man. "No you're not," the collector said. "A professional man has to have a diploma, like a doctor or a lawyer." "Well," the artist said, "that would certainly surprise Raphael and Michelangelo." "Can't help it," said the collector. "If they do any commercial work they're businessmen, and they got to pay their tax."

Brailowsky

WHEN we looked up Alexander Brailowsky last week, he was better than halfway through his awesome task of playing, in six recitals, the complete piano works of Chopin. He seemed well and happy, however, and amiably made us welcome to his rooms on the thirty-ninth floor of Essex House. People sometimes worry about Brailowsky because he looks so fragile, but there's really nothing to worry about—he's played the Chopin cycle six times, and he can do it again. Looks a good deal like Fred Astaire and, though he's taller, probably weighs about the same. He's supposed to have the longest fingers of any pianist in the world—his little fingers are longer than most men's forefingers—but he says Rachmaninoff's may be even longer. "Haven't you ever compared them?" we asked. "No," he said. "Might find they *are* longer."

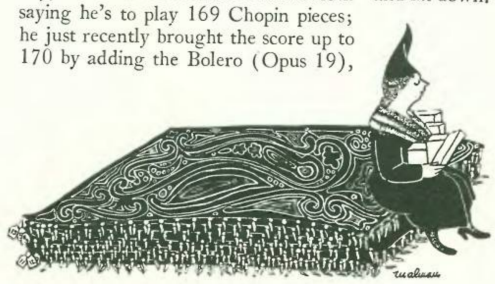
Brailowsky first played the Chopin cycle in Paris, in 1924. He has since repeated it there twice and has also done it in Brussels, Buenos Aires, and Mexico City. Next May he's to give it in Zurich. Learning the music and playing it is nothing, he says, compared to the work he put in arranging the program. He worked it out originally by writing the name of every piece on a separate slip of paper and arranging the slips, like a jigsaw puzzle, on a big table. He has never been quite satisfied with the arrangement and sometimes switches some of the numbers around at the last minute, in search of better contrast and variety. Incidentally, the announcements are incorrect in saying he's to play 169 Chopin pieces; he just recently brought the score up to 170 by adding the Bolero (Opus 19), and there are still a few that he has omitted. The Bolero is a piece of little or no standing, but they went for it in Stockholm last season, so he tossed it in to make up the round number.

Brailowsky doesn't quite like his reputation as a reader of detective stories exclusively, pointing out with some heat that he has just finished Tolstoy and Dostoevski in the original Russian and is now zooming through Balzac in the original French. He admits, however, that he has read every single one of Leslie Charteris's "Saint" stories. His wife, a beautiful young Polish girl whom he married six years ago in Warsaw, told us that her husband loves, with equal fervor, gangster pictures and Mickey Mouse, and is noted among his intimates for a fine imitation of Donald Duck. He refused to do Donald Duck for us, however, obviously preferring to keep the interview on a dignified level.

His favorite Chopin compositions are the big B-minor sonata and the F-minor fantasy. His favorite composer isn't Chopin at all. Beethoven and Mozart are tied for the distinction.

Morning Scene

"THANK God for Lord & Taylor's!" we heard an exhausted lady shopper exclaim one day in Schrafft's. Listening, almost inevitably, further, we found that the lady had reference to Lord & Taylor's practice of putting chairs in the vestibule for the benefit of people who arrive before the store opens. It's been going on for some time, apparently, though we had never heard of it before. Next morning, after a hurried breakfast, we went around to Lord & Taylor's to investigate. When we arrived, a few minutes before nine o'clock, we found the outer vestibule doors locked; however, we could see rows of chairs within, so we waited. On the stroke of nine, a pudgy man in khaki opened the outer door. Hardly realizing what we were doing, we went in and sat down. There were ten chairs set in two prim rows, facing Lord & Taylor's slumbering interior. (It would undoubtedly be more interesting if the chairs faced out, on the early-morning mutterings of Fifth Avenue, but we can understand that Lord & Taylor probably want to keep the prospective customers' minds on Lord & Taylor.)



In a few minutes a large, tweedy lady came in and sat near us. "Isn't this nice!" she exclaimed, and we said indeed it was. The pair of us then sat for a while in silence, gazing at two posters in front of the doors. One of the posters advertised rugs and sweaters; the other announced a "Top Drawer Sale" in the Men's Shop, of socks, gloves, handkerchiefs, and felt hats, Lord & Taylor, to our astonishment, evidently being under the impression that their customers' menfolk keep their hats in their top bureau drawers. Other ladies drifted in, until all the chairs were taken. "Isn't the men's department just lovely here?" one of the newcomers said to us. "They've got a whole floor to themselves, and they aren't bothered with women at all. If I had time, I'd go up there myself this morning." By now there were several standees, including another man, who was reading the *Morning Telegraph*. Activity was beginning inside Lord & Taylor's. A floorwalker appeared, busy with the delicate task of folding his pocket handkerchief and tucking it in his breast pocket. When this had been accomplished, he leaned over one of the counters, brought forth an atomizer, and sprayed himself. Lights went on; salesgirls sprouted behind all the counters. At exactly nine-thirty, the pudgy man in khaki unlocked the three revolving doors and made a slow circuit in the centre one. In the second of exposure to the audience in the vestibule, he said quietly, "All right." Another business day had begun.

Identified

A RATHER popular young lady we know returned to her apartment one afternoon after walking her dog and was told by the doorman that a man had called while she was out. "Who was he?" she asked. "Well," said the doorman, thinking hard, "he was one of those fellows who haven't been here before."

Modley's Little Men

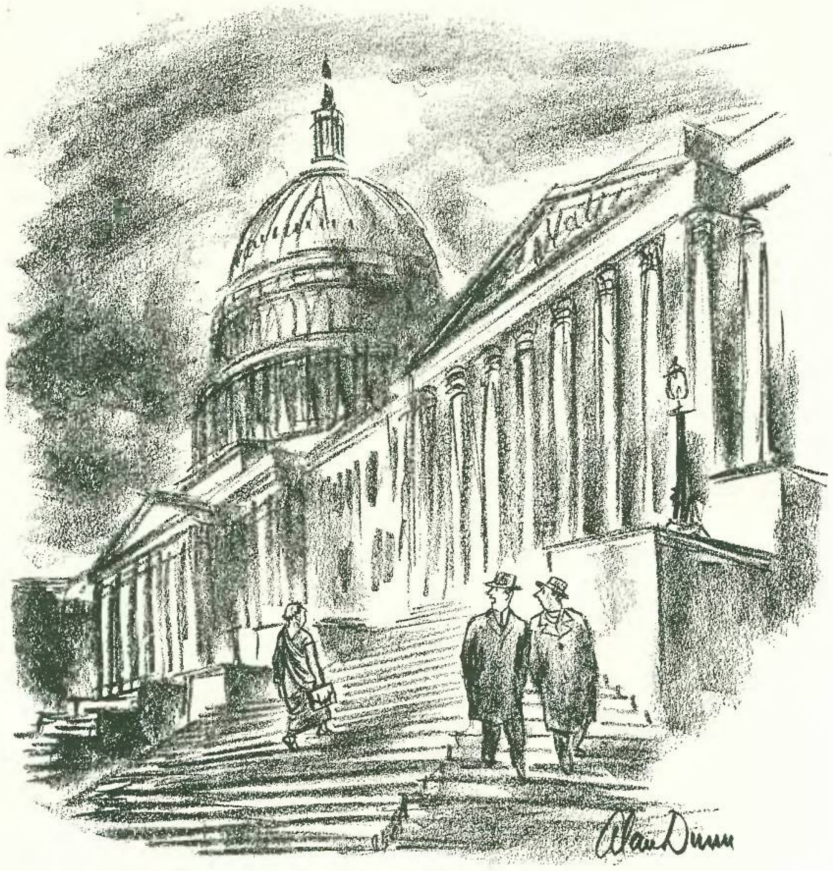
THE most light-hearted statistician in town, we should say, is a young Austrian named Rudolf Modley. He's the head of a firm, only three years old but already flourishing, called Pictorial Statistics, Inc. Pictorial Statistics' $30,000-a-year business is concerned solely with producing pictographs, the trade term for graphs in which the medi-

um of expression is pictures —bags of gold symbolizing wealth; ships symbolizing merchant marine; little men symbolizing sharecroppers, Republicans, men with incomes of less than five thousand, or what you will. Mr. Modley studied under Doctor Otto Neurath at the Social Museum in Vienna. It's Doctor Neurath's (and Mr. Modley's) theory that the strain of present-day prose is a little too much for the average man, and that if you want to be sure he grasps an idea you'd better resort to pictures. Discouraging, but probably true.

Mr. Modley arrived on these shores in 1930, when anybody who could draw graphs was welcome. His first work was done for the government—pictographs of precipitation and the cycles of rainfall. He then branched out into private practice and now does work for such oddly assorted clients as the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, *This Week*, the Mount Vernon Seminary, *Asia*, *Survey Graphic*, and the National Cane Sugar Refiners' Association. Modley and his staff of nine gnomes will undertake any sort of research for graphs, or they will simply cast into pictographic form information supplied by their client. The staff spends its spare time getting up ready-made pictographs to be sold to schools and colleges, on a wide range of subjects: "The Travel-Time of a Letter," "Why Children Were Arrested in 1935," "Inheritance of Color in Guinea Pigs," "World Distribution of Animals," "Beer Consumption in the United States," etc. Mr. Modley has also written a textbook on the making of pictographs, and will sell you sheets of symbols—he has several hundred in stock—which you can cut out, like paper dolls, and paste on a chart yourself. He has in his private files more than a thousand standard symbols, and of course his staff artists can draw more as they're needed.

Mr. Modley has of late been fooling around with three-dimensional graphs, which he calls pictograms. Pictograms are made by posing plaster dolls and photographing them. He's also preparing for newspaper syndication a feature called "Telefact," which purveys information simply, with a minimum of words. By way of a verbal preview of "Telefact," we may tell you that two-thirds of the centenarians in this country are Negroes, though Negroes comprise only a tenth of the population; that half the citizens of the United States are represented by eighteen senators, the other half by seventy-eight; and that in 1970 there will be 14,000,000 more people over sixty-five in the United States than there were in 1870.

Only once has a client been dissatisfied with his pictograph. This was a man who wanted a visual representation of an average day in a hospital, to put up in a clinic somewhere. Mr. Modley and his associates turned out a cross-section of a hospital building, showing thirty-seven patients being received, thirty-five walking out alive and well, and two being taken out the back door on stretchers. The man couldn't stand the stretchers and made Mr. Modley erase them, at the expense of accuracy. *Too* vivid, he said.



"The new senator takes his job pretty seriously, doesn't he?"

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True Confession

A BROKER friend of ours has reported a small happening that may be an indication of almost anything, from the complete recovery of the market to general collapse. Seems he telephoned one of the smaller brokerage houses the other day and started to give them an order. "Hold on," the voice at the other end said irritably. "We're underhanded here."