his widow. They each got half of his largest holding, the Postum Cereal Company. Soon after his death, however, Mrs. Close brought suit to have her stepmother's claims under the will disallowed. Mrs. Close's lawyers assured the press that it was just a friendly action, prompted entirely by sentiment. Sentiment was vindicated, and the widow settled out of court for $6,000,000, leaving Mrs. Close sole owner of the $20,000,000 company. The grounds for the suit had been uncovered by one of Mrs. Close's attorneys in going through some of Post's papers. The details were kept from the press because of the out-of-court settlement, but a story widely accepted is that in the early days Marjorie turned her savings-bank account of two or three hundred dollars over to her father to save the business in an emergency and that he signed the company over to her in gratitude and put the agreement in his files. It appears that later he either forgot about the generous impulse or thought better of it.

In any event, now that Mrs. Close had added complete ownership of the company to her other holdings, it became her duty to disperse a much larger income than she had handled before. She bought a town house, the Townsend Burden residence at Ninety-second Street and Fifth Avenue, across from Felix Warburg's and backing up on Otto Kahn's. She felt some qualms about taking it, for the price was $1,000,000 and she had to sell some bonds to raise the money. The feeling of being so rich in her own right was still new and she had to be reassured by her financial advisers that she really could afford it. Such misgivings were only temporary. Soon she bought an adjoining house to add to the original one, and built a passageway between the two. They added up to forty-six rooms. She also bought a box at the opera and began entertaining on a more elaborate scale. On the tenth anniversary of her marriage to Close, she and her husband gave the biggest party that they had ever given—a ball at the Ritz. The ballroom, in keeping with the tin-wedding tradition, was decorated with tin flowers and Mrs. Close carried a bridal bouquet of the same metal. Invitations were issued liberally and the affair cost the Closes $10,000.

Furnishing and decorating the new house was a labor of several years, and Mrs. Close prepared herself for it by studying exhibits and attending lectures at the Metropolitan Museum. She had previously done a bit of casual collecting, starting with spoons from various parts of the world she had visited, and Indian relics from the American West. Now she hunted fine and rare furniture, tapestries, and paintings. She paid more than $175,000 for a set of Beauvais tapestries, "The Loves of the Gods." She bought a white marble figure by Rodin and paid $10,000 for Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi." The furniture that she acquired was French, of the elegant Louis XVI period. The competition for her custom was spirited. Once, while she was abroad, Sir Joseph Duveen (now in the

ENGAGEMENTS FOR TOMORROW

Business of forcing a showdown.
Hit this hard, and take no excuses.
(Stuff about expenses, business about the risks, stuff about overhead.)

If the bank should call, stall them off.
Don't say yes or no, but it has to sound good.
(Maybe gone for the week.
Yes, left no word but had hoped to be back, regret the delay, and
so forth and so on.
Will definitely return on such and such a date.)

Lunch with so and so.
(One highball, no more, two at most. A walk to clear the head.)

And stuff for all the other deals, for every possible turn and twist.
Wallop it hard. Keep them guessing. And naturally, no mistakes.
Cheerful stuff. Personality stuff. Glamour stuff.
Tough, if necessary, and rough. But careful.
Give it the business, all of it. The works.

And finally the big stuff.
(Make a note of this. Must think it all out.)
Stuff about the reason for all the other stuff.
Business about loyalty (the need for, and so forth), brains (stuff,
stuff), and something about the breaks.
Business about what it is that makes the whole business go round,
without any beginning and without any end,
like the wind or like the ocean, a feeling
to tear the heart out of a wooden Indian's breast.
Straight stuff. Real stuff. True stuff. The McCoy.
Sometime. Soon. Before it's too late.
Because, after all.
And so on, and so on, and so on, and so on.

—KENNETH FEARING

RACONTEURS

"The minute I heard about you I came right over, because I know how lonely you must be. I'm so glad it's nothing worse than a bad headache, but even so, my dear, I do think you ought to see a doctor right away. Who knows, it may be one of Nature's danger signals. I always remember Mrs. Ramsey—simply the picture of health except for these headaches—and the things they found when they got her to the hospital! To begin with . . ."

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peerage) was permitted to install $2,000,000 worth of collector's items in her drawing room for her approval. Other dealers and decorators claim that Duveen posted a guard at the door, and that the guard took his responsibility so seriously that Duveen's competitors were prevented from getting any information at all that might have been helpful to them in pushing their own wares. Mrs. Close sent most of Duveen's things back, anyway, when she got home. Always a woman of pronounced tastes, she has never quibbled over price or accepted anything she doesn't like. She had cardinal-red carpets woven in Italy for the house and had her curtains embroidered in the Louis XVI style. She bought a table of lapis lazuli and had an elaborately decorated piano shipped over from France. She now calls "ridiculous" the story that she had three solid-gold French telephones installed, but people who visited the house at the time still claim they saw them. In any event, she made generous use of gold and precious stones in her decorative scheme. She paid $2,500 apiece, for instance, for two gold cigarette boxes set with rubies and sapphires. She filled the huge library with books that were handsomely bound, even if some of them were dummies. She has never had much time

for reading, anyway. When she is going to the opera, she has her secretary read the libretto to her while a maid is doing her hair.

She has a steadfast admiration for efficiency. In fitting out the house, she had her dressing room equipped with racks, hangers, shoe cabinets, fur cases, and hat forms, like those in the department stores, with a special place for each of her hundreds of garments. Incidentally, she has seldom paid fantastic prices for clothes but has satisfied herself with things that are merely expensive. She has never appeared in those yearly lists of best-dressed women. This suits her because she tries to avoid the sort of publicity which conservative people think is cheapening.

SHE has a keen eye for color, both in costuming and in decoration. On the eve of her wedding to Edward F. Hutton in 1920, she made Kottmiller, the florist, take back a roomful of roses, with which he had decorated the library for the ceremony, because they did not match the other decorations. That wedding took place a year after she divorced her first husband. Her union with Close had begun to falter as the tempo of her life accelerated in the years after her father's death. Close was acquiescent but not particularly interested in her new activities. In the World War he had entered the Army and become a major, but this achievement was hardly on a par with that of his wife, who supplied the funds with which the Red Cross built and maintained a base hospital at Savenay—the biggest in operation at the close of the war. Their divorce, in 1919, was fairly amicable. Mrs. Close obtained it in Connecticut and got the custody of the two daughters. Close married again and moved to Paris, where he has lived ever since. Hutton, born on a farm in Ohio, had had a spectacular career in Wall Street, where he instituted the first wire brokerage service in history, and was known as Lucky Ned. He was a widower. He had made a lot of money, though not nearly as much as his new wife possessed, and was an aggressive, uninhibited, positive fellow who took business and pleasure in a sweeping stride and looked around for more of both. His brother Franklyn, who was also his partner in the brokerage house of E. F. Hutton & Co., had married one of the daughters of F. W. Woolworth and had a daughter named Barbara.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

(This is the first of three articles on Mrs. Davies.)

THE THEATRE

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS

ALMOST as if it were the result of a pre-season junta of playwrights at which the slogan "Sell America!" had been adopted, the theatre this year has rung with exhortations for us all to hold dear our national heritage and be Americans.

Aside from the fact that it would be difficult *not* to be an American if you are one already, and overlooking a slight feeling of resentment at being told by any other Americans to Buck Up, the general effect of this campaign must be fairly vague, as the playwrights themselves have been fairly vague in their outlines of what constitutes Americanism. Robert E. Sherwood seems to have been the most practical one of his craft. He simply gave us Abraham Lincoln and let us look at him.

The question here is not how skillfully the playwrights have done their work, but just whom is it aimed at. Who are these renegade fellow-Americans who need arousing, and, once they are aroused, what are they going to do about it? How are we dilatory patriots to know when we have reached that fine pitch of Americanism which indicates that we have made the grade and need have no more plays reminding us of our heritage?

AMONG the problems which it would seem that an American might well have to face, along with the implied ones of Nazi intrusion and other alien influences, is what to do with those Americans who have no jobs. It is presumably not their fault that they have no jobs. It may be the System, it may be the American Tradition, which sent us off on a great Big War and brought us back into a great Big Mess (see "The American Way"), or it may be just tough luck. Whatever the reason, not many people like to be without jobs, especially actors, for acting is their dish.

And so, when an organization like the Federal Theatre, which has, much to everyone's surprise and some folks' confusion, not only justified its foundation but given the American Theatre an impetus at the time when it needed it, is forced to lay off thousands of workers because Congress has suddenly decided to get tough (by one vote), one wonders just what practical Americanism really is and who the dreamers are.

All that is necessary for anyone who knows the Theatre is to look back over the list of Federal Theatre productions to see that it has been no crackbrained scheme, like shooting off hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of shells at naval maneuvers. "Power," "One-Third of a Nation," "Haiti" (in Harlem), "Murder in the Cathedral," "Macbeth" (in Harlem), "Dr. Faustus," "Androcles and the Lion" (in Harlem), "Pinocchio," and "Horse Eats Hat" all have been definite contributions to the art of our theatre. It may be that the Theatre is not a practical art. If you think so, forget it.

The question still remains: "What is to be done with the people who have no jobs?" You can't forget that, if you are an American.

AND, to get back into our gay mood again (for Americans are notoriously gay), why is it that a lady singer in a Gilbert and Sullivan production can flat all over the place and nobody minds, whereas I, if I try to sing in a group, can hit only one flat note before I am thrown out on my face?

The better the music, the more lady singers are allowed to flat. Male singers —no. Just the ladies, and just the *good* singers. Opera singers can flat, and Gilbert and Sullivan singers can flat, but Benchley can't flat. Is that fair?

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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4-Room apt., $16.50; 3 rms., $12.50; young couple with or without baby. (Will Fix.)—*Classified adv. in the Denver (Colo.) Post.*

Busybody!

PROFILES

LADY BOUNTIFUL—II

Mrs. Davies

THOUGH Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies has had three husbands, her marriages have been more enduring than those that are made in Hollywood, and mark more or less definite phases of her life. The Close marriage, lasting from 1905 to 1919, established her socially; her union with Hutton, from 1920 to 1935, was one of growing activities—social, financial, and philanthropic; and the present Davies era seems to be primarily political. Dispersing so much wealth, as she likes to impress upon people, is an exacting job. She is a good businesswoman, and her enormous spendings, instead of being hit-or-miss, are usually directly related to whatever project she is interested in at the moment.

After she married Hutton in 1920, she had more money than ever to spend because through him she became an active participant in the business boom of the twenties. Close, though he had been a director of her Postum Cereal Company, had been content to let the old hands go on running it in the routine that was perfected in her father's day and to invest surplus funds in safe, tax-exempt bonds. At that time, Mrs. Close herself kept in touch with the business, and often visited the New York office, but she did not interfere with the way things were run by the directorate in Battle Creek.

This comfortable program didn't appeal to Hutton, who was both able and ambitious, and Mrs. Hutton, charmed by an energy that matched her own, agreed warmly with the changes he proposed. His first move, in 1922, was to turn the closed corporation, owned entirely by his wife, into an open corporation with stock listed on the Exchange. Mrs. Hutton retained a majority interest in the Postum Company and received $10,000,000 from Goldman, Sachs for the slightly less than half-interest with which she parted. In the deal, several of the old officials were given some of the new stock, which some of them promptly sold without attempting to conceal their mistrust of Hutton's ideas. The stock, however, went into a steady rise and Hutton began easing out most of the old regime's leaders. He promoted one of Close's old friends, Colby M. Chester, first to treasurer and then, a few years later, to president, while he had himself elected chairman of the board. In 1923, the company added bran flakes to its wares, did the biggest business in its history, and gave its stockholders a 100-per-cent stock dividend; in 1925, in a deal with Jell-O, Hutton and Chester started a series of mergers which eventually enlarged the company into the General Foods Corporation. The Jell-O arrangement, like most of those which followed, was accomplished by an exchange of common stock in the Postum Company for the whole capital stock of the organization being swallowed up. By 1929, the company had absorbed Swans Down Cake Flour, Calumet Baking Powder, Baker's Chocolate, Hellmann's Mayonnaise, Log Cabin Syrup, Maxwell House Coffee, La France Laundry Flakes, Certo, Diamond Crystal Salt, Sealshipt Oysters, and Birds Eye Frosted Foods. Altogether, it now puts out more than a hundred products, ranging alphabetically from Baker's Breakfast Cocoa to a soft drink called Zowie. Its capital stock has increased from 200,000 shares, in 1922, to 5,251,440, of which Mrs. Davies now owns about seven per cent. Currently, her holdings are worth just about $14,000,000—or some $6,000,000 less than the whole Postum Company was worth when she acquired it.

UNDER Hutton's influence she stopped buying tax-exempt bonds and went into the stock market. She and Hutton and a few business associates, for instance, put up the money to launch Zonite when it was little more than a formula for a disinfectant. The new company followed the Hutton routine of expansion and presently absorbed the Forhan's dentifrice business. Since the depression, however, it has not been a spectacular success, though it lost money in only one year. She also invested in the automotive industry, steel, oil, and copper. Now that she has become a public figure as the wife of a New Deal diplomat, she likes to emphasize that this change of investment policy subjected her to much greater taxation and helped create employment. Whether or not helping create employment was the motive behind the change, some of her ventures were more plainly semi-philanthropic. She financed a relative, for instance, who planned to develop a business in nuts of the Macadamia tree in Hawaii. This involved raising large orchards and building machinery to crack the nuts; the business, which was started in 1922, prospered and the nuts are sold now in large quantities. She turned over $18,000 to an acquaintance, Mrs. William Thaw, III, to help finance a fashionable couturier's shop, but brought suit when Mrs. Thaw claimed that the money had been a gift rather than a loan and refused to pay back the $18,000.

In 1924, Hutton helped his wife sell her Fifth Avenue house as the site for an apartment building. She was persuaded to do this only when her husband convinced her that she could have virtually the same house on the top of the apartment building. The new quarters occupied three floors instead of the four she had had, but by doing away with passageways and other waste space, she got almost as many rooms, and the important ones were so much like those in the house that her furniture, tapestries, curtains, and so on could be arranged in their accustomed setting. The apartment has been her New York home ever since. She has a private driveway and entrance, a private elevator and garage. In addition to the apartment, she has an Adirondack lodge, a Long Island estate, and a villa in Florida. She keeps them all up, she says, although she is now out of the country much of the time, because to dispose of them would throw old employees out of work.

DURING the fifteen years she was married to Hutton, she went right on picking up occasional collector's items. One which particularly pleased her was a desk which had been in the collection of the last czarina of Russia and was said to have belonged once to Marie

"And there the dream ended—you seized me by the hair and dragged me into Town Hall."

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Antoinette. It is inlaid with mother of pearl and has many secret drawers and recesses. She paid $50,000 for it. She has a pair of earrings which Marie Antoinette is supposed to have carried in her pocket to the guillotine. When she bought a decorated antique French sleigh to add a touch of color to her establishment, the story grew so in the telling that the papers said the sleigh was golden, had formerly belonged to the Czar of Russia, and that it had been necessary to remove a wall of the apartment to get it in. She feels that this sort of thing is an injustice and that the press, instead of making such statements, should have been satisfied with the fact that she has about $2,000,000 worth of art treasures which she has promised to give to the public. She thinks that if the public must have details about her collections, more emphasis ought to be put on her Indian relics, which prove that her interests are essentially American and which she plans to present to the Museum of Natural History sometime. This collection, which nearly fills one large room in the Adirondack lodge, includes not only Navajo blankets and baskets but some things that Sitting Bull used to wear, including his war bonnet.

She enjoys collecting jewelry, too. She is especially fond of pearls and owns one string which she has spent years assembling, discarding previous selections as she has found pearls which matched more closely. For four or five years, jewellers have kept an eye out for pearls for this string, knowing that she will pay the price if the pearl is of the right shading and size. In at least one instance she paid $50,000 for such a pearl. She also has a longer but less valuable string and quantities of emeralds, sapphires, and other jewels. She had a safe built for them with trays on which each gem has its regularly assigned space when not in use. When she wants to wear them, she just wears them. She never uses copies.

She built her Florida villa after her marriage to Hutton, and furnished it in the Spanish style. Her secretary was quite taken aback when Mrs. Hutton directed her to compile a list of books for the library, stipulating that they all be Spanish. Mrs. Hutton engaged a young European artist, Giulio de Blaas, to do some Spanish water colors, and he spent two winters on the job. The whole result was so Spanish that an impertinent Palm Beach society reporter, inspired by the sign at the entrance, began referring to the place as El Slowly Please. This increased Mrs. Hutton's feeling of mistrust for the press. She was exasperated when some newspapers published reports that at one of her Palm Beach parties she had elephants and kootch dancers to amuse the guests. This, she insists, is utterly untrue; what she did do was engage a one-ring circus that was playing the neighborhood, and it had neither elephants nor kootch dancers, though there were white horses, a 700-pound fat lady, and midgets. After the circus had entertained her 200 guests, she engaged it to perform for an orphanage and gave all the children pocketbooks full of change to buy pink lemonade and peanuts. In spite of the lack of sympathetic understanding by the press, she took an active part in Palm Beach society. Her exhibit at one of the annual shows of the Palm Beach Garden Club was diverting; she had all the rare plants of her Japanese garden at the Long Island estate packed in cotton batting and shipped to Florida in a heated boxcar.

IT was in New York, however, that her social expansion was most notable, and though she now denies that she entertained any more lavishly than others in the twenties, her parties were famous. The more impecunious young men of society never missed a Hutton party if they could help it because it was one place in those prohibition days where good champagne never ran out. Her invitation lists were large, but when her daughter Adelaide made her début at the Ritz, Hutton, who preferred stag poker parties anyway, complained to his friends that there were so many gate-crashers that the party cost almost double the amount planned. Mrs. Hutton always engaged the best talent for her parties, whether from concert hall, cabaret, or elsewhere. When she entertained, in 1928, for the Governor of

Rome, Prince Spada Potenziani, and his daughter, Princess Miriam—a dinner for eighty—she engaged Lucrezia Bori and Eddie Cantor to entertain. Lady Mountbatten and Mary Pickford were feted by her with similar prodigality. In an interview during that period she said she thought that big parties were justifiable because they gave a good time to a lot of people and work to a lot more.

Among the latter group were the florists. When Adelaide was married to Thomas Wells Durant at St. Thomas Church in 1927, Mrs. Davies had orange blossoms flown from California and two towering rose bushes in bloom were installed beside the altar. She adorned her daughter in a $60,000 veil of Hamburg lace which had first been worn in 1854 by Francis Joseph's bride, Princess Elizabeth. One of the bridesmaids was Barbara Hutton, who was listed in the announcements as a cousin of the bride. This, of course, was not quite accurate, as Adelaide is the daughter of Major Close, but Mrs. Hutton had persuaded both of her first husband's daughters to take the name of Hutton after her second marriage. She was zealous, too, in guarding the name against any intimations of vulgarity. After Barbara Hutton's marriages and other exploits had become standard tabloid features, Mrs. Hutton gave up trying to sponsor her. And when her daughter Eleanor expressed the intention of marrying Preston Sturges, the playwright, in 1930, she threatened to disinherit her. She had presented Eleanor to society at a ball at the Ritz in 1927, and in 1928 had succeeded in getting her on the list of eight American women who were presented that year to King George. Eleanor, however, was not as amenable to her mother's discipline and ideas as Adelaide, and liked to do unpredictable things. She once ordered a gross of brassières because she fancied the color of them, though she didn't wear brassières at the time. When her mother threatened to disinherit her, Eleanor invited a guest to lunch and had a chauffeur take them to the Automat in one of the family cars; she explained to her guest that under the circumstances she couldn't afford a more expensive place. She finally eloped with Sturges, but the marriage didn't last long and she was later taken back into her mother's good graces. She has since had—and divorced—two other husbands, Etienne Marie Robert Gautier, a French polo-player; and George Curtis Rand, New York agent for Bugatti cars. She was twenty-four when she married her third husband. Adelaide has had two husbands.

THE depression was the beginning of the end of the Hutton marriage. It turned Mrs. Hutton's attention from parties to philanthropies. Hutton sympathized with her to a point, but he was not as enthusiastic as she was about her choice of public service as a career—at least under Roosevelt—and when she began cultivating New Dealers, he helped found the Liberty League and wrote a magazine article suggesting that business "gang up" on its enemies. The break between the Huttons, nevertheless, was gradual. Neither of them felt it was ominous when she, reacting to depression psychology, cut down on

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON

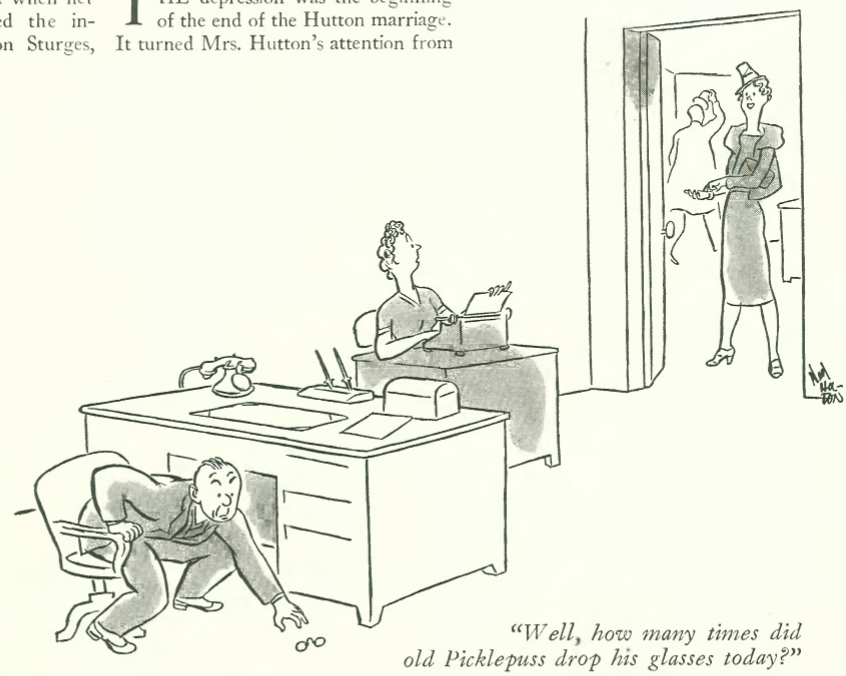
Doctor Samuel Johnson
Is riding to hounds;
His bulk is ungainly,
His posture astounds.
His wig is awry
And his breathing is short,
But the Doctor would die
Before leaving the sport.

Doctor Johnson at sixty
Is voyaging forth
On a small, leaky vessel
To visit the North.
In the far Hebrides
When the youngsters grow pale
At the fling of the seas,
He advises more sail.

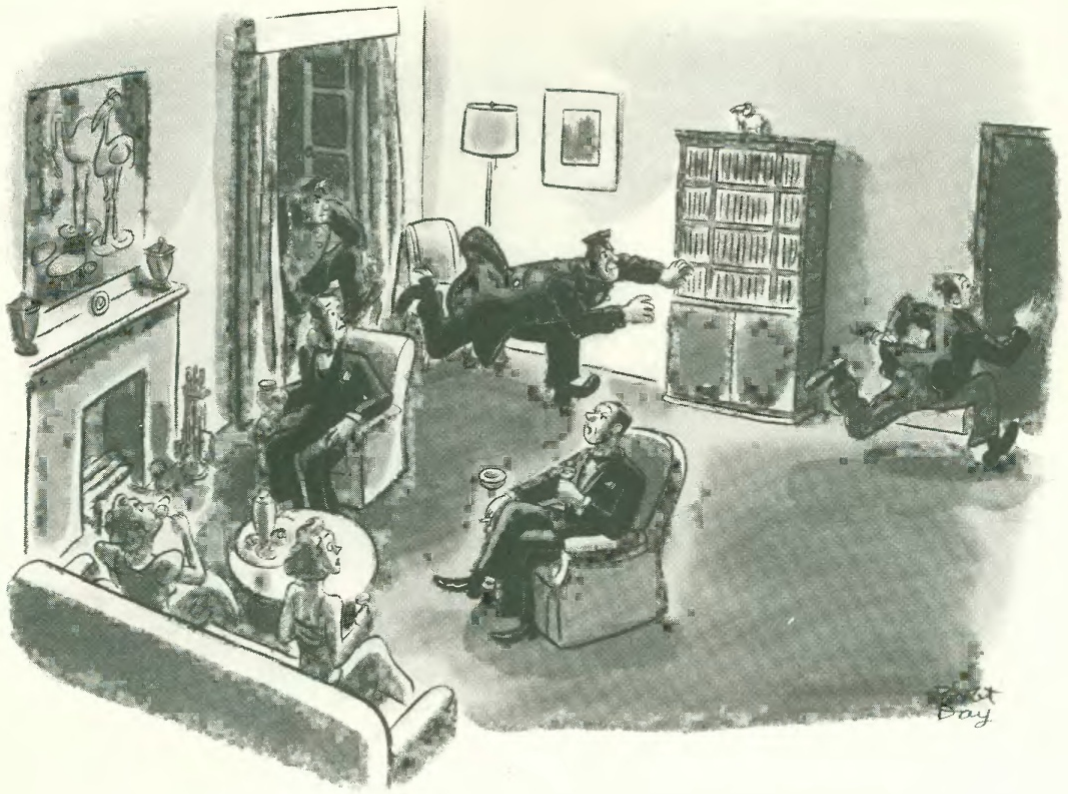
Doctor Johnson's a bully,
A sophist, a clown;
He is meek with the boobies
And roars the wise down.
He is also the bravest,
The most honest man,
The gayest when gravest,
The best of our clan.

Doctor Samuel Johnson
Would take great offence
That I speak of him present
So long vanished hence.
By niceness impassioned,
His mood, like his tense,
Was fantasy fashioned
From strict common sense.

—Robert Hillyer



"Well, how many times did old Picklepuss drop his glasses today?"



"Next year, Honey, we must take an apartment without a fire escape."

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parties and began devoting herself more to charities. She had been casually interested in them for years. Her favorite charities had been personal—supporting old employees and relatives, paying hospital bills for acquaintances, helping poor girls she knew through college. Often her gifts had been impulsive. Arriving at her Adirondack lodge one fall, she learned that an old guide, Ed Corbin, was so hard up that he was planning to raffle off his most precious possession—his rowboat. She invited him to hold the raffle in the lodge and drummed up sales of chances among her guests and servants. One of the servants won the boat, whereupon she bought it, gave it back to the old guide, ordered out one of her speedboats, and, with the rowboat in tow, took Corbin for the ride of his life across the lake to his cabin. She had given a great deal to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, various hospitals and schools, and was the principal support of the Samaritan Home for the Aged.

The hard days of 1930 gave her an idea for a new and bigger charity—a soup kitchen where women and children would not have to stand in line with unkempt men and where some of the amenities of life could survive. She spoke to the Salvation Army, which agreed to run the place, and the Marjorie Post Hutton Canteen was opened in an old church on Tenth Avenue, with tables at which families could sit together, white-coated waiters, course meals, and second helpings. Whenever Mrs. Hutton visited the place, she left her limousine a block away, so she would not make the diners uncomfortably aware of her superior economic status. They caught on, however, after one of the Salvation Army leaders called her the Lady Bountiful of Hell's Kitchen. She supported the canteen for six years and gave a party on each of its anniversaries. One celebration was a pie-eating contest and another was a fashion show, with the girls dressing up in clothes which she had bought for them. They sang gratefully:

To the needy and the hungry in our land,
It is you who give them all a helping hand.

On another anniversary, they serenaded their Lady Bountiful with this:

East Side, West Side,
All around the town,
Children are made happy,
Mothers smile instead of frown;
Thank you, Mrs. Hutton,
Other kind friends, too;
May all the joy you bring us
Come bouncing back to you.

In 1931, Mrs. Hutton agreed to lend her name and prestige to the work of the Gibson Unemployment Relief Committee. At first she did only what many other wealthy women were doing: she had teas and cocktail parties to lure prospective campaigners to a place where the committee's representatives could give them pep talks, and signed ghost-written letters of appeal. But she was not satisfied with such minor ac-

tivities and soon was organizing and addressing subcommittees, planning booklets, and in general becoming a sort of leader. When Seward Prosser took over the committee, he made her vice-chairman in charge of the women's division. As an example to débutantes, she even from time to time appeared in person to collect money on the streets. On one such occasion she had agreed to be at Park Avenue and Forty-sixth Street at five o'clock to help in the evening rush-hour collection. There was a heavy shower, but at precisely five she stepped from her car in a raincoat and rubbers. The débutantes, huddled miserably under awnings, had no idea that she would show up, and still recall it as proof of her Spartan spirit.

She presently plunged into Americanization work. The United States Flag Association was pushing an anti-crime campaign, and to help it along she organized a women's council, with sentinel committees to keep an eye on judges, attorneys, and public officials, to make sure that none of them were undermining America. The Association, in 1932, awarded her the Cross of Honor for the most distinguished Americanization work of the year—an honor which had previously gone to Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Charles A. Lindbergh, and Amelia Earhart. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt presented the medal to her at the White House and called her, on behalf of the Association, Lady of the Flag.

Hutton at first coöperated with her in her new career. When she opened her food dispensary, he sponsored a similar one for men. Her anti-crime work was much like one of his past activities. He had been chairman of a committee appointed by Grover Whalen, then Police Commissioner, to give advice about crime prevention, and he had been in charge of a drive to raise funds to get better-looking uniforms for the police. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Hutton's defection from rugged individualism did not come all at once. In 1931 she was still sufficiently universalist to take advantage of the lower cost of yacht-building in Germany and have a new yacht built in Kiel, although American shipyards were short of work. Until this new yacht was built, the Huttons sailed a 202-foot, three-masted auxiliary schooner, the Hussar IV, built for them in Copenhagen in 1923. It was still good enough so that, in 1932, under the new name of Vema, it broke a record by crossing the Atlantic under sail in 10 days, 21 hours. The new yacht, which took over the name of Hussar, was and is still the biggest auxiliary yacht afloat. A four-masted power bark, 316 feet overall, it has four auxiliary Diesel motors and carries a crew of about sixty. Its tonnage is 2,323—about thirteen times that of the Mayflower. It isn't the sailing success that its predecessor was, but its appointments, planned by a Madison Avenue decorator, are probably prettier than those of any other ship on the seas. On a voyage to Alaska, shortly after the yacht was built, Mrs. Hutton chartered a smaller yacht as tender, which led Westbrook Pegler to remark that her yacht is so big that the lifeboats carry lifeboats. Since her divorce from Hutton, whose yachts have always been called Hussar, she has renamed her boat Sea Cloud.

THE building of the yacht was the last grand gesture in a phase of Mrs. Hutton's life which was passing. By 1932 her emancipation was so complete that she voted for Roosevelt, while Hutton issued statements warning that Roosevelt's election would postpone recovery at least a year. By 1934, the Huttons had separated, and Mrs. Hutton closed her apartment and divided her time between Palm Beach, Roslyn, and Washington. In 1935 she brought suit for divorce. Unlike her parting with Close, this one was frankly unfriendly. Mrs. Hutton acted under the unpleasant laws of New York State, naming a co-respondent, whose name was kept out of the evidence. Hutton fought the case, but she won, and got her final decree in December, 1935. That same month, Hutton resigned as chairman of the board of General Foods and Mrs. Hutton married Joseph E. Davies. It was explained, in the official announcement of Hutton's resignation, that his health was not strong enough to permit him to continue as chairman, but he would remain a director. Some months later he resigned the directorship. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Davies became a director for the first time, and in May, 1936, she collected the first pay that she had ever received—$20 for attending a directors' meeting.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

(This is the second of three articles on Mrs. Davies.)

"It's fashionable for them to have tails—I think."

PROFILES

LADY BOUNTIFUL—III

JOSEPH E. DAVIES and Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton met in Florida early in 1935. Both were married, though the Huttons had separated. Within a few months, Davies' wife, to whom he had been married since 1902, went to Reno. Mrs. Hutton had already begun her suit for divorce from Edward F. Hutton.

Davies found Mrs. Hutton, from their first meeting, "a grand and glamorous woman," as he later told American correspondents in Russia, and in him she discovered an ideal partner for her new life. "A corporation lawyer with a liberal outlook," as he described himself, he is suave, charming, and wise, and those attributes have helped him to attain comfortable wealth in the course of a semi-political career. Born in Wisconsin of Welsh parents, a blacksmith and a revival singer, respectively, he was, as a young lawyer, an important figure in rounding up the Western votes that nominated Wilson in the 1912 Convention and had become one of the candidate's bright young men. He served on the Democratic National Committee and after the election Wilson offered him the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines or an ambassadorship. He chose eventually to accept the post of Commissioner of Corporations. He served as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission during the war and after running unsuccessfully for the Senate in 1918 decided to build up a law practice in Washington. In his office hung the pictures of various important friends he had made, one of them autographed, "To old Joe from his sidekick, Franklin Roosevelt." His firm eventually became one of the most successful in Washington, representing foreign governments, corporations, and wealthy men whose relations with the taxing agencies and other governmental bodies needed expert guidance. By 1935 he was ready to round out his career with some fitting public service.

HE and Mrs. Hutton were married in December, 1935, in what was officially announced as a "simple, quiet, and dignified" wedding. It took place in Mrs. Hutton's apartment, with twenty-five of her servants helping three caterers attend to the seventy guests. Mrs. Hutton's love of effective color arrangements had not been submerged by her new interests, and in preparation for the marriage she sent a sample of the blush-pink material of her wedding gown to the head caterer, so that the icing on the wedding cake might match it. The cake was in five-inch layers and weighed three hundred pounds. It was crowned by a temple of love, festooned by garlands of white spun-sugar roses, and had pink doves on the sides. Three pastrymen spent a week making it. When a reporter figured that it cost seven dollars a slice, on the basis of a slice apiece for the guests, Mrs. Davies let it pass, feeling that it was the sort of journalistic injustice with which she has frequently had to put up; her feeling was that the reporter had not considered that she wanted a cake so big she could send some to the old ladies of the Samaritan Home. The flowers, as well as the icing of the cake, matched her wedding gown; to accomplish this she had to have a thousand white chrysanthemums dyed pink. The guests included Bernard Baruch, Joseph P. Tumulty, George Creel, Stephen Early, Ogden Reid, Senator James J. Davis, and Billie Burke Ziegfeld; though no reporters were admitted, bulletins were telephoned down to a servant at the entrance, who relayed them out through a grille: "Now they're walking down the aisle," "Now they're joining hands," and finally, "It's all over, and he kissed her twice on each cheek."

Mrs. Davies

They are a devoted couple. At luncheons and dinners, Davies almost always walks around the table and kisses her before taking his seat—an attention which has become so customary that if he neglects it she smilingly chides him, at which he gets up and goes around and kisses her. When entertaining, they usually circulate among the guests arm-in-arm; each is the favorite topic of the other in conversation. Since Mr. Davies' appointment as Ambassador to Russia, Mrs. Davies usually refers to him as "the Ambassador" or "His Excellency," though in speaking to him she calls him Joe.

His appointment saved face for society reporters who had been predicting in print that he would satisfy her ambition to be an ambassador's lady as a wedding gift. Actually, he was not appointed until a year after the marriage. The election of 1936 intervened and Davies, after a conference with Roosevelt, became chairman of the executive advisory committee of the Democratic National Campaign Committee, a post in which his acquaintance with important industrialists and financiers could be very useful. His own contribution to the campaign fund was officially reported as $10,000, and Mrs. Davies was listed as giving $11,500.

It was taken for granted in Washington that Davies would be rewarded by an ambassadorship, and when he gave a party at the Shoreham for the French Ambassador to the United States, it was assumed that he had been assured of the French post. This, Mrs. Davies' intimates said, was what they both wanted if they could not go to London. They began speaking of her among themselves, and later in her presence, as "the Ambassadress." Aides in the State Department said that the implications of Davies' party for the French Ambassador had annoyed Secretary Hull. When the President made an announcement a couple of weeks after the election, many Washingtonians thought they detected a touch of Rooseveltian humor in it: he had moved Ambassador Bullitt to Paris and was bestowing on Davies and his bride the Moscow post—considered the bleakest and dullest one that rates an ambassadorship. The society reporters made another prophecy; they predicted that Mrs. Davies would not put up with Russia for more than a year.

Mrs. Davies assumed a determined air of satisfaction, however. She attended her husband's swearing-in at the State Department and later, when Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky came to New York, she took him to her canteen, which, with the name of her second husband omitted, was by that time called the Marjorie Post Davies Canteen. The visit gave the Communist diplomat a fine opportunity to observe the lack of class hatred of the American proletariat when three hundred letters of thanks were handed to the departing Lady Bountiful. Before she sailed, she and her

husband were entertained at the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

SHE was still full of outward enthusiasm for the post when she arrived in Russia. In the customs shed at Negoreloye, she drew the Ambassador over to a mediocre mural of workers in a wheat field—a good example of the dictator school of art—and stood gazing at it for some time. "Gorgeous," she said brightly to the correspondents. She was determined to upset everyone who had commented on her wealth and who expected her to be ostentatious. She announced that she did not intend to give any elaborate parties and that the most formal set of glassware she had brought had cost her only $150 at Bloomingdale's. When the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* said one of her dinners was "elaborate," she reprimanded the Embassy secretary who had provided the information. She tried, too, to persuade the correspondents that the redecoration of Spasso House, the American Embassy, was purely routine and of no public interest. The house is a mansion done in the heavy Czarist-millionaire style, with many columns and a lot of imitation marble. She didn't buy much furniture for it, but had the decorator do the best he could with what stuff could be spared from her American homes. Most of it, taken from her Florida villa, was Spanish. She had three bathrooms completely re-equipped, an improvement which she felt to be quite necessary and not worth talking about, though it puzzled the Russians, who thought the old standup bathtubs were all anybody could want. The only grand gesture which she allowed the decorator was the hanging of some of her finest paintings and tapestries; when she arrived, she added a huge display of family photographs—tables, mantels, window ledges, bookcases, and newel posts were covered with them. One guest counted fifty-three in the sitting room and nineteen on the stairway and in the upstairs hall. Mrs. Davies remembered her obligation as a Lady of the Flag, too, and had the Stars and Stripes placed on a standard in the vestibule.

If the many photographs of familiar faces indicated lonesomeness on Mrs. Davies' part, she never admitted it. Most of the foreign diplomats in Moscow are hardbitten statesmen who are suspicious of everything about the Soviet regime and keep away from social contacts as much as possible. When they do get together, they are more likely to pass their time swapping information, rumors, and conjectures in a corner than in brilliant conversation. Mrs. Davies has no taste for subtlety and the restrictions of the social life in Moscow forced her to spend her energy in exercise. She and the Ambassador started taking long walks around Moscow. The usual constitutional for diplomats in Moscow is through Red Square, across a bridge and along the river in front of the British Embassy, across another bridge, and back along the Kremlin wall to Red Square. The Davieses, in their strolls, pushed out into the busier thoroughfares of the city, dropping frequently into the commission shops where Russian antiques and works of art are sold to foreigners. Mrs. Davies bought freely and upset the traditions of Russian shopping by not stopping to bargain. This puzzled the merchants and annoyed less wealthy foreign buyers, who were accustomed to forcing prices down by arguing for weeks before making a purchase. One Embassy clerk was particularly chagrined. He had been haggling over a painting for a month, confident that he would eventually get it at a reasonable price. Shortly before he was ready to close the deal, he went to Spasso House one evening and found the painting hanging in a bathroom. Once the Ambassador, whose shopping tactics were like those of his wife, casually bought a painting for 5,000 rubles while

"Still love me?"

on a trip to the Ukraine. An hour or two later, a Soviet official brought the commission-shop manager to Davies' private train and stood over him while he returned to the Ambassador 4,200 rubles—the difference between the painting's real value and the price Davies had paid.

THE Russians, unlike their American sympathizers, were far from annoyed at having such a thoroughgoing capitalist couple in the Ambassadorial residence. Indeed, the Davieses were unusually popular among Soviet officials. Most observers agree that the Russians prefer outright capitalists, whom they can peg, to wobbly in-betweeners, whom they can't. Moreover, in spite of the proletarian simplicity of Stalin's shirts and caps and the starkness of Soviet conspiracy trials, the Russians have an appetite for elegance of which most Americans are not aware. A favorite story in Moscow is of a visiting American Communist who was turned away from a ball celebrating the anniversary of the Revolution because he showed up in a dinner jacket instead of tails. This trait in the Russian character made Mrs. Davies' reputation as a glittering social figure an asset as far as Soviet officialdom was concerned, and her social contact with the Russians was something of a recompense for the bleakness of life in the foreign colony. Soon after she and the Ambassador arrived, Foreign Trade Commissar Rosengoltz entertained them at his magnificent country place with a luncheon so elaborate that the champagne was still being poured three hours after the meal started, and coffee and liqueurs were not finished until two hours after that. Others entertained them in similar fashion, and Mrs. Davies had to abandon her announced intention of keeping her own entertaining on a modest scale. She and the Ambassador broke a precedent by inviting all the Council of Commissars and their wives to dinner at once, and entertained them by a showing of the movie "Naughty Marietta." At another dinner, which Davies gave in honor of high officers of the Red Army, the Ambassador incautiously toasted the Red Army as a great democratic institution comparable only to our own. Marshal Tukhashevsky accepted the tribute with modest satisfaction. So did Judge Ulrich, who, a few weeks later, condemned Tukhashevsky and several of the other guests to death. Mrs. Davies and the Ambassador were quite upset when that happened.

A REVISED STATUARY
FOR THE CITY OF TOMORROW

THE female industrialists of Moscow were especially attentive to Mrs. Davies, having heard of her tremendous business interests in America, and helped keep her busy by taking her through their plants and restaurants. Mme. Zhemchuzhina, wife of Premier Molotov and head of the perfume trust, gave a luncheon for her which was attended only by Soviet big businesswomen and took her on such a comprehensive tour of her plants that Mrs. Davies was able to supply the Ambassador with enough information to cover the perfume industry in one of his reports.

Still, not being able to speak Russian, Mrs. Davies could not build much of a life around the Russians despite their warmness toward her, and her most determined efforts to appear pleased with the post were not very convincing. Her dinners for members of the American colony—consisting almost entirely of members of the Embassy staff and correspondents—were not only unostentatious but unspirited. She had some of the Embassy wives circulate among the guests after such dinners and tactfully suggest that they go home because the Ambassador was in the habit of retiring at eleven. This was something of a shock to Americans who had been there during the wifeless Bullitt's regime and had been accustomed to sitting around and sipping drinks for hours. Some of them remembered, too, the Christmas party which Bullitt had given, at which the trainers of a performing seal had become more interested in their drinks than in their duty and let the seal escape into the kitchen, where a platform had to be erected to get it down from a shelf. Mrs. Davies pro-

vided no such entertainment. At the first big American dinner she gave, on Roosevelt's birthday, she and the Ambassador made speeches, to the surprise of guests who had anticipated something a bit more diverting. Mrs. Davies spoke wistfully of being a long way from home, but then turned to her husband and added, "Still, I would follow that pair of beautiful black eyes to the ends of the world."

The most common subject of conversation at her luncheons and dinners was frozen foods. She always served them and seldom failed to comment on how satisfactory they were. She probably brought the subject up so regularly because of the kidding publicity about the 2,000 pints of frozen cream and the twenty-five refrigerators which she had sent to Russia ahead of her, an act which she felt she should defend. American reports that this was a publicity stunt for General Foods were erroneous, she said; she was annoyed at the publicity, feeling that it was undignified and could injure Davies' career as a diplomat. She feels it was unfair to twit her about the frozen food. Many American foodstuffs are unobtainable in Russia, and she thinks it was only ordinary prudence to have plenty of frozen foods on hand. She had large shipments sent throughout her stay in Russia and always took enough on trips into the interior to last until she got back. The supplies came under diplomatic immunity, in black, coffin-like boxes, equipped with dry ice, and there was no hitch except once when a customs inspector held up a consignment because the dry ice had evaporated and his bill of lading specified that there should be dry ice in the box.

Though she and Davies were technically on the Soviet post nearly six months longer than the year which the society gossips had predicted, the Davieses were actually away from Moscow more than half the time. They arrived in January, and left in February for a trip to Leningrad, where they attended the opera and the ballet. In April, they returned to the United States and after a month here went to London for the coronation. She had leased the Regent's Park house of Mrs. James Field. After the coronation she and Davies took a trip to Wales, the Ambassador's ancestral home, and were received by the Lord Mayor of Cardiff. Then they boarded the Sea Cloud, which had been lying off Southampton, and proceeded through the North Sea and the Baltic back to the old grind. Russians lined the piers to stare at the big yacht and to watch her uniformed, saluting sailors bring the Ambassador and his wife off in the launch. Mrs. Davies spent most of the summer on the yacht. She visited Denmark in August and then went to the Mediterranean, where she laid up the ship in Monte Carlo harbor when the activities of submarines and destroyers in that part of the world made her change her mind about further cruising. She and Davies returned to Moscow in October after having visited fourteen countries during the summer. In November, she came to New York again, and was under a physician's care for several weeks. The physician announced that she would be unable to return to Russia for a long time. Davies rejoined her in December and visited the President. In January, the President announced that Davies would be transferred to Brussels in the spring. Then they went back to Russia and took a farewell voyage around the Black Sea.

IN June they returned to America, and in July they sailed to present Davies' credentials to Leopold of the Belgians. Brussels is much gayer than Moscow and should give Mrs. Davies more play for her social talents, even though it may not be as satisfactory or as important a background as London or Paris. But she is being careful not to splurge, for she is now aware of public reaction to the way she spends her money. She grows impatient when people cannot seem to understand how matter-of-fact her spendings are. She had to lease Mrs. Field's house for the coronation, for instance, as she recently explained, because no good hotel accommodations were available. But she has learned that people won't think things out as reasonably as that; instead, they exclaim over the elegance of the house she leased. She rented it before Davies' appointment as Ambassador to Russia. Since then she has been increasingly careful not to give the public grounds for exclamation. This is probably difficult for her because she is instinctively a straightforward person, accustomed to proceeding directly toward any objective.

In Russia, she and the Ambassador reiterated at every opportunity their faith in capitalism. When Davies went to take formal leave of President Kalinin and Premier Molotov, Stalin joined them—a rare tribute to Davies, because Stalin seldom sees a foreign representative—and chatted for two hours. Davies said to Stalin, conscientiously, "Of course I want you to know that I am a capitalist." The dictator threw back his head and laughed heartily. —ARTHUR BARTLETT

(This is the third of three articles on Mrs. Davies.)

FLORIDA SPECIAL

I must go way for a week—
A week and a day,
I may:
I'm not at the peak.
And I mean in the morning to speak
Of the fact
And then act.
I've a nasty neuralgic new tweak
In one cheek:
It's as bad
As I've had,
And the weather is bleak.
When I talk,
Pale as chalk,
Greek to Greek,
To the boss
Of his imminent loss,
Do you think he won't tell me to seek
Out the South
Or some place
With the sun on my face,
Like a mint in the mouth?
My physique?
I'm a wreck in this reek;
And I'll not be as meek
Or as bowed
Or as cowed
As the great unendowed
Who must eke
Their existence
Some distance
From balmy
Old palmy Miami.
I'll speak
And then streak
For those reaches
Of beaches
As hot
As a pipe of perique.
Will I *not!*
I've got to: I creak.
And I need a supply
Of fresh air and blue sky
In a wide enough span
For some sort of a tan.
Fellow-man,
I'm as dead as bezique.

—DAVID MCCORD