

# Pim's Yacht

A Story a Broadway Star Tells His Small Boy

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS<sup>1</sup>

Illustrated by Luxor Price

**A**LTHOUGH, for the public, it is Leslie Howard who occupies the spot-light as the hero of Galsworthy's "Escape," evidently at home on Long Island young Winkie, aged ten, claims the center of the stage. One need only see the twinkle in Mr. Howard's eye as he mentions his son to imagine the delight of Father's return from tour, when he spins another tale of "Pim." "Pim" is a super-boy who knows everything, who always gets the better of grown-ups, and who bears a strange resemblance to Winkie himself, his adventures varying with the ebb and flow of the younger Howard's own interests. Among Pim's—and Winkie's—passions is a love of boats; hence this tale of maritime adventure.

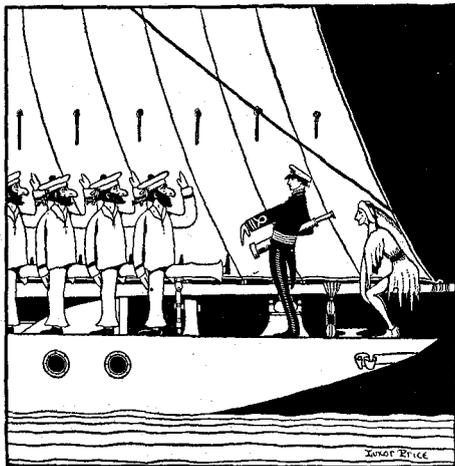
## Pim's Yacht

As told by Leslie Howard

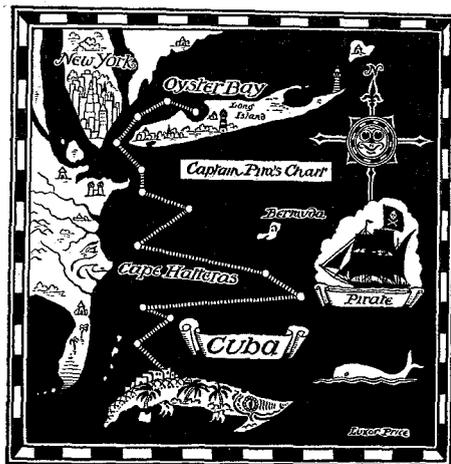
**P**IM's best friend was Peter Pan, and next came Hairpin, so called for his very long, thin legs, which he always held somewhat wide apart. But Hairpin was rather a dull clown of a fellow and Peter Pan had never quite grown up, so of course Pim led the trio.

Pim was a remarkable boy. Though only ten years old, he had already made discoveries only suspected by the scientists. But, not caring to be bothered with questions or notoriety, he kept his knowledge to himself, so that his parents, like most fathers and mothers, scarcely appreciated their wonderful son.

Now Pim knew something about



"Proceed to Oyster Bay"



everything, but the one subject on which he could never be stumped was boats. Pim could have taken the captain's place on the biggest ocean liner and conducted it safely to Liverpool if only grown-ups had the sense to appreciate cleverness more than age. There wasn't a fishing schooner nor a racing yacht he could not have sailed with success, and as for motor boats, he could have taken the most complicated one apart and put it together again. But so far no one seemed willing to furnish him with a yacht large enough to cruise around the world.

Toy boats are rather a bore for such a clever young man, but they are better than nothing, and Pim and Peter Pan played with theirs by the hour down beside the water. One day, as they were sitting on shore, idly watching Pim's toy yacht bob up and down, an old gentleman passed by. He had a queer, gnome-like face and a twinkle in his eye.

"It would be rather nice, wouldn't it," said he, "if that were a real yacht?"

"Yes," agreed Pim and Peter, politely.

"Where would you go if it were?" asked the old gentleman.

"To Cuba," answered Pim, promptly.

"Cuba! Could you sail her there?" frowned the curious fellow doubtfully.

<sup>1</sup>The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.

"Of course," said Pim, who knew all the sea charts by heart, and he began explaining the route.

"Hm-m!" nodded the old man approvingly, "hm-m!" But when they looked around again, he had disappeared.

"Funny old codger," said Pim. Then he and Peter sat watching the little yacht and dreaming of Cuba, with its long sandy shores and strange people and curious trees and houses.

Suddenly Pim blinked. "Peter," he said, "does that boat seem to be growing larger?"

Peter looked and blinked too. "Why, Pim," he cried, "I do believe it is!"

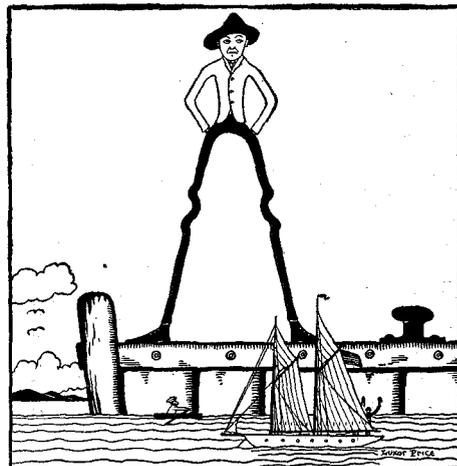
"Or," puzzled Pim, "are we growing smaller?"

Whichever it was, their size or the boat's size, something kept changing and changing until presently, from what now looked like a regular seagoing yacht, they saw a steward untie a dinghy and begin to row towards them. As he drew nearer, and tipped his cap respectfully, Pim and Peter saw that his face was the face of the gnome-like old gentleman!

"Captain Pim, sir?" he said, and, trying not to act surprised, the two boys stepped into the dinghy.

Once aboard, Pim found everything perfect. In his captain's cabin were all the necessary maps and instruments. He rang, and another uniformed steward appeared, strangely enough, with the same twinkling, gnome-like face. But he merely stood at attention, waiting orders.

"We sail for Cuba immediately," or-



The giant Hairpin on the dock

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## Eat and Be Well!

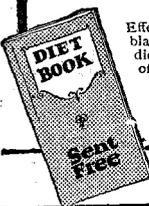
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## The Movies

(See page 186)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play.  
 "Across to Singapore."—Ramón Novarro and Ernest Torrence in an uneven drama.  
 "Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.  
 "The Big City."—Lon Chaney.  
 "Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.  
 "The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.  
 "Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.  
 "The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.  
 "The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.  
 "The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.  
 "Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!  
 "Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.  
 "Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.  
 "The Escape."—An interesting, unassuming picture.  
 "Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.  
 "The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.  
 "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.  
 "A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.  
 "Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.  
 "Honor Bound."—George O'Brien and Estelle Taylor. About medium.  
 "The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.  
 "The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.  
 "The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.  
 "The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."  
 "Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.  
 "The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.  
 "Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.  
 "A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.  
 "The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.  
 "Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.  
 "The Patsy."—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.  
 "Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.  
 "Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.  
 "The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.  
 "Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.  
 "Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.  
 "The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.  
 "Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.  
 "Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.  
 "Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.  
 "Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.  
 "Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.  
 "Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.  
 "The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.  
 "Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.  
 "We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.  
 "Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

dered Pim, sternly. "But first I wish to inspect the ship."

"Yes, sir." The steward led the way, and Pim found everything as perfect as his heart could wish. But as they entered the crew's quarters and the sailors stood at attention it was all Captain Pim could do to keep from rubbing his eyes. For every man had the gnome-like face of the mysterious old gentleman!

Suddenly Pim remembered Hairpin.

"Proceed to Oyster Bay," he ordered, and he and Peter went up on deck. It was really a marvelous yacht, shooting through the waters as smoothly as a bird. As they approached the familiar dock they saw something very tall and thin, shaped like a wireless station, rising in the distance.

"Why," cried Peter, "it's Hairpin!"

Sure enough, it was Hairpin, normal size, but looking like a giant. So Pim's boat had not grown larger; it was they who had grown smaller! How would they ever get Hairpin aboard?

Nothing daunted, Pim sent the steward ashore, but, being rather a new captain, he forgot to give further orders. So the steward, asking no questions, rowed around and around the dock at the feet of Hairpin, who stood, legs apart as usual, looking dreamily out to sea, and noticing neither the little chip of a dinghy nor the tiny speck in the distance on which his two friends stood waving and shouting.

"Well," said Pim, as the steward climbed aboard again, "we'll just have to go on without Hairpin."

"Beg pardon, sir." The steward tipped his hat. "Did you want the tall gentleman to come aboard?"

"Of course," said Pim. "That's why I sent you ashore."

"Oh, sir," said the steward, reproachfully, "you should have told me, sir. We can always arrange these things, sir," and letting down the dinghy once more, he rowed straight towards Hairpin. While Peter and Pim watched anxiously, Hairpin began to grow smaller and smaller, until suddenly he spotted both the dinghy and the beautiful yacht.

"Hello!" he cried in amazement.

"Where are you going?"

"To Cuba!" shouted Pim and Peter.

"Want to come along?"

"You bet!" yelled Hairpin, scrambling into the dinghy, and in a jiffy he was aboard.

"To Cuba," ordered Captain Pim, and all the queer gnome-like faces of his crew twinkling merrily, off they went!

But as for what happened when their tiny yacht reached a big, regular-sized Cuba you will have to wait till a gnome-like old gentleman comes along and tells you.

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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

### Our Own Theatre List

(See page 185)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.  
 "The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; medieval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; one of the best things in town.  
 "Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.  
 "The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.  
 "Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.  
 "Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.  
 "The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

### Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.  
 "Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.  
 "A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.  
 "Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

# Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

**T**HIS department is run in the interest of readers, and not in that of publishers, reviewers, or authors. In order to fill to the best advantage the limited space allotted, nineteen out of twenty books received for review have to be left unnoticed, and such an omission implies nothing about the nineteen books. But it is nevertheless true that there are not nearly so many important books published as readers are led to believe. Reviewers are naturally interested in the craft of writing and in the appearance of new talents in the field. Readers should accept no one's say-so for a book. Buy and read your own books and make your own judgments.

**"THE Closed Garden,"** by Julian Green. Harper & Brothers. This novel, having been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, has found its way into a more general circulation than might have been expected from its nature. The story is insistently gloomy, the setting drab, and the principal character abnormal. There have been great books so describable; books read and cherished, not by readers of a month, but by readers of generations. But they have been books which inclosed, as in a bitter shard, the germ of all human experience. Adrienne Mesurat, whose soul is the closed garden, is the hysterical product of a ghastly childhood, imprisoned with a gloomy, tyrannical father and a sickly sister in the Villa des Charmes. The repression, above all, the monotony of her existence, has driven her into hysteria. It eventually drives her into imagining herself in love with the local doctor, whom she has barely seen and never spoken to. Her life becomes an endless morbid dream. She lives in a speechless, almost motionless turbulence, conceiving plans for meeting her beloved, permitting them to be frustrated by her habit of conformity and suffering. She helps her sister, whom the father will not allow to be ill, to leave home, and when her father turns against her for this and for what he believes to be her love affair she pushes him down the stairway to his death. The murder is suspected by two women, one of whom, whose reputation with the local gossips is bad, takes the father's place as Adrienne's chief torturer. The doctor

is finally told of Adrienne's feelings and makes a decent and fruitless attempt to free her from her destructive obsessions. And Adrienne, distraught by fear and by the discovery that her love is a nuisance to its object, goes raving mad.

It is a terrible story, rasping to the

**T**HIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;  
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;  
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;  
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevort, & Barney;  
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;  
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;  
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;  
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;  
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;  
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;  
Los Angeles—Bullock's;  
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.

## Fiction

- "The Bridge of San Luis Rey,"** by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.
- "Wintersmoon,"** by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.
- "Bad Girl,"** by Viña Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. We recommend, especially to young men and women, this fine story of the trials of the first married year of two plain young people, their touching misunderstandings and honest efforts to understand; and a deeply moving account of the most thrilling experience a woman can have—a baby. Banned by Boston.
- "The Closed Garden,"** by Julian Green, translated by Henry Logan Stuart. Harper & Brothers. Reviewed in this issue.
- "The Green Murder Case,"** by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. Plenty of bloodshed, and more than enough persiflage by Philo Vance. Van Dine enthusiasts like it.

## Non-Fiction

- "Strange Interlude,"** by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.
- "Disraeli,"** by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.
- "Skyward,"** by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.
- "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing,"** by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.
- "Stonewall Jackson,"** by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co. An excellent account of Jackson's campaigns and a poet's appreciation of the "good soldier." Reviewed May 16.

nerves, but not stirring to the emotions. Green is a realist of the unreal. His descriptive powers are great. The atmosphere of the French village and of the house, saturated with hate and suppression, hangs about the reader like inescapable and stifling smoke. And both in "Avarice House," his previous book, and in "The Closed Garden" the author shows a strong and genuine narrative gift. It is his triumph that he

does not permit the psychological-novel aspect of his work to override the pure story aspect. This narrative gift, coupled with his insistence upon the harrowing, puts his readers somewhat in the position of people captured by a young bully and made to endure the torture of listening to the shriek of chalk drawn down a blackboard or the scrape of files against teeth.

Julian Green has received a great deal of praise. His work has been compared to Emily Brontë's and to Balzac's. It is not very surprising that Green, an American born and reared in France and writing in French, should couple Latin physical expression with northern spiritual essence. This is one of his claims to the attention of the curious. We believe that it may prove his undoing as an artist. It is a question of the old joke—if the cat had kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits. Well, if they were baked, they would certainly not be kittens. French critics speak of Green as the foremost French writer of his generation; American reviewers hail him as an American genius. He is without any question a French writer, and his books read better in French than in English. So far as we have seen, the French critics are right. But *genius* is another thing. A genius is the mouth-piece through which that force which is made up of all the aspiration and all the suffering of humanity speaks a fraction of its infinite wisdom; it is a man become *Man*. At present Julian Green is still a promise, a novelist of undoubted talent to whose future one looks eagerly. Tomorrow, if he shows himself as able in dealing with the normal as he now is with the abnormal, he may be a novelist of great talent, and a fulfillment.

## Burgoyne's Surrender

By W. J. GHENT

**"The Turning Point of the Revolution,"** by Hoffman Nickerson. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Yorktown was the child of Saratoga, contends Mr. Nickerson; without Burgoyne's surrender and the French intervention that promptly followed it the colonies could hardly have won their independence. From a careful examination of all the available material he has reconstructed the Saratoga campaign and presented a study packed with informative detail and illumined with keen