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THE

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NEW YORKER

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B



S.W. Reynolds



THE ATMOSPHERE OF

Mayfair House
Six hundred ten Park Avenue
New York

AN APARTMENT HOTEL

*T*HERE are all kinds of ATMOSPHERE, but the atmosphere most talked about is one that does not talk about itself—such is the atmosphere of MAYFAIR HOUSE—it is quiet without being inarticulate and rich with the dignity of simplicity and restraint — *we know you will like it.*

Edward H. Crandall

Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Co., Inc., *Agent*

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

A TOUR THROUGH THE VAST ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW YORKER

XV. Operating the Pneumatic Air-Tubes

FEW of the millions of daily visitors to the vast NEW YORKER plant are aware that the interior of the building is nothing more or less than an intricate network of pneumatic tubes which circulate constantly the various parts of the magazine from one department to another, up and down the seventy-four floors of the structure, until they finally join together to form the weekly issue of THE NEW YORKER. Yet so vital is this work to the making of a magazine that it has been placed entirely in the capable hands of our Mr. Eustace Tilley, who attends to all the details himself.

Of course, in the olden days, when there was only one Department (called "The New Yorker") the staff could keep in touch with himself without even raising his voice, and the job of assembly was negligible. However, as the organization grew, it became necessary to devise some way of gathering together the products of these various Departments. After unsuccessful attempts to teach a team of bloodhounds to fetch and carry (abandoned in June, 1894, when a nearsighted bloodhound carried Mr. Lewis Carroll through the entire building under the impression he was a piece of advertising copy), Mr. Tilley devised the first inter-office tube, containing the germ of the idea in vogue to-day.

The original tube was a clumsy enough affair, about four feet in diameter and almost twice as wide across the middle; and since there had been as yet no method devised of making the copies move along inside the tube, it was found necessary to build all the tubes straight up and down, so that the issues could be dropped through them by gravity. At this time all the offices of THE NEW YORKER were on the same floor, and the impracticality of this plan soon became apparent.

Mr. Tilley and a bright copy boy on the staff,

named T. Edison, now set their heads together to devise a better way of moving the copies from one department to another; and as a result, the latter invented the Elastic Method (later called the "phonograph", and patented by young Edison himself). A long piece of rubber elastic was stretched through the tube from one department to the next, so that when a magazine was fastened to this rubber band, it would snap to its destination like lightning. This method

was never popular with the employees, however, owing to the inconvenience of having to crawl all the way back through the tube with the elastic band in their teeth, in order to reload the darned thing again.

The idea of a Pneumatic Air-Tube occurred to Mr. Tilley while he was practicing on his saxophone one evening. Acting upon this hunch at once, five thousand glass blowers were imported from Stockholm, Sweden, and employed to operate this vast network of tubes. By placing one end of the tube in their mouths and simply breathing in and out, copy is moved about at a furious rate. In fact, when one of these glass blowers inadvertently sneezed recently, the magazine was printed two days ahead of time.

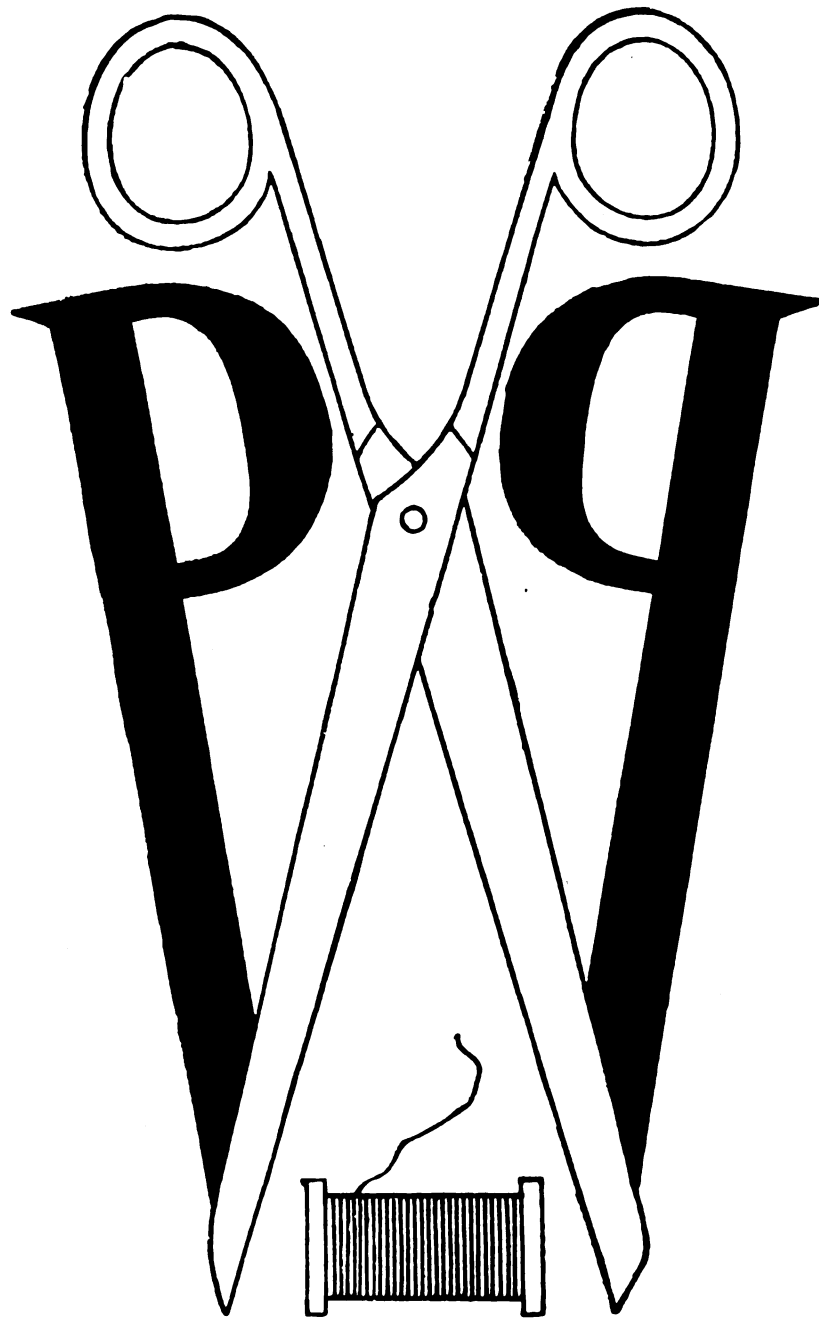
As an example of their efficient work, these glass blowers often-times will draw in by suction at one breath as many as a dozen circulation coupons, similar to the one always to be

found somewhere about the magazine, which have all been carefully filled out by readers and returned with Five Dollars, which is just the price of a year's subscription.

Although the impulse to pun cannot be entirely suppressed in an organization of the magnitude of THE NEW YORKER, it is nevertheless a fact worthy of honorable mention that these people are not called "suckers".



When Mr. Eustace Tilley (in the background, from left to right) was the youngest living Inter-office Memo Dispatch Engineer, such unfortunate incidents as the one depicted often took place. Here we see Mr. Lewis Carroll, mistaken for a sheaf of MSS., being rudely carried from office to office, by Marathon, the nearsighted bloodhound message bearer whose subsequent participation in the Aix to Ghent affair is said to have inspired the Pulitzer Awards.



PAUL POIRET

43, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III
1. Rond Point des Champs-Elysées
PARIS



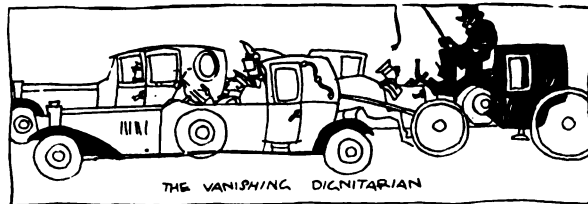


Advisory Editors: Marc Connelly, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Hugh Wiley

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO bring an old joke up to date—we gather that the telephone number of one of our better families is being changed to Rhinelander 0000.



THE worries of Jimmy Walker, recently elected Mayor of our city, are over for the time being. It is now the public's turn to be worried. In this age of *Dream Stories Magazine*, *Physical Culture Magazine*, Tabloid Newspapers, Harold Bell Wright, and the *New Republic*, a man who hasn't been able to read anything but faces since he was a boy, certainly deserves the highest honor in the land. But will he keep the pledges that have elected him? Can he maintain his high standard of illiteracy? Publishers and authors have money to burn, these days. There is always the danger of bribery. Do not betray the confidence the people of New York have placed in you, Jimmy Walker!

BEING an American who was brought up in the European tradition, we observe two things with astonishment. One is that the entirely American building nearing completion at Forty-first Street and Fifth Avenue is not going to be unworthy of the beautiful Bush Terminal towards which it faces from afar; the other is that the modern and entirely French taste now running riot over the exterior of the Brevoort House is very very bad. Perhaps, we shall not

have to go to Paris to die after all.

STILL the old lady in black lace persists in driving through Forty-fourth Street in her brougham. For five decades she has been doing it. We recollect a few decades ago the scorn of her coachman for the chauffeur. Of late, however, the eyes of this jehu have been harried and his demeanor has been that of one who is losing his grip. He carries his whip jauntily still; yet his shoulders are the shoulders of a broken man. The battle has been won. There is still a little mopping up to do—but not much.

IT is only natural that the friends of Red Grange should publish their intention of putting him in Congress. After all, a statesman should know how to follow the line of least resistance, be an adept at side stepping, and if necessary achieve his goal by climbing on the backs of his fellows. The thing against Grange's candidacy is that he offers a stiff arm when running.



THE Fifth Avenue busses, after a long and dignified career, have come out with signs on their respectable exteriors as follows: *Service with a Smile* and *Polite Transportation*. It looks as if the bus kings had been sold at last by a go-getter. Probably it's a good thing. Our only feeling is that if they had come to us, we could have thought up something much less flat than either of their slogans. We would have charged nothing.

The Week

AUTHOR of "The Face on the Barroom Floor" dies and Izzy Einstein loses job in reorganization of Prohibition forces. Dr. Schlapp has hope that gland research will point way to cure bad boys and Ponzi is said to be in Florida, ready to sell one million lots at ten dollars each. Clarence Darrow tells negro audience Volstead Act has not diminished his thirst and *Shamrock II* is found to be rum runner from Bassau. President Coolidge calls press "safeguard against bigotry" and newspaper publishers meet to discuss ways of eliminating waste in production of their journals. Yale University finds world's great need is more men trained in health conservation and Coué cures nose bleed in London by saying, "It passes; it passes." German bees go on strike when transported to France and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes urges this country to join the World Court. Perth Amboy police list one thousand



"Henry—I wish you'd buy yourself a muffler!"

violators of New Jersey blue laws and Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler asserts that a law officer is obligated to enforce all statutes impartially. Armistice Day is celebrated with solemnity and Rudolph Valentino makes application for American citizenship, his erroneous listing as a slacker having been cancelled.

Genius

THE chef to M. Ignace Paderewski receives almost as much publicity *en tour* as does the pianist; partly because he is a good chef, and partly because he insists that the world be made aware of his genius. To this his master assents. Anything for peace and shelter from the run of table food of the railroad diner.

More, M. Paderewski makes a point of complimenting his chef frequently.

"Tell the chef," he said, lately, upon conclusion of a meal, "that the fish was marvelous, the roast superb, and the ice cream unsurpassable."

The waiter relayed the message and returned, duly, with the answer.

"The chef says," he told M. Paderewski, "that the soup was excellent, too."

Mechanics

LABORATORIES of late have been very active producing music. Witness the Victor Orthophone, the John Hays Hammond Jr. piano pedal, and the Brunswick Panatrope. Orthophone and Panatrope, when the smoke clears away, mean Phonograph—or, more justly, Better Phonograph. We mentioned some time ago having heard the Orthophone, and now we mention hearing the Panatrope and a

description of the Panatrope's inwards by a very glib tongued head of the sales department.

It did not give us that feeling of being back in the room where the instruments were being played that we got when listening to the Victor. But we learned that the vibrations of the needle, instead of being reduced to sound by the diaphragm in a sound box, are sublimated through the agency of an electric current. Anyone who understands a radio will understand this at once. There is also a dial which regulates the volume of sound. One's phonograph, then, will bellow or whisper at a touch from now on.

MR. HAMMOND, in the meantime steps in with a fourth pedal for the piano, which may be good news for Paderewski, but is no help to those who can't use three. The new mechanism consists of a battery of shutters, precisely like those on the front of some automobile radiators, on the upper and under side of a sound-proof box in which the piano wires are built.

The sound, or music, is theoretically contained in the box until wanted, and then is liberated by stepping on the pedal which opens the slats. A note can be hit and the slats opened so that it grows louder, instead of softer, and the great defect of the piano, which is that it is not like an organ, can thus be remedied. One critic who doesn't see why a piano *should* sound like an organ, any more than like a banjo, says the instrument sounds as if someone were playing an ordinary piano in the closet and opening and shutting the door. Another man—Olin Downes of the *Times*—refuses to commit himself. Lester Donahue, who plays it, says it is wonderful. We



"No, that's not what you want!"

agree with Mr. Downes. The invention belongs so far to Mr. Hammond, who had it built into his piano in Gloucester, where he does most of his inventing.

Paint

THE husband of Miss Hope Hampton, the eminent Jules Brulatour, film maker, to mark the coming season, presented his wife with a new automobile. The film world, one is privileged to observe, has never been conservative in the matter of automobiles; and the car in question was noticeably upholstered and painted in robin's egg blue. It appears that one of the first trips out of the garage included a stop at Tiffany's.

After duly purchasing, Miss Hampton summoned her chauffeur with an imperious gesture of her gloved hand. The robin's egg drew up, the doorman stepped forward, and Miss Hampton made as if to get in. But a firm hand detained her. "Stand back, young lady," said an Amazonian person

severely, "I hailed this cab first."

There is a rumor that Mr. Brulattour will receive a bill covering cost of repainting. Color—dark blue.

Library

ACROSS from my chair in the American History Wing of the Public Library, I found Mr. James Boyd, author, engaged in research for the novel to succeed "Drums", which was hailed last season as the first honest fictional limning of the American Revolutionary scene. And he, too, I observed, was forced periodically to abandon his labors, descend from the top floor of the building into the chill of Fifth Avenue, and take his sustaining whiff of tobacco. After watching these frequent interruptions and suffering all too many myself, I summoned all my crusading pluck and called at the Director's office.

We, who have found the library an inspiring and comfortable place to work, I explained, do not crave permission to smoke over the reading tables. Nor is the demand for a cushioned lounge. Just a bare room, would be good enough.

Withered by the bold announce-

eral other persons in an East Side apartment, where the hostess tactfully entertained the callers with a piano rendition of one of Beethoven's works.

"Did you write that, Mr. Kern?" inquired a fair young thing.

"No," interposed a gentleman who knew his Whistler, "not yet."

Death Watch

THIS, the least promising of theatrical Seasons in the opinions of the prophets of August, has produced an unusual number of successes thus far. Producers with plays and musical comedies ready, they hope, for Broadway presentations are being forced to keep them wandering about the provinces, meantime watching with eager eyes for the first sign of failure that will release a playhouse for another trial.

Not, of course, that everything that has trod the boards of Broadway has been an instantaneous success. Far from such. More than sixty new productions have blossomed since the Fall, and at least half of them have wilted and drooped away. But nearly fifty per cent of its enterprises on a paying basis before mid-November is indeed

unusual in the annals of the theatre.

And the successes are real successes. Not the most blasé of the treasurers but feels a thrill when he surveys the expanse of figures at the foot of his financial statement. There are musical comedies in town which approach weekly gross receipts of fifty thousand dollars. They do not quite reach this sum, but they come close enough to permit its acceptance. And there are dramas luring very nearly twenty-five thousand dollars each week.

These, let it be said, mean obese profits. From ten to fifteen thousand dollars weekly. And, if you care to carry this on for a forty-week run, you will see why those companies which are marking time in the hinterland are uttering loud, frantic wails.

This summary, naturally, does not take into account the perennial "Abie's Irish Rose". Previous seasons did not take into account a similar institution, the Eden Musée, and we are not the persons to depart from precedent.

Clarity

WHAT with one thing and another—mostly another—Herr Carl Laemmle, the genial Teutonic impresario of Universal Pictures, is in a fair way of becoming a legend. One of his Super-Jewels was run off for his judgment. The story was approved; the photography termed excellent; the direction came in for a word of praise. But the title—

"'Dthe Pin-nacle!' grunted Herr Laemmle. "Wot in hell is a Pin-nacle! Nobody knows. Call it 'Blind Husbands.'"

And it was so called.

Last Rites

OH yes, Princeton beats Harvard, and then beats Yale, but be it not forgotten that Harvard and Yale have



"Here, what's the matter with this?"

ment that at least one New Yorker would make the matter a life work, and never cease hammering upon the matter until Lady Nicotine was received at court, the Director gave ground to the extent of promising to think it over. The result of his meditations will be heralded in due time.

IT becomes evident that Mr. Whistler's influence is still strong in the world of chit-chat. The latest victim of his transcribed wit was Mr. Jerome Kern.

Mr. Kern fore-gathered with sev-



"Well, I'm glad you finally got yourself a muffler!"

still to play. On one day a year, the Grand Central abandons its jolly cosmopolitan air, dons its Oxford bags, its Dobbs hat, its Dunhill pipe, and becomes one of the old grads.

Limousines and taxicabs splutter, choke, and swear at each other in Vanderbilt Avenue; youths with glowing noses, girls with bright eyes; couples on the dog trot from snatching food in the Commodore and Biltmore, bachelors from the Yale and Harvard Clubs; millionaires from everywhere.

"Flop down here, Marge, we'll stay here till we get put out anyway." This is in the Pullman. "Everything's all balled up to-day; always is." From Drawing Room A, come staccato rings for the porter. "Hey George (George Ade's Society for the Prevention of Calling Negro Porters "George" attend) bring us some ice and some White Rock—and a corkscrew!"

Hours and more hours; inexplicable delays in outlandish countrysides—but who cares? . . . And then the porter, brush in hand: "Next stop Back Bay. Yassuh. Jes' follow the crowd suh; kain't go wrong."

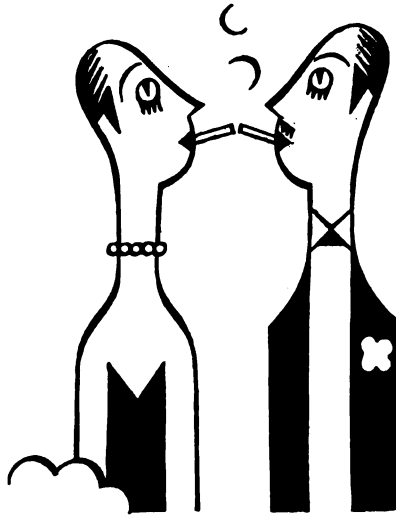
The caballers of football chew their nails in attics, poets starve, the Pigmy woman pounds her grain in Africa; but don't forget that once a year Yale plays Harvard.

Revision

ONE—particularly this one—hopes that the repertory theatre at Number 66 Fifth Avenue will open its doors and settle down to the innocuous desuetude of success. For it has developed that this department's nomination for an opening play, "Ragged Edge", of Czecho-Slovakian origin, has been shoved back into fourth place, and that Number 66 is to get under way December 8 with a "satire on brittle people" by, of all persons, Mr. Gilbert Seldes. It is to be called "The Wise Crackers".

Mr. George Cronyn, who is not unknown among little theatres, is to be director, and our candidate, Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami, will not be seen until after Mr. Seldes's play has moved to Broadway, and been followed by two weeks of Carolinian folk-plays. Then will come Mr. Ben-Ami, starring in Ibsen's "Ghost".

OUR further good faith is evidenced in a last attempt to get the title of Mr. Deems Taylor's composi-



tion for Paul Whiteman into print in the singular. Last week we wrote a sparkling story merely to prove that it was "Circus Day", instead of "Circus Days", as formerly quoted. And our conscientiousness was only equalled by that of our proof-reader who meticulously reinserted an abominable and ungracious "s".

Democratic Aristocracy

SUCH is the secrecy of present day incognito that the recent visit of the Japanese Prince and Princess Asaka afforded hardly a column a day in the metropolitan press. And Mr. Oscar Tschirky, of the Waldorf, lending a discreet guidance, found himself so engaged, that, shortly after their departure, it was announced that he was to be, henceforth, free of the encumbrance of routine restaurant management, free to devote his time to the recognizing and handshaking of celebrities . . . that and writing a book on recollections of New York restaurants.

The Prince and Princess were notably democratic, the aim of all visiting nobility, as it is the anathema of less genuine celebrities. They bowed to their subjects and shook hands with Oscar and with Secret Service officials every morning. They lunched on American dishes, and played golf, and were rather sweetly patient of the attentions of the press. It is pleasantly interesting to note democracy in America, even if we must import aristocracy to demonstrate it.

Commerce

IT will be a good art year, dealers say. Their predictions are based on the early interest in the first important

exhibits, Degas sculpture, Vlaminck and Utrillo. Dudensing sold, in Paris, a Degas for \$80,000 to a Western man, and later his two large Stellas.

Dudensing reports, further, that Matisse has about doubled in price in a year. The famous collection sold at Fearon's last Autumn went for prices that seem silly now. A small Matisse offered last Spring for \$800 with no takers, is being brought back for \$1200.

Montross opened a show of water colors by Robert Hallowell, and by mid-week had sold fifty of them. Water colors, by the way, sell rapidly to owners of modern apartments. They blend well with any sort of decorator's scheme.

Abuse

THE din of denunciation echoes, these days, in the ears of the cinema magnates. It was a great surprise to me to find an executive of the Hollywood industries devouring such a hearty lunch in Pierres the other day. But his appetite, it developed in conversation, was something forced, unnatural.

"Bah," he told me, "what a picture I could make of the soul-consuming Simon Legree of the movies. I would picture the bloated millionaire of the movies as he is to-day, cowering behind his desk. Over him stands his brightest star. 'Idiot,' she is saying, 'do you think I can exist on five thousand dollars a week! I am only a young girl still and I can't throw away my life.' And behind her stands a supercilious young author. 'Fifty thousand, for that novel. I tell you, you are a common bandit.' The mob of the picture, a real Parisian, cobblestone tearing mob, presses in behind them, theatre owners, bookers, critics, exacting public.

"That is the real I, as I am to-day. If the press could only see that picture of me! Why," he paused to allow the waiter to serve his asparagus, "I am the most harried, wretched . . ."

But the tears came to my eyes and I could bear it no longer.

Further Query

NEW YORK'S edition of "Hamlet" in modern raiment has most pleasantly answered this department's queries concerning the treatment of mooted points. *Hamlet* is

disclosed in a Tuxedo, armed, at times, with an ominous little revolver, the means to the end of *Polonius*; Miss Helen Chandler is an *Ophelia* in simple, girlish frocks. But it has aroused as many questions again. Why, for instance, does what by every indication should be a trick performance, turn out to seem so extraordinarily natural? Does contemporary dress, as one critic explained, make the actors forget they are in "Hamlet" and allow them to be themselves? Or is it that the audience of to-day has not the imagination to "feel" a play in costume, but must have the actors dressed as they in order to emotionally react. For certainly there was emotional reaction in the cheering first nighters, and, as the gentleman behind me explained: "That's the first time I've ever understood Shakespearian English."

With something of a personal interest, there came to this performance, the gentleman who advises theatre program readers what the well dressed man will wear, doing this under the pseudonym of *Beau Nash*. For a time he watched, and then:

"Hamlet in Modern Attire," he mused. "I do hope that some day someone will do as much for an audience."

Wet—and Yet

ASSUMING, as we have always assumed, that Mr. Buckner's ambition is to be governor, his denial of even that one phrase in the interview with him in last week's *NEW YORKER* is something for his friends and political advisers to deplore. The bold, and also the shrewd, attitude for him, was to stand beligerently behind the reasonably intelligent statements he made, rather than allow Mr. Wayne Wheeler to stampede him into half-hearted retreat. Holding manfully to some such position as Mr. Buckner outlined, a candidate might discern, be-times, cohorts strolling towards his standards.

IN this harassed moment, we have but to flee to the current issue of *Harpers*, beckoning for Mr. Wheeler to join us if, perchance, he wants something again to put his hair on end. In this but recently sedate monthly, the heretofore sedate Arthur T. Hadley, President Emeritus of Yale, speaks of law making and law enforcement in the Clarence Darrow manner, and, while he specifies that

he is not thinking especially of the Volstead act, one suspects that he is.

Adverting to the "spirit of over-regulation which seeks to place under official control . . . the conduct and even the thought of the people," Mr. Hadley proposes a remedy that he warns is dangerous, but nevertheless traditionally effective. The remedy is nullification. Observe:

"If any considerable number of citizens who are habitually law abiding, think that some particular statute is bad or dangerous enough . . . to make it worth while to block its enforcement, they can do so." . . .

"The members of any civilized community actually use their judgment a great deal in deciding how far they will obey laws which they consider bad or even inconvenient." . . .

"The officials charged with the en-

forcement of the law simply see that it is beyond their power to secure obedience to it. If they . . . are wise, they will acquiesce in the result. If the police look the other way when such a law is broken, its bad effects are avoided without much harm to anybody." . . .

THE Liquor Market: Prices steady, but subject to inflating by individuals, due to pre-holiday and football demand. Wide variance of prices resulting. Scotch ranges between \$50 and \$70; champagne \$80 and \$120, depending on reliability and brand. Sales of imported gin reported @ \$65. Rye steady @ \$85. Alcohol up again to \$12. Light wines \$20 @ \$30.—THE NEW YORKERS



THE PRESIDENT EATS HIS THANKSGIVING TURKEY
(AN IMPRESSION FROM THE NEWS REPORTS)

Heroes of

the Week

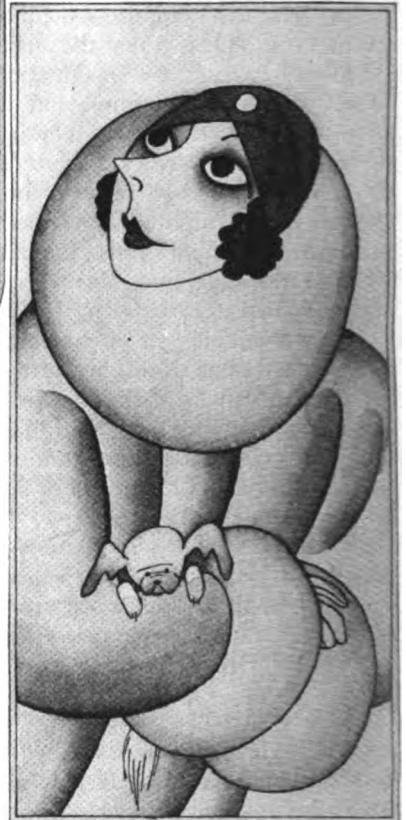


FAY COMPTON—Who, we have it from sources in which we have every reason to place the utmost confidence, has come out* from England to visit, *not to work*, in America. In view of the fact that Miss Compton is an English actress, the startling originality of this idea can hardly be overestimated.

* *To come out*—an expression used by Englishmen which means “to leave” or “to sail from” the Kingdom of England for Australia, Canada, India, the Union of South Africa or the United States. Owing to the danger of having one’s nose pulled, one would not “come out” to France.



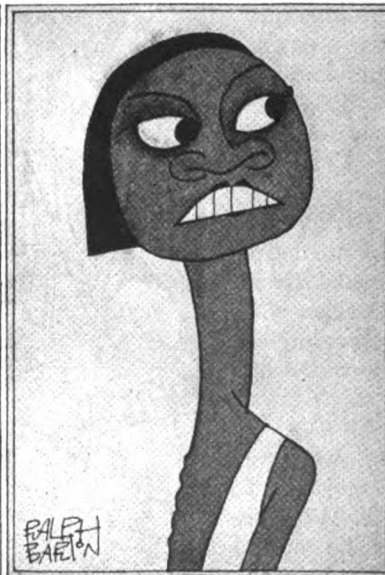
RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK—Who last week laid the cornerstone of the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a church which, if it turns out to be as beautiful as it is planned to be, will probably convert New York to Christianity.



SIGNORA RUDOLPH VALENTINO—Who arrived in New York the other day on board the *S. S. Leviathan* (known in transatlantic circles as the *Levi Nathan*), and who whispered to reporters that a passion for small dogs was seriously interfering with her career as Signora Rudolph Valentino.



DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, twelve-year-old son of his publisher, George Palmer Putnam—Whose diary of the voyage of the *Arcturus* has appeared as a book. Quite a scoop on Dr. William Beebe, director of the expedition, whose book will not appear until February.



FLORENCE MILLS—Who will be remembered by old New Yorkers as the girl who was the toast of the town during the African craze and who has announced that she will build the “Florence Mills Theatre”, a 3000-seat movie palace, in Harlem.

THE NONENTITY GUILD

ALADY whom the publicity vultures much favor, sailed safely and quietly out of New York Harbor the other day by the device of entering her name on the ship's register as (if the name had been Shnook), Mrs. L. B. Shnook. She has betrayed my secret: the closed sesame of being a nonentity. I am glad that my magic helped her. Only the city editors know what barbaric incantations might have been sung over the name of L. B. Shnook in front page headlines, had she been so confiding as to inscribe herself as the Mrs. Lancaster Barmecide Shnook. But the cat is out of the bag now, and I fancy that it is time for a complete exposé.

Ah, well.

I herewith reveal to the gaping public the existence of the Nonentity Guild of New York. It is the last membrane that saves New York from a splendid, unrelieved vulgarity. It is the Society of People of No Importance.

It will be well to initiate you slowly in the primer fashion, by explaining the difference between a Nonentity and a Celebrity. It may be indicated roughly by the fact that the Celebrities in New York outnumber the Nonentities about 100,000 to 1. It may be indicated roughly again by the old ironic definition of an aristocrat and a gentleman: that an aristocrat can never be ignored, while a gentleman

never obtrudes himself. It is clearly evident, then, that New York is populated almost exclusively by aristocrats. These are all Celebrities, all five million odd of them.

Some of them are naturally more celebrated than others. Their opinions are louder. Their manners are worse. They get ahead a shade faster. They make a bit more money. It becomes acknowledged that their place is in the precise center of the lobbies. They are *le dernier cri*, by virtue of being the loudest, in everything that matters. These are the first aristocrats, the princes of the bludgeon. These are the *ne plus ultra* Celebrities. And their following is legion. For naturally only the Celebrities pay homage to one another. The Nonentities do not know the language.

I, for example, am a Nonentity. You may have met me. But even if you have (unless I mistake you very much), you have forgotten me directly, for it is not in vain that I have perfected the ritual of the Nonentity. If you met me, I told you heartily that I was pleastameetcha. If you were one sort of man, I said merely, "Hylan!" if another, "Foreign loans!" if another, "Bolsheviks!" if another, "I have all the insurance I can carry," if another, "Poor dear Gene Stratton Porter," or, "Yes, yes, Max Beerbohm," if another, "Walter Johnson," or nothing at all.

If you wish it so, then, I said nothing at all and assured you as you left me that I wanted earnestly to see you summore. Sic.

The art of being a Nonentity is not one of your fibbertigibbet, now you see it—now you don't, amber and velveteen, dilettantesque, anything for a change, casual, dabbling, tongue-in-the-cheek amusements. It is a religion. The Nonentities, its apostles, burn with the courteous, gem-like flame of their apostleship. They must have a number of forgotten, antiquated things such as (to use the archaic terms), Intelligence and Manners. But above all, they must be inspired. If, in the stilly night, the Holy Ghost descend upon one and in the morning he send an application to the Nonentity Guild, he is in a fair way toward arriving at his soul's desire.

Now comes the announcement that the Nonentity Guild, in spite of the odds against it, will accept no more members, its quota having been filled. At one time the younger bloods in the Guild started some talk of increasing the membership to the point where a pogrom of all the Celebrities in New York would be feasible. This plan was dropped, however, as soon as it was pointed out that this would immediately make Celebrities of the Nonentities and Nonentities of the Celebrities. There has been no more thought of it. Without the jungle



You may perhaps distinguish one in the lobby of the Waldorf. . . .

background of Celebrities, the protective coloration which the Nonentities have developed through uncounted generations would be worthless.

The Nonentities amuse themselves in ways that you may never know, in places of which you have never heard. Contemptible creatures, they are, perhaps incapable of attracting attention any longer, from want of practice. They are always among the last to get through subway doors, what with shifting from foot to foot and letting the grim Russian Jewess with four children, and the nine high school boys bubbling with clean fun and frolic, and the man with a cane, and the woman with a dyed ostrich feather, through the door first. If you look closely—for these Nonentities are all but invisible—you may pick them out at the theatre by discovering, if possible, the only two people in the pit who are not competing with the actors for attention. You may perhaps distinguish one in the lobby of the Waldorf, as the only man present who is not wearing a *boutonnière*, twirling his stick, or striding busily back and forth with rumped brow.

You would do well to shadow one

of these Nonentities for a day. Eat with him in a Coffee Pot, or an Automat, travel with him in the Elevated, follow him to his office, where he will probably go through a nameless door marked "PRESIDENT". Thereafter, for he will then have become a Nonentity indeed, it will be more difficult to see him.

The desirous will be glad to hear that the original Guild made it known (quietly) last week that it will be delighted to sponsor sub-Guilds of worthy citizens. All communications in this matter must be sent through THE NEW YORKER. The Guild, however, insists on the most scrupulous selection of Nonentities. It points out a recent case which has come to its attention.

A young man with every qualification presented himself for membership. He fulfilled all the requirements. He threw away his silk hat. He forsook the Del Fey Club and the Wigwam and the Bernaise, and retired to the Lido-Venice and the Plaza and Ten East Sixtieth. He gave up his Park Avenue apartment and Greenwich Village studio and moved to Lexington Avenue. He wore his hat

set squarely on his head and he renounced spats. He gave up first nights and calling Celebrities by their first names, and all the latest vogues in cravats, bon mots, and places where one must be seen to be anybody. But there remained one thing. He insisted on riding in a horse-drawn cab. The Nonentity Guild was compelled to blackball him unanimously.

There are those who say that the Nonentity must soon vanish from the city, on the grounds that Nature abhors a vacuum. Scientifically the observation is antique; socially it is unsound. In New York, the greatest city in the world, the city of aristocrats, the gymnasium of Celebrities, it is probable that there will remain at least one Nonentity. And so long will this little community of the non-elect, this shrine of unimportance, this invisible citizenry of Nonentities, survive.—DAVID CORT

The appeal of the Detroit Kandidate for the support of the Jews and Negroes seems to have fallen upon deaf ears. This, as we go to press, holds the world's record for man's ingratitude and benefits forgot.

METROPOLITAN MONOTYPES

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

THERE is, for instance, The Head Waiter. He would be an admirable henchman for St. Peter, And college presidents and chairmen of boards Could learn much from him of dignified deportment. He approaches his patrons either with a polite nonchalance Or with an eagerness tempered by an expression of despair. Leonidas at the pass or Horatius on the bridge Had nothing on him when it comes to the rush hour and a silken rope. He can tell at once whether to lead you to the rear table next the service stand Or to take a chance on Mr. Cosden's not coming in. He hands you a menu on which commonplace viands are glorified in French, And stands indifferently by during momentous, hesitating decisions Between lamb hash and curry of shrimps with rice. If you ask him how Filet of Sole, Flaubert or Racine or Anjou is fixed, He lifts his eyebrows and unflinching answers, "That's with a cream sauce, Monsieur." If you ask him the same thing about Salade Jeannette or Justine Johnson, He looks puzzled, darts off to consult a subordinate, And then you *are* lucky if your order is taken in time To make the matinee before the curtain rises. Occasionally he drops by to inquire if everything is all right, And the answer is usually, "Yes, thank you," Although I'm sure I don't know why it should be.

The Head Waiter circulates watchfully about the exhibition buffet—

It is difficult to tell whether he suspects his waiters
Of slipping a cold crab into their pockets now and then
Or is merely making a commercial estimate of the cheese pie's popularity.

The Head Waiter is a great missionary;
He has been known to save from social destruction
Citizens apparently ignorant of the fact
That certain dishes fit to set before a king
(Like corned beef and cabbage or steak and onions)
Are set before him only when he dines alone or *en famille*.
And he has been like a rock in a weary land
To ambitious matrons on the verge of being so indiscreet
As to order the Melba toast buttered in the kitchen.
There are many legends about the Head Waiter
To the effect that he owns the entire establishment,
As well as block after block of New York real estate,
That his salary wouldn't be sniffed at by a member of the
Morgan firm,
That his little girls have been painted in black velvet and lace
by Sargent,
That his boys speak seven languages and go to exclusive schools.
That his country place on the Hudson is a copy of the Chateau
Thus-and-Such, etc.
I shouldn't be surprised if many of them were true—
The most intelligent, cultivated man I talked to during the
Summer of 19— was a head waiter.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS
TO MAKE A TOWN LIKE OURS.

—BAIRD LEONARD

PROFILES

The Lone Prospector: Thirty Years After

TAKE a straw vote in any assemblage of the intelligentsia, and a clear majority would probably pick Adolph Simon Ochs, the owner of the *Times*, as the most conservative man in New York.

The choice seems plausible if you look at the paper by which he chooses to let the public know him. More than any other newspaper owner, he is his paper, and his paper is himself; with all allowance for the immense contribution of Van Anda, his managing editor, the *Times* is a materialization of the personality of its owner. And that materialization is cautious. Economically and politically, the *Times* is far less conservative since Rollo Ogden succeeded the late Charles R. Miller as head of the editorial page, than people who don't read it suppose; but temperamentally, psychologically, it plays safe.

Yet the owner of the cautious *Times* is the man who borrowed \$200 to buy a newspaper when he was twenty years old; who sank the money he made out of it in land speculation, on the mistaken theory that Chattanooga, not Miami, was the Town of Destiny; who, thereupon, borrowed a few thousands more to buy a New York paper which was losing a thousand dollars a day, and turned it into one of the richest newspaper properties in the world. In that first desperate decade while the *Times* was getting on its feet, he was about as cautious as an aviator at the roulette table. He got out the same kind of paper then, as now, but, in producing it, he took desperate chances daily because here was nothing else to take. The wildest chance of all, the flinging of his last chip on the double zero, was the cutting of the price of the *Times* to one cent because nobody would pay three cents for it—a wild chance be-

cause in those days one cent was the badge of shame, the price of the *World* and the *Morning Journal* which the earnest persons of 1898 regarded as the earnest persons of 1925



Adolph Simon Ochs

regard the *News* and the *Mirror*; and then, as now, earnest persons were the public he aimed at. His employees thought that was suicidal lunacy; but the circulation of the *Times* took a sudden jump, and kept on jumping for twenty years.

Now the *Times* has arrived, and there is nothing to do but stay there. You may say it is the familiar case of the man who plunged when he had nothing to lose and everything to gain; but who, having made his money, sits down on it and clings to it with hands and feet. The familiar case of Messrs. Charles Chaplin and Big Jim McKay, returning in silk hats and fur lined overcoats to spend their lives clipping coupons and endorsing

dividend checks. But there is more to it than that. For Mr. Ochs lived and always has lived by faith, not by sight; by inspiration, not by reason; in short, by hunches. Four times out of five his hunches are wrong; and three times out of the four he sees they are wrong sooner than anybody else and throws them over. The fifth hunch—such as this price-cutting just mentioned—is usually right enough to make up for all the rest; but the fourth, the one whose wrongness he doesn't perceive, is occasionally very wrong indeed.

A shoestring plunger can afford to play a mistaken hunch; but a man whose thought waves set an immense organism in motion must be a little more careful. Perhaps that is one reason why he is cautious now. Another may be the famous Austrian peace editorial of September, 1918, which led thousands of earnest patriots to telegraph in (sometimes even at their own expense) and tell him he had been bought by German gold, or was obeying the behest of his masters, the international Jewish bankers. Purely from patriotic motives,

uninfluenced by any envious commercial rivalry, the other morning papers embroidered on the same theme.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ochs knew nothing of that editorial till he saw it in the paper at his country home twelve hours after it had gone to press. Why didn't he tell the truth, disavow his editors in a signed front-page statement the next morning? Well, he says that as he received the credit for his editors' accomplishments, it was only fair to take the blame for their boners; and for fear this might sound self-sacrificing he adds that nobody would have believed him anyway; they would have thought he saw he had guessed wrong and was trying to get out from under. Just

the same, some men would have tried it.

But that experience only reinforced a temperamental excess of moderation which comes out in the *Times* editorial page. Though he probably does less interfering with his editors than any other newspaper owner in New York, the editorial page reflects his temperament; though not perfectly, for no man who writes for a living can manage to be quite so non-controversial as Mr. Ochs would like. He thinks not only that there is something to be said on both sides, but that the *Times* ought to say it. He is moderate by conviction—but he is a hunch player by instinct, and the *Times* shows that, too, for all that a large number of his employees rush for the fire hose every time the Old Man has a new idea.

Hence, the unhappy inspirations which led the *Times* to back Coolidge against Walsh in the oil scandals, and Davis against Coolidge six months later; to back Smith against Miller in 1920 when Miller was sure to win, and Miller against Smith in 1922 when Miller was headed for a well-earned defeat. The Left Wing know-it-alls profess to see deep crafty calculation in this; but that requires faith, as much faith as inspired poor old Upton Sinclair when he drew his picture of Mr. Ochs with horns and hoofs, on information from a reporter whom the *Times* had discharged for congenital inexactitude. Calculation would have played all this the other way; only sincere conviction can explain it, but conviction based on intuition, not on logic.

Hence, too, the *Times's* peculiar hero worships. Mr. Ochs's inspirational nature sees a great man as something more than a great man. To us they are human figures, named Woodrow Wilson, or Calvin Coolidge, or Nicholas Murray Butler, or Morris Gest; to him they are radiant beings from a celestial world. These are only flashes of genius gone wrong, an instantaneous leaping to conclusions without the slow plodding of the reasoning process. Anybody can see them; whereas the fruit of the flashes of genius that went right, the powerful *Times* of to-day, the improvement in the general tone of American newspapers which *Times* news and business policies have done much to create, is such a commonplace to this generation that nobody ever thinks of it. Those

who can remember the *Times* of 1896, the New York press generally in the Nineties, are better able to measure his achievement. And it was his personal achievement; the veterans who worked on the *Times* before he came will all bear witness to that.

Now and then these flashes come when there is no fire extinguisher at hand. In an ebullient moment he offered to raise great sums of money for an obscure college—and had to raise them. At a farewell luncheon to one of the *Times's* bright young men who was going to Munsey at a tripled salary, he remarked that he was always glad to see his bright young men go out to better jobs; the *Times* was a school of journalism which gave an invaluable training, and those who wanted money could get it elsewhere. He was genuinely surprised and pained when some of his employees took him at his word, looked around, and picked out the nearest exit.

All this is part of the price of success. Hungry prospectors can do and say anything; but the *obiter dicta* of Messrs. Chaplin and McKay, mining magnates, are news. So, perhaps, he sometimes feels homesick for the old days of the Nineties when the cabin was teetering on the edge of the cliff. Perhaps he even longs to go a-visitin' back to Grigsby's Station—back to Chattanooga, where he was editor, and publisher, and business manager, and advertising solicitor, and make-up man; where Mrs. Ochs was the critic of all the arts, and Brother George, the solitary reporter, was arrested for shooting the Sheriff on Main Street (the same George W. Ochs Oakes who now, in the rectitude of morning coat and black-ribboned eye glasses, addresses women's clubs on the burning need for a Clean Books law).

But, possibly, the need for flashes of genius may recur. The *Times* has basked in the sunshine for a long time, but a cloud that for decades was no bigger than a man's hand is at last spreading over the sky—the *Herald Tribune*. The *Times* circulation has pretty nearly reached the saturation point in the metropolitan district; there will always be more people who want the *Daily News*, but the number of people who want the *Times* is limited and the *Tribune* is taking some of them away. And the *Tribune* fights with new weapons—sports, in which Mr. Ochs has little interest; humor, which he regards with polite

distrust. The *Times* professes to go serenely on doing its stuff, but it is beginning to make furtive admission that it has some good sports writers too. It certainly has; it also has the greatest editorial humorist in the country in E. M. Kingsbury. Conceivably (the suggestion is proffered with due humility) it might not be such a bad hunch to give Kingsbury as much freedom as Dana gave him.

This is probably not the whole truth about a fascinatingly incalculable personality, which arouses only perplexed affection in those who know it at first hand, though it seems to drive many earnest radicals, who know it only through the *Times*, to fury. I seem to have regarded Mr. Ochs from what magazine editors call an angle, or a slant; and the only object that can accurately be regarded from a slant is the Leaning Tower of Pisa. There is no truth in these views at all if you accept the widely held view that Truth is accessible only to radicals; but the malignant reactionary Ochs, painted by radicals (including Villard, who knows better) is only a ridiculous caricature. But Mr. Ochs is used to caricature; and if he may sometimes wonder why he, rather than the more conservative Reid and Munsey and Patterson-McCormick (or whatever you call the corporate personality of the *Chicago Tribune*) has been picked out as the radical bugaboo, he can reflect that it is a tribute to the influence of the *Times*, another part of the price of success.

He has been abused from other angles; Nordic fanatics have accused him of being too Jewish; Zionist fanatics of not being Jewish enough. His religion is profound and pervasive, though not incompatible with a taste for fried ham and Episcopalian sermons. Once, with a coreligionist, he attended a church service where a collection was taken up for the conversion of the Jews, and he gave five dollars. "Why did you do that?" demanded his brother Hebrew, suspiciously. "Why," he observed, "I'd give five dollars any day to turn a bad Jew into a bad Christian."

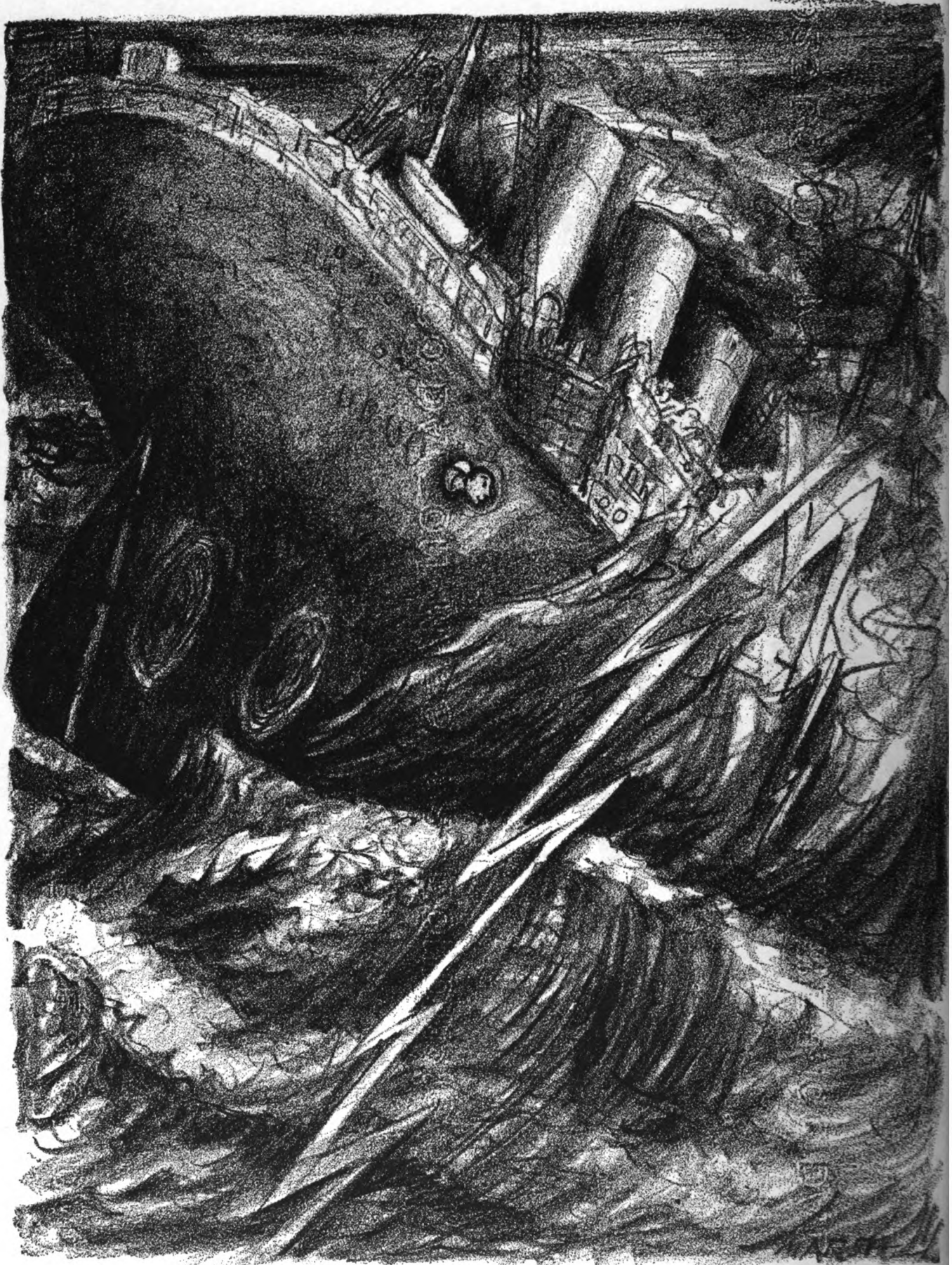
Yet it is Article I of the American Credo that Mr. Ochs has no sense of humor.—ELMER DAVIS

•

We wish Senator Walker all success in his campaign to sell Tammany to the Solid South. In fact, we should be willing to make it an outright gift.



ANY BIG GAME



“By Jove, BELASCO MUST BE ABOARD!”

IS THE TELEPHONE A SUCCESS?

MORE and more the telephone is entering into our national life; people are taking it up everywhere. And as this invention increases in prominence daily, we hear the question repeated on all sides: Has the telephone come to stay?

Half a century of experimentation has passed now, and to-day the nation is divided into two camps on the question of whether or not the telephone is a success. The first camp, *Kamp Idle Hours*, declares positively that the idea of the telephone was absurd to start with, and the whole invention may as well be discarded at once, as soon as they can get back their nickels. On the other hand, *Camp Minnehaha*, which is located on the opposite side of the question, with a much better bathing beach, declares positively that the telephone may sometime become a practicable and essential part of our national life.

In such a debate we must not be too hasty to adopt the opinions of either camp. While there is much to be said (and it very often is) on the failure of the telephone to accomplish what it set out to do, yet we cannot expect too much the first fifty years. When we are inclined to blame the telephone because we cannot get our number, let us remember the automobile. Let us remember the radio. Let us remember that we are gentlemen. Anyway, let us take a deep breath and count to fifty.

Personally I do not believe that the telephone should be abolished altogether, for I still have faith that the idea is fundamentally sound, and that some good will come of it in time. I think that the telephone has possibilities.

The telephone depends upon the principle of sound waves, which are very similar to the waves of the ocean, except that there are never any lettuce sandwiches floating on top of them. The speaker talks at a thin, sheet iron diaphragm (f) which is located just above the stomach, and which vibrates in synchronism with these sound waves impinging upon it. This impinging naturally tickles it, and it laughingly transfers the waves to g. Behind this g, or h, is located either a compound magnet, or a bipolar magnet with coils on each of its pole tips, and nasty sharp claws, which snap at the voice as it

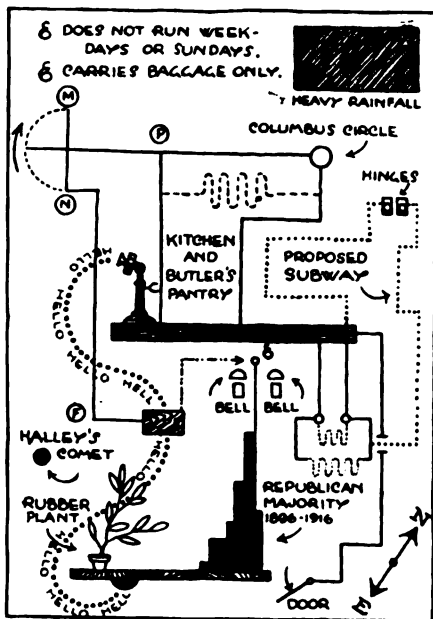


Diagram Showing Just What Happens When You Lift the Receiver From the Hook

goes hurrying by. The voice now proceeds by long induction coils (C) to the battery, where it may visit the aquarium and see the fishes. The return trip uptown is accomplished by magnetic lines, inducing a current (c) according to Faraday's law. Before this law was passed, the trip was accomplished by a transmitter, or old fashioned stagecoach, and often took as many as two or three days.

The sound is now ready to be passed rapidly through the magneto (L), where it is thoroughly dried and cleaned, and started along a piece of heavy bent wire, called a hairpin, until it reaches the multiple or calling jack, where it establishes a contact. Once this contact is made and the jack is interested in the proposition, the voice writes back at once to the main office for instructions. It then proceeds by careful directions to the Front Electrode Terminal, buys its ticket, hands it to the conductor (M) and finally reaches the person at the other end of the line, who meantime has got tired of waiting and hung up on it a long time ago.

This unclaimed voice now remains inside the wire, where it becomes a Red Rover and may tackle either side.

In the ordinary switchboard, when a party calls, his signal is shown by a drop near the answering jack in the exchange; and when a party is called,

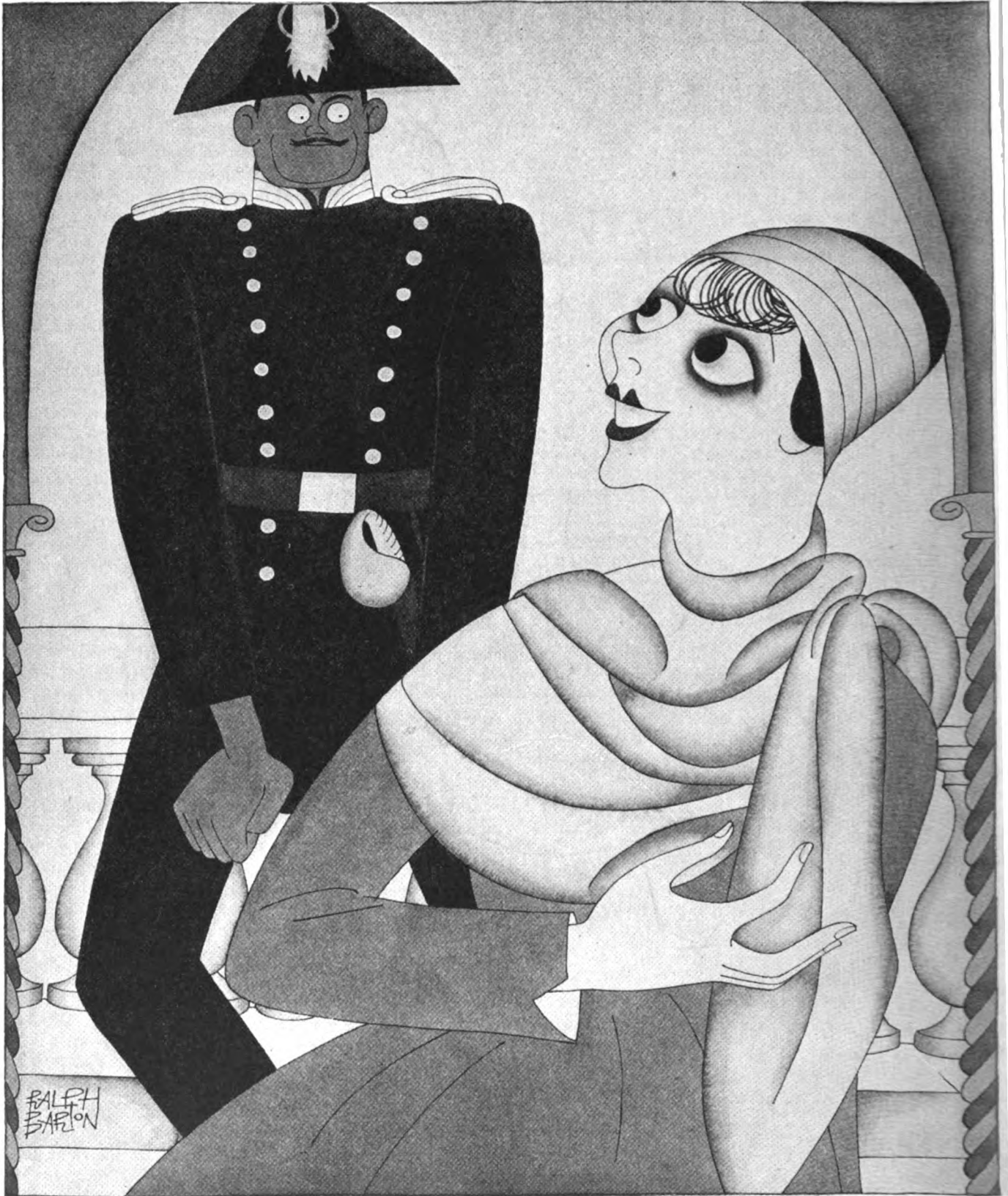
the connection is made with the multiple by throwing a loop over the end of it. Each subscriber has a number of jacks, also ten spots and queens; and these are located along the switchboard in reach of the operator, in case she should ever want to reach. When a call comes in, the drop falls, Central inserts the plug into the answering jack, presses the listening key so that she may listen, fires a revolver into the mouthpiece, and they are off! It is then discovered that the number has changed yesterday to Bryant 6622.

With four millions or so of these plugs, and drops, and jacks, and gadgets in front of the operator, the reader must realize that the chance of her pressing the right one is necessarily slight. Impatient subscribers, roused out of bed to answer the phone, have been known to arrive at hasty and quite unpleasant conclusions about the whole system that are very, very unfair, and only hurt.

We must remember that the operators are all trying very eagerly to perfect this vast organization. For example, whenever a Central discovers a little plug that is not busy, she rings it at once to find out if it is this Bryant 6622 we were after. If the party replies sleepily that no, for gosh sakes, it isn't Bryant 6622, she immediately writes on a little chart above the plug: "This isn't Bryant 6622". A little later, curiosity gets the better of her, and she rings the party up again excitedly to inquire if by any chance it is Columbus 8833. If the party tells her, among other things, that it is not Columbus 8833, she bravely enters this fact also on her little chart. Not a whit discouraged, she discovers presently to her surprise that it is not Academy 5533 or Lackawanna 0077 either; and thus by constant elimination, working day and night, she runs through all four million possible combinations till she hits on the right one. She then discovers that it is busy.

From this brief consideration of the telephone "system", as it is called, the reader may see the difficulties it must face before it can become a working invention. Although the telephone industry is still in its infancy, I am one who has faith.

The reader may laugh at me now; but some day he will laugh up the other sleeve.—COREY FORD



THAT SWEET BORDONI

What This Country Needs Is More Frenchwomen

MISS IRENE BORDONI is back at the Lyceum Theatre in Avery Hopwood's "Naughty Cinderella", a play about—but see the strong, silent reviewer's page opposite for details. We can remember

no more than Miss Bordoni's eyes. The Italian policeman in the middle distance is Mr. Alfred Ilma whom we watched for a moment while Miss Bordoni was making a change off-stage.—R. B.

CRITIQUE

*The Theatre*

WE may, it seems, have been wrong about "Hamlet". Perhaps it is really a play for playing after all.

It is Horace Liveright's production of "Hamlet" in modern dress, at the Booth, that has given rise to this otherwise unworthy suspicion of our critical judgment and taste. Only a few weeks ago, when Mr. Hampden opened his "Hamlet" engagement, we were absolutely certain that "Hamlet" was no more for us than would be any dramatic or poetic reading from any lecture platform anywhere. And now comes a production of the same play to shake our faith.

The substitution of modern clothes for the traditional trappings of "Hamlet" has served to bring the play into the open. And so it happens that the audiences at the Booth, since the newest "Hamlet" was shown, have been able to witness almost as much stirring drama, and above all almost as much in the way of plausible happenings, as are supplied in the plays of William Anthony McGuire, say, or Owen Davis, or even Henry Arthur Jones.

Only during the past hundred years has "Hamlet" been played regularly in the arbitrary costuming to which this generation has been accustomed. Previously, the clothings of the actors were akin to the clothings of their audiences. And perhaps some scholar among the readers of THE NEW YORKER will bring proof to establish the truth of our suspicion that the tradition that "Hamlet" is an actable and enjoyable play has been kept alive through sheer momentum from the days when audiences were permitted to see the equivalent of the production now at the Booth. At all events, this department still insists that the "Hamlets" it has been privileged to see have been anything but good shows. The play has ever had its gorgeous share of poetry, and *Hamlet* himself has ever

been a star rôle for earnest, inspired actors, but never, until it came to the Booth on Monday night, November 9, has it really appeared in the light of drama, which would be action.

Imagine, if you can, an audience breathless at a performance of "Hamlet", eager to witness what will happen next and intent to learn the every doubt and hesitancy of its actors—and you will have imagined the actual situation as it has existed at the Booth this past fortnight. There has been no more discounting by the spectators of the coming events than there is by any Broadway audience of the inevitable drama in which the committee has awarded the blue ribbon to virtue well in advance. "Hamlet", at the Booth, is a new, stirring play, concerned with people every bit as plausible and entitled to audience sympathy as "Rain", say, or "They Knew What They Wanted". *Hamlet* is real at last on the stage.

Basil Sydney is a splendid *Hamlet* in the present production. He is physically suited to the rôle, and his performance is thoughtful and vital. And where he fails—in an occasional monologue—it is because that particular monologue, despite all the intelligent staging, and acting, and directing in the world, is simply not theatre but poetry. Ernest Lawford—as *Polonius*, who in the orthodox production is an always interesting but never thoroughly believable figure, resembling more a preaching automaton than anything else—is a delightful, meddlesome, mellow, and human old man; Charles Waldron is an excellent *King*; Adrienne Morrison is well below the possibilities of the rôle of the *Queen*, now that it has been released from its fancy costume and recitative shackles; Helen Chandler is the adequate *Ophelia*.

James Light has directed the play with rare intelligence, apparently keenly aware of the privilege that is his in directing it as a play at all, and

not as a legend. The settings by Frederick Jones, III, are beautiful and imaginative.

The theatregoer with sense enough to rush at once to the Booth and demand admission will find, then, an almost unbelievably good production of "Hamlet" as a play. He will find, one fears, that "Hamlet" is not the perfect play, and that there are things in it that concern him not when he goes to theatre. But he will certainly, to stay right with our muttens, discover that even a production of "Hamlet" need not be tiresome and boring.

THERE seems, there and there, to be a disposition to treat of Mr. Lonsdale as a literary artist, as a man with the shades and the nuances of the English language at his finger tips, as one from whose pen flows an endless succession of fascinating mots, of brilliant epigrams, of fine-edged repartee. The disposition continues merrily on its strength-gathering way, despite the fact that in the newly opened "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" there is as little sign of an ability to write finely, as there was in the previous Lonsdale "Spring Cleaning" and "Aren't We All?". Mr. Lonsdale, at his best, is an English Thompson Buchanan. Mr. Lonsdale, at his worst, is an English Thompson Buchanan. Mr. Lonsdale, in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney", is an English Thompson Buchanan.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is an entertaining little melodrama, of the type known to you Americans as a crook play, that gets most of its entertainment value out of the fortunate circumstance that it has in its cast three such extraordinarily adept comedians as Ina Claire, Roland Young, and A. E. Matthews. To talk of the brilliance of its writing, with such a genuinely fine play as "The Man With a Load of Mischief" barely cold in Forty-Ninth Street, is barbarism pure and simple.

For the benefit of collectors of plots, let it be recorded that *Mrs. Cheyney* (Ina Claire) is a pure young woman, who has nevertheless been led by dire necessity to take up with a gang of crooks who specialize in pearl thefts. The head of the gang (A. E. Matthews) is a glamorous fellow who serves as her butler. *Lord Dilling* (Roland Young) is a sympathetic wastrel who is a house guest with Miss Claire when a particularly brilliant coup is planned. *Lord Dilling* is so impressed by the virtue of *Mrs. Cheyney*, who prefers certain imprisonment to what would be her shame—*Lord Dilling* has caught her red-handed in an attempted theft—that he abandons his plans for her seduction and substitutes the benefit of clergy instead, since she loves him too.

In "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" one sees again an example of the lamentable truth, that the actors of this world are on the whole well in advance of the plays that are generally provided for them. Miss Claire, as *Mrs. Cheyney*, is no more endangered by what Mr. Lonsdale has written for her than is Bernarr Macfadden by the daily dozen of the Walden School. Mr. Young, smooth, quiet, relentless, makes the observer feel that surely he must be mistaken in imagining that the rôle calls for a sturdier roué. And Mr. Matthews must realize, as does this department, that his talents are a good deal wasted in the depiction of a grey-templed *Raffles*.

So much for destructive criticism. Positively, the reader will perhaps be happy to learn that "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is a play at which he can spend a pleasant evening—once he has left his notion of Mr. Lonsdale as an English Schnitzler at home in the nursery—in the contemplation of three exquisite actors in a fast moving, reasonably plausible melodrama.

THE "Charlot Revue" is back at the Selwyn Theatre.

This department proposes to report a little later—in two or three weeks, if that suits everybody—on what manner of show it is that Mr. Charlot proposes to keep in New York over the Winter.

The opening night of the revue, on November 11, served happily to reintroduce Miss Lillie, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Buchanan and their associates and to lay bare a mass of material, some good and some bad, out of which Mr. Charlot will have to



AT THE FOLLIES

"Well, how did you like it?"
"They put on a very good take-off."

select a cohesive and entertaining revue.

As of November 11, the chief delight lay in the principals. Miss Lillie remains what she was, an amazingly gifted clown, with, one fears, obvious need for direction and repression. Miss Lawrence is still a Katharine Cornell of the musical stage, tuneful, graceful, personable and with more than a touch of what both Heywood Brown and Gilbert Seldes should call "genius".

Mr. Buchanan, no longer quite the boyish and slender comedian that he was, is still an excellent musical comedy figure.

Miss Lawrence, singing "Carrie Was a Careful Girl", Miss Lillie, in a murderous burlesque of Nora Bayes, and a sketch called "Fate", are three items of entertainment that would be distinguished in even the perfect revue. One suspects, moreover, that two songs by Noel Coward—"The Roses Have Made Me Remember, What Any Nice Girl Should Forget" and "A Slut of Six"—would instantly join this group if Miss Lillie would see fit to take them out from under the covering of trite, unimaginative burlesque to which she subjects them. "A Mender of Dreams" and "Gigolette" on the other hand are just terrible, if that's the word, or ham, if it isn't.

There is much that was revealed at the Selwyn Theatre on November 11 that should be kept, and much that should not.

If Mr. Charlot finds his task difficult, he may call us up.—H. J. M.

Music

IT looks like a good season for revivals at the Met. The new double bill of "The Barber of Bagdad", and "The Spanish Hour" clicked, in the language of more learned critics, and the production of Gaspare Spontini's "La Vestale", discreetly announced as "first time here" to provide an out against statistical reviewers, puts another star on Signor Gatti-Casazza's report card. If you want to have a good time with the boys, we suggest the double header, with especial reference to the second game; but if you look not ungenerously on the plays of Tom Robertson, the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, and the symphonies of Ludwig Spohr, you will find something curiously appealing in Spontini's once popular opera.

Of course, whenever something dating back a century is dusted off and exposed publicly, the official appraisers are likely to esteem it not so much for its gross value as for the worth of the parts that foreshadow contemporary achievements. "Le Vestale", for instance, has in it passages which might have been composed by Beethoven, Verdi and even the early Wagner. And, when we hand you this information, we simultaneously announce that it isn't a great work. For a great work doesn't remind the listener of things that were or things that were to be. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" isn't interesting because it anticipates certain musical devices which are commonplace to-day, and the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven needs no reflected light from Brahms.

The first act of "Le Vestale" established a record for uneventfulness. From the stage, and from Mr. Serafin's men came the famous "long line", a line which passed on melodiously without leaving a melody, and which failed to enhance the exciting array of color which the stage manager, the scenic artist, and the costume designer had provided. The triumphal procession, beautifully produced, was vitiated by the unbelievably flabby music which accompanied it. A gladiatorial ballet, in which the combatants waltzed like heavyweights in a charity bout, was no more thrilling than a sonata recital. In the second act, however, the reason for the whilom popularity of the opera became apparent. This division is little more than a long scene for the soprano, and Miss Rosa Ponselle sang

it magnificently. Except for a duet with the tenor, who required less than the now established twenty minutes to persuade her, and a strangely subdued climax for the chorus, the temple episode was all *Giulia's*. There was a happy ending and ballet exercise, but it was Miss Ponselle's evening.

Wandering about the lobbies in one of the intermissions (they were unusually short, by the way), we encountered one of the younger sopranos of the Met., who is something of an authority on old operas. We suggested that Spontini had composed "La Vestale" as a show piece for some one dramatic soprano, and inquired who that unknown artist might be.

"Ponselle," said the young soprano.

THE Johann Strauss centennial, celebrated with all manner of fireworks in Vienna, has caused few ripples here, except for the inclusion of waltzes on the programs of the State Symphony and the Riesenfeld orchestras. Waltz connoisseurs may find consolation at the Irving Place Theatre on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, where "Hoheit Tanzt Walzer", another one of those German operettas in which a disguised lady of the nobility is followed by a romantic comedian with a prop fiddle. The waltzes of Leo Ascher, however, are worth hearing, and the show, in general, has the disarming home-made atmosphere of the previous productions by the Germans of Irving Place. The singing is not infrequently annoying and the comedy consists principally of abdominal en-

counters, but Andreas Fugmann, the chef d'orchestre, knows his three-four time, which is something that is not had by all.—R. A. S.

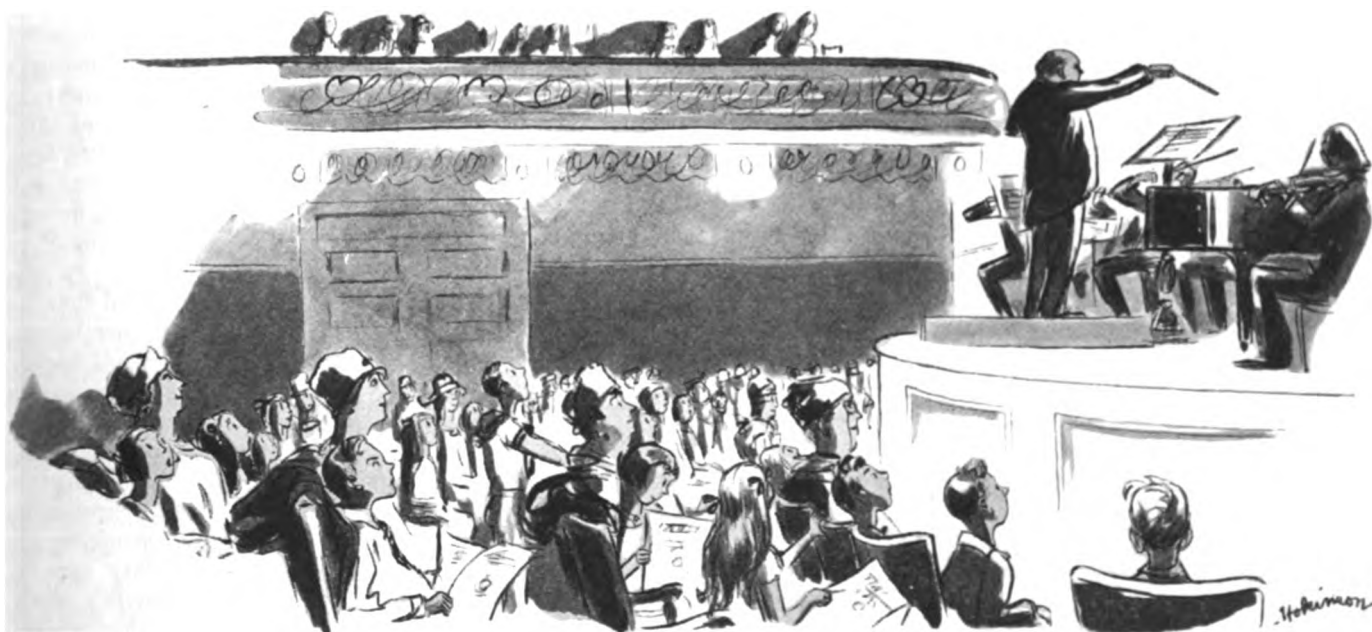
Art

THEY are shouting it from the bus-tops, the serious journals have devoted pages to it and you are now invited to come and admire—Antoine Bourdelle, at the Grand Central Gallery of Art. Whether it was the over-advertising, or whether it is merely our prejudice to sculpture which results in an emotional apathy, we do not honestly know, but the show left us cold. In all honesty we can only report what we feel, and if we do not feel enough, well, you have the privilege of saying that we don't know genius when we see it. Fortunately, we won't be around to hear you say it, for we feel a humbleness about this, our failure to bow the knee to Bourdelle, acclaimed as the greatest since Rodin. Perhaps it is a bad assortment, perhaps the show is badly grouped. We would like to find an alibi. Perhaps, it is the dollar they charge for admission. If you have a keen interest in everything that is art, or if you visit only those things we dislike, take your dollar and go around to the railroad galleries. But don't ask us for your money back.

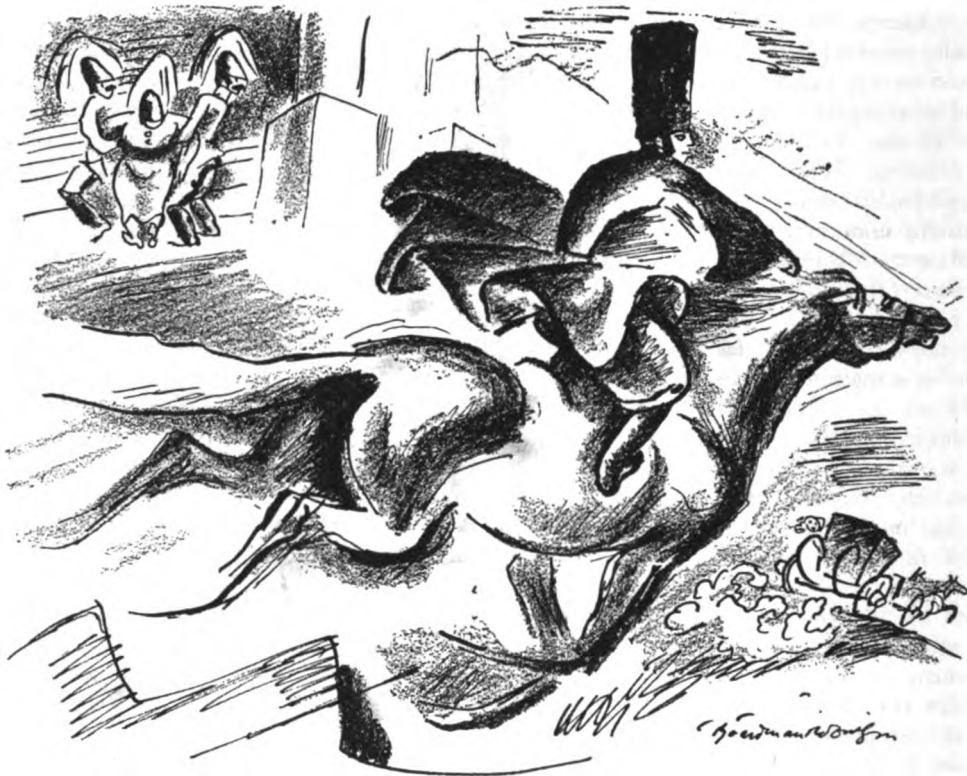
Pretending to scorn, the modern Bourdelle has not altogether accepted the classic ideal. He seems motivated by two desires and sometimes tries to

combine disparate things. We understand him best in his architectural reliefs, notably those for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and for the Marseilles Opera House. Here we have good movement and satisfying form. In his much vaunted pieces, "Fruit", and "Virgin of Alsace" we see a sort of gaucherie rather than strength.

Mr. George Luks goes to Pottsville. Whether that was his home town, or whether it merely suited his mood, catalogue does not state. We incline to the latter view, as this moody painter has always run to black and muddy sorts of things. His current show at the Rehn Galleries comprises fourteen oils and twelve water colors done recently in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. They are blacker than anything you can imagine, and only a painter with iron in his soul could sit to his canvas with such murky models. It is certainly none of our affair as a critic, these helpful hints as to what an artist should or should not do, but when we see Luks, our pedagogue complex arises. We always find ourself advising him to be serious and paint at his best all of the time. The current series seems to have come of a more sustained mood than anything done heretofore, and there are high spots in the show that must make Luks proud of himself. If he will be content to paint as he did in his "Mary", "Julia Makara", and "Nocturne", we will have no further quarrel with him. He has too fine a talent to waste any of it in being smart.



SATURDAY MORNING CHILDREN'S CONCERT AT CARNEGIE HALL, MR. DAMROSCH CONDUCTING.



A movie without a horse is like a farmer without a Ford, thus Mr. Boardman Robinson here joyfully depicts Mr. Valentino eloping on the Czarina's blue ribbon steed in his new picture "The Eagle".

THE water colorists are rife in the town and every year seem to gain more headway. At the Daniel Gallery, there is a show by Owen Merton of French and Algerian subjects. We saw some of these things in the early Summer, sub rosa it now seems, and made comment on them at the time. Merton goes in for lazy forms and a haphazard sort of color. To us he seems only half interested, and water colors should enlist as much passion as do oils or any other medium. Merton seems to say, "Here is a little thing I dashed off before breakfast—amusing, isn't it?"

On the other hand there is the sort of water color that is too good to be true. At the Montross Galleries, Robert Hallowell has some fifty water colors, all so perfectly done as to form and color that you wonder what he can do next. Fortunately, in the back room there are several experiments that show that Mr. Hallowell is not 100 per cent sure that his perfect goods are the ultimate goal of an artist. Some of these experiments come off and some do not. But they were honest efforts to depart from a technique well-nigh perfect. "A Berkshire Lawn", we believe, was the best of these, and more than worthy the attempt. And in some of the sea scapes

he laid down his rule and compass and let his brush run only to rhythm. The customers like Mr. Hallowell, and have bought his show almost outright, so that's that.

WHEN Durand-Ruel go in for anything, it is well worth your time, as you doubtless know. Just now they give their exhibition room to twenty-two canvases by Gustave Loiseau, a mild sort of impressionist who does nothing one way or another to our blood pressure. Genius is needed for this technique, or the interest lags; either genius of soul or dexterity of arrangement. "Le pont suspendu", and "L'église Saint-Gervais, Paris", have composition that bring them into the compelling class and make them less of an exercise in the pontillist manner. And always on your way out, there is a stirring galaxy at Durand-Ruel's: pictures that take more of your time than any exhibit—Cassatt, Sisley, Renoir, Degas, Monet.—M. P.

Books

IN these days when much trumpery fiction is about as well designed and as artfully furnished and decorated as masterpieces used to be, and some of it is pretty clever and entertaining in the bargain, we are all a little

spoiled for appreciating a novel like Wassermann's "Faber", which is as bare of the enticements of artistry as a mountain top, even to its style; and which offers, instead of local color, etc., universal drama; and instead of anything describable as clever entertainment, the elements of a poignant situation between two souls and involving others.

The situation looks rather like that of "A Doll's House", carried a stage further. It is really as much more profound and complex as a chemist's equation compared to a problem in subtraction. If either one of this couple was doll-housed and stultified, both were; they were ideally and all-sufficiently married. The man, though a ravenous male, has remained so through years of separation by the war. He comes home to find that his wife, as he suspected from her letters, has not; but is raptly devoted to her leader in the social service she has entered, a mysterious elderly noblewoman who passes for a saint. And is one; but on her own admission, such saintliness and its absorption of a susceptible emotional neophyte are not the simple matters they appear; and the conversion of the wife's adoration is something deeper than a casting off of martial swaddlings.

Faber learns a lesson like Helmer's, but deserves it far less. He is pitiful, a legitimate object of sympathy, even when he is being most stupidly jealous and exigent. The one thing in his scrambled world that he could count on has been alienated, in a way that is at first beyond his understanding—and it is not at all certain that his final withdrawal, in hopes of winning back his Martina by renouncing his "rights", will succeed, for the pain it gives her is too much mixed with ecstasy. Meanwhile, on turning, distraught, to another woman, he has been shown the truth in that inspired apothegm of Chesterton's to the effect that a man once genuinely married is never so married as he is when he wishes he weren't.

This is a shabbily inadequate suggestion of a big novel's power and interest. "Faber" (*Harcourt, Brace*) is not to be missed by anyone who takes his novel reading hard. Its effect is so impressive that you feel for the time being that aesthetic attractions in fiction are cheap filigree.

HERE are two novels to read. Ford Madox Ford's "No More Parades" (*A. & C. Boni*) is a sequel to "Some Do Not . . ." If it has, in its nature, no episode as striking as, for instance, the Duchemins's breakfast, it is nevertheless as fine a display of virtuoso writing, and has the same air of that being its first purpose. It is, also

perhaps, in its nature, less splenetic, except against Tietjens's wife Sylvia, who becomes even more of an effective, but rather incredible and stagey fiend, Tietjens remaining a paragon of chivalrous forbearance. It finds him at a base in France and leaves him, though medically unfit, about to go up into the line, in consequence of her erotic spite against him. Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else" (*Simon & Schuster*) is a scintillant little firework: the plight and fate of a girl hysteric, by no means a sweet shy flower, and very much her gifted but degenerate father's daughter, who to save him from jail must submit to a roué's eyes. It is told almost wholly in her thoughts, and they are presented in clear, complete sentences, and so well that you wonder if modernist ways of writing mental monologues have killed the old convention.—TOUCHSTONE

Motion Pictures

ONE went to the Rialto fully expecting to see Conrad's "Lord Jim" made an everyday botch of, and one was not disappointed by a title.

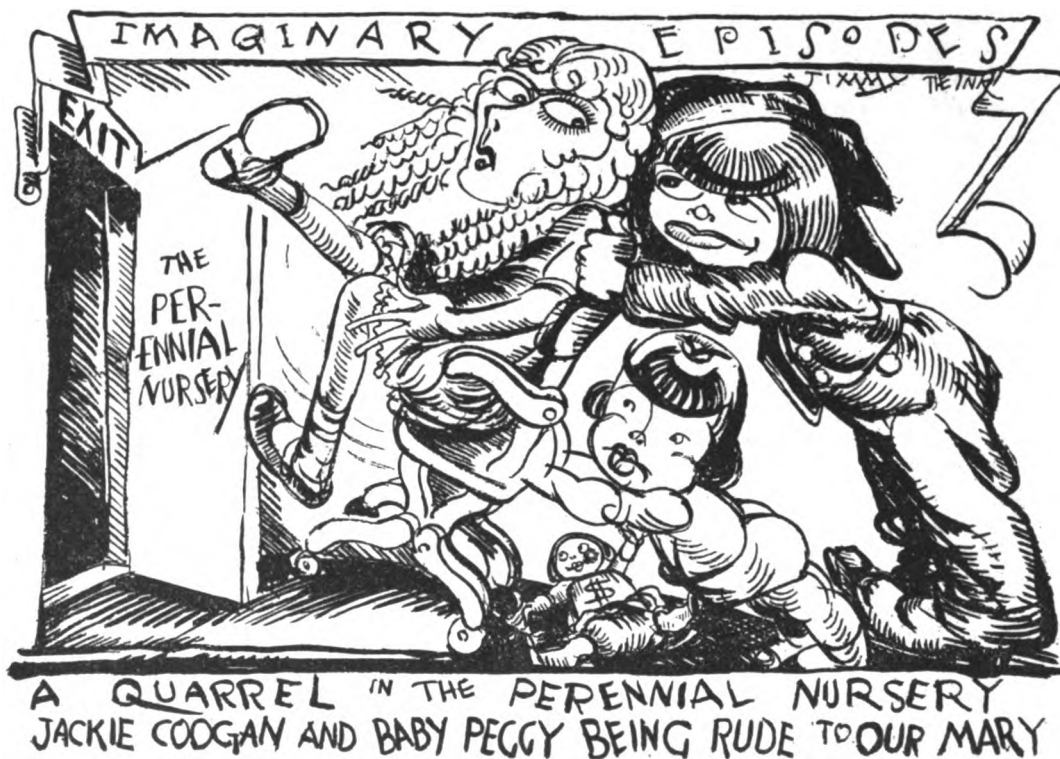
From all appearances the book first fell into the hands of one of Mr. Zukor's brisbanes. Between snatches of liverwurst sandwiches and rides on the Venice, Cal. scenic railway, this disappointed realtor read it—skipping liberally, to be sure, in order to get the "plot". Then studying his sixth lesson in the Complete Palmer Course in

Photoplay Creation he went to work improving an immortal manuscript.

So Conrad's magnificence is become a blasphemous movie. It is all plot, selectively chosen, as bare as a set of dried chicken bones, only occasionally suggesting the full body of the written pessimistic tale. But two virtues are apparent. One, the acting of Percy Marmont, who bears the brunt of the mangling nobly and works up a good characterization. The other is retention of the "unhappy ending", as they call it. This is indeed a score for the Haysians. We didn't think they had it in them.

WHEN the Haysians stick to the Primer subjects they can turn out surprisingly amusing results. For instance there is Charles Ray in "Bright Lights" now at the Capitol. A simple hokum tale—done in the spirit of *Liberty* by a short story Avery Hopwood—it has been made into a swift-paced, clever, and lifting hour's amusement. Mr. Robert Z. Leonard, evidently profiting by the passage of "The Last Laugh" through these parts, has built up a brilliant work of economy, clearness, lightness—and most especially—simplicity. Miss Pauline Starke is restrained, too. Curiously Miss Starke is a perfect miniature Gloria Swanson.—T. S.

Goings On, THE NEW YORKER's selective list of the current week's events, will be found on page 36, the list of new books worth while on page 40.





TABLES FOR TWO

IT is getting just exactly as hard to have a very swank dinner around town, as it is to get opening night seats to *Charlot's Revue*. The other night, *Yellow Taxi* dividends leaped skyward, and all because the Colony was packed to the doors, the Elysée was turning them away, the Crillon could only offer us a nice little table out on the sidewalk, which, in view of the rain, was not as Parisian as it sounds, and, to be concise, the phrase "all dressed up and no place to go" smote me with its full significance. So, suddenly, for no reason, I be-thought me of Charley Towne and his addiction to a little Viennese restaurant in the Village. Being a girl who likes to have her meals regular-like, and being, by this time, nothing short of ravenous, we headed south.

Frau Greta's, recently moved to 5 Christopher Street, is, first and foremost, not a Village place. There are no minors dancing themselves into depravity, no half-based "artists" waving cigarette holders, and nothing of the tea room in its atmosphere. The clientele is composed principally of visiting Viennese, or of Americans who have lived on the Continent, and understand the funny red wallpaper, and the bright red and green lights, and the haphazard waiters, and do not find the presence of Viennese airs, in addition to jazz, ruinous to their evenings. The little three-piece orchestra is really excellent, and the food—from the Bismarck herring through the Schnitzel Holstein to the apfelstrudel—is grand, if you happen to like German cooking. One can dance here, too.

After the theatre, some of the guests, the proprietor, and the waiters may join in singing, and the orchestra

extends itself nobly. It is very informal, very quiet, and very Continental in the non-tourist sense of the world.

AS I have mentioned before, the evening I went there was rainy, and, by the time we decided that it was high time to move along and investigate *Chez Fysher*, torrents were descending. And, as somebody once said, it never rains but it pours. Along about Fifty-fourth Street, my escort's snappy little roadster sobbed gently and died in the middle of Park Avenue. Then there was a lot of rushing around in the rain to find a taxi, and more scurrying in search of a garage, and then, just as we started again towards the Century cellar, one of the taxi windows fell out and smashed sweetly on the pavement, and the deluge finished what was left of a perfectly good evening dress and a perfectly good crease in a pair of immaculate evening trousers. As you may well imagine, *Chez Fysher* looked like the warmest, gayest, most comfortable refuge ever invented, when we finally reached there.

The crowd there (and it is a crowd!) was having a little too good a time to be a really smart one, and was a little too quiet about its enjoyment to be really theatrical. And, without being flapper about it, the couples danced very well. The decorations are colorful and amusing, and the orchestra is good. But the best thing about the place is the show, which, as far as I can judge, is a genuine little import. It is just as well to know French, if possible, but lack of acquaintanceship with that fair language apparently did not interfere with anybody's enjoyment of it.

There was a very tiny little chanteuse, who sang perched up on a high table and later danced a tango; a savage young woman who glowered and sang songs of the Russias; a young ventriloquist who, by painting eyes, nose, and mouth on his clenched fist, and adding it to a dummy about two feet high, managed to create a hilarious little being who kept everybody as amused as if they were at the Palace; and Yvonne Georges, who is too wonderful to describe. Nilson Fysher himself officiates as master of ceremonies. Even the fact that my wet slippers squdged (that is the best word I can think of) every time I took a step, did not impair my enjoyment.

WITH the advent of two dancers, named—silence, please!—Filberto and Anita, direct from the Florida in Paris, Borgo has renamed his club the Florida, for reasons of his own. The dancers, who appear after the theatre, and whom I have not yet seen, are reputed to be good. At dinner time, the food is good, the clientele quite nice, and the dance music, fair enough. It is a charming place for a quiet dinner or supper dancing. And that is about all that you can say about it.

I DON'T like to have people say "He don't" or "like I am." But the breach of grammar that offends me the most at the present time is either one of two questions, which well-meaning people put to me to put me at my ease. The first is "How do you ever stand the strain of going out every night?" And the second is "Gosh, what a soft job you have, nothing to do but go out dancing!"

—LIPSTICK

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

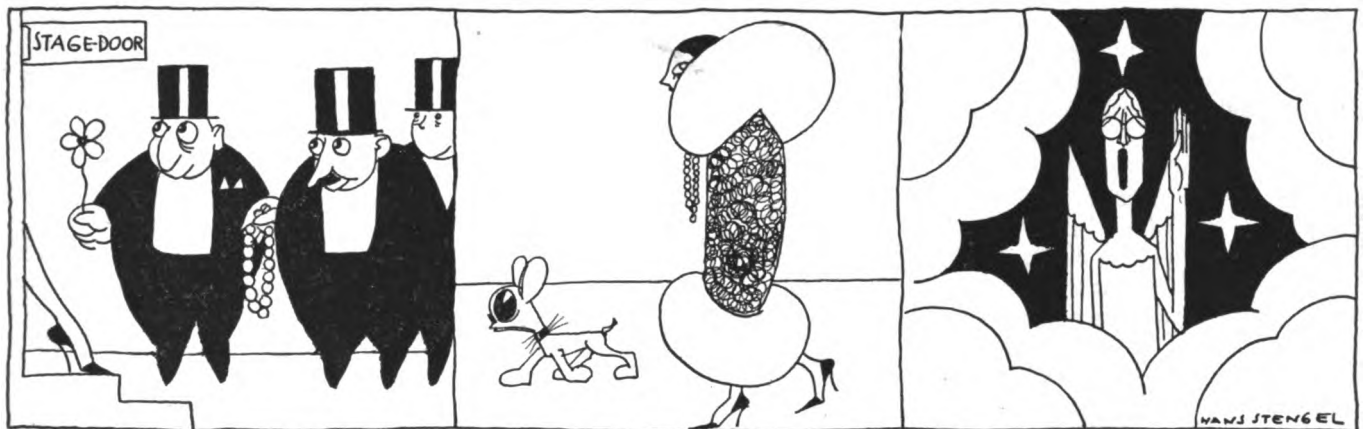
"Mother Disowns Stage Beauty."—Daily Newspaper.



READER, let this solemn ditty fill your heart with bitter rage. Harken to the tale of Kitty and her downfall on the stage.

To the City of Perdition, where the women dye their hair, Kitty went to seek admission to the Devil's noisy lair.

There the wily art traducer caters to the broker's whim, and the wicked play producer glorifies the lower limb.



From the realm of eggs and butter came a motley crew of swains, who into her ear would mutter of their ill-begotten gains.

Now, instead of gingham dresses sables hide her scarlet shame, sables, paid for with caresses, winnings in a hellish game.

Though a million men may smother her with praise amidst the glow of the spotlights,—but does MOTHER? From Beyond a voice calls: No.

—HANS STENGEL

THOSE RADIO TALKS

Pendry Smith, fifth vice-president—commercial manager of the New York Buttonhole Corporation (Nybutco), tells the truth over XYZ:

Good evening, everybody. It's my job as commercial manager of the New York Buttonhole Corporation, or in other words, as the man who gets the profits made by the merchandising staff of our company, to feed you this pap to-night.

This is the first real work I've done all day, but I'm not worrying. James just drove me up from a most excellent dinner, and, thanks to my wife's being away to a sanatorium for her health, I have a very interesting engagement after the theatre even if I am going on sixty.

At noon to-day I hadn't the slightest idea I should be talking to you this evening. Indeed, I awoke almost too late for my luncheon. At three o'clock my secretary telephoned, reminding me that I had a very important meeting with the Association for the Improvement of Eighth Avenue. It was only when I reached my office at four-thirty, that my stenographer brought it to my attention that I had arranged with the radio people to talk to you to-night in commemoration of Better Buttonhole Week.

Of course, I immediately told my publicity man he would have to write the story which I am now going to read you and which has already been sent to all of

the daily newspapers under my name.

Starts to read story but is murdered by publicity man who then kills himself.

—STARK CHILDE

Saving this city from the Reds strikes us as pleasant and easy work. No experience or intelligence is required, and the hours are simply swell.

There is a lively movement in Illinois to send Red Grange to Congress. No doubt the man should be suppressed, but we do not favor Capital punishment for one of such tender years.

SPORTS OF THE WEEK



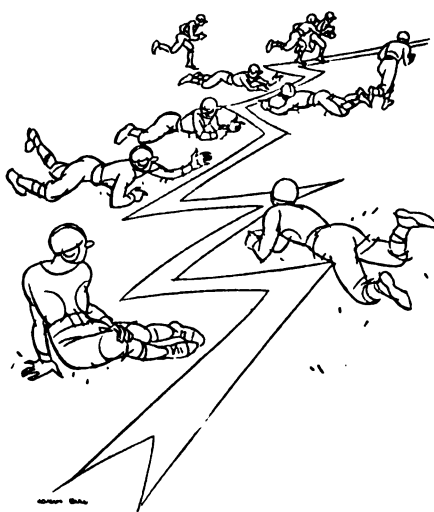
HATS off to Princeton, gentlemen! Hats off to that smart Tiger eleven which has done what no other team from Princeton has done since 1919—conquered Yale at New Haven. And, in addition, has for the first time in three years defeated both their great rivals in the same season. Whether any Princeton team ever defeated both Harvard and Yale by such decisive scores is hard to say; certainly not for thirty years. Sixty-one points to twelve for their opponents! No wonder the bells rang out in Old Nassau; no wonder the Orange and Black supporters were happy over their triumphs. Let those who will, claim championships, sixty-one points against Yale and Harvard can't be laughed off over night.

A neutral observer, I sat up in the wind-swept reaches of the Bowl the other day astonished to see the Princeton team playing with all the intensity, and determination, and fire they showed against Harvard the week before. Because many a good Princeton team has run riot against the Crimson only to have a let down the following Saturday. But there were no signs of a let down this year. Princeton seemed sure of itself. Especially after that first half.

For the Tiger, you remember, went into the lockers after the first half, leading twelve to six. A dangerous position. Quite a few Princeton teams have been in the same place, only to lose in the second half. And this year's Yale team was noted for its ability to come from behind. They were behind sixteen to nothing at the end of the first half against Pennsylvania, and came back to score thirteen points. They scored twenty points against the Army in the second half. They were behind ten to seven against Maryland, but they came through to win easily in the second half. Yes, Yale is a second half team, and there was every reason to

believe they would come from behind and run away from Princeton as they had done before. But strange to say, it was Princeton who did the running away. It was Princeton who outscored Yale in the last thirty minutes of play. They not only outscored Yale. They outsmarted, outplayed,

YALE TACKLERS MISSING MR. SLAGLE



outfought and outguessed Yale. In the last quarter they scored seven first downs and gained a hundred yards, with Prendergast well on his way to a fifth touchdown when the whistle blew.

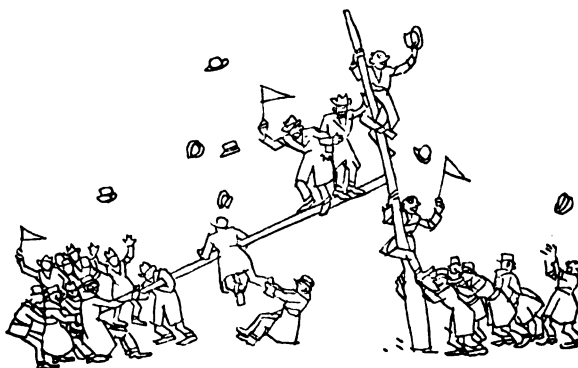
The really surprising thing was not the effectiveness of Slagle and the

other Tiger backs, but the way the Princeton line outplayed the Yale line. That they outplayed the Harvard line was not surprising, that they outplayed Yale's veteran line was astonishing. Most of all to the Yale line. The Bulldog seemed bewildered; dazed; great holes were opened up through which far less capable backs than Dignan, Slagle and Prendergast would have made gains of yards. McMillan was all over the field. The Princeton center flanked by two capable guards outplayed the Yale center three, all through the game, and the Princeton ends looked much better than the Yale ends. Princeton won the battle of the lines. And with that victory gained, the game itself was all Princeton's.

In fact the Tiger played with such admirable confidence that one felt all through the last half his victory to be only a question of minutes. And the Orange and Black cheering sections, sensing their first victory over Yale since 1923, began to taste blood. All through that last quarter you could hear the Tiger roar, a low murmur breaking out once or twice into the Yale undertaker song, a spontaneous tribute to what had been suffered in years gone by. Their black sweated cheer leaders below had not the slightest trouble in getting them to yell as Slagle and Prendergast smashed through that crumbling Yale line in the last few minutes of play.

It was growing late, dusk was settling over the field with the sun well behind the icy edge of the Bowl, and the Yale team fighting desperately to stop that last mad rush as the Princeton band left their seats and started to form on the sidelines in anticipation of the celebration to come. And then all at once the whistle, the falling apart of the two teams, Princeton's rush for the side, stopped by Captain McMillan who grabbed the ball from the referee and

THE END OF THE GOAL-POST



called his team back to cheer Yale. A minute later they were submerged in a sea of Princeton rooters. While the Yale eleven, a defeated and disappointed team, went slowly off through the tunnel to their quarters, after one of the biggest football upsets and one of the most interesting and exciting games of the season.

The game was over. But the fun—for Princeton—had only just begun. They swarmed down on the field, they assaulted it from all directions, they climbed up on the goal posts while the band adjured them in husky tones "Princeton's honor to defend."


It was delirious, it was exhilarating, and for them all the more delightful, because it was unexpected. One goal post came down with a snap. A minute later the other fell. It was getting darker now, and they poured out through the tunnel to the streets, band before them blaring out the news, goal posts in the air, cheering, singing, hoarse, happy, down the streets to the station.

Yes, you can safely say that Princeton's 1925 season has been a success.

This business of purloining the enemy goal posts seems to have called forth a great deal of comment. The first time I ever remember seeing this act of vandalism committed was in Cambridge in 1923, when Yale, after a long period of lean years scored a thirteen to nothing victory over Harvard. Under the circumstances you could hardly blame the exuberant supporters of the Blue. The goal posts fell, and a little later in the evening adorned the porch of that delightful little Yale Club on Derne Street in Boston. But one is forced to wonder just how far this sort of thing will go. For instance, if the Yale cheering sections get really excited this Saturday at Soldier's Field, they might take off those wooden stands at the open end of the Harvard Stadium and transport them back to New Haven for a bonfire. Or maybe a segment or two of the Stadium itself. But, of course, there is always the chance that Yale leaves the celebrating to Harvard. Only a chance, to be sure, but after all, Princeton was a one to two betting proposition at New Haven—

—JOHN R. TUNIS

The hunting season for the American aviators in Morocco is now closed and they have gone to Paris for the Winter. The sportsmen report a good bag, including a fine mess of women and children.



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WHY I LIKE NEW YORK

Because—on the subway the other day I was suddenly seized with hot and then with cold chills at the sight of the man sitting opposite me. For about fifteen minutes I continued my spasms while he finished his paper. When he left the train his eyes met mine, but with never a sign of recognition—the first man who ever kissed me.

Because—there is an elevator starter in town who really puts his heart in his work. He is in the Strauss Building, if you want to know, and he makes you feel that elevators were designed especially for your use. He is so pleasant, peppy (not fresh), and attentive that "that satisfied guest-of-the-management feeling" in my case lasts for some time.—J. G.

Because, in Central Park Zoo lives Sandy, the ringtail monkey, who once boarded for a week in our apartment, and went swimming with long black arms in our white porcelain tub and,

Because, in the Bronx Zoo, with patience and the proper cajoling of a friendly keeper, you can give the children a ride on the back of Mr. Beebe's Galapagos giant turtle.—E. B.

THE WORLD-SWALLOWERS

WE of this magnificent world are now in an age of intense factual illumination. Only the multiplicity of these facts, insuring their speedy forgetting, makes them tolerable.

We are illuminated by hundreds of 1,000 watt lamps—dazzling columns of newsprint, that arena of the dancing sporting digits, of celebrated trivialities, of immortalized asininities, of sublime inconsequentialities, of titanic trifles. We attend to the worship of the petty, the kneeling before the small detail, the genuflection before the three-letter-word of the hastening headline, the inspection of civilization's fingernails, and the consequent gratifying and effete spectacle of civilization cleaning said fingernails.

A completely vacuous fact is seized, thrust into the clacking nerves of the telegraphic typewriter, and eventually reproduced, palpitating upon a billion sheets of paper, to the end that everybody in the country may think exactly the same things at the same hours of the day, making allowances for the minor motions of the sun.

Science has us by the scruff of the neck. Minute events rush madly at us from the remotest ends of the earth. The meticulous microbe combing a louse from his forelock, bellows the news of his find, and lo, a hundred carloads of grapefruit are

*Every Woman can be beautiful
in her own home*

HOW to make your apartment or house the most perfect background for yourself is your problem.

Miss Deane in her ten talks to private people only—will give you the principles for selecting your wall finishes, curtains, furniture and table appointments—and show you how to arrange them.

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Consulting Decorator

507 Madison Avenue · New York

delayed upon breakfast plates, while a million pairs of eyes are focused upon the news.

Facts run, they skim, they fly, they rip, they flutter through the air, land, and water. They rush up and hang themselves under the eaves of our daily consciences like so many stupid bats, where they remain all the day overshadowing the business of living.

They cluster before our eyes. Like the unpaid reading clerks that we are, we frantically slap pages in the subway, turning, turning, reading, reading, driven by that terrible drillmaster, the high-speed rotary press.

We hurry to swallow each day, the world. We open wide our jaws, for this world is immense. We read, we read, we extend our jaws into a mighty yawn . . . and we are bored.—CREIGHTON B. PEET

AT THE MATINEE.

SHALL we go out this way and fall over four people, or out that way and fall over five?"

"My nurse wrote down such uninteresting things on the chart that I decided to jab it up for the doctor when she wasn't looking, so I recorded that we had played the Rhapsody in Blue on the phonograph at five, and told my fortune with cards at eight. When the doctor read it, I suppose he thought she was a case for Bellevue herself."

"Is this a play that was put on the censor's list? I certainly hope so."

"The house caught on fire, and they ran true to form about grabbing valueless things to save. She took a door-stop that cost five dollars, and he picked on a credit slip from Bloomingdale's for a dishpan they'd sent back."

"Did you read where Gloria Gould said that her motive for managing a theatre was not the capitalization of her name? Well, her name at present happens to be Bishop."

"I feel all the time that there's something in my eye, and the doctor-oculist insists that there isn't. Which makes it a little poor for me, doesn't it?"—B. L.

OUR CAPTIOUS READERS

Enid, Okla.

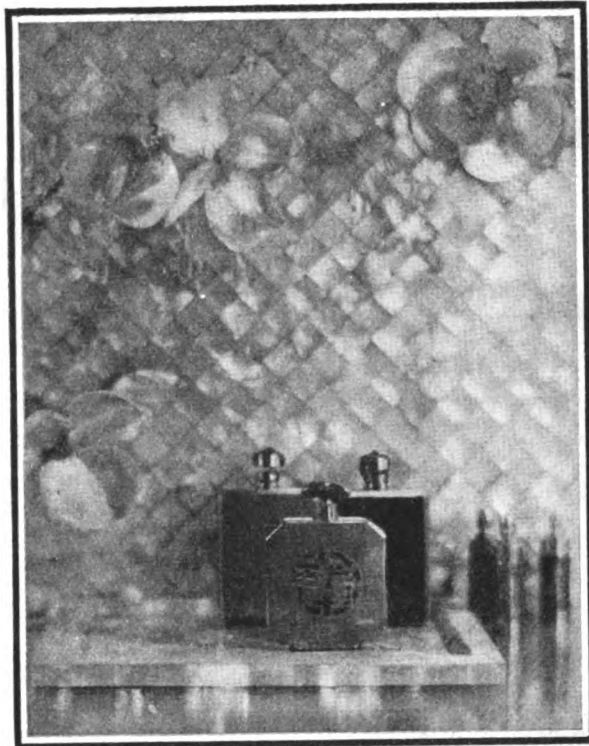
Dear Editor:

To get the most enjoyment out of a NEW YORKER, buy it at the Union Station, Kansas City and read it on a Rock Island train crossing Kansas. It sounds almost good out here.

Very Sincerely,

J. ERDMAN

The Gould estate seems to have been administered by the subtraction trust.



Photographed in Paris by BARON DEMEYER

Blend Babani Perfumes to increase your charm

BLEND TWO OR MORE BABANI PERFUMES to create a perfume entirely your own. Blend *Afghani* with *Ligéia*. Blend *Chypre* and *Sousouki*. Blend *Ambre de Delhi* with *Ligéia*, varying the proportions to make a personal formula. BABANI PERFUMES are imported by Elizabeth Arden in just the bottles and boxes in which they are sealed in Paris.

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De Luxe After Show Program ANNA CHANDLER AND OTHER BROADWAY STARS

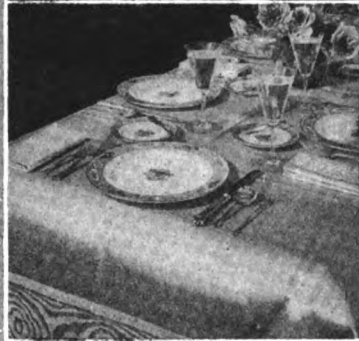
PERFECT JOY FOR EACH DAY

FAMOUS JANSSEN CUISINE

LUNCHEON / DINNER / AFTER SHOW

DANCING

Commander's Orchestra



ENTERTAINING AT HOME

The use of good linens adds charm to the quiet dinner, the intimate luncheon. "Moiré Couleur," the new colored table damask, reflects cheerfulness and hospitality. Sets, tablecloths and twelve napkins, in soft tones of blue, rose, orchid and gold from \$36 to \$70.

MOSSE
INCORPORATED
730 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.
AT FIFTY SEVENTH STREET



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

JUST to show that I am a representative of one of those advanced papers that can tell you months ahead just exactly what is going to be THE thing to do, I am hereby predicting that quite a few people will undoubtedly go to Florida this Winter. You know, Florida, just below Georgia and the Carolinas. Look it up in your geography, or go out and look at the billboards along Forty-second Street and environs.

A great many people seem to think that this American Riviera, where it is June all the year round, is located in the Equator, and are buying nothing but the very thinnest Summer clothes to take with them. June, however, can have some rather chilly days, and Florida, not to be outdone by anybody, can do the same.

For evening, chiffon evening dresses are best, since metal cloth tarnishes very quickly near the seashore. For wraps, the velvet, lamé, and white fur coats worn in New York will not be amiss, since Florida nights are almost always very cool. The brocaded lamé Callot shawl will undoubtedly be everywhere, but if you want variety, Bonwit Teller's is carrying some shawls of chiffon, with raised velvet designs in colors to harmonize, that are rather nice. Nevertheless, I must emphasize the fact that no shawl will be warm enough to wear if you are motoring through the country on the way to your dance.

In the daytime, much is being made of French, handmade, two-piece sports dresses of crêpe de Chine from Best's; or the Boivin sports frocks on sale at Franklin Simon's; or pleated crêpe de Chine skirts with very light wool jumpers to match. The colors are, of course, white, and clear, soft colors such as coral. It is well to have a leather windbreaker in the color you decide to concentrate on for sports wear. The shops are also selling large quantities of knitted wool coats, which I never liked very much, and very good looking coats of homespun lined with flannel to contrast or to match, with fur collars, preferably of badger, for general daytime wear. These come in every possible color.

THE very latest and most luxurious wrinkle in—hush!—bedroom equipment is the hand hemstitched, colored crêpe de Chine sheets that are now on sale at some decorators; and at high class de-

partment stores, such as Bonwit Teller's, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Altman's. France, land of the *Vie Parisienne*, and naughty bedroom farces, has been familiar with these for years, but they have only been available in this country since last Spring. As Christmas approaches, sales, rather surprising in view of the price (\$85 for two sheets and two pillowcases), have been reported, the principal purchasers being very rich women in search of trousseau gifts and decorators eager to complete the color scheme of a room. From the range of thirty colors and black, the rose shades, which are very flattering, and yellowish tinges, in harmony with the coloring of the smartest bedrooms at present are being favored. Who actually sleeps in these sheets is still something of a mystery, but I should think that it would only be a very exotic type of woman who would buy them for herself.

IF there is anything in worse taste than most of the bejewelled heels for evening slippers that even the best shoe shops are showing, I have yet to see them. J. J. Slater for one, recently had a window full of them—of inlaid mother-of-pearl, of rhinestone with imitation enamel designs in color, and of mosaic. If any kind of jewelled heels are justifiable at all, and they might be with a dress in which the glittering rhinestone motif is predominant, the perfectly plain rhinestone heels are the limit of taste, to my mind.

And speaking of evening slippers, Shoecraft is showing some very smart sandals of silver kid with embossed designs on the toes and a very high French heel. Also, a rather eccentric version of the Deauville sandal, of strips of gold and silver kid interwoven, with a heel of plain silver kid and straps over the instep.

Gift Don'ts

DON'T give women— Powder puffs at the end of long sticks; fancy shoe-trees, clothes hangers, or lingerie clasps; cheap perfume, powder, or bath-salts, unless you know they like some particular brand; perfumed cigarettes; boudoir caps, or any kind of evening headgear; garters with powder puff pockets attached; ostrich feather fans, unless you know they want one; cotton top stockings (in fact, anything, except sheer, all-silk, or imported lisle

stockings); cotton lingerie unless it is of imported French batiste; novelty jewelry, unless it is the very latest thing out (this does NOT mean slave bracelets); pink or blue enamelled lockets or toilet articles; artificial flowers; colored silk handkerchiefs; handkerchief cases made of ribbon; ribbon evening bags; colored writing paper; apparatus to hide or ornament telephones; cheap manicure sets; pin cushions; or cigarette holders of painted wood.

DON'T give men—

Initialed silver belt buckles; loud striped neckties; scarfs or ties covered with elephants or Irish terriers; socks; signet rings; colored silk handkerchiefs; ash trays or smoking stands; cigarette or cigar holders; books of after-dinner jokes, or toasts to sweethearts and wives; novelty cigarette cases; silk shirts; trick appliances to carry in pockets, such as key rings, knives containing corkscrews, nail files, etc.; any camp or sport equipment; or monogrammed matches.

In fact, the main thing to remember is not to give anything cheap. For small remembrances to casual acquaintances, in particular, get the best thing of its kind. It is better to get one good cigar than a box of bad ones. It is better to get one exquisite linen handkerchief than a dozen silk ones bordered with imitation lace. Also, unless a practical joke is intended, it is wisest never to give novelties.—L. L.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I HAVE an announcement to make that I am sure will be of wide interest.


I have just been making over an old automobile that has been in the family since 1916. It is one of those immense seven-passenger cars weighing several tons and built much after the pattern of a freight car. The front seats have been removed and the steering and control mechanisms have been changed so that the machine can be operated from the rear seat. All glass has been removed and a heavy steel top capable of supporting the overturned car has been added. The front is filled (where the seats were taken out) with a number of layers of mattresses and all hard projections have been heavily padded. The wheels have been fitted with solid tires and the running gear has been very much reinforced.

This car will start shortly on a tour of the United States and all the time it is on the road it will give half of the road, and no more, to all approaching motors. There are vacancies for two passengers who can be accommodated at reasonable rates and I wish to get in touch with anyone interested. The tour will be of an educational nature.—R. R. O.

LEWIS

9 EAST 49TH STREET

A New Smart Shop



PRESENTING
AN INTRODUCTORY SHOWING
of
WRAPS, GOWNS, FROCKS
and ACCESSORIES

*that proclaim
individual "tone" and individual "taste"
at prices consistently moderate*

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THE NEW YORKER, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER.

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GOOD! So good, we think, that you will need no knowledge of the craftsmanship of shoe making or the fineness of leathers or the intricacy of design to appreciate its distinction

A Scotch Brogue that has fulness without bulk and sturdiness without excessive weight. *By Mail if you like*

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Also a new shop at 26 East 42 Street, New York City
[between 5th and Madison] Open all night

F. RAY COMSTOCK and MORRIS GEST
HAVE THE GREAT HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko

(The Synthetic Theatre)

Engagement Limited to Seven Weeks in New York, Beginning with a

GALA PREMIERE

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14

at *Jolson's 59th St. Theatre* by courtesy of Messrs. Shubert who have kindly consented to move "The Student Prince" to another theatre.

In a Repertory including:

"CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER," a wholly new version of the Bizet-Mérimée "Carmen"; Lecocq's "THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT"; Aristophanes' "LYSISTRATA"; Offenbach's "LA PERICHOLE" and a Pushkin Bill, "LOVE AND DEATH," featuring Rachmaninoff's "ALEKO."

Write to Morris Gest, Princess Theatre, N. Y. for Prospectus

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MAIL ORDERS NOW TO MORRIS GEST, PRINCESS THEATRE, NEW YORK

LYRICS

FROM THE
PEKINESE



"A Bishop has ventured to say,
In his zeal to disparage
The bride for omitting "obey"
From her promise in marriage,
That Woman may rule when the head
Of the herd is a female.
Then Man, one might argue instead,
Shall be boss when a he-male
Is queen of the murmurous bees,"
Said the small Pekinese.

"I'd sooner jump over the cliff
Than appear at a dog-show
Where people philander as if
It were merely a tog-show.
They gawk at the costumes, the hats
And the furs of their betters
Instead of bestowing their pats
On the bull-pups, the setters,
The Poms and the silky Maltese,"
Said the small Pekinese.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR
BRIDGE SCORES

HAVE you ever lost contract, game, double, rubber, temper and \$5.75 through your partner's failure to take the only chance which could obviously have won? Sure. You must have.

In that case, you can do no better than read to your partner this article when he or she regains consciousness, sits up and begins to ask, "Where am I? What hit me?" Stuff the score pad in his or her mouth; say, "Listen, you!" and proceed as follows:

"An interesting hand played the other day at the What's Trumps Club found A with thirteen spades, Y with thirteen hearts, B with thirteen clubs and Z with thirteen diamonds. Z's opening bid of one no trump held, and he won A's blind lead of the spade Q with the K. The declarer, by leaning over a bit, could then see three diamonds, one heart and two or more spade tricks, if his finesse worked.

"B returned his fourth highest to show length and strength and a possibility of future ruffing, but Z held too many diamonds to possess a reentry in clubs. Therefore, he could not see game unless he kept score and his opponents from shifting to a suit which would ruin his chances by disclosing his partner's false-carding.

"Accordingly his return lead of the heart nine drew dummy's four, the seven of his opponent's and the declarer's deuce, which made it apparent that they were strong in two suits and that his ace could do no harm.

"Since it was then quite useless to lead spades or clubs and expect his partner to

trump high, a lead of A's A, drew Y's Q. B's K, and Z's J also fell, leaving an unguarded eight, a bare six and a lone five to drop on a good nine, and thus make game. ABCDEFG, 1234567, thirty days hath September."

You stop for breath and regard your partner.

"Did you get that?" you demand. He or she nods weakly.

"Well, then how were honors in the last hand we played?" you ask. "I had all except the ten."

"I held that!" your partner should then cry out.

"Good work!" you commend. "You'll make a bridge player yet!"

—FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THE DIAL

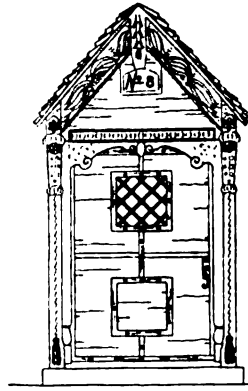
THE Dial System's here
 And I'm hopelessly at sea,
 'Cause I'm not so good at spelling
 And I'm clumsy as can be.
 I used to sit with feet curled up
 And 'phone for hours and hours
 To all the young Lotharios
 Who loved to send me flowers.
 While from my ruby lips there'd hang
 A butt, rose-tipped from Jim,
 And o'er the wire I'd babble
 Such sweet silly things to him.
 And Henry, Al, and Jack, and Tom
 Were driven wild and dizzy
 By Central's intermittent buzz,
 Which means the line is busy.

Those were the days when Life was sweet,
 And telephones a joy,
 But now, My God, I hate to think
 Of calling up a boy.
 I'm sure I get it right, and then . . .
 I hear the old refrain,
 "You've reached the special operator,
 Will you make the call again?"
 O Special Operator,
 You've robbed me of my beaux;
 But what mistakes I make
 To get you, Heaven only knows.
 The Dial has put me on the shelf,
 Disconsolate, alone,
 And all night long I lie and curse
 That — telephone.

I'm out, I'm done, I'm dished, I'm
 through,
 I can no longer smile;
 And on my tomb
 You'll find engraved:
 "Poor wretch, she died of Dial."
 —ARCHIBALD SAVORY

THE NEW YORK GIRL

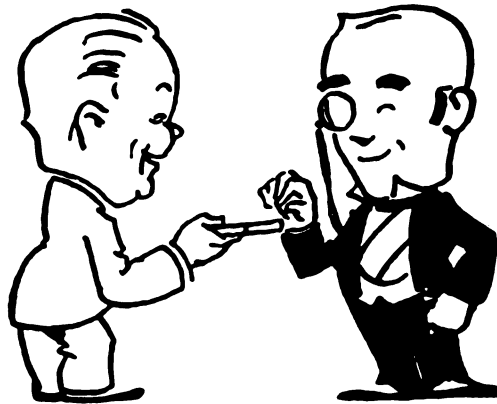
She drives a shiny Mercedes
 And paralyzes traffic;
 Escapes arrest with cursed ease
 And smiles a smile seraphic.



The Doorway to Perfect Clothing

JUST off the avenue on East 45th Street, is a tailoring establishment designed to meet the needs of the man about town whose pre-requisite in dress is a careful smartness. The tailors employed by this shop are kept aware not only of the outstanding current trends of gentlemen's fashions, but also of the minor distinctions which make one conscious of having *attempted* to dress well if they are *lacking*, and of being *actually* well dressed if they are *present*. The fabrics used are among the finest English importations available to the American market today.

Charles Geib
 8 East 45th Street



Waterman's  Fountain Pen

Recipe for securing the autographs of
 "Literary Lions."

HAND THEM A WATERMAN'S

Aine Montaillé

THE OLDEST HOUSE ON
THE PLACE VENDÔME

DRESSES
COATS
MILLINERY
LINGERIE
KNITTED
GOODS

Every season her
most elegant mod-
els are presented
to the American
clientèle by her
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MADAME CUSSON
500 Fifth Avenue 500

1 PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS

WITH a Paris gown
by Vionnet, Lan-
vin, Worth or Lelong
go to Régine for those
world-famous corsets
and brassières which
confer the grace of line
and comfort so sought
after by the great cou-
turiers.

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ANCIEN RABEAU

CORSETS
BRASSIÈRES
CEINTURES ÉLASTIQUES
LINGERIE FINE

11 RUE DE MIROMESNIL
PARIS
(Faubourg St Honoré)

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOVEMBER 6—

PRECISELY at the moment when black is being worn again, Josephine Baker's Colored Review has arrived at the Champs Elysées Theater and the result has been unanimous. Paris has never drawn a color line. It likes blondes, brunettes, or Bakers, more now than ever. The première looked like one of the Count de Baumont's exclusive private parties, and began the smart theatrical season. Covarrubias did the sets, pink drops with cornucopias of hams and watermelons, and the Civil War did the rest, aided by Miss Baker. The music is tuneless and stunningly orchestrated, and the end of the show is dull, but never Miss Baker's part. It was even less dull the first night when she did what used to be, what indeed still should be called, a stomach dance (later deleted).

The Autumn Salon has opened, but until the steam heat is put on, it is hard to say who shows the most talent. The best canvas show of the moment is at the Grand Magasin de Blanc. First Floor, Ladies' White Things; Second, Coats and Misses' Ready-to-Wear; and Third Floor, Selected Works of the ex-custom's official, Henri Rousseau. He who laughs last, laughs longest, and it is a pity he is dead. In the Nineties, he couldn't give his pictures away, not even to the janitress for a Christmas present. Once he sold one and made a large note of it in his laundry list book: "Sold to Madame X, a Beautiful Mexican Landscape with Monkeys in it, price one hundred francs". He had never been to Mexico, of course, but had seen monkeys in the city zoo. The museum at Prague paid 140,000 francs for one of his canvases last year. For a long time the French took him for a fool, but the German art critics took him for a good investment. Most of his canvases are now in Berlin, which may have made the French obstinate about getting out of the Ruhr. Canvases are worth even more than coal these days.

AS a literary note, it must be commented that the anniversary of Anatole France's death passed absolutely ignored. In his coffin a year ago, his funeral furnished one of the biggest, most pretentious spectacles Paris has ever seen, the public capers of Louis XIV notwithstanding. Victor Hugo's famous cortege was a family affair beside the thousands that followed France. But in his grave a twelvemonth, he failed to get a line in most of the daily papers. His books even failed to sell better on that day than any other in the year. The truth is, he is infinitely more popular in the States than in his own land. In choosing his *nom de*

plume, he erred pathetically: he should have called himself Anatole America instead of Anatole France.

Now that the Summer egress is over, the Winter egress has begun. Djuna Barnes the well known author, and the Queen of Spain the well known English mother, have both left town after a short stay; one to finish a novel in Majorca, and the other to visit old family friends, the King and Queen of England, in London. Charles Brackett, the famous *Satevepost* writer, and Bernard Baruch, the famous check writer, have also sailed for the Battery. (That was the day the franc started dropping.)

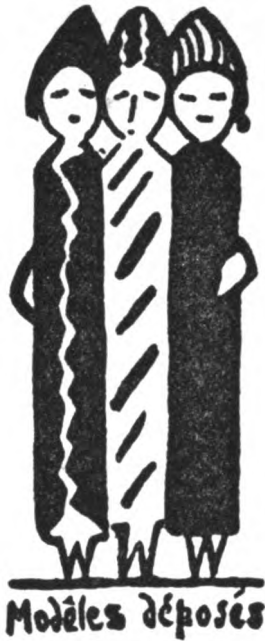
AS for clothes, the most important item is that backs are to be seen at night again. This time as usual, the full spine is to show. However, it is to be draped for those that can afford it, since pearls, it seems, are to be worn in the rear not in the front where most of us are used to getting our view of them. And the style this time, for women instead of for men, tends to become more and more feminine. Smart androgynous simplicity is out. Old-fashioned female luxury has come roaring in. Evening dresses must come from the mint: cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or cloth of copper, at least, or lead, or pewter maybe, and highly colored. Except when they are black, which is confusing. Shoes should match. Also stockings, by day. This rule is very stern. Stockings must match the topcoat exactly, and no nonsense about being a shade lighter or darker. Hats the same thing. There seems to be no freedom left.

And not much money either. Paris will go on being gay, at least for the foreigners, for another thousand years if there are any foreigners left by that time. Most of them seem to be coming to Paris to live forever. It will be always gay for them, but for the Parisians, not so funny. What Berlin suffered from, immediately after losing the war, Paris is starting to ache from now, seven years after she won it. Higher prices. Cheap, cheaper money. Leases have been abolished. The Socialists recently did this. It's the last straw. The lid is off. Flats that rented for 20,000 francs last year, cost 40,000 or out you go. Well, many are going out.

—GENET

THE NEW YORK GIRL

Her married life has piquancy,
And one of its chief sources
Lies in the facile frequency
With which she gets divorces.



17, rue Vignon
PARIS -

THE woman of taste wants to be fashionable, but does not want to dress like everyone. Myrbor knows how to interpret all the various silhouettes and bring out the personality of each one.

MYRBOR



THE FUTURE OF VODVIL

by
The Optimist

1926—Comedian doesn't say "Thanks, married men," when applause follows slap at marriage. Sophie Tucker loses voice. Employee sweeps stage between acts without audience applauding sarcastically.

1927—"Twelve Pound Look" refused billing owing to slump in exchange. Wooden ball breaks trained seal's nose. Bald comedian doesn't pretend to be throwing hair out of eyes.

1928—Dancing act not billed as Terpsichorean Novelty. Comedian doesn't say "Take one for me" to man leaving in middle of act. Monologist does entire turn without referring to Brooklyn as foreign country.

1929—Singer says "roses" instead of "roe-suzz". Magician goes through entire act without changing red sand into green. Joe Jackson sprains ankle in fall from bicycle.

1930—Soprano takes high note with voice instead of eyebrows. Vodvil artists join Federation of Labor. French maid in sketch doesn't chuck millionaire employer under chin and say "Oo-la-la!"

1931—Federation of Labor agitating for one performance a day for variety artists. Newspaper refuses article telling how great actors have risen from vodvil. S. P. C. A. stops animal acts.

1932—Vodvil magnates bow to Federation of Labor demand for one performance a day. Piano comedian goes through act without pretending to slap gum on bottom of instrument. Piano comedian goes through act without playing last note with foot.

1933—Piano comedian goes through act without giving imitation of girl just learning. Rough character in sketch doesn't slap dignified hostess on back. Blackface comedian makes no reference to razors or dice.

1934—Federation of Labor demands that time of vodvil act be cut from twenty to ten minutes. Irene Franklin sings new song. "Ma" Henderson's well known lodging house for vodvil artists burns to ground and will not be rebuilt.

1935—Vodvil magnates forced to yield to Federation demand to cut time of each act to ten minutes. Female impersonator doesn't appear at end of act with big cigar in mouth. Magician soundly beaten by man in audience from whose pocket he pulled a stocking.

1936—Federation demands one hundred per cent increase in salaries of vodvil actors. Tough character makes no reference to brick as his birth stone. English comedian sings song in which words "Let him pawss—silly awss" do not appear.

1937—Vodvil magnates refuse latest demand of Federation. Acrobat, after failing, doesn't say comically: "It's a good

The Water Tower

Special to the Water Tower.—Our Florida correspondent wires as follows:—

SHARP ADVANCE IN PRICES STOP WHOLESALE UP FROM THIRTY FIVE TO FORTY EIGHT PER CASE STOP RETAIL UP FROM FIFTY TO SEVENTY FIVE STOP BIG AQUAZONE DRIVE STARTS EARLY DECEMBER.

✱ ✱ ✱

This begins to bring Florida prices in line with New York's and should help check the alarming flow of population to the south.

✱ ✱ ✱

Who said the pigskin was obscuring the sheepskin? Who suggested that intellectual activity in our colleges was being stifled? The "Twinkle twinkle little bar" competition announced in this column some time ago was won by Charles Rogers of Princeton who thus takes his place in the Nassau hall of fame along with Jake Slagle and Joe Prendergast.

✱ ✱ ✱

The new Club Richman on 56th Street, decorated in the best Spanish Mission manner is our idea of a real club and Harry Richman our idea of an ideal missionary. For besides genuine food, music and gaiety, there is plenty of that sparkling water that cheers but not, by itself, inebriates. Guess what?

✱ ✱ ✱

INDIGNANT READER

Dear Sir,

Though I do not wish to encourage you folks who print advertisements to look like bona fide editorial matter, I do wish that you would, at least, tell the whole truth about this AQUAZONE of yours. You are always referring to it as a good mixer. But what about it as a health drink? You know very well that its super-charge of Oxygen and its minerals are very invigorating and a great aid to digestion and general bon santé. Are you afraid to say so? I dare you to print this letter.

"Constant Drinker."

✱ ✱ ✱

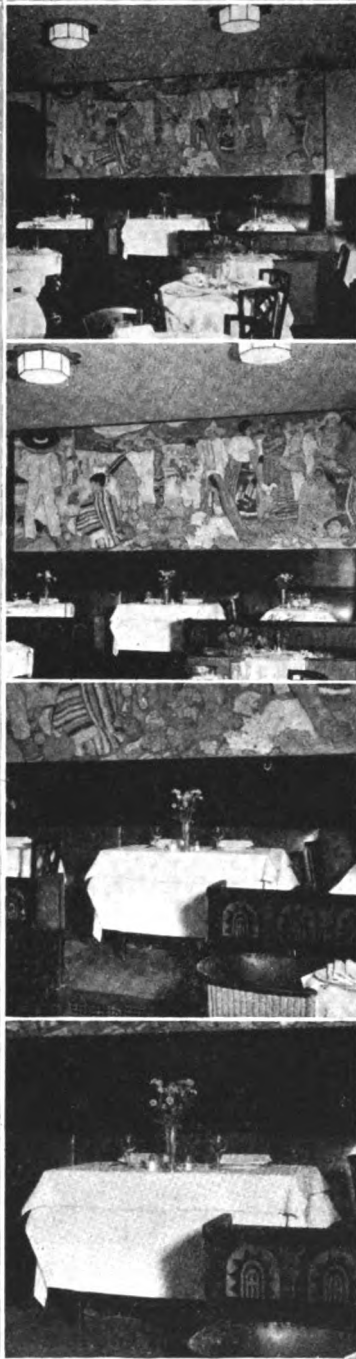
The original of the above letter cannot, for obvious reasons, be seen in our files.

✱ ✱ ✱

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Thanksgiving party. Order the drinks today. Supplies are certain to decline and prices to advance toward the end of the week. AQUAZONE prices will remain steady however at all good drug and grocery stores, clubs and restaurants, or

Advertisement

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trick, if you do it." Juggler seriously hurt by falling plate.

1938—Federation calls strike of vodvil artists. Magnates announce they will never yield. Artists say they won't either. All vodvil theatres closed.

—JOSEPH FISHMAN

BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!

THEY told me Vlaminc was the most passionate of modern painters and the most emotional of all colorists; and I went to see his pictures.

They warned me not merely to look at his stuff, but to listen for the overtones. I didn't need their help, for I learned long ago that pictures are not to be looked at. They should be inhaled, or squirted into the arm through a syringe.

At Reinhardt's I stood keening before a dark chewing-gum colored painting of a village street. I drew a deep breath, with my eyes on the ceiling. Then I blinked and dropped them to the picture, taking my conscious self by surprise.

I saw dirty paint, badly laid on with a spoon, or an old sock, or both.

I took a subway express to the Bronx, ran down Third Avenue, across Ninety-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, down Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, into Reinhardt's, amid cheers, charged up to the Vlaminc and looked it straight in the face.

It looked like a picture from the Paris Art Store, painted on oval glass with a sponge, only worse.

I repeated the performance, coming in from Flatbush this time, and spinning round and round as I neared the picture, to make my conscious sick, and give the sub-conscious a chance.

It looked like a painted sign outside a Harlem fish store.

I placed my nose on the glass, squinting at the tip and letting my jaw hang.

It looked like palette scrapings on a greasy day in November.

I took a firm grip on an art sofa with my teeth, protruded my lip, and looked at the picture over the edge of my catalog.

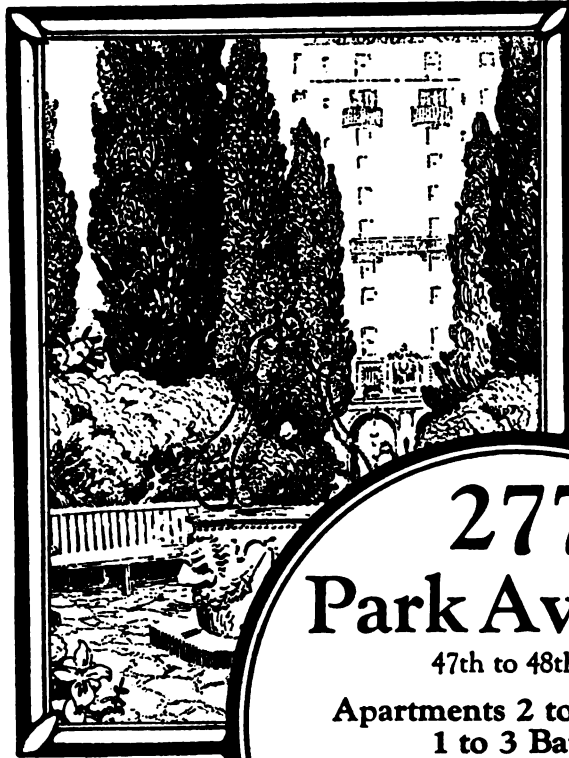
It looked rotten.

To-morrow I am going in with a policeman. Then I shall say, "This is a terrible picture. It has practically no purpose, and what it has is badly applied to the canvas. I think the old ladies who speak tremulously of its beauty are kidding themselves, and the young men who sigh before it are pulling the bunk. It isn't good painting, and it really isn't anything."

Then, blushing furiously, I shall stalk out into the sun, and publicly renounce my claim to open-mindedness.

Hereafter the painter has to do the work. I won't do it for him.

—ERNEST F. HUBBARD



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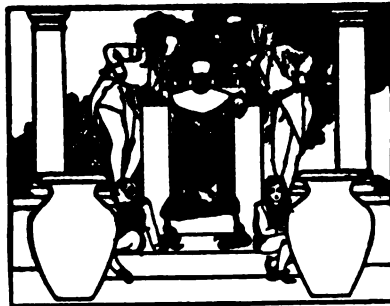
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to Friday, November 27, inclusive.)

THE THEATRE

CRAIG'S WIFE—A superbly written play, by George Kelly, about the wife who prized herself and her own security above everything else. A perfect performance by Chrystal Herne. MOROSCO, 45, W. of B'way.

ACCUSED—A dullish play, by Brioux, with the distinguished E. H. Sothern in the leading rôle. Produced by Mr. Belasco. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.

THE GREEN HAT—Michael Arlen's own dramatization of his novel, with a successful transference to the stage of all the book's glamour and romance. Katharine Cornell is Iris March. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

HAMLET—Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore. HAMPDEN'S B'way at 64.

A MAN'S MAN—An honest and moving drama of the shabby life of some of the shabby freemen who live along the L. FIFTY-SECOND STREET, 52, W. of 8 Ave.

THE VORTEX—Noel Coward's play of the English, they do things so much better over there. These are decadent. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.

YOUNG WOODLEY—A fine and sensitive play about the problems of the young adolescent. Glenn Hunter contributes a superb performance. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.

HAMLET—The much-advertised production in modern dress. Reviewed in this issue. BOOTH, 45, W. of B'way.

AMERICAN BORN—George M. Cohan, in his own comedy of no importance. HUDSON, 44, E. of B'way.

ARMS AND THE MAN—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in Shaw's "Common Sense About the War". FORTY-NINTH, 49, W. of B'way.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—A merry, merry play about life among the producers, with Gregory Kelly as an innocent from Chilicothe. LONGACRE, 49, W. of B'way.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN—Maxwell Anderson's picaresque play—based on a book by Jim Tully—about the knights of the iron horse. THIRTY-NINTH STREET, 39, E. of B'way.

THE GORILLA—A mad and entertaining burlesque of the mystery play. NATIONAL, 41 W. of B'way.

IS ZAT SO?—A robust comedy in American, about prize fighters and other gentle-folk. CHANIN'S FORTY-SIXTH, 46, W. of B'way.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE—Michael Arlen has here written a brilliant, sophisticated play full of bright lines, merry situations, Cyril Maude and Edna Best. GAIETY, B'way and 46.

ROSE-MARIE—The Greatest Mother of Them All. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

THE CITY CHAP—A bright musical comedy, with Richard (Skeet) Gallagher, based on yesteryear's "Fortune Hunter". LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way.

MERRY MERRY—One of the intimate musical plays, not unlike the Princess Theatre offerings for which there is still precious sighing. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

NO, NO, NANETTE—The score with the song about Hoosiz who can't be happy unless Whatsisname is happy too. GLOBE, B'way at 46.

GARRICK GAETIES—A speedy and sparkling revuelet, put on by the young people of the Theatre Guild. GARRICK, 35, E. of 6 Ave.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A lavish musical play, based on "Old Heidelberg". JOLSON'S, 7 Ave., at 59.

SUNNY—Mr. Dillingham's greatest musical comedy production, with practically all the principals in the world. NEW AMSTERDAM, 42, W. of B'way.

THE VAGABOND KING—Splendid music and the best plot of all the operettas, (it's the "If I Were King" that was.) CASINO, B'way at 39.

ARTISTS AND MODELS—The best revue ever produced by the Shubert's, but give the Gertrude Hoffman girls some credit too. And Phil Baker. WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50.

LOUIE THE 14TH—A lavish production by the lavish Mr. Ziegfeld, with Leon Errol for the main comedy. COSMOPOLITAN, B'way at 59.

PRINCESS FLAVIA—Another one with real music and a real plot. (It was once "The Prisoner of Zenda".) Harry Welchman, of London, is the splendid leading man. CENTURY, 62 and Cent. Pk. W.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

ANDROCLES AND THE LION and **THE MAN OF DESTINY**—A double bill of Shaw's plays, presented by the Theatre Guild. Klaw, 45, W. of B'way. Mon., Nov. 23.

AFTER THE THEATRE

AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park Ave.—Ideal for quiet supper and dancing. Evelyn Grieg and Hancis De Medem dance.

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3—A dash of Park Avenue and a seasoning of rowdiness. Midnight entertainment.

CHEZ FYSHER, Century Theatre Cellar—Reviewed on page 22 of this issue.

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Maurice and Bennett entertaining the largest gathering of the rich and near-rich to be located after eleven.

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Moss and Fontana still attracting a quietly smart, and not overcrowded clientele.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50—No rivals ever seem seriously to impair the very nice clientele that Charlie Journal has gathered around him. No entertainment.

FRAU GRETA'S, 5 Christopher Street—Reviewed in this issue.

KATINKA, 109 W. 49—The gayest of the Russian after-theatre places. Spasmodic entertainment of the Chauve-Souris type.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG PARADE—As written by Laurence Stallings for the pictures. At the ASTOR.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—Reviewed in this issue. At the CAPITOL, Fri., Sat., Nov. 20, 21.

THE FRESHMAN—"I'm going to college and make good, Dad," said Harold Lloyd. And he did. Still at the Colony.

GO WEST—The pessimistic Buster Keaton roves the ranges seeking companionship. Consistently laughable. At LORW'S PALACE, Broadway, and Burnside Theatres, Thurs. to Sat., Nov. 26 to 28.

THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Royalty makes romantic love here and there, but pays and pays. With Adolphe Menjou, suave Ditrichstein of the movies. At LORW'S

ABOUT TOWN

CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

PALACE, BROADWAY, and BURNSIDE THEATRES, Mon. to Wed., Nov. 23 to 25.
 STELLA DALLAS—Henry King's newest production. At the APOLLO.

MUSIC

RECITALS—OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., Nov. 21. "Gabby's" twenty-fifth anniversary concert, at popular prices.
 BACHAUS, AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. Aft., Nov. 21. A great pianist introducing unusual works by Godowsky and Ignaz Friedman.
 BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION, TOWN HALL, Mon. Eve., Nov. 23. Many stars making light work.
 DAISY KENNEDY, TOWN HALL, Tues. Aft., Nov. 24. An unusually gifted violinist in a program for the intelligent.
 NEW YORK STRING QUARTET, AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. Eve., Nov. 24. Bright chamber music by a fine ensemble.
 ERNEST HUTCHESON, CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Nov. 24. Only chance this season to hear one of the most interesting of pianists.
 PADEREWSKI, CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Aft., Nov. 25. Write your own caption.
 LETZ QUARTET, AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 26. Good chamber music to finish Thanksgiving Day.
 WITH THE ORCHESTRAS—PHILHARMONIC, Mengelberg conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Aft., Nov. 20, Wed. Eve., Nov. 25, Fri. Aft., Nov. 27.
 NEW YORK SYMPHONY, Damrosch conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Nov. 20.
 BOSTON SYMPHONY, Koussevitsky conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 26.
 FRIENDS OF MUSIC, Bodanzky conducting. TOWN HALL, Sun. Aft., Nov. 22.
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VLAMINCK & UTRILLO—REINHARDT GALLERIES, 730 5th Ave. Comprehensive and exciting show of two of the most popular Frenchmen now painting.

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GEORGE LUKS—FRANK K-M. REHN GALLERY, 693 5th. One of our good painters behaving himself on a holiday in the coal regions.

GUSTAVE LOISEAU—DURAND-RUEL GALLERIES, 12 E. 57. Pretty bits of impressionism with one or two high lights.

OWEN MERTON—DANIEL GALLERIES, 600 Mad. Ave. Fairly interesting sketches in water color.

ROBERT HALLOWELL—MONTROSS, 26 E. 56. More water colors, all according to rule and compass.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—Sat., Nov. 21 at 2:00 p.m. YALE vs. HARVARD, at Cambridge.

FORDHAM vs. GEORGETOWN, at Polo Grounds. (6 Avenue Elevated to 155 St.)

COLUMBIA vs. ALFRED, at Baker Field. (Van Cortlandt Park Express to 215 St.)

Thanksgiving Day; Thurs., Nov. 26th at 2:00 p.m.

SYRACUSE vs. COLUMBIA, at Polo Grounds.

CORNELL vs. PENNSYLVANIA, at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—TIMES SQUARE THEATRE. More of Miss Draper's much-to-be remembered "character sketches". Matinees at 2:30 p. m. on Tues., Nov. 24, and Fri., Nov. 27.

W. K. VANDERBILT MANSION—52d St. and 5th Ave. Open to the public beginning Mon., Nov. 23 at 10 a.m., daily through Sat., Nov. 28. A peep behind the exclusive portals before the demolition which begins Dec. 1. Admission \$1.00 opening day, 50c thereafter. Proceeds going to philanthropic work among children.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—SQUADRON A ARMORY, 94th St. & Mad. Ave. Traditional *pièce de résistance* of the equine world. Mon., the 23 through Fri., the 27.

OF ALL THINGS

THE person devising the best plan for reducing crime in New York City is to get a prize of \$2,500, and whoever wins the money should put it away in a good safe place.

According to the accounting made by her father, Nathalia Crane, instead of having money coming to her from royalties, is in debt \$12.60. This should remove any lingering doubt that the child is a real poet.

H. Grindell Matthews has now invented the luminaphone, a contraption that turns light into music. In this town we already have too much music and too little light. Maybe it would have been

better, after all, if Matthews had stuck to the death ray.

Ford airplanes are still too expensive for the average purse, but no doubt they will get cheaper later on. This will give us all time to decide whether to buy a soaring car or only a little fitabout.

We've had a disastrous day on the stock exchange, and there is hasheesh growing beside the railroad track in Queens, and Leonard Rhinelandt is color blind and Judge Roulston wants us to pass an anti-evolution bill and the tax on mah jongg sets has been removed, and here it is almost Thanksgiving Day!

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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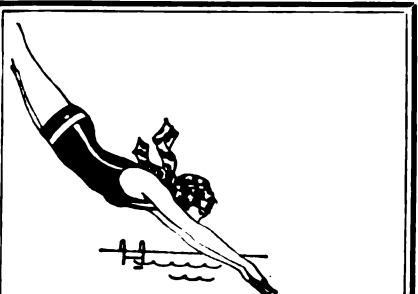
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 For References; the Leading Hotels



WHERE TO SHOP

THE NEW YORKER points out that at Thanksgiving the fiscal season of Fall is formally terminated. In the breathless interval of suspense that immediately precedes the hectic holocaust of holly, plum pudding and Christmas card selection, the lady about town makes her final purchases and arrangements for Autumn. Below she may find a Baedeker for this sortie into the shops.

<p align="center">Antiques</p> <p>HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR ANTIQUE or modern jewelry and silverware. Large gift selection moderately priced. Harold G. Lewis Co. (Est. 60 years), 709 Lexington Ave., Regent, 3448.</p>	<p align="center">Beauty Culture—Continued</p> <p>ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? Find the cause, apply right treatment. Your hair will grow. Write for leaflet. Dr. Robinson 1440 Broadway, at 40th St.</p>	<p align="center">Hats—Continued</p> <p>ELIZABETH SCHOEN Hats with Character at moderate prices. Original designs and foreign reproductions, also reconstructions 16 East 8th Street Spring 5017</p>
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<p align="center">Bags and Novelties</p> <p>IRENE PENN BAG IMPORTER Latest creations direct from Paris, 7 Rue De Metz. Your worn bags, repaired by us, look like new. 502 Madison Ave., bet. 55 & 56 Sts. Tel. Plaza 4987</p>	<p align="center">Footwear</p> <p>CAPEZIO, 1634 BROADWAY Winter Garden Building Manufacturer and Retailer of Street, Theatrical and Ballet Footwear. Circle 9878</p>	<p align="center">Maps</p> <p>THE MAP MART offers a varied assortment of old and decorative maps for all purposes. Your inspection is invited. 41 East 60th Street Regent 2655</p> <p>OLD MAPS, PRINTS, COSTUME BOOKS for COLLECTOR and DECORATOR ANTIQUES MARTHA MORGAN, 120 E. 57th St. Plaza 0019</p>
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Prelude

"None of them know their left from their right hand. And it's easy, too. Sure; call 'em Sir and Madam. It don't do no harm. Even numbers on the right and uneven numbers on the left. Of course, the hundred numbers are in the center of the house. There ain't any row 'I' either. That's something to remember. No row 'I'. You'll get the hang.

"Here they come!
"My Gawd! D'yer hear what I told that one? Listen, I've heard so much of this symphony stuff, that when a lady says, 'Oh, hurry, dear, there's Grieg,' I know it's Saint Saens.

"Sure all the females with the season tickets enjoy asking the same question every time they come into the halls. They have been here sixty times before, but they gotta yell.

"Aw tell her they haven't begun and that Wagner's twelfth comes first, and after that the umbrella symphony."

Movements I, II, and III.

Ah! Maestro Stransky. Bravo. What poise. He carries himself with greater dignity than Damrosch. He is very happy with his wife. Oh, a woman couldn't help loving a man like that.

Happy! With his wife! Have you seen her? Oh, no, I guess it's someone else I'm thinking of. I go to so many concerts, I get the artists mixed. Oh, the whimsical kettle drummer again. Bravo. I love drums. Just look at the Jaeckel ad on page six. That's the same coat—

Tra-tra-ra—bum-bum-boom.
Wagner is so heavy. He always has so many drums.

Yes, I love the lightness of Berlioz so much better.

Tee-lee—tree-rec-ree—bum-boom.

Oh, I'm glad that's over. After this next movement I'm going to speak to the head usher and find out who that new first violin is. He's the one who's going to do the solo, I guess. I must ask the head usher. He's very ordinary and won't know anyway, m'dear.

Nicely done. No—don't applaud quite yet—now!

Clop-clap—clop-clap—

Bravo, bravo. Maestro. Encore, encore. Wasn't that grand. Oh! Schumann. Use all doors. Motor checks ready.

Umbrella, umbrella.
Please don't block the doorways, ladies. Lost articles upstairs at the cloak room, madame.

Oh! such management.

This way, ladies. The lights are going right out.

Whistle for sixty-two again, Sam. Keep that umbrella over the lady.

—M. D. BEUICK

Where Society Meets

WE venture to predict that transformations will be very much in evidence at the opening of Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. Distinguished New York will be there and the bobbed hair remains the vogue, there are times when even the best of bobs wishes for the appearance that only well coifed long hair will give. In Paris, London and New York the smart people—those who set the styles find correct transformations their crowning glory.


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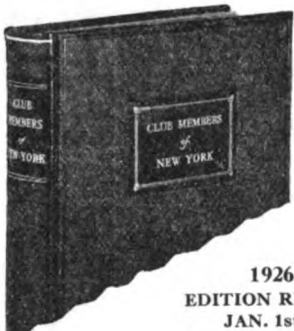
"Tell me, how did Jimmie Wimble win the lovely bride? He's ugly, poor, and plays a *shabby* game of bridge."

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These Are a Few of the Recent Ones Best Worth While

NOVELS

FABER, by Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). An impressive psychological novel by the author of "The World's Illusion". Its theme is the effect of war-time separation on an ideal Doll's-House marriage.

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, by Elinor Wylie (*Doran*). A youthful Sappho, her brittle bridegroom, a saintly Cardinal, and Casanova in a subtly satirical fantasy, exquisitely wrought.

LEWIS AND IRENE, by Paul Morand (*Boni & Liveright*). The marriage of two young financiers, and what comes of it. The exceedingly clever Morand is the real thing in young men of the world.

THE EMIGRANTS, by Johan Bojer (*Century*). A company of Norwegians come as pioneers to the Dakota prairie. The most readable of recent soil-epics—"Samuel Drummond" not being one.

SAID THE FISHERMAN, by Marmaduke Pickthall (*Knopf*). A savory near-Eastern romance. Said is an Arab in Damascus at the time of the great riot.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (*Macmillan*). A long novel, more or less in Wells' old vein of playful realism. Considerable humor, with considerable edification.

NO MORE PARADES, by Ford Madox Ford (*A. & C. Boni*). "Muddling through" as viewed from a base in France in the midst of the war, with Tietjens of "Some Do Not . . ." further harassed by his vicious wife. Brilliantly written.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, by Willa Cather (*Knopf*). The professor is a hedonist at fifty, disheartened by his family, and deprived of the sustenance of a remarkable young idealist's companionship. Miss Cather's best novel.

FRAULEIN ELSE, by Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). Told in the thoughts of a girl hysteric caught in an ugly dilemma. A flashing novelette, by the author of "Anatol".

PORGY, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doran*). Negroes, and a hurricane and tidal inundation. Especially recommended to those who like—say, Stephen Crane's best writing.

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). All the ins and outs of Miss Marjorie Schoessel of Buena Vista, Ia. Realism, minute and conscientious, but inspired.

DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson (*Boni & Liveright*). There is such a thing as being 100 white, as the laughing negroes know. Anderson's art and psycho-sexual philosophy at their best.

SHORT STORIES

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES (*Harper*). All twelve are above the magazine level, three or four notably good.

GENERAL

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE, by Burton J. Hendrick (*Doubleday, Page*). Volume III, with the letters to Wilson.

AARON BURR, by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnegerode (*Putnam*). Two volumes. A delightful biography. As a character in fiction, Burr would be almost incredible—but documents attest him.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMOUS AMERICANS (*Knopf*). Caricatures by Miguel Covarrubias.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS (*Viking Press*). Sixty-one of them, words, music and arrangements. Shaw has sent for it!

THE DRIFTING COWBOY, by Will James (*Scribner's*). Real present day cowboy stuff, home-ly but good.

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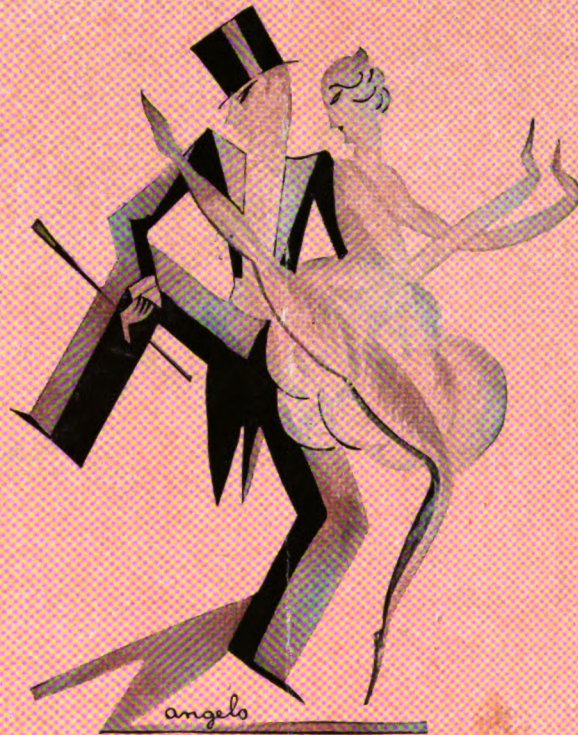


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